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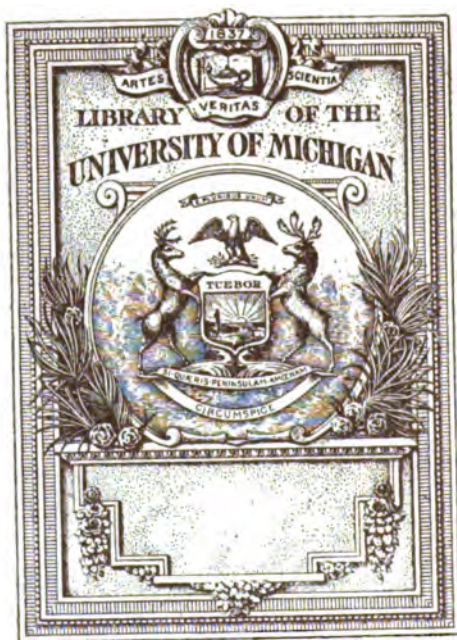
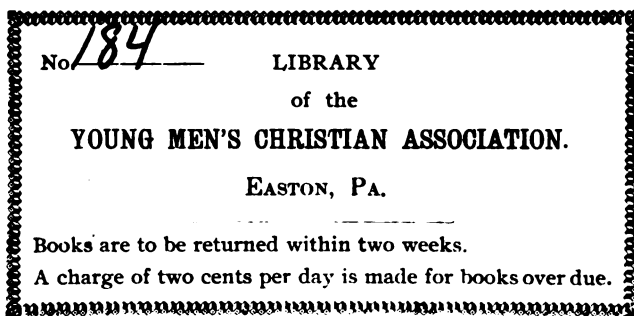
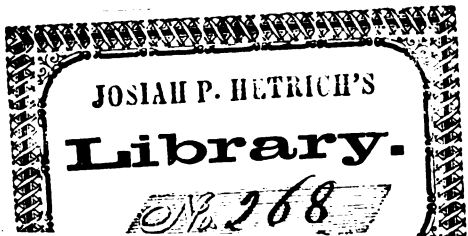
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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

From the Quarterly Review.

ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION.

1. *The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Present Time.* By G. R. Porter, Esq., F. R. S. Sect. III. *Interchange.* London. 1838.
2. *A brief Memoir of the Growth, Progress, and Extent of the Trade between the United Kingdom and the United States of America, from the beginning of the Eighteenth Century to the Present Time, &c. &c.* By G. R. Porter. 1837.
3. *Advantages of Counter Exchange with the United States of America.* By S. Revans. London. 1838.

To us the most interesting portion in the first-named of these publications, is the account Mr. Porter gives of the progress of our means of transportation, chiefly within the last twenty or thirty years. The world has seen nothing like it before; and we can scarcely expect that it ever will again—since the period includes, among other things, the entire history of the practical application of steam to navigation. Much the same may be said of the railways, for, as Mr. Porter remarks, those which existed previous to 1800 were, without exception, private undertakings, and comparatively small ones, each being ‘confined to the use of the establishment—generally a colliery—in which it occurred;’ the public works are all creations of the present century. In 1801 the first Act of Parliament for the construction of a public railway was passed. Since that time nearly two hundred have followed it; and among these enterprises there are three, of which alone the estimated cost—and they are expected to be finished during the present season—amounts to about *nine millions sterling!*

On the water the triumphs of modern art and enterprise have been still more conspicuous. Thirty years ago Fulton, after witnessing Mr. Miller’s experiments

on the Forth and Clyde canal, succeeded in really establishing a steam-boat on the river Hudson, between New York and Albany, a distance of about 150 miles. His speed was only six or seven miles the hour; but how astounding must it have been to the unbelieving and jesting crowds on the river-side who witnessed the commencement of the project, when they were compelled to acknowledge its execution! We have heard it lately stated, that of the two members of a leading New York firm in these times, one started for Albany and the other for Bristol, on the same day—each by sailing-packet—and, each being sixteen days on the voyage, the passage to Europe was accomplished in the same time with that between the ‘commercial metropolis’ of the new world and the legislative capital of the same state. Mr. Porter enumerates thirty-nine steam-boats as now belonging to the port of New York. Our own inquiries may be more recent, and a year or two is a matter of some moment in these matters, especially in America, where the whole aspect of their kaleidoscope society changes as it were at a jar, almost while the book of the man who undertakes to describe it is going through the press: we should set down about sixty steam-boats for New York. A daily journal from that busy emporium now before us speaks of the starting of some ten or a dozen for Albany, at the same hour, and of an equal number seen meanwhile crossing the water in various other directions; most of them, be it considered, boats that may well be called ‘floating palaces.’ And again, looking to the interior of that country—a country that would seem almost to have been made for steam-boat navigation, even more than steam-navigation for it—what a spectacle do we there behold of victorious science, energy, and art, making, it would seem, their proud triumphal marches, their ‘progresses!’ Instinct with all but life,

‘Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Splash, splash, across the sea;’

everywhere rejoicingly rushing on, as if, with all their flying flags and noisy engines of speed, themselves to

celebrate the advent of that civilization which they do so much to extend. There are now about forty *American* steam-boats on Lake Erie alone. On the Mississippi waters, where, twenty years since, there was no such thing as a regular *line* known, there are now 300 boats at the smallest calculation; we have indeed seen the number rated nearly twice as high. Twenty-five years ago the adventurer who thought of ascending the mighty stream of the '*Father of Waters*' prepared himself for a sort of campaign. His packet might tarry at some village on the banks, for wood and water—or a frolic—longer than he would now be in the entire voyage from New Orleans to Cincinnati. The distance up from Louisville to the city just named (where it is no unusual thing to see twenty or thirty steam-boats lying together)—itself, one may say, a product of this same steam-navigation—is about 150 miles, and is commonly accomplished, we believe, like the same distance between New York and Albany, in ten hours. We have before us an authentic paragraph announcing the arrival of a boat in twenty-six hours, down to Cincinnati, from Wheeling, 400 miles on the other side! What a conception do even these trifles give us of the importance of the revolution introduced by the use of steam in navigation, and especially to a population and a country having at once such necessities and such capacities for it as those of the United States!

Returning homeward, in this island, where in 1812 we had but a single steam-boat—a small shabby concern called the *Comet*, running between Glasgow and Greenock—in 1836 there were 388. Mr. Porter estimates the whole number in the British empire at 500; but he does not take notice of Government steamers, and the general catalogue must have been largely increased since his tables were made out. The immense amount of '*duty*' done by these craft—the vast share they have thus suddenly taken up of the commerce of the country—is in a far greater ratio to that of other navigations than even these numbers indicate, for, while the latter is of necessity subject to great delays and long periods of idleness, it is of the very nature of the former never to lie still. It was testified, two years since, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that more than a million of passengers, including those to and from Gravesend, passed Blackwall annually in steam-vessels; and it is a good illustration of one of the multifarious, social, and economical effects of the introduction of this grand invention, that probably ninety-nine hundredths of this multitude are induced to all this locomotion by the mere facility of it; the amount of the journeying by land, up and down the Thames, being meanwhile rather increased than lessened. The whole character of a nation may well be essentially affected by such an operation as this, going on at once, as it is, in every part of its domin-

ions. There are, at this hour, scarcely two ports in the United Kingdom of any consideration, between which steam-boats do not regularly ply. In 1818 the most sanguine never dreamed of their being available for much more than inland navigation, with here and there a little circumspect sallying out and skirmishing along the curves of the coast (something after the style of the ancients). Who could then have conceived that, in 1838, the time-honoured and world-renowned dynasty of *sailing* navigation would have been so ruthlessly overthrown by these most irresistible of all revolutionists,—that, not for purposes of travel only, but in a great measure for those of trade (in all the least bulky articles of commerce), the new system should have entirely usurped the place of the old? Who could have believed that by this medium would be maintained our regular communication with all the neighbouring ports on the continent, and through them with Europe at large?—that every week at least—in some cases, daily—London boats would be visiting Hamburg, Holland, Belgium, the French coast, Lisbon, and Cadiz?—that steam-ships would have compassed, on one hand, the whole 10,000 miles of the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, while overland advices, by help of the same marvellous agency, were travelling from London to Bombay in between forty and fifty days!—that, adding a bit of a rail-road between Cairo and Suez (eighty miles), and driving the dromedaries off the line (Porter, p. 55), people would be 'calculating' upon sending light goods from Bombay to Marseilles in thirty days!—and that, finally, the same dauntless 'triply-mailed' enterprise which has wrought all these wonders, more and more impatient of any limits to its range round the globe, more and more emboldened by its success, should rush forth at length on the broad Atlantic itself—reducing by one-half, at a single move, the long, long laborious distance which Columbus found, and which has ever since continued, between the Old World and the New?

The effect of this achievement is by no means easily to be described or foreseen. Even the Americans, with all their reputation as a self-possessed and considering people, have displayed unwonted raptures and antics on occasion of the first arrival of the *Sirius* and *Great Western* at New York—quite as much so as our Bristol neighbours on their return; and we are not sure that either party is to be blamed for it. We are not sure that the former are far out of their 'reckoning' when they speak of this as a new epoch in the history of the world. We can enter into the feeling of the myriads who crowded the wharfs at New York when the English boats were hourly expected—when, finally, after days of almost breathless watching (which, to fearful spirits, might well have afforded some pretext for disbelieving the new scheme—some excuse for

casting even ridicule on it after all), at length, on the morning of *St. George's Day*, the doubts, the fears, the scorn, were alike destined to be removed for ever from the mind of every living creature (even, we dare say—but let us say it with due deference—from that of Dr. Lardner himself): for now appears a long dim train of distant smoke, in a somewhat unaccustomed direction;—it rises and lowers presently, like a genius in the *Arabian Nights*, portending something prodigious;—by-and-bye, the black prow of a huge steam-boat dashes round the point of some green island in that beautiful harbour—

‘Against the wind, against the tide,
Steadying with upright keel.’

It was worth something to be a passenger in one of these fortunate boats at this moment. We have before us the journal kept by one of the favoured few on board the *Great Western*. From the time of crossing the bar of the harbour, all her ‘poles’ were set aloft, and flags gaily streaming at each,—the foreign ensign at the gaff, and at the fore a combination of the British and American,—and ‘at 3 p. m. (the narrative continues) we passed the narrows, opening the bay of New York, sails all furled, and the engines at their topmost speed. The city reposed in the distance—scarcely discernible. As we proceeded, an exciting scene awaited us: coming abreast of Bradlow’s Island, we were saluted by the fort with twenty-six guns (the number of the States);—we were taking a festive glass on deck. The health of the British Queen had just been proposed—the toast drunk—and, amid the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The effect was electrical;—down came the colours, and a burst of exultation arose, in the midst of which the President’s health was proposed. The city now grew distinct: masts, buildings, spires, trees, streets were discerned;—the wharfs appeared, black with myriads of the population hurrying down, at the signal of the telegraph, to every point of view. And then came shoals of boats—the whole harbour covered with them;—and now the new-comer reaches the *Sirius*, lying at anchor in North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, paddle-boxes, rigging, masthead high. We passed round her, giving and receiving three hearty cheers;—then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads again were collected;—boats crowded round us in countless confusion;—flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long, enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done.’

So much for the first transports; we cannot doubt that time, experience, and reflection will confirm the general estimate of the importance of this achievement,

which, we may say, is now barely beginning to be made, and that chiefly in a mere mercantile and immediate view. This view itself, however, it must be allowed—waiving for the present all farther projections into futurity—is sufficiently exciting, especially to the Americans, who in many respects have more to gain by the new arrangement than ourselves. The intelligence from the Old World, for example, must of necessity be of more general, various, and lively interest to them, than that of the New World to us. The balance of resources, indeed, is immensely in our favour. Not only does America occupy the western hemisphere by herself, while all the other continents are pitched against her in ours, but on that side civilization has yet made so little progress, things are so literally *new*, that the ‘United States of America’ might with some plausibility assume to be ‘America’ at large, according to the complimentary phraseology usual amongst us. The feeling with which we (unless on extraordinary occasions) watch for news from America is exceedingly different from that with which foreign tidings are awaited by the people of the United States, whose situation, nationally, in this respect, may be almost compared with that of an individual exiled—as poor Crusoe says, ‘out of society’s reach.’ Of the interest we have in *them*, indeed, too much can hardly be said. The great effort implied in this steam-achievement itself, and the extraordinary sensation which the issue of it has excited, sufficiently proclaim a just appreciation of the vast commercial importance, at least to us, of the movement in question; and it could not be otherwise between two countries sustaining mercantile relations—to say not a word of any other consideration—of a character so unprecedented and unrivalled.—This appears clearly enough in Mr. Porter’s memoir, which we have not yet referred to, ‘presented to the Statistical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science,’ at their late Liverpool meeting. Take our exports of manufactured goods, for example. Few persons, probably, have an accurate understanding of the extent with which ‘America’—*alias* the United States—is our customer in this great department of our trade. Mr. Porter gives all the annual returns from 1805 to 1836, excepting only those for the years 1812 and 1813 (wartime, and therefore of less importance), the records of which were destroyed at the burning of the London Custom-house. The result is, that of our products in 1835, the United States took more than *ten and a half millions out of a total of forty-seven millions; and in 1836, nearly twelve and a half out of fifty-three*: so that the proportion of our export trade with this one party to our whole export trade was, in the former year, 22.31 per cent., and in the latter, 23.28. Over-trading there might be in this; there undoubtedly was; but that does not essentially affect the argument on the mercantile interest of the

connexion between the two countries:—unfortunately, it has greatly increased it during the last two years, though not in the most agreeable way to either party, we presume.

Again, look at the importation of a single American article—their cotton, a matter indirectly as well as directly momentous to us from its effect in increasing the power of our customer to *consume our products*, as well as in enabling us to produce them. Well might the world wonder at the appearance of a phenomenon so new in trade as the vast demand we have mentioned for British manufactures in the market of a single community, one so comparatively unknown to *them* in the same relations, so remote from ourselves, so much disposed and so well qualified, as one might be excused for surmising at first thought, rather to endeavour to rival us in some respects than to co-operate with us in any; and moreover, (comparatively again,) so young, so small, and so poor,—well might other nations, we say, wonder at this phenomenon, did not the explanation of it appear in *another*—another wonder, indeed—yet certainly an explanation. History furnishes no parallel to the case of the cotton-trade of the United States, as regards the immense importance of that trade considered in connexion with the rapidity of its progress. This is too familiar a subject to be dwelt on. We will only remind our readers, as Mr. Porter reminds us, that in 1791 the whole export from that country was less than 200,000 lbs.; and that 1787 was the earliest year in which *any* of their home growth seems to have been exported. It was but little before this date that the first or second congress concluded to lay a small duty on the importation of the *foreign* article—(for it is well known the provinces had been in the habit of importing it, more or less, from the West Indies for a century previous to that time)—with the view of '*trying the experiment*,' as the southern members expressed it, whether this plant might not be made to flourish, 'as some persons imagined,' on their own soil. Still, the five bags which constituted the whole export in 1785, and the six in 1786, would appear to have been of foreign growth. It was after this, if we rightly remember, that a few bags of *American* growth were seized at the Custom-house in Liverpool as not being what the master of the vessel pretended they were, so incredible was it *that cotton should come from the United States!* And now half a century has elapsed, and what do we see? The average annual importation of this article into Great Britain during the last ten years has exceeded *two hundred and twenty-five millions of pounds*, the value of which (Memoir, p. 7) cannot be less than seven and a half millions sterling per annum, while in 1836 the amount was above 289 millions, probably producing, at the average price of the season, more than *ten millions*

sterling. At this date we think it was calculated we were taking 13,000 bales weekly, or nearly 2000 daily, of this same experimental and contraband article; a third part of *our* whole exports, on the other hand, being meanwhile made of this material, in a variety of processes, employing or subsisting about one million of our population!

Of the vast and increasing interest of our ship-owners in the American trade, we need only say that in 1836 our navigation entered the ports of the United States to the amount of 547,606 tons, and that this amount was in the ratio of 43.62 per cent. to the American tonnage during the same time, while *all other foreign navigation amounted to only 132,607 tons*. There is no fear then of our underrating the value of our commercial connexion with such a country as this, or of our connexions with it of every other kind, as indirectly tending to the same end. We have entered thus much into these statistics to show that we do not forget them when we say that, nevertheless, the American interest is on the whole vastly greater in us and the Old World than ours, *on the whole*, can be in them and the New; and that, therefore, their interest in the establishment of Atlantic steam navigation is proportionately greater than ours.

On the other hand, though England is undoubtedly the most interesting of foreign countries to the Americans, in other points of view as well as in a mercantile, it is by no means so in a corresponding proportion. All Europe, all Christendom, exists from them. Even their commerce, with its characteristic energy, perseverance, and 'calculation,' had gone forth, like our own, into almost all lands, civilized or savage, '*vezing*,' as Mr. Burke said so long ago of the Nantucket whalers, '*every sea with its keel*.' But theirs is not a commercial interest alone. It is not mere silks, and wines, and fruits, and jewellery, and ivory, and tea, that the Americans watch for, from France, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain—from Egypt, the Ionian Isles, and Smyrna—from China and the East Indies, and the 'King of Muscat,' and his mightiness the Emperor 'Bob Jacket,' head chief of the Fandangoes, near the borders of their fast-spreading colonial settlements on the western African coast—in return for the produce of their seas and rivers, their forests and agriculture, their soap and tallow-candles, their snuff and tobacco, their pork, shingles, flour, flax-seed,* rice, and ice,†—and their

*See the 'American Almanac' for 1837. The flax-seed exported in 1836 amounted to more than 450,000 dollars; snuff and tobacco, 360,000; soap and tallow-candles, half a million. These may be called trifling items separately, but the marvel is, to see what an aggregate is made out of such trifles. Under the head of manufactures, for instance, are 'combs and buttons, about 100,000 dollars, and manufactures of glass about 80,000.'

†It is notorious that great quantities of ice have been exported of late, particularly from Boston to Calcutta.

infant, but not inconsiderable, manufactures with—cutlery, machinery, and cotton itself included.*

Brother Jonathan is a business-man, no doubt; he looks pretty well to the main chance; nor is he greatly shocked or put to inconvenience by any of the ordinary methods of money-making which fall in his way. In these particulars, be it observed, he 'favours' old John himself. If the Americans are not literally as much as we are 'a nation of shopkeepers,' it is partly, we conjecture, because they reckon some other things just as profitable; and not so very different are they after all;—we do not refer now to wooden-nutmeg making or white-oak cheeses, by any means, but to *trapping*, sending out *ice*, and a most fantastic variety of those 'Yankee notions,' so called by themselves—suitable, undoubtedly, to the circumstances of the communities and countries in which they originate and to which they are destined; in a word, wherever money is to be made, there are they as sure to be gathered together as young eagles over a carcass. No obstacle stands long in their way; no distance, difficulty, or disaster turns them aside. Mr. Clay, in one of his speeches, relates an anecdote of the master of a vessel who sorely embarrassed the people of the Custom-house at Leghorn by presenting ship-papers made out at *Cincinnati*, a *port* some 2000 miles up the Mississippi, and one of its branches.† Not many years ago the commander of a Russian exploring ship in the Antarctic seas, coming on the coast of a remote and solitary island, was proceeding, as a matter of course, to take possession in the name of the Czar, when lo! a sharp-built little sloop, of some sixty tons, made her appearance round a point of the island, and hailed him to *ask if he wished for a pilot?* It was a Connecticut 'skipper,' who had cruised off that way to 'seek his fortune;' the person is now well known here as captain of one of the most splendid of those fine ships, the New York '*Liners*.'

As a driving, penetrating, indefatigable, business people, the Americans have a name literally all over the world; they are emphatically the '*universal* Yankee nation.' And yet we say—prominent as this part of their character is, considerable as the interests are to which we have called a passing attention—it is not these alone they have in view. Unquestionably young

*The export of cotton manufactures in 1836 was nearly three millions of dollars. As to the cutlery, we mention it rather as a curiosity—but, although there is but one sword-factory in the United States, no small part of the weapons wrought at this establishment are sent into Mexico, Texas, and the South American States. It is a little remarkable, too, that American machinery should be going abroad. Counting, as far as we can learn, upon economy on their side, and bad legislation on ours, estimates are already made of sending five millions of dollars' worth of machinery, yearly, to Egypt alone!

†We have before us a letter from Illinois, which speaks of their 'importing *direct* to Alton,' the capital of that state, '1500 miles up the Mississippi.'

Jonathan (as well as old John) thinks of something besides packing his ice and his pork, and getting the equivalent therefor. The Americans are not all merchants, and the merchants are not all mere mercantile men. They, in common with the whole nation, with the entire continent, have a vital, an exquisite interest in the Old World, and in the whole of it, and in all its history, fortunes, and proceedings; interests, social, literary, scientific; interests, political and religious. No great movement can take place among us which they must not feel in every nerve of the body politic of the States, sooner or later, more or less; and though distance (now reduced by one-half, however,) and isolation, and peculiar institutions, may seem almost to make them, in some respects, an independent world by themselves, on the other hand, these very circumstances enhance, in the American mind, the freshness and the depth of the interest they have in their connexion with the Old World, and the visitations they are in the habit of getting from it. In past, and especially in excited times, looking over files of their newspapers, and noting the conspicuous place occupied merely by a new 'arrival from Europe'—long waited for with breathless eagerness perhaps by a whole nation, as it were on tiptoe, like the Athenians, for 'some new thing'—and then by dismal lamentations over the lack of such intelligence (owing to the essential deficiencies of the species of navigation now about to be superseded by steam)—we have come sometimes to the conclusion that the local situation of our now trans-Atlantic neighbours, as regards the rest of Christendom, must give an especial raciness to American existence. Here, and everywhere else in the Old World, we lie so compactly together, and the modes of intercommunication are so thoroughly settled, and we understand, observe, and almost anticipate each other so well and sharply, and so continually withal, that a great part of our luxurious, intellectual, moral interest in each other's affairs, as a matter of intelligence and sensation, is frittered away by the regularity, frequency, and familiarity of the manner in which those affairs are considered. We get most of our 'foreignism' by retail, and are prepared for receiving it beforehand, besides. There are no '*electric effects*,' as our American passenger calls them—no '*sensations number one*,' as Mr. Fennimore Cooper has it—with us. Our electricity comes on gently, by *points*; theirs, in *shocks*. Let any one look over a file of American papers published during any part of the French revolution, or of that grand drama which the nations of Europe enacted under the management of Napoleon—let him see the phrensy of curiosity excited to its utmost during long delays, and the phrensy of some other excitement raging as madly in consequence of news at length received—a month's intelligence perhaps—a month of such a history as that was;

all which, meanwhile, we, not unconcernedly, indeed, had yet been getting piecemeal, almost hour by hour. Whether the greater despatch of news now about to be effected by the Atlantic steamboats will essentially modify this state of things, may admit of some debate. Should it be carried very much farther than we at present witness or anticipate, the result is clear enough—the *Americans would become Europeans*. We remember certain ominous hints of Dr. Lardner's on this head. 'Philosophy,' he says, in his book on the steam-engine—

'already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of *electricity and magnetism*, and many causes combine to justify the expectation that we are on the eve of *mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared*; and that the steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the *hidden powers of nature still to be revealed*; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe, will cease to have existence except in the page of history.'

This is looking far a-head, especially for one who has disputed till this moment the practicability of what was accomplished twenty years since (as we shall show)—the passage of the Atlantic by steam. But great men have made great mistakes before this; and we are not sure but the learned Doctor may be in this passage making amends for being thus caught napping, by avowing at the same time, as in the paragraph just quoted, how wide awake he can be when occasion requires,—going a-head of the age on one tack as much as he was drifted behind it on the other. At all events, these mysterious predictions *may* be fulfilled. Let us disbelieve nothing. All preceding generations having missed it by disbelieving. They 'swear terribly' at New York, we see even now, of sending a ship over the ocean by instigation of a barrel of blue vitriol. It is generally understood that the only reason why the Yankees allowed us to be first in this late enterprise, was, next to their 'hard times' just now, the fact that they did undertake, at New York, a grand boat, on a new plan, which was to use but about one-fifth of the usual quantity of fuel. It was a mistake, no doubt, in a case which was experimental enough at the best; but it shows what the spirit of our, and especially *their* generation is.

Let us, we say again, be prepared for anything, and surprised at nothing—'grand patent double tubular boilers,' or quicksilver steamboats, or iron ones, or blue vitriol, or 'hidden powers,' or whatever else it may be—'keep moving,' at any rate, is the motto of the age. And we repeat, under these circumstances, and knowing especially the now roused emulation and insatiable restlessness of our kinsmen in the west, it is not for us to say to what extent the distance and

time which separate us from them may be reduced. We only warn them that they must *take* the consequences if they *make* them. They must consent hereafter to become neighbours, and to feel so. They must give up a portion of their dignified isolation—their solitary, Indian independence—their wild enjoyment of the *country* as it were of the world—their unmolested, uncrowded, primitive provincialism (as some would call it)—and withal, the luxury of getting even a *fortnight's news at one time*, and of being uncertain when even that budget may come. Steam—to say nothing of 'electricity or magnetism'—is no respecter of romance. It reduces things to an appalling regularity. The British and American Steam Company, who have just launched at Blackwall a ship thirty-eight feet longer than any in her majesty's navy, with accommodations (as they advertise) for 500 passengers, notify us, moreover, that next year they mean to have boats like this running on either side the 1st and 16th of every month. This is but one company—one which has not yet moved, we believe;—for we understand the *Sirius* to have been sent out by another, and the *Great Western*, it is well known, belongs to Bristol. Both these, undoubtedly, intend to keep the field, and to meet all competition with spirit. Bristol is said to have already invested a million sterling, and there can be no doubt that the renowned old city of Cabot, though dozing a little of late years over a sort of aldermanic repletion, yet possesses the means, and we dare say the spirit, which more than four centuries since sent out merchant-ships of the burthen of 900 tons. Glasgow, too, will no doubt bestir herself. And, above all, we must leave room for Liverpool: the sole marvel is that Liverpool has waited so long—a secret only to be explained by the extent of the interest there invested in the 'American Liners.' We see that a company is now started at that port, who announce immediate operations. At New York again—where the same remark just made of Liverpool applies—even during the short stay of the first steamboats, a scheme was started of a joint-stock of a million and a half of dollars, in which, by the way, it was stated the Bristol Company (with a liberal view to the interest of that port) would participate to the extent of about one-sixth.

Then we have noticed a movement at Philadelphia—a sort of Bristol to New York—a quiet, Quakerish, clean, right-angled 'City of Brotherly Love' and long purses;—but in population also the second place in the Union, and now, be it observed, placed by this new agency on a footing with its domestic rival and its foreign correspondents, extremely different from what it has been heretofore. We mention this case in illustration of our remark on the innumerable alterations in existing arrangements of commerce, little thought of at first even by the parties concerned, which

nevertheless may confidently be expected to develop themselves almost at once. There has been no lack of capital in Philadelphia. Just the reverse. It is, as we hinted, quite the American Bristol in this way, as New York is the Liverpool in every other. To English travellers it has always looked like a rendezvous of people living on a capital accumulated in New York—such is one's impression of the hot bustle and haggard excitement of the latter city, when we enter it after leaving the staid gait and sleek cheeks of the former. Neither is Mr. Penn's capital wanting in his own energy or emulation—all soberly—silently—as they go about it, and keep at it—like him. Their celebrated water-works are the finest system of the sort in the world; and the 'Keystone State,' whose career is largely controlled by this place, has engaged within ten years more extensively in the immense enterprise of internal improvements than any other in the Union;—not excepting even New York—which has a single canal, the longest already, except the Chinese, in the world (363 miles,) now about to be enlarged at the cost of at least ten million dollars more, together with a railroad from New York city to Lake Erie, more than 500 miles;—or Illinois, which at this moment has ten million dollars appropriated to works of internal improvement. What, then, has kept Philadelphia in the shade, as regards foreign commerce? Why have five millions out of ten of our exports to the whole United States, gone into the port of New York alone? Why has New York, on the other hand, been employed to send us so large a part of the cotton grown by the southern States? Why has she monopolised, and held without an effort, almost the whole of the business carried on by the 'Liners'—having at this moment, we think, four lines at least to Liverpool, one to London (*via* Portsmouth) and one to Havre—comprising in all some forty or fifty of these splendid packets—while Philadelphia has but one meagre line to Liverpool, which consists of a vessel in each month? Cities, too, not above 120 miles apart—a distance reduced to seven hours by steam. *Steam!* 'Ay, there's the rub.' New York is a sea-port. Philadelphia lies some distance up the curves of a river. And this, under the old régime, has been sufficient to ensure this vast diversity of results. A ship which had crossed the ocean in twenty days might often be ten more in getting up the river. We know how this once was in the shorter, straighter, and wider stream of the Thames. It, however, would never do for those who had New York merchants and the finest merchant-ships ever known on the seas for their rivals; competition was so out of the question that it was never thought of. Philadelphia for the first ten years folded her arms over the matter, and then went to making 600 miles of rail-roads and 1000 of canals, by way of diversion. Now what happens when this new move-

ment is announced? We can almost imagine an audible chuckle out of the body politic of the Quaker city. What is to prevent a fair competition now? What account is to be made of a curve or two in a river, with steamers 300 feet long, and a speed of fifteen miles an hour, as practical people, best versed in this matter, expect to see them within very few years? And indeed the American boats have been running at much more than this rate on the *Hudson* for years. Thus will this steam in commerce, like gunpowder in battle, put people upon fair terms;—like steam itself, we might say, introduced thoroughly into war;—say plenty of Perkins's guns, for example, gracefully set out upon either side* of a field of combat, or along the sides of two lines of your ugly new-fangled steamships, with a burthen of two or three thousand tons.

But we have gone somewhat astray—and yet not so widely neither. We were speaking, however, of the first sensation the achievement has produced—and which, we venture to predict, will, at some future day, be a matter of no little historical curiosity. The New York editors seem scarcely able to contain themselves. 'Side by side at last with the Old World,' says one. 'Now then for the Coronation,' cry half-a-dozen more. And then the files of European Journals unrolled! Fifteen days from Bristol—sixteen from London—eighteen from Paris—less than a month from Constantinople—from Bombay itself only between sixty and seventy days! A Norfolk (Virginia) editor remarks that *they* are now as near England as they were the greater part of last winter to Detroit; and a Bostonian, we suppose, might say much the same as to New Orleans. A revolution this indeed, such as the world rarely sees even in our changeful age;—a revolution thoroughly overturning the old systems of most of the business world at least—yet effected, as it were, instantaneously, and without the loss of a drop of blood. The Americans themselves, not more in the transports of their exultation over the first thought of the effects of it, than in their admiration of the thing itself, and of the style in which it was carried through, seem to have been too much otherwise excited to feel their wonted chagrin at appearing to be ever taken by surprise in matters of practical adventure. Nay, cherishing, we do believe, the honour of their fatherland next to that of their own (for we have often noticed that,

* A late Baltimore paper, speaking of the Sultan steam-frigate, says: 'With one thousand tons burthen, propelled by engines capable of exerting 900-horse power, moving at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, presenting a small surface above water to hostile cannon, armed with 68-pounders, and enabled, by the distance at which she can hull an enemy, without exposure to a return fire, she is invaluable in harbour defence, and, if the system is carried out, will render useless further expenditure on fortifications.'—And again, 'a few months impart knowledge and experience, and when twenty additional steam-batteries of increased size, say 1500 tons each, are constructed, our sea-coast will be invulnerable.'

although Jonathan gives us a gruff, grumbling, family growl of a lecture now and then—partly, perhaps, to prove himself our descendant—he is never easy in seeing it done by *anybody else*, they quite ‘forget their sorrow in their pride.’ No wonder they have done so; no wonder that a hundred thousand New Yorkers turned out on the 7th of May to behold the departure of the ‘Great Western’ on her first voyage homeward, and to cheer the brave ship on her way; no wonder, again, that when, at the end of a fortnight, she hoisted the British colours in King’s Road, the burghers of old Bristol, roused at length from their Rip Van Winkle nap of half a century, broke out with firing cannoas, and raising flags, and bell-ringing, and vehement eating of turtle! Here, at length was an ‘electric effect’ in England—a sensation number two, at the least. One of the passengers in this ship brought over a splendid bouquet of American flowers, which he was able to present to the lady of Mr. Manager Claxton—it seems, almost as fresh as if the dew were still on the leaves; and, again, at the jubilant dinner of the burghers on the 24th, specimens of flax and cotton-yarn were exhibited, manufactured in the *new Bristol factory* (a sign of the times that too), which had only been shipped in the raw state, in America, on the seventeenth or eighteenth day before. Some one has predicted that, presently, we shall have Covent Garden market stocked by the other continent. As to the floral department, there may be something in it, for aught we know—and, indeed, in some others too; for, if the ‘Liners’ could bring the *Duke* a present of fresh forest venison from his western admirers, we certainly get a clear vision here of divers good things yet to come. We say nothing, however, even of Yankee ice, dropped at sunrise, in dog-days, upon every door-step in London as in Boston—not one word; ‘nil admirari,’ we repeat, is our motto; ‘keep cool,’ that is—ice or no ice—dog-days and all.

But, transports and jesting aside, let us summarily consider a few of the more obvious consequences of some moment which may be expected to spring immediately from the achievement of which we have spoken; to some of them we have already made a hasty allusion.

The improvement of the instrument itself by which this work has been done may be counted on, perhaps, as the first. Without being over-sanguine on the subject, it is reasonable to bear in mind that, while sailing-vessels have been in existence, and been more or less making progress as specimens of art, during thousands of years, we are still in the infancy of steam navigation. It is only thirty years since Fulton ascended the Hudson with his boat. In 1810 there was no such thing in all England; and so late as 1820 there were but thirty-five. The most important im-

provements, also, have been *very* recently introduced; and, without particularising these, it is sufficient to say that the learned Dr. Dionysius Lardner’s miscalculations on this subject of Atlantic navigation, have evidently been caused by almost wholly overlooking these same improvements even so far as some past years are concerned (and a year in such a progress as this agent is making is not a matter to be overlooked), or regarding them too much as mere speculations, not likely, or not yet fully proved, to be capable of great practical effects (as they have already been); while, as relates to what may yet be established, though now it is but experimental, or what may be discovered, of which now nobody dreams, the calculations in question have apparently left no leeway for the ingenuity of our successors, or even our contemporaries. It was taken for granted that all had been done which could be done—that there were not even any ‘*hidden powers*’ hereafter to be brought to bear upon steam navigation—as well as upon other things—and to supersede steam itself altogether. How grand a mistake this was we need not say: let us beware of its being made again. Indeed, there is little danger of it, since scarcely a week now passes without the appearance of some new scheme. We have a case in point before us as we write, in the account given by the daily papers of a model-boat, lately constructed on the plan of doing away with the use of paddle-boxes—a most cumbersome, clumsy, and uncouth appendage to the vessel, as everybody knows—by what is called a patent propeller. Hall’s condensers, again, will have a fair trial on the route. It is well known that he claims with these to increase the speed of a boat one-fifth, at least, beyond its capacity with common machinery; and we see that a quicksilver boat, on the plan of Mr. Howard, is going out to America from Liverpool for a trial. We do not say what faith we have in these schemes, or many others that might be named: we mention them as illustrations of the restless, contriving, venturing spirit of the times, especially in this almost new department of action, excitement, keen competition, and high hope. It cannot be doubted, we think, that the passage of the Atlantic by steam will, even in the coming ten years, be brought to a state of (so to speak) artistical luxury and perfection of which those who have started the enterprise themselves little think. The characteristic spirit of the two great nations chiefly interested is now fairly roused to a generous emulation, as it never was roused before; and all that science, skill, enterprise, patriotism, genius, or a love of money, or a love of distinction, can accomplish, in such communities, on a subject-matter offering almost unparalleled temptation and stimulus to them all, we shall now be sure to have.

The extension of steam navigation to other new,

vast, and most important regions of the globe, where it has been hitherto unknown, with corresponding influences wherever it is introduced, is a sequel, and an early one, to the present and fast-coming state of things on the Atlantic;—as much so as is the continued improvement of this medium of transportation—the one follows, as of course, from the other. Steam navigation will be extended *because* it will be improved: it will be hereafter, in other words, as it has been heretofore. Ten years ago, or five years, or two, the notion of navigating the Atlantic by steam, as a permanent, practical, profitable thing—as a trade, we mean—had never entered the public mind, if it had that of individuals. And there was good reason for it: Fulton's boat would have cut but a sorry figure steering for Bristol instead of Albany; and some of the much more modern, but now quite obsolete craft, employed within four years by the Admiralty, and upon whose performances demonstrations of the impracticability of the Atlantic scheme have been more or less based—these craft might have fared little better than Fulton's, had they rashly attempted what, by better vessels, has now been attained. Indeed, setting aside improvements—supposing us to stop short where we now are—just ready to begin, that is—nothing could prevent the extension of the plan, as it stands, all over the waters of the globe, to an indefinite and now almost incredible extent. It requires no gift of prophecy to see that such, speedily, will be one of the effects of the grand point gained within the last three months. The mere announcement of that scheme was sufficient almost for this. From the date of that announcement, and of the excitement, discussion, speculation, and ambition, which it awakened, it mattered comparatively little to the world at large whether the Atlantic project itself was executed at once or not. The *movement*, at all events, was begun. The grand idea of the *revolution* had entered into the public mind, and taken deep hold of it, and created a thirst for execution which nothing but execution could satisfy, or can. As matters have turned out, undoubtedly, the public conception and determination are immensely confirmed. The idlest reader of even the daily journals cannot fail to see this. The community teems with projects for the extension of steam commerce and trade in all directions. Some of these must be crude and shallow, for various reasons: such is the necessary fruit of a sudden excitement. But the excitement will soon subside, while the inducement and the opportunities will remain, and become daily more and more urgent and distinct. This revolution is one of all others that 'cannot go backwards.' It must advance with an energy, kindred, in the moral world, to that of the physical power itself on which it is founded;—an energy to which history affords no parallel. It is scarcely too much, we believe, to say that the whole

race of man is destined to see and feel the phenomena and the influence of its all-conquering progress from clime to clime.

So much for the improvement and extension of this instrumentality itself. And now, what of its use?—to what purposes will it be available?—what changes will it work in existing arrangements other than its own? Here we come to questions of some 'pith and moment.' We cannot go into them in an article like this, with any pretence of an adequate discussion, even could it be expected to be in the power or the expectation of any party, in the present stage of such an enterprise, to do justice to the theme. Let us glance, however, at a few points—rather in the way of illustrating the impracticability of the subject than of fairly discussing it.

As regards, then, what may be called the mere mercantile interests concerned—and chiefly the immediate (not prospective) ones—between the two countries, particularly, which seem to have taken up the enterprise in good earnest. These, of course, will experience in this, as in every department, its first and greatest effects. To a vast extent, steam-vessels will take the place of sailing-vessels, and that at once. This is not a case, be it understood, in which most people can do as they please. A gentleman, taking a honey-moon excursion with his bride, may possibly prefer some other conveyance to a stage-coach, or even a railroad—and he may even be allowed to humour himself in his fancy; but not so the merchant, his agents, his letters, or many of his goods. What one does must be done by all. The whole of the mercantile world (with scarcely noticeable exceptions) will from this moment adopt the new conveyance, so far as accommodation is provided for them; their entire correspondence must go the same way. The *Great Western*, on her first trip, has brought home twenty thousand letters—perhaps three times as many as any sailing-packet on the same route ever carried.

The reason of this transfer in each case is too obvious for explanation; but it may not be known to all our readers to what a degree the uncertainty, as well as the length, of a sailing-voyage to New York, as compared with a *steamed* one, is an argument, for this arrangement, and a proof of the necessity of its universal adoption. From the very high and well-deserved reputation of the 'Liners'—the most perfect conveyance of the kind, and the greatest advance in merchant navigation ever known up to the spring of 1838—it is perhaps a common impression, that a passage between France or England and the United States in one of these superb vessels might be counted on as much for a tolerably well-settled period of time, as for the comforts and luxuries to be enjoyed in the course of it, or for the nautical management. The fact is entirely otherwise, as every man in the business well knows.

Some seasons are more unfavourable in this respect than others; and the winter months are none of the best, we allow. Neither is the return-voyage so uncertain or so long, we should remark, as the voyage out:—it is notorious that the 'Liners' have always had smaller fare coming than going, in about the proportion of twenty-eight guineas to thirty-five, and that even the steam-boats (without so much reason for it) have thus far continued the custom. But to take a case at hand—During the last winter—at the very time when we were continually getting 'late' American intelligence, by unusually short and quite regular passages—the corresponding packets going westward were encountering the full face of the same winds and currents by which those coming eastward were propelled. All the 'Liners' which left the three European packet-ports during six weeks were baffled and beat about in such a manner, that at one time about eighteen of them were due at New York; and thirty out of fifty belonging to that port were then supposed to be on the ocean, working their way home. The average length of this passage is about thirty-two days. One of the Liverpool ships, which sailed January 4, was spoken, fifty-five days out, in long. 43—some 1000 miles from her destination; the others were fifty, sixty, or even seventy days on the voyage. That this is no fault of the packets, we need not say;—in fact, how they make head-way at all is the wonder. Consider, for instance, this paragraph, which we take from a New York journal of the period referred to:—

'We have been shown a chart on which the track of the Cambridge was pricked off, coming from Liverpool, and it is a matter of some astonishment how the ship has reached port at all. She sailed from Liverpool on the 16th January, and on the 29th was in the longitude of 38. From that day till the 27th February she encountered continued westerly winds, sometimes blowing a severe gale; and for the last seventeen days she made but about 500 miles of westing. During that time she crossed the Gulf-stream three times, was for sixteen days to the southward and eastward of Sable Island, and a part of the time could make no better than a S. S. E. course. The distance between Liverpool and this port is about 3,080 miles, but the Cambridge has, on this passage, sailed upwards of 5,000. She has proved one of the staunchest vessels which ever breast-ed the ocean wave. A copy of the track (which looks very much like a spider's web) may be seen,' &c.

Few sailing-ships, if any, we presume, would have done so well under these circumstances as a 'Liner.' We observed, about this very period, in the ship-lists, that a vessel from Demerara, bound for *Halifax*, was blown into *Liverpool* (March 20th,) *having been driven out of her course the entire breadth of the Atlantic Ocean!* It is very seldom we hear of a 'Liner' returning into port without making her voyage, but with other vessels it is of common occurrence on this route. Ships are out sometimes six weeks, and even more, trying to

make head-way westward, and obliged to come back and begin again after all. It is not many years since a Belfast craft, bound for New Brunswick, returned to port, at the end of two months' voyage, after having got within 100 miles of her destination!

Here, again, is a striking illustration from one of our provincial journals, referring to the last winter:—

'We cannot more clearly show the uncertainty of passages across the Atlantic, than by stating that the *Inconstant* frigate left Cork on the 6th January, and returned to Plymouth on the 24th February, having been to Halifax in that time—forty-nine days; at the same period the *Samson*, New York packet, which left Portsmouth on the 5th January, was sixty-two days getting to New York; and the *President*, which left on the 12th January, was fifty-seven days in reaching that capital; some days, therefore, must elapse before we may expect the return of the *Pique* frigate, which left Cork on the 23d January, as she may have been upwards of sixty days making her outward passage, and may also be detained by severe weather in Halifax harbour.'

Some readers, little versed in currents of wind or water, and other contingencies incidental to the navigation of this route—some of them quite peculiar to it—might be ready to infer from this statement the reverse of what we have just said. But much more striking cases of the same kind have often occurred, as, for example, where the difference between two packets of leaving the *same* port in the evening of one day, or the morning of the next one, has caused quite as great a diversity as any mentioned above in the length of the voyage. Two ships may even sail at the same moment from New York, and one shall presently—in the Gulf-stream or elsewhere—fall into some flaw of wind or straggling current, the effect of which shall be that the far better sailer of the two reaches Liverpool a week in the rear of her rival. We do not say this is usual, but that there is such a liability. As for the general uncertainty of the length of the voyage, that is notorious.

In the ordinary passenger-ships (commonly called 'transient' vessels) as well as other merchant-craft, going westward particularly, while now and then a fortunate one may beat even the 'Liners,' (as has been done this season,) passages of even distressing length may occur, far beyond anything of the sort which has ever happened to *them*. In February, 1837, the British ship *Diamond* arrived at New York from Liverpool, having been 100 days from port to port. There were 180 passengers, of whom seventeen died, not from any disorder, but from mere starvation. The principal suffering was among the steerage passengers, the crew having been put upon allowance and supplied to the last with food, though in small quantities. The description of the appearance of these poor wretches on their arrival, given by an eye-witness, is heart-rending—our informant himself had lived nine days on potato-peelings soaked in his scanty allowance of water. For

any ordinary voyage the supplies in this case were abundant. Some, who had extra quantities, sold out, it seems, 'to their less provident fellow-passengers, first at moderate rates, but, as the scarcity more fully developed itself, at enhanced prices, until finally half a sovereign was asked for a pint of meal. Before the arrival of the vessel a sovereign has been offered and refused for a potato, as it was roasting before the fire.'

Once more: the bark *Ellen*, from Leghorn, with a cargo valued at a hundred thousand dollars, after a perilous voyage of 103 days—her crew having subsisted for fifteen days on macaroni and sweet oil—arrived within three or four miles of Sandy Hook on the 1st of January last, and hoisted signals. 'After waiting four hours, in five fathoms water, and finding no pilot, she was obliged to stand off to sea, and in consequence of the storm which came on, with the disabled state of the crew, she was the sport of the winds, in the severe state of the weather, without fuel, and short of provisions, *for an entire month!*' Such is the general uncertainty, together with the contingent hardships, which belong to the old mode of navigating the Atlantic. Nor have we alluded to a tithe of them: this last account, for instance, shows plainly the delay and damage which may follow from the failure of pilotage at a particular place or time, which failure, for various reasons, must happen sometimes with these vessels, though it scarcely ever could, or would be of much moment if it did, if steam were used. Before coming to pilotage, too, it often occurs, even with the 'Liners,' that great difficulty is experienced in making port, owing to the necessity perhaps of changing directions in order to get in, or to a sudden shift of wind, or a *calm*, forsooth! Packets have arrived off Cape Clear from New York in ten or twelve days, and then been nearly or quite as much more in making Liverpool—and the same as to Havre—all this time, to say nothing of the delectable situation of the passengers as far as comfort goes, the whole floating correspondence of the two great commercial communities concerned—it may be at a period of most critical importance—bobbing up and down, and off and on, almost within sight of the shore. It reminds us of a remark made the other day, at the opening of the Great Western Railroad to Maidenhead: a gentleman present said that within twenty years he remembered *waiting for twenty-two mails at one time from Holyhead, a distance of some sixty miles from his own town!* The unfortunate breaking-up of the great American merchants in London, last year, was immediately brought on by delays of packets, by which large remittances had been made to them, and which were hourly looked for during the prevalence of extraordinary east winds for something like two months. It seems really incredible, indeed, looking back now on what has been suffered in this way, that the remedy for it

should have been so long postponed. That the remedy will be heartily used, now that we have it, no man in his senses can doubt.

How far this must be done at once between ourselves and the Americans, we have shown in some detail. Almost all mercantile travel and correspondence must be transferred at once. All light, rich, and seasonable merchandise must speedily go in the same way: it will never do for one man's silks, as the fashionable season comes on, to be sixty days on the voyage, while his neighbour's are fourteen; neither will it do to buy long in anticipation of the market. As to travel and business *not* mercantile, these, like the heavy articles of commerce, will linger, more or less, for some time, with the 'Liners' and other sailing-craft. Some people, on sea as well as land, are shy of your new-fangled steam things to this day, and would rather stick by even a two-horse coach, a French diligence, a Mississippi ark, or a Newcastle coal-sloop, than trust themselves to the tender mercies of this second 'infernal machine' in any of its shapes, especially for the awful distance of 3000 miles. We respect the caution of this class, but they will gradually disappear, and so will those who profess to prefer a *longer* passage, and abhor doing things in a hurry, as much as if they were on half-pay. In fact, there will remain, speedily, no opportunity for the indulgence of these fears, whims, or tastes. We shall have to do, like the merchants, what everybody else does.

To be sure, *accidents* will occur!—more or less these are to be expected, as things are at present. By-and-bye we trust—among our 'improvements'—this liability will be very essentially lessened; meanwhile, however, we anticipate some trouble. The competition will soon be of the keenest description;—the race-ground is most luxurious;—the prize tempting;—and even passengers themselves too often enter so much into these feelings as to become greatly chargeable with the blame which is commonly laid on others. We confess we are alluding to the case of the Americans rather than to our own; and we hesitate the less to acknowledge it as we consider that their own interest, even more than ours, in the steam-navigation of the Atlantic, is likely to be effected by what we must take leave to call the abominable and disgraceful recklessness in the management of this kind of vessels, which prevails to such an appalling extent among them. We are aware that it is *not* a universal, a national trait, as some late writers have asserted broadly. The New England and New York boats rarely meet with an accident, though they adopt the high-pressure system like the others, and run at the greatest rate of speed which is known; neither is the community at large either of the South or West directly blameable. The horrid disasters we hear of every few months or oftener,—peculiar to the United States, and

to this part of them in their awful extent—and by which it is estimated at least *a thousand lives a-year* are lost—these are almost always caused immediately by gross misconduct on the part of a few persons in authority, who, for the sake of a race with a rival, or with some other pretext equally cogent, run the most imminent hazards without the slightest hesitation. We have seen accounts of these races on the western rivers for a distance of a *hundred miles* or more—much of the time neck and neck—the whole ship's company on either side meanwhile desperately engaged, and wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement in the murderous struggle. In this way the *Ben Sherrod* got a-fire on the Mississippi, two years ago, when hundreds of passengers perished: and such is the secret of most of the '*accidents*' which, in nine cases out of ten, are no accidents at all, but ought to be criminally visited by the law of the land as much as murder in any *retail* shape. We have heard an American friend of ours allege that no countryman of his would hesitate running the risk of his life for the sake of getting—*anywhere*—half an hour before—*anybody else*. Matthews, we remember, made it apparent, in his way, that the Yankees do everything in '*twenty minutes*.' These are caricatures of course—the one no more than the other; but both, we fear, are too well based on fact. The Americans carry their energy a little too far; they retain too much still of the wild impetuosity of youth; they want a new infusion of old John's steady and regular blood. We like not such driving fashions—such helter-skelter haste—in steamboats especially—on Atlantic voyages least of all. Congress we see has the matter in hand, and we trust it will be with effect: and meanwhile—as even legislation (especially in that country) will not do everything without public opinion;—as the managers and masters of steamboats, who have very often been set on, and always tolerated, may also be awed by that public to whom they owe their character and their bread—we earnestly hope that the general voice may make itself heard—and trust that arrangements of the most solid and effective nature may be promptly adopted.

Thus much for a plain hint, which, we are sure, must be taken in good part; for, when we hear, by a single arrival, of one hundred and seventy human beings destroyed in one boat, and one hundred and twenty in another, it is high time for all parties who have to do and deal with such a catastrophe-working community—and are likely to have much *more*—to speak out. And yet, we were going on to say, when this hint occurred to us, that, accidents or no accidents, nothing apparently can stand in the way of the complete triumph of the new dynasty of the seas. Even granting—which God forbid!—that these disasters are to be regularly continued on board the boats from one side—just as regularly, as if, like friction in machinery, they

were an indispensable incident to the navigation—still, we English *can* patronise British boats which *do not* blow up three hundred people every three months—while the Americans, on the other hand, can, if they so choose, go on being blown up just as before. If they have more accidents, so have they less fear. 'Practice makes perfect.' 'There is nothing like taking things coolly'—even hot water—or steam. And, as this is their system at home, so may it be abroad. As they are the great steaming people of the age, surely this trifle of merely crossing three thousand miles over sea, instead of running about as far up a river, will never alarm them.*

Of course, those magnificent 'Liners,' of which we have spoken respectfully so often (for we know them well,) will speedily 'fall from their high estate.' Thinking of the proud part they have played now for some twenty years, of the great reputation they had fairly gained, of the eminent commercial services they have rendered during far the most important period of our connection with the United States, we cannot see them thus made, as it were, instantaneously obsolete, without almost such a sensation of regret as might be due to living creatures—old, faithful, sensitive servants—dishonoured, mortified, and basely set aside! We have in mind now sundry dry paragraphs of a line and a half, which have appeared in the daily papers of late, much like this:—

'Two packets, the *North American* and *Siddons*, have arrived at Liverpool—bringing *old dates* from New York!'

Presently they will cease to be named at all. And look at the 'Great Western,' the inhuman monster, on her first three days out, *overhauling* a brave old 'Liner'—seven days from Liverpool—with the black ball, 'the badge of all her tribe,' in her fore-topsail—under top-gallant sails—careering and plunging to a lively foam and a fair wind. But all would not do as once it might have done. We quote again from the *Passenger's Journal*:—'This new-comer is none of your old sort. See how she comes vapouring up, flapping her huge wheels like an eagle's wings, and snorting, as it were, with the thought of victory and the sight of game. She comes on apace. All her colours are strung out. The ship is almost caught, but she leaps a-head and escapes once more. The steamer, with a dignified air of conscious supremacy, disdaining pursuit, wheels round windward, and passes the 'Liner' on the other side, with 'three hearty cheers.' Then dashing a-head, as if satisfied, she hauls in her *toggery*, and presses her helm hard a-starboard, and the 'Liner'—the brave old 'Liner'—is no more seen. Her owners will scarcely

* A steam-boat ascended the Mississippi and Ohio, a few weeks since—sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred miles in six days and seventeen hours—as we learn from a gentleman then on the spot.

know her when she reaches port at last. She brings no news. She will soon bear no letters—no specie. Nobody will watch for her, nor speak of her. Alas! her day is gone by. Who can think of her sufferings without a sigh?

But the steamers will have not merely all that is worth having (to them) of the business of the 'Liners.' Their effect on the *amount* of business must be considered. On this point our notions, at present, must be vague; but it is easy to foretell that the usual operation of increased facilities in the locomotion of persons and the transactions of trade will be felt in this case—and that most remarkably. We have seen that a few millions of passengers yearly go up or down the Thames, since steam-boats have plied on it: the travelling by the first boat established between Edinburgh and London was greater, it is said, than that by all other conveyances together—during even the first year. Mr. Porter states that it has almost invariably happened, where railroads for passengers have been opened, that '*the amount of travelling between the extremities of the line has been quadrupled.*' (p. 68.) The income from this source has enabled the Liverpool and Manchester Company to meet many extraordinary expenses, and still regularly divide 10 per cent. on the capital, although the cost of construction was more than double the sum first allowed for it. So we believe it will be, and much more, between America and Europe. We shall associate with each other as in neighbouring counties. Our tourists will visit Niagara in swarms, as they now do Loch Lomond. People will travel who never did before: it will be literally easier, and *take less time*, as some one has said, to travel than to stay at home.

All this is *trade*, of course, to certain parties, as far as it goes. The effect of the new movement on the amount of business at large is less easily foreseen: on its better arrangement, however, in most important particulars, it is so obvious as to require few remarks. Let us take one striking paragraph from Mr. Revans' pamphlet, as an apt illustration of the harvest of speculations that are now to be looked for. The drift of it is evident, and requires no explanation:—

'By counter-exchange is meant drawing bills upon America. At present all the exchange transactions between the countries have their source in America; and offering bills on America in our exchange market would be novel, and would create much surprise, though exchange is sold day by day upon France, Holland, and other countries. We have counter-exchange with most civilized foreign countries. Considering the magnitude of our transactions with America, the intelligence of its people, and the high point to which credit has attained there, it does surprise persons not conversant with the practice of that trade when they are informed that the shipper from this country to America does not enjoy the advantage and security of a counter-exchange. Were the people of the United States a community utterly without the habit of commercial punctuality,

there might appear to be a reason against counter-exchange. But the very nature of our commercial connexion with that country is proof that such is not the belief. An immense portion of shipments are made upon credit—while otherwise goods would only be shipped upon capital—and sold on arrival, either for cash or in immediate barter for other goods. Even in such a trade as now supposed, counter-exchange might possibly be introduced with advantage. Then doubts might, however, fairly be raised of the propriety of making shipments on exchange drawn on countries in which commercial transactions were in the infant state here supposed. But when we consider the commercial spirit of the Americans—its origin, and the facilities for the punctual performance of contracts, no doubt, that will bear examination, can be offered against the propriety of the introduction of counter-exchanges, though neglected to be introduced to the present moment. It is remarkable that there should have been no counter-exchange to this period. Possibly it may be accounted for in the fact of the United States having, comparatively speaking, so very recently ceased being English colonies.'—*Revans*, pp. 15, 16.

We should suppose Mr. Revans might have regarded the absence of a settled mode of regular and certain conveyance between the two countries as another, if not a stronger, reason for this state of things. At all events, it can hardly be doubted that the establishment of such a conveyance will operate immediately to put this important business of exchange in a better way. Heretofore no merchant could foresee when any mercantile paper, committed to a packet, would reach its destination. Intended to go in thirty days, it might be twice that time on the way: the first paper forwarded might be last received. So of specie again. So of correspondence of every description. The totally new *régime* of punctuality, harmony, confidence, and facility, introduced into every imaginable department of business by the establishment of steam-navigation, must be about as evident at a glance as any discussion, in the present state of things, could possibly make it.

Far less can we enter into the great and exciting considerations at once suggested by a view of the less mercantile and more general bearings of the scheme. The increased and improved travel and trade themselves, indeed, which we have counted on, cannot but have a vast moral effect. Continual, easy, and extensive personal intercourse, and closer and closer commercial connexion must infallibly give a new tone to public feeling in each country towards the other; and at the same time render it equally the interest and inclination of both to cultivate relations worthy of the character, the power, the common bonds of blood, and the intimate inter-dependence of two such peoples. And so must it be with other nations—with Christendom at large. Europe and America, especially, will become, not neighbours only, but good ones. We shall exercise a strong influence over each other; influences extremely different indeed, but salutary, we cannot but believe, to all concerned. The Old World is rich with

its own peculiar resources, literary, scientific, political, and moral. The New World, with less accumulation, boasts of being more spirited, racy, adventurous, and experimental. The one holds in her hands the wealth of the days gone by; the other is rather intrusted with the key of the future. Each deserves close observation, considerate deference, and deep study of the other. And this, with all its effects, is what we are now to have. Heretofore, individuals only, here and there, have known and communed with individuals. Hereafter, nations, races, continents will stand in the same relation. They will, let us hope, throw their muskets and their bows and arrows behind them, and approach each other; a thousand prejudices will be given up, and a thousand fresh ties of interest and influence arise between them, as seeing, at length, eye to eye, they take each other by the hand, and swear that henceforth the crude, puerile, and savage ignorance, indifference, alienation, or hostility of other ages shall be no more.

A word of explanation on one historical point of some interest—which it is well should be settled in season—and we have done. We have alluded to the fact that the late passage of the Atlantic by steam was by no means the first achievement of the kind. When we have spoken of the success of these new boats in strong terms, it has not been with the thought of encouraging such an impression; and we certainly do not think it of the least moment, so far as British honour is concerned, that such an impression should prevail. All admit that the mere fact of a solitary steam-vessel crossing the ocean some twenty years ago—whether by steam, or by sails, or both, and with whatever purpose in view—is of little importance as compared with the undertaking and the establishment of such an enterprise, in such a manner as to make it the grand, regular medium of communication, and the growing source of immense results, never before dreamed of, between America and Europe. This is the credit claimed in the present instance by British courage, energy, and skill. This the Americans allow us; and they may afford to do it. They have themselves, even in the same field, done enough to content ambition. They have taken up this scheme, in its present stage, with their usual spirit, and without a moment's hesitation or delay. Unseasonable circumstances in their pecuniary situation, more perhaps than anything else, may have prevented them from snatching this last honour from British hands. The conception itself was no new, crude, chimerical notion to them.

They have been too much accustomed to steam-movements on a grand scale to be taken by surprise with this. Not only did Fitch, of Philadelphia, half a century ago, *predict*, with perfect confidence, the establishment of Atlantic steam-navigation; but performances of substantially much the same character,

as regards risk, have for many years been actually going on before the eyes of the American public (as, indeed, to some extent also of ours). A few months since we noticed this paragraph in a New York journal:—

'The British steamer "Sir Lionel Smith," for which so much anxiety has been felt, reached this port yesterday, in fifteen days from St. Thomas.'

Along the extensive coasts, and up the vast rivers, of the United States, the nature of their steam-operations is well known. At New Orleans they were talking, a year or two since (as well as at New York), of establishing this connexion with Europe by steam, and the project seemed to have been abandoned merely on account of the 'crisis.' A British passage across was made last winter by the 'City of Kingston,' intended for a Jamaica and Carthagea mail-packet, we think. She, too, was much talked of as the first which had crossed. It seems, however, that she put in at Madeira on her way. It is also well ascertained that three steam-vessels, at least, had crossed—all the way—before her. Two of these were the *Royal William*, built at Quebec, for the trade between that port and Halifax, which was sold some years ago to the crown of Portugal for 12,000*l.* (and which we ourselves happened to see in Boston harbour, five or six years ago, when just arrived from Liverpool *via* Halifax); and the *Cape Breton*, which was built at Greenock or Glasgow, and sent out to Pictou for the use of a mining company. But the vessel to which the real honour of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was the *Savannah*,—thus alluded to in the *Times* of May 11, 1819:—

'Great Experiment.—A new steam-vessel, of 300 tons, has been built at New York, for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct!'

And she did reach Liverpool, accordingly, on the 20th of June—coming, moreover, direct from Savannah, in twenty-six days. We have seen it stated that this vessel used her steam only when she failed to make four knots the hour by sailing; but these particulars, as we said before, are hardly worthy of notice. After a somewhat enthusiastic reception at Liverpool, she proceeded to Stockholm, where Bernadotte went on board, and made the captain sundry presents, significant of his royal gratification. The Emperor of Russia visited her also at Cronstadt, and gave his host a silver tea-kettle, which he retains, as a trophy of his adventure, to this day.

To these, we believe, might be added the *Curaçoa*, which is said to have gone over direct from Holland to Surinam, in 1828, making the voyage from off Dover in twenty-four days.

And this, as far as we know, is the whole history of Atlantic steam-navigation. Its history, a hundred

years hence, will be more worth telling—though perhaps it may contain nothing more interesting to the men of those times than the early experiments of which we have now finished a humble sketch.

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From the Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

The Life of Richard Earl Howe, K. G., Admiral of the Fleet, and General of Marines. By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F. R. S. London. 8vo. 1838.

The only biographical account of Lord Howe, which had hitherto appeared in a substantive form, is a little volume published in 1803, by George Mason. The author seems to have been a caustic old man, who had no peculiar means of information, and was not always correct in his statements, but who wrote ably and honestly. Nothing relating to the Admiral's private character or opinions had been communicated by any of his family or friends in the brief memoirs and sketches which found their way into periodical publications; nor was there any record of his many acquirements, great virtues, and moral excellence as a member of society. 'No blame,' says the present biographer, 'attaches to the writers of such desultory pieces for these omissions. They were in the same position as the Israelites in Egypt,—unable to make bricks without straw.'

The new materials at the disposal of Sir John Barrow consisted of Earl Howe's Journal, upwards of 400 letters in his hand-writing, and many addressed to him by royal and official persons, as well as by his private friends; and it may be supposed that the author's station and long experience as Secretary to the Admiralty have opened for him all our government depositories, and qualified him to make excellent use of whatever these or other sources afforded him.

Richard, afterwards Admiral Earl Howe, was the third son of Emanuel Scrope, second Viscount Howe, who married the eldest daughter of Baron Kielmansegge, Master of the Horse to George I., as Elector of Hanover. He was born in 1725. It is supposed that he was sent to Eton about the usual age: but it is not certain whether he had not previously been at Westminster. Either school might be proud to reckon him among its worthies, though scholastic education had little part in the formation of his mind and character,—for about the age of fourteen he was entered as midshipman on board the *Severn*, one of Commodore Anson's squadron, destined for a secret expedition to the South Seas. After they had passed the Strait le Mair and rounded Cape Horn, 'a tempest dispersed the ships, drove them back to the eastward, and reduced

them to the greatest distress, by the violence of the storm, the tremendous sea, and the extreme cold from the snow and sleet, which continued to fall for several days together.' The *Severn* and the *Pearl* had suffered so much that they were obliged to bear up for Rio Janeiro, 'from whence, after having refitted the ships, and refreshed the crews, they returned to England, and thus escaped the perilous disasters detailed with such painful interest' in the well-known account of this remarkable expedition.

Young Howe was nothing daunted by this experimental trial. Immediately after his return, he is found on board the *Burford*, of 70 guns, one of a fleet destined for the West Indies under Sir Chaloner Ogle. The *Burford* was in a squadron of that fleet under the immediate command of Sir Charles Knowles, whose first operation was to make an attack on La Guayra. The Governor of Caraccas had received intelligence of this intended attack in time to provide against it, by erecting new batteries, strengthening the garrisons, and obtaining a quantity of ammunition from the Dutch Governor of Curaçoa. The attack commenced about noon. Owing to the rocks, the ships could not approach within a mile of the town, and it was found impossible to land the soldiers. The action, however, continued till about eight at night, and the town suffered greatly, the churches being entirely destroyed and a great number of houses. But the *Burford* and three other of the largest ships were disabled from continuing the attack, and the others so damaged, that the attempt miscarried, with the loss of 400 men killed and wounded. Howe's captain had his thigh taken off by a chain-shot. The lieutenant who succeeded to the command, and who found it necessary to withdraw the ship and carry her to Curaçoa, was tried by court-martial for having so withdrawn her; he was acquitted on the evidence of the carpenter, confirmed by the testimony of the surviving officers, as to the danger of her keeping the sea, in consequence of the damages she had received in her hull.

Mr. Howe's behaviour in this unfortunate action met with the approval of the commander-in-chief, and he gave him, immediately after, an order to act as lieutenant in one of the ships about to proceed to England; but whatever interest his rank in life might be supposed to give him, it had not sufficient weight at home to obtain a confirmation of his commission; and, therefore, he returned at once to the West Indies, to join his patron. Commodore Knowles soon placed him in a vacancy, as Lieutenant of the *Comet* bomb. This appointment was confirmed in August, 1745. In that year a fleet under Admiral Vernon was stationed in the Downs to watch the movements of the armament which had been fitted out at Ostend and Dunkirk to land the Pretender in Scotland. Several frigates and sloops were detached to the North Seas, and Howe's name appears

as commander of one of these sloops. It is inferred that this promotion was made through Vernon's interest, with whom it appears that he was a favourite, by his being selected to carry up a loyal address from the fleet under that admiral's orders.

Howe's name is first publicly mentioned in the account of the siege of Fort William. It occurs in the military journal thus:—

'Tuesday, 18th March.—The Baltimore, Captain Richard Howe, went up towards Killmady Barns, in order to protect the landing of our men. They fired several shot and threw some cohorn shells, and set one hovel on fire, but could not attempt landing; for the rebels were entrenched by a hollow road or rill, and in great numbers. The Baltimore's guns, being only four-pounders, had no effect on the stone-walls of these barns, which the rebels had before loop-holed. We brought our people back without any damage. Soon afterwards he joined the Greyhound frigate, Captain Noel, and was severely wounded in the head, in an action with two large French ships, in a place called Loch Nony, in Mordant.'

Previous to this action, he found on his arrival in England that he had been made captain, and appointed to the Triton, with orders to receive treasure at Lisbon and bring it to England; meeting, however, in the Tagus with the Rippon, destined for the coast of Guinea, whose captain, Holborne, was unwell, they agreed to exchange ships. This being approved, Howe received his commission for the Rippon in September, 1747, ran down the coast as was then usual, and proceeded to cross the Atlantic for the Leeward Islands. Rear Admiral Knowles was then commanding a squadron on the Jamaica station: as soon as he heard that Howe was at Barbadoes, he wrote to the Admiralty thus:—'If their lordships would indulge me with Captain Howe's coming from the Leeward Islands, down here, as he is a pupil of my own, and equally desirous of being with me, I shall esteem it a favour.' Permission was granted, and he arrived at Jamaica just too late for the action with the Spanish fleet off the Havana, on the 2nd of October, 1748. In that action, the Cornwall, bearing the admiral's flag, suffered so much that it was thought expedient to send her home in the spring. Howe was appointed her captain, and returned to England in her, intelligence having arrived that the peace of Aix la Chapelle had been signed.

'The calm and tranquil life,' says Sir John Barrow, 'which a sailor is generally compelled to live on shore, compared with his active and unremitting employment afloat, ill accords with that constant wear and tear both of body and mind, which the command and the various duties of a ship of war require, to say nothing of the anxious and ardent desire of distinction with which every lover of his profession is imbued.' Howe seems to have felt the languor arising from inactivity, and the peace offered but little prospect of acquiring either

fame or fortune, 'yet, while the pendant is over head, there is always an opportunity of acquiring knowledge in the profession, and also of being in the way of anything that may turn up.' In 1751 he obtained a commission for the Glory of 44 guns, and was sent to run down the coast of Africa, visit the settlements there, for the support of which, Parliament had that year granted 10,000*l.*, and to protect the traders. The merchants of Cape Coast Castle complained of wrongs from General Van Voorst, the Dutch Governor of Elmina. Howe anchored close under the Dutch fortress, and demanded immediate satisfaction for the injury done to the English merchants, and the restitution also of some free negroes who had been put in prison. Van Voorst hesitated to comply, but Howe gave him distinctly to understand, that although the two nations were at peace, he felt himself authorized to prevent any communication of Dutch ships with the fort till the demands should be complied with. This was holding the right tone, redress was accordingly obtained, and all differences adjusted. On his return home at the close of the year, he was appointed to the honorary command of the Mary yacht, which he soon left, on being commissioned to the Dolphin frigate, for he was desirous of more active employment. In this frigate he was employed about two years in protecting the trade in the Straits of Gibraltar, and along the coasts of France, Spain, and Barbary, in the Mediterranean.

Hitherto Howe had been employed in the ordinary course of service, and no opportunity had occurred for distinguishing himself, though that service had sometimes been sufficiently severe.

'He had the good fortune, however, to reach the highest step of rank, short of a flag officer, about the twentieth year of his age, and the sixth of his servitude. But such rapid advancement does not appear, in his case, to have been the result of any undue influence, either from party or family connexions; in those days such early promotion was not unusual, and numerous instances might be quoted, even of a much later date, of youths having risen to the rank of captain at the age of fifteen or sixteen. That abuse, for such it certainly was, has long ceased to exist, and no such untimely progress can by possibility be made in our days. A youth, who now enters the naval profession, must serve six years in one or more of his Majesty's ships, and must have completed his nineteenth year of age, before he can be examined even, as to his qualifications to render him eligible for the commission of lieutenant; he must serve two years more in a sea-going ship, to qualify for the commission of commander; and one year, for that of captain. So that the very earliest period, supposing not a day to be lost, at which a naval officer can now arrive at the rank of captain, is, when he has completed the age of twenty-two; and he may deem himself fortunate, if he acquires that rank by the time he is thirty; many indeed are they who never attain it at all.'*—pp. 19, 20.

*Such is the effect of the long list of captains, amount-

Returning to England in 1754, he was not long unemployed. The French were preparing a powerful armament; and it was not doubted that their preparations were designed for supporting and extending their encroachments upon the British possessions in America. The French then entertained as little doubt of outwitting the English in diplomacy, as our soldiers and sailors have learned to feel of beating them in battle. Lord Albemarle, our ambassador at Paris, died suddenly about this time. Horace Walpole says his mistress had sold him to the French court. The secrets of any statesman, however honourably he may act according to his own sense of honour, may be presumed to be for sale, if he is under the influence either of a mistress or of a father-confessor. The old debauchée is likely to be cajoled by one, the devotee by the other. Horace Walpole's opinion is worth more than his testimony, for no man was ever more deliberately a libeller; but what he asserts in this case was generally believed at Paris. In the '*Mémoires Secrets*,' published in continuation of Bachaumont's Journal, (a compilation equally disgraceful to the compiler and to the public for which he catered,) it is said, on occasion of the Comte d'Herouville's death, in 1762, that he had been talked of for the ministry under Louis XV., and would probably have attained it had it not been for *son mariage trop inégal*. *Il avoit épousé la fameuse Lolette, maîtresse du Comte d'Albemarle, l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre; laquelle servoit d'espion au ministère de France auprès de son amant, et a touché en conséquence jusqu'à sa mort une pension de la cour de 12,000 livres.* But if the French court purchased, as he reports, and, as is sufficiently probable, the instructions of our ambassador, they could have learned from them nothing to facilitate their own schemes of aggression—nothing but what they knew before; for the policy of England, defective as it might be on other points, had this great and paramount advantage, that it was open, honest, and straightforward.

The king's message, declaring that it was necessary to augment the forces by sea and land, was received with true English feeling, both by the Parliament and by the nation. A million was granted to be raised by lottery, and so eager were the people to lend their money to the government, that instead of one million, 3,880,000*l.* were immediately subscribed. The French continued to declare, even to M. de Mirepoix, their minister here, that no hostility was intended, nor even the slightest infringement of the treaty. But the preparations at Brest, Rochefort, and other ports, could not be kept secret; they were too notorious for this to be attempted, and the English government received certain information of the objects for which they were

designed from General Wall, an Irish officer and statesman in the service of Spain, who had been ambassador for Spain in England, and having a clear view of the interests of his adopted country, was opposed to the French party in her councils. The Duc de Mirepoix began to suspect that he had not been fairly dealt with by his own government; and when the English ministry produced proofs of that insincerity and doubledealing in which he had been made to bear a part, he went to France, and upbraided the cabinet of Versailles for having employed him as their tool. They referred him to the king, and the king, pursuing the consistent system of Gallic perfidy, sent him back to London, with fresh assurances of the most pacific intentions. But dissimulation could be carried no further now. And M. de Mirepoix had scarcely obtained an audience to deliver the false professions with which he had anew been charged, when certain intelligence arrived that the French armament was ready to sail.

Immediately a squadron was equipped under Admiral Boscawen. The equipment was carried on with such despatch, that a French 74, which had been taken in the preceding war, was cleaned and sheathed at Portsmouth in eight hours and three quarters, by torch and candle-light. He sailed in April, 1755, from Plymouth with eleven sail of the line, and one frigate, and with two regiments on board. No secret was made that they had orders to attack the French ships wherever they should find them. Upon this the Duc de Mirepoix declared that his master would consider the first gun fired at sea in a hostile manner as a declaration of war. A threat like this was not required for rousing the spirit of the nation. Not only was the press for seamen carried on in all parts of Great Britain, and of Ireland also, with extraordinary vigilance, but in aid of the King's bounty, bounties were offered by almost all the considerable towns in England to those who would voluntarily enlist either as sailors or soldiers. Boscawen was reinforced with six sail of the line and a frigate, under Admiral Holbourne. In this fleet Captain Howe had the command of the *Dunkirk*. The French fleet under Admiral Bois de la Motte had put to sea unperceived, but Boscawen reached the banks of Newfoundland before them, and took a position off Cape Race, the southernmost point of that island, as the most likely place to hear of or intercept them, not doubting that their destination was the St. Lawrence. The French admiral is supposed to have learned Boscawen's position; he divided his squadron into two parts; one passed through the Straits of Belleisle, a most dangerous navigation, which was never known to have been attempted before by ships of the line; the other gained the St. Lawrence by the usual passage round Newfoundland, and escaped the British fleet, owing to the fogs that prevail there and more

ing in 1837 to about 760, instead of 284, the number in 1750; and of admirals in the former year, 136, in the place of 181 in the latter.

especially in the spring. In one of those fogs the British ships had been dispersed, and when it cleared away, the Dunkirk and Defiance found themselves not only separated from their own squadron, but very near two of the French ships, the Alcide and the Lys. The British were of 60 guns each; the Alcide was of 64, and 480 men; the Lys was pierced for the same number of guns, but being armed *en flûte*, mounted only 22, and had eight companies of soldiers on board. There had been no declaration of war on either side; Howe, therefore, had a critical part to perform, but his good sense and English spirit led him at once to the right course. Under a press of sail he came alongside the sternmost ship, which was the Alcide, hailed the captain in the usual manner, and requested he would proceed with him to the British admiral, who was then in sight at the distance of about six miles. M. Hocquart, the captain, asked in reply whether it was peace or war? Howe repeated his request that he would accompany him to the admiral, so to prevent any order that he might otherwise receive by signal, to fire into him for not having brought to when pursued, which signal he should be bound to obey. During this parley the signal was actually thrown out from the flag-ship to engage.

The log of the Dunkirk, in the usual laconic style, thus relates the action: 'Being got up with the sternmost, the Alcide of 64 guns, a little before noon, and the captain refusing to shorten sail, engaged with (the signal having been made by the vice-admiral) and brought the ship to. Men killed in the action, 7; rendered unserviceable from wounds, 5; wounded in a lesser degree, 20.' A smart action, Sir John Barrow calls it. By Charnock's account, it would seem to have been a severe one, 'the enemy making,' he says, 'a very brave and resolute defence, and not surrendering till after a contest of nearly five hours' continuance.' The French loss in killed and wounded is stated at 130. Both their ships were taken. Smollett notices the skill and intrepidity with which Howe behaved in this action. Boscawen leaving Holbourne with a few ships to blockade Louisburg, returned to England with the prizes, the money taken in them amounting to about 8,000*l.*, and 1,500 prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction.

Upon this act of hostility, the French ambassador, M. de Mirepoix, departed without taking leave. George II. was then at Hanover, whither the Abbé de Bussy, formerly resident at the British court, had been sent to him 'with the civilest message that the French had hitherto vouchsafed to dictate.' Two days after he had delivered it a courier was despatched in haste to prevent it, and to recall him, upon the notice of our capture of the two French ships. 'They had meditated the war,' says Horace Walpole, 'we began it. They affected to call us pirates; their king was made

to say, *Je ne pardonnerai pas les pirateries de cette insolente nation*. But the insults of the French had unwisely outstripped their increasing power.'

Thus commenced the seven years' war,—contrary to the expectation of France, and not less contrary, it was said, to that of some of our ministry. Yet the French government knew that its measures must provoke hostilities, and the English, that if its orders were properly obeyed, they must be brought on. That the French intended war at their own time was certain. Their attempts in America 'were daily more open, more avowed, more alarming; indeed, extended to nothing less than by erecting a chain of garrisons from Canada to the mouth of the Mississippi, to back all our settlements, cut off our communications with the Indians west of that river, and inclose and starve our universal plantations and trade; it would not be necessary to invade them, they would fall of course.* But the policy of France was to carry on this scheme of aggression as long as possible under the cover of peace; and even when the blow had been struck by Howe, in obedience to Boscawen's signal, and followed up by an order for stopping all French ships, and bringing them into British ports, the French, loudly as they complained, were so desirous of delaying the war till a more convenient season, that they did not even attempt reprisals upon our shipping. Before the close of the year, three hundred of their merchant ships, and 8000 of their seamen were brought in; and while our ships paid no more than the common insurance, theirs were insured at the rate of thirty per cent. This occasioned considerable distress in France, and not a little discontent, and the English government acquired respect in the eyes of Europe for the decision and vigour which it had manifested on this occasion.

The French represented Boscawen's attack, and the subsequent seizure of their ships before any declaration of war, as a breach of faith and of the law of nations. They endeavoured to engage the Spaniards and the Dutch in an alliance with them against Great Britain: and when one of their squadron had taken a ship of war going to Carolina with the governor on board, as soon as the court was informed of the ship's being brought into Nantes, they set the governor at liberty, and shortly afterwards released both the ship and crew, thus contrasting their own conduct with that of the English. This was good policy; and when they inveighed against the seizure of their vessels as acts of piracy, some neutral powers seemed to consider it in the same point of view. 'It was certainly,' says Smollett, 'high time to check the insolence of the French by force of arms; and surely this might have been as effectually and expeditiously exerted under the

*Horace Walpole.

usual sanction of a formal* declaration, the omission of which exposed the administration to the censure of our neighbours, and fixed the imputation of fraud and freebooting at the beginning of the war.'

The historian seems here not to distinguish between the first act of hostility and the subsequent capture of the merchant ships. The former was contingent upon the proceedings of the French, and therefore there could be no declaration of war before that which was made from the mouth of the cannon. The object of the French armament was not doubtful, it was not even concealed; and in endeavouring to frustrate that object by force of arms, the English were justified not only by the law of nations, but by the common sense and common feeling of mankind. It may fairly be supposed that the English government, after it had thus actually commenced war, thought no declaration necessary. But though the capture of the merchant ships was in the ordinary course, and would have followed as such and been so considered if the form of declaring war had been observed, the neglect of that form gave the French a moral advantage by making it appear a question, not between the two governments, but between England and the individuals upon whom the loss fell. The same plain sense of right and wrong by which Boscawen was justified in the eyes of Europe for attacking an armed opponent, condemned the seizure of merchant ships, merchant sailors, and private property. Smollett's condemnation of the measure was founded upon his view of the law of nations; but the public opinion, as far as it agreed with him, (which it appears to have done to a considerable extent,) rested upon the natural sense of justice: for however much privateering has at different times been encouraged by all maritime powers, there must ever be a feeling which regards this predatory warfare in the same light as the plunder of villages—an extension of the evils of war without any tendency to bring about its termination. The British government showed some respect to this feeling. The ships so seized were not sold as prizes for the benefit of the captors, but sequestered with all their cargoes and effects, in order to be restor-

* 'The ministry was said to have delayed the ceremony of denouncing war from political considerations, supposing that should the French be provoked into the first declaration of this kind, the powers of Europe would consider his most Christian Majesty as the aggressor, and Great Britain would reap all the fruits of the defensive alliances in which she had engaged. But nothing could be more weak and frivolous than such a conjecture. The aggressor is he who first violates the peace; and every ally will interpret the aggression according to his own interest and convenience.'—*Smollett*.

The question appears to have been thus first mooted, and it is curious to observe how it was regarded at the time. In our own days it led to Bonaparte's detention of the English travellers, an act in which the perfidy and the cruelty of his character were both manifested.

ed to their right owners in case the disputes between the two nations could be adjusted without an open war.

In this war Captain Howe raised for himself a name that led uninterruptedly and rapidly to the highest honours of the profession. In the early part of 1756, he was chiefly employed in the Channel service, and took some valuable prizes returning from the West Indies. In the summer, when the French were making great preparations for invading Guernsey and Jersey, he was appointed to the command of a squadron for the protection of those islands. His instructions were, after conveying four transports there with troops, to take possession of Chaussé and its islands, on which an Irish brigade in the service of France was stationed; to disturb the intercourse of the enemy between their northern and western provinces; to harass the coast wherever it should be practicable, and to capture and destroy their coasting trade. This service was performed with characteristic promptitude. The commandant at Chaussé surrendered the fort on the first summons, being permitted to return with military honours to Granville. Howe, however, finding that much time and many men would be required for putting the works into a proper state of defence, and at least 500 troops to garrison them, besides a very heavy expense, blew up the works. The blow thus opportunely struck made the French abandon their designs on the Channel Islands, and withdraw their troops toward Brest and the ports lower down on the coast: and Howe having ascertained this, left a part of his squadron to annoy their trade, and returned to Plymouth in the Dunkirk, towards the end of the year, to refit.

This expedition, Sir John Barrow says, encouraged the ministry to extend the plan of operations against the ports and towns on the French coast. Mr. Pitt had recently been called to the ministry. He possessed the confidence of the nation in as extraordinary a degree as his son after him, and under his administration the government began to give symptoms, if not of more wisdom, of more vigour. The loss of Minorca in the preceding year under circumstances which led to the trial and execution of Admiral Byng, the critical situation of our ally the King of Prussia, and the reverses in Hanover, made it necessary to take some bold measures for retrieving the credit both of our arms and councils. A threat of invasion had produced some degree of alarm in the nation; and Mr. Pitt, concluding that the enemy's coast might be no better provided than our own, determined to invert the system of fear, and to carry the war, while they menaced us, into their own quarters. Pitt had been persuaded by a young Scotch adventurer that Rochefort might easily be surprised. Nothing could be more vague and unsatisfactory than this person's information; but 'Pitt

was a minister to execute daringly; there wanted some men of deeper cast to deliberate wisely; 'and of late years,' says Horace Walpole, 'we had dealt exceedingly scantily in intelligence.' The expedition was proposed to the cabinet and determined on with little or no opposition to what was perceived to be a favourite plan of Mr. Pitt's. 'Objections to a genius,' Horace Walpole observes, 'are but spurs. The minister would not lose time in taking advice—the secret might evaporate, and its fairest chances for success lay in the improbability that the French should suspect an attempt on one of the most important and strongest towns in France.' The command was offered to Lord George Sackville; he being too sagacious not to perceive that the scheme was impracticable, excused himself on the plea of the Duke of Cumberland's dislike to him. General Conway was then proposed; the king said he was too young, and insisted on joining Sir John Mordaunt with him. These generals were summoned to town from the camp in Dorsetshire; they were to have ten old battalions, a strong fleet was to be ready in a fortnight to convoy them, and they were to attempt Rochefort, or any other place on the coast to which they might find an opening.

This expedition is remarkable for having been the first of Mr. Pitt's military measures; for the persons engaged in it, whose names afterwards became celebrated; for the distinguished part borne in it by Captain Howe; and for the extraordinary interest which it excited in the public. 'On the operations of this fleet,' said one writer, 'the last hope of this unfortunate nation seemed to be fixed.' 'The dignity of the plan,' said another, 'laid by a ministry in vogue,—the great opinion of the chief commander,—and the immensity of the armament, to the supply of which the ordnance stores were almost exhausted,—made every true Briton rejoice.' But both Mordaunt and Conway saw the difficulties, and the ignorance of those who foresaw none. Mordaunt had lost, from ill health, that 'sort of alacrity in daring by which he had formerly been distinguished.' Moreover, Horace Walpole says, 'he affected not Mr. Pitt; and, from not loving the projector, was more careless than he should have been of the success of the project—presuming that if it should appear impracticable, the original mover would bear the blame.' 'Conway, who could not help foreseeing that from the superiority of his talents to those of Mordaunt, the good conduct of the expedition would be expected from him, asked if they would venture ten of our best battalions on so rash a hazard, and whether, if they should perish, it would not draw the French hither, where we had few other veteran troops? He asked also if the height of the ramparts which were to be scaled was known? Ligonier, who was present, replied, no; but they were never above twenty-five feet, and they should have

ladders high enough. Pitt said, in case they failed, they might go to Bourdeaux. Lord Anson informed him how far that city lay up the river;—and it *was* information, for he knew not. Was it probable, Conway asked, that a place of that high importance should be neglected? And he showed them the contradictions in their own reasoning; for they pretended that it was a measure calculated to disembarass the duke by drawing off the troops of France to its own coast; and yet all the hope of the enterprise depended on the French being taken unprepared. Pitt was too sanguine to desist for a little confusion; the instructions were drawn, the transports prepared.' The generals, when their representations against the plan failed, demanded specific orders: not obtaining these, they drew up queries, 'hoping that if the ministry could not answer them, they should be justified in not performing what they foresaw was impracticable. But neither in this did they receive satisfaction.'

The fleet under Sir Edward Hawke consisted of sixteen sail of the line, two frigates, five sloops, two bombs, two fire-ships, and a number of transports, having on board about seven thousand troops. The expedition was detained by those impediments which commonly arise, says Charnock, when two distinct authorities are employed to effect one end and purpose. In this opinion—that a conjoint expedition is rarely well conducted—both Howe and Nelson are known to have concurred. But the failure in this case was not owing to any want of co-operation: the cause of failure was in the design itself: the ablest of our naval biographers has said of this expedition, that if it brought no increase of reputation to the commanders, still less did it justify the wisdom of those who planned it.* Smollett says that Europe beheld the preparations with astonishment; that the destination of the armament was kept in the most profound secrecy, and filled France with very serious alarms; that the troops were eager to signalise themselves; but that the superstitious drew unfavourable presages from the dilatoriness of the embarkation. In fact, so many months elapsed before the expedition sailed, that the enemy discovered its object, and that part of the French coast was accordingly well prepared for it.

The measure had been settled in July, but it was the 8th of September before the fleet sailed from Spithead. A detachment from it under Admiral Knowles was ordered to proceed with the transports to Basque Roads, and endeavour to get possession of the Isle of Aix, as the prelude to an attempt on Rochefort. In this fleet Howe commanded the *Magnanime*, one of the finest and most favourite ships in the class of 74's. The fleet appeared before the Isle of Oleron, on the 20th; but it was the 23d before they got in. Two

* Locker's Memoirs of Celebrated Naval Commanders.

French ships of the line that were at anchor off the Isle of Aix, on seeing the British squadron under weigh, slipped their cables and ran into the Charente.

'About the middle of the day, as the ships approached the island, the batteries opened their fire of shot and shells. The *Magnanime* had been ordered to lead, and Captain Howe stood on direct for the fort, with that steady resolution that never forsook him, reserving his fire until he advanced within forty yards of the fort, when he brought up with a spring on his cable, and opened so tremendous and well-directed a fire, that in about half an hour the enemy were completely driven from their guns and surrendered. In the fort were mounted twenty-eight pieces of cannon, and eight large mortars; and on the tower were two handsome and highly-finished brass twelve-pounders, which Sir John Mordaunt presented to Captain Howe, in testimony of his steady bravery and brilliant service on that day, requesting him to place them as a trophy, and, at the same time, an useful ornament to the *Magnanime's* quarter-deck.'—pp. 31, 32.

Hawke then directed Rear-Admiral Broderick and other officers to sound and reconnoitre the shore of the main, and make their report to him, in order to secure a safe landing. After maturely considering it, he was of opinion that the troops might land. Conway proposed that they should make themselves masters of Fouras, a little fort on the shore; when well established, they might examine what farther damage could be done to the enemy. Much time was wasted in discussing this proposal. Mordaunt seemed incapable of forming any opinion, and said he was ready to take any officer's advice. A council of war was called. It appeared that Basque Roads, the country, and the state of the enemy's troops and garrison, were entirely unknown to them. This only had been ascertained, that no man-of-war could lie within two miles of the landing, to assist it or to secure a retreat; that if the wind came to the west, as usual at that season, all communication with the fleet would be cut off—a danger against which they had been expressly instructed to guard;—that there were sand-hills on the shore equivalent to an intrenchment, from behind which a small body might prevent a descent of two thousand men, the most which the boats could contain at a time; that more troops than were sufficient to oppose a landing had been seen by the captain who reconnoitred the coast; and, to crown all, that they had not brought artillery sufficient for a regular attack.

Horace Walpole, who has given a fuller account than any other historian of the expedition, describes the personal characters of the commanders as having greatly influenced the proceedings; and this he did with the more satisfaction, he said, 'as their fault flowed from no want of courage; on the contrary, they possessed among them most of the various shades of that qualification.' Conway was one of his most intimate friends. Of him, he says, 'Cold in his deportment, and with a

dignity of soul that kept him too much above familiarity, he missed that affection from his brother officers which his unsullied virtues and humanity deserved; for he wanted the extrinsic of merit. Added to these little failings, he had a natural indecision in his temper, weighing with too much minuteness, and too much fluctuation, whatever depended on his own judgment.' Cornwallis was a man of a very different complexion; as cool as Conway, and as brave, he was indifferent to everything but to being in the right: he held fame cheap, and smiled at reproach. General Howard was one of those sort of characters who are only to be distinguished by having no peculiarity of character. Under these was *Wolfe*—a young officer who had contracted reputation from his intelligence and discipline, and from the perfection to which he had brought his own regiment. The world could not expect more from him than he thought himself capable of performing. He looked on danger as the favourable moment that would call forth his talents. Hawke, continues Walpole, was 'a man of steady courage, of fair appearance, and who even did not want a plausible kind of sense; but he was really weak, and childishly abandoned to the guidance of a Scotch secretary. The next was Knowles, a vain man, of more parade than real bravery. *Howe*, brother of the lord of that name, was the third on the naval list. He was undaunted as a rock, and as silent—the characteristics of his whole race. He and *Wolfe* soon contracted a friendship like the union of a cannon and gunpowder.'

The opinion expressed of *Wolfe* in this remarkable passage exhibits Horace Walpole's censorious disposition more truly than it characterizes that thoughtful and high-minded soldier. It so happens that, upon the very point for which he is there invidiously noticed, he has stated his own feelings in a letter to his mother. The extract will be read with interest, not only on that account, but for the presentiment with which it concludes:—

'The officers in the army in general,' says he, 'are persons of so little application to business, and have been so ill educated, that it must not surprise you to hear that a man of common industry is in repute amongst 'em. I reckon it as a very great misfortune to the country that I, your son, who have, I know, but a very moderate capacity, and a certain degree of diligence a little above the ordinary run, should be thought, as I generally am, one of the best officers of my rank in the service. I am not at all vain of the distinction. The comparison would do a man of genius very little honour, and does not illustrate me by any means; and the consequence will be very fatal to me in the end; for as I rise in rank, people will expect some considerable performances, and I shall be induced, in support of an ill-gotten reputation, to be lavish of my life, and shall probably meet that fate which is the ordinary effect of such a conduct.'—*Wolfe's MSS.*

Both land and sea officers concurred in thinking it

impracticable to surprise Rochefort, and they would at once have returned to England if Conway had not persuaded them that it was necessary to do something before they returned. In this they all agreed except Cornwallis, who had seen no attainable object, or none worth attaining, from the beginning to the end of the plan; yet rather than stand alone in a vote for retreating, he was induced to acquiesce. What then should they do? Conway again proposed an attack on Fouras, as they might at least hope from thence to burn the ships and the magazines on the Charente. Nobody approved that scheme; yet after three or four days had been wasted in discussion, his importunity prevailed, and all the generals, to show that want of spirit had not operated in their councils, resolved to be present. The first division embarked; but it was moonlight,—the night was clear, and the wind turned against them. Walpole says, Howe himself told them it was not safe at that time; and Wolfe pronounced it would be bloody work. They were therefore ordered back from the boats. Still Conway persisted for an attempt on Fouras, and Mordaunt offered to undertake it if he would take the advice wholly on himself. Both shrunk from the responsibility. Conway at last said, if the general would call Wolfe and any other man, he would abide by their opinion, whether they advised him to advise the attack or to desist from proposing it. In truth, says Walpole, it was a contest to be pitied rather than blamed; both saw the rashness of the project, in which they were willing to sacrifice themselves and their soldiers. Mordaunt, from esteem of Conway's abilities, hoped to be excused if he executed what the latter advised, and the latter was too happy in not being commanding officer to take that charge on himself in a hopeless bravado. At length they agreed to be determined by the opinions of Cornwallis and Howard; they concurred with the general, and Conway then submitted, but desired they would observe that he acquiesced against his own judgment. It was then determined to return, Hawke having repeatedly pressed the generals to come to some decision, as he could not venture at that season to keep the great ships much longer at sea. Wolfe and Howe had borne the dilatoriness of the chief commanders with indignation; yet seeing the minute lost, they made no objection to a retreat.

Wolfe's letter to his father, dated Rode de Barques, 30th September, 1757, says, 'By the Viper sloop I have the displeasure to inform you that our operations here are at an end. We lost the *lucky moment* in war, and were not able to recover it. The whole of this expedition has not cost the nation ten men, nor has any man been able to distinguish himself in the service of his country except Mr. Howe, who was an example to us all.' In a subsequent letter (17th October, 1757,) he

says, 'As to the expedition, it has been conducted so ill that I am ashamed to have been of the party. The public could not do better than to dismiss six or eight of us from their service: no zeal, no ardour, no care or concern for the good and honour of our country.' A general outcry was of course raised upon the failure of an expedition from which so much had been expected; but, to the credit of the ministers, they made no attempt to divert public attention from the errors of the plan by casting reproach upon the commanders. Mr. Pitt even 'prevented the city from addressing against it.' Walpole says, he only took the more sensible though not less severe style of punishing the miscarriage, by raising Wolfe at once over the heads of a great number of officers. Wolfe himself says of this in one of his letters, (21st October, 1757,) 'The king has been pleased to give me the rank of colonel, which at this time is more to be prized than at any other, because it carries with it a favourable appearance as to my conduct upon this late expedition, and an acceptance of my good intentions.'

Disheartening as the result of this expedition was, and though it had cast a general gloom over the nation, it rather provoked the spirit of the Government than depressed it. Certain intelligence had been received that preparations on a great scale for invading Jersey and Guernsey were making at St. Maloes. Mr. Pitt's were upon a greater scale, and more in earnest. This too was a conjoint expedition. The land force consisted of about 13,000 men, under Charles Duke of Marlborough. Horace Walpole significantly observes, that the French were not to be conquered by every Duke of Marlborough. Howe, he says, was destined to lead the fleet, and upon this Hawke struck his flag, but being persuaded to resume it, accompanied Lord Anson, who took the command himself. A fleet of seventeen sail of the line and several frigates sailed under Anson to blockade Brest, where it was understood that a naval armament of considerable force was in a forward state. On the same day, the 1st of June, 'a day destined in future times to be propitious to his name,' Howe also put to sea with a squadron consisting of the Essex, 64, four 50-gun ships, nine frigates, eleven sloops, bombs, and fire-ships, thirty store-ships, cutters, and tenders, and a hundred sail of transports. He left his favourite ship, the *Magnanime*, on this occasion, and hoisted his broad pendant in the Essex, as better adapted for the shallow water on the coast of France. The Duke and his staff were on board the Essex. Lord George Sackville was second in command, 'an officer of experience and reputation, who had in the civil departments of government exhibited proofs of extraordinary genius, and uncommon application.' According to Walpole, Marlborough and his troops remarked that he was 'not among the first to court danger, and Howe had con-

ceived and expressed strong aversion to him. They agreed so ill, that one day Lord George putting several questions to Mr. Howe, and receiving no answer, said, 'Mr. Howe, don't you hear me? I have asked you several questions.' Howe replied, 'I don't love questions.' This should not be taken for more than it is worth. Lord George Sackville was not a man to ask impertinent or frivolous questions, nor was Howe one to return an uncivil and offensive answer.

The weather was tempestuous, and it was not till the morning of the 6th that they came to anchor in Concale Bay. The transports were then ordered to stand in under the protection of three frigates against a battery which might impede their landing. Into one of these frigates, the *Success*, Howe shifted his pendant, that he might approach nearer the shore than he could do in the *Essex*. The battery was soon silenced, and ten companies of grenadiers under General Mostyn landed without further opposition, some French companies having hastily retreated before a superior force. The village of Concale was presently deserted; it was plundered by a small party of soldiers and sailors; and the Marquis Landal, 'a highly respectable man, who was intendant of the coast and colonel of militia, was shot without compunction, because, being unwilling to give up his castle without some show of resistance to save his honour, he refused to surrender.*' Next morning, leaving a brigade in the village, the army marched in two columns towards St. Maloes, and encamped little more than a mile from the town. At night a party made their way close under the walls to the harbour, where they found a 50-gun ship, two 36-gun frigates, some twenty privateers, and seventy or eighty merchant-ships. To these they set fire, being provided with combustibles for that purpose; they burnt the naval magazines also: the garrison made not the slightest attempt to oppose them, and the flames continued to rage the whole night. Preparations were now made for laying siege to the town; but the commanders, says Walpole, seemed despatched to *discover* the coast of France, rather than to master it, so scanty was their intelligence. The Duke learnt that a large force was collected to cut off his retreat, that the siege would take up a month, and that the army was not provided for such an undertak-

*The act appears still worse than Sir John Barrow has represented it, in an account published by an officer in the expedition. He says, that as soon as the grenadiers were drawn up, Lord Downe with twenty of Kingsley's marched up into the village, where they were met by the Marquis and his servant. Lord Downe called to him, and told him if he would surrender he had nothing to fear, but he foolishly refused quarter, and together with his servant and their two horses was shot dead upon the spot! The officer seems to have been utterly unconscious that he was relating a disgraceful and atrocious act.

ing. He therefore wisely ordered the troops to strike their tents, and they were re-embarked in time.

Prince Ferdinand's repeated declarations that these expeditions had answered the one great object for which they were designed,—to wit, that of dividing the attention of the French troops,—were the best evidence that could be offered in vindication of the minister's plans. Such enterprises, however, were conformable to his character and his general views. Horace Walpole says of him at this time, 'He had said to the Duke of Devonshire, a year before, 'My Lord, I am sure I can save this country and nobody else can.' It were ingratitude to him to say that he did not give such a reverberation to our stagnating councils as exceedingly altered the appearance of our fortunes. He warded off the evil hour that seemed approaching; he infused vigour into our armies; he taught the nation to speak again, as England used to speak to foreign powers; and so far from dreading invasions from France, he affected to turn us into invaders. Indeed, those efforts were so puny, so ill-concerted, so ineffectual to any essential purpose, that France looked down with scorn on such boyish flippancies, which Pitt deemed heroic, which Europe thought ridiculous, and which humanity saw were only wasteful of lives, and precedents of a more barbarous warfare than France had hitherto been authorized to carry on.' The efforts, however, though miserably ill-concerted, were not puny, they were not regarded by France with scorn, and they were effectual to the essential purpose of showing both countries that if the war was to be carried on by means of invasion, it was in our power to be the invaders rather than the invaded.

Lieutenant-General Bligh was the officer who was employed on the next occasion, and Horace Walpole says, he was brave, but in every other shape unfit for the destined service, supposing there was such a thing as fitness for that service. Howe was re-appointed to the command; and so active was he that he reported the whole fleet ready to sail within a month after their return to St. Helens. Prince Edward Augustus, afterwards Duke of York, then in his nineteenth year, was placed in the *Essex* by order of the king, under the special charge of the commodore, to be instructed in the duties of the service as a midshipman. 'Useless,' says Sir John Barrow, 'and something more than useless, as such a person must have been in the commodore's ship, it was, nevertheless, a marked proof of the confidence and high estimation in which the king held Captain Howe.'

The expedition sailed from St. Helens on the 1st of August, 1758, and arrived in Cherbourg road late in the evening of the 6th. The bombs immediately began to play upon the town; but the next morning it was thought expedient to proceed two leagues west of Cherbourg to the bay of Marais, where a more secure landing might

be effected, and then march to the town, and attack the works in the rear. Here about 3000 of the enemy, horse and foot, were posted behind the sand-banks, to dispute the landing: but the guards and grenadiers, in flat-bottomed boats, effected it, under cover of a smart fire from the frigates and smaller vessels. General Drury then attacked the French, and drove them from their post with great slaughter, though with little loss on his own part. The horse and artillery landed the following morning without opposition, and the army took possession of Cherbourg, the garrison abandoning the place on their approach.

'These operations terminated in the complete destruction of the basins, and two piers forming the entrance into the harbour; of the harbour itself, so as to leave it in a state incapable of receiving ships of war of any size; the demolition of all the batteries, forts, and magazines there, as well as those along the coast; the burning of all the ships in the harbour, which amounted to about thirty sail: thus effectually completing the king's instructions as to Cherbourg. The quantity of iron cannon and mortars was immense, all of which were destroyed. Twenty-two brass ordnance, and three brass mortars, with about one hundred pieces of cannon, were brought away. The different kinds of ammunition—shells, shot, and powder—were destroyed or thrown into the sea.'—pp. 47, 48.

A contribution of about 3000*l.* was exacted, the stores and artillery were shipped, the light horses conveyed on board the transports, by means of platforms laid in the flat-bottomed vessels; an entrenchment was thrown up sufficient to protect the last division that should leave the shore; and as it was now ascertained that the enemy's force had been increased to a formidable amount, the troops were re-embarked on the 16th, in good time, without the slightest molestation.

Granville was to have been the next point of attack, according to the general's instructions; that intention, however, was abandoned, because it was known that there were 10,000 troops in Normandy, who could easily advance to that neighbourhood. The design against Morlaix was also relinquished, because advices were received from England that a large body of troops had assembled at Brest, and in the vicinity. Both the commodore and general therefore agreed in thinking they should best fulfil their instructions by landing in the bay of St. Lunaire, and marching against St. Maloes, which is about two leagues to the eastward of that place. In proceeding thither the ships and transports were driven by contrary winds into Weymouth roads, and though they weighed from thence the following day, it was the 3d of September before they could come to anchor in St. Lunaire Bay. Howe accompanied the general on shore, who went to reconnoitre the position which he meant to take up. Prince Edward, when he first joined the Essex, had requested the commodore, that on all such occasions he might be at his side; accordingly he was of the party, and it had

nearly proved fatal to him, for the enemy plied them with cannon shot, one of which dropped close to the feet of the Prince. Bligh understood from intelligence, in which the commodore had full confidence, that at St. Briac, which is within a mile of St. Lunaire, there had often been, in time of peace, as many as three hundred vessels, though of no great burthen. The troops were landed on the 4th, and found not more than twenty there: these they destroyed, and some batteries also. It was then proposed to attack St. Maloes, that town being situated upon a bank of sand, almost surrounded by the sea, and having no water but what was conveyed in pipes, the general thought that by cutting the pipes and bombarding the town, it would be obliged to surrender. But the troops were not numerous enough to invest it on both sides of the Rance; they reconnoitred therefore Point St. Dinar, and the whole western bank opposite the town, and found it practicable to invest it on the western side, by placing ships at St. Dinar, if the weather did not oppose.

The weather proved so bad that on the 6th, the day after this reconnoissance, Howe declared the fleet could not remain on that part of the coast. The ships, he said, must go to the Bay of St. Cas, about three leagues to the westward, and the general, if he found it expedient, might, by remaining some time ashore at Matignon, about a league from St. Cas, alarm the country, create a diversion, and thus contribute to the recalling of troops from Germany. Walpole says, Howe 'contented himself with setting the troops on shore, and the weather proving very tempestuous, he left them there, with directions to come to him at St. Cas, by land. What he left them there to do, or why General Bligh suffered himself to be left there, no man living could ever tell or guess.' The general's instructions were to continue his operations as vigorously and as long as should be practicable. But there was no opportunity for acting vigorously where there was no definite object. And when Walpole says that 'the troops, as if landed on some new-discovered coast of America, roved about the country for some days, till they heard that the Duc d'Aguillon, with a considerable force, was within a few miles,' he expresses himself with no undue contempt. The project of attacking St. Maloes had been given up, that place having been found 'to be above insult either from the land forces or the shipping.' They forded some rivers, where some of the men lost their firelocks, and were with difficulty saved by being hauled out with long poles. They were fired on by the peasants, and burnt some houses in consequence; and on the fourth night of this purportless and hopeless enterprise, Bligh—having learnt that regiments had arrived from different parts, even from Brest, and that an army equal or superior to his own was encamped within two leagues of him—sent, with the unani-

mous opinion of all the general officers, to inform the commodore that he should march the next morning to St. Cas, and embark as soon as the proper naval preparations could be made. The Bay of St. Cas was covered by an entrenchment; and on the outside of this work there was a range of sand-hills, extending along the beach, which was something less than a mile long. As the enemy might from this range annoy the troops, it was proposed to the general that the troops should be re-embarked from a fair open beach on the left, between St. Cas and Gueldo, but he rejected this advice, thinking that the sand-bank was almost as advantageous for him as for the enemy.

Nothing could have been worse conducted than the subsequent operations of the army; but the most extraordinary instance of inconsiderateness was, that when so much depended upon the celerity of their movements, and upon reaching the beach before the enemy should be acquainted with their motions, the drums were beaten at two in the morning, as if to give the French notice. So near were they that they repeated the signal. The troops were in motion before three, but though they had only three miles to march, the halts and interruptions were so frequent that they did not arrive on the beach till nine. There had been some skirmishing on the march, but no considerable body of the enemy appeared till the embarkation was begun; they then took possession of an eminence, and opened a battery of ten cannons and eight mortars upon the soldiers on the beach and in the boats. They then began to march down with the intention of gaining a wood, where they might form and advance against the English under shelter of the sand-hills; but in their descent they suffered severely from the ships, which fired over our own troops with great precision and effect. The general said that if artillery had been brought ashore it could only have obstructed a much greater fire. That fire staggered their line of march, but advantage was not taken in time of their confusion; they advanced along a hollow way, and when they were disengaged from it, they presented so formidable a front that there was no hope of withstanding them. Some of the grenadiers got upon the sand-bank, and fired upon the enemy while they were forming, and killed many; but fresh troops advancing, they retired to the beach, and the French bringing their field-pieces to bear, a shocking carnage ensued, both on the shore and in the flat-bottomed boats. For some time the soldiers and the young officers of the Guards manifested an intrepidity which, had it been properly directed in time, might have secured them the victory even against a greater advantage of numbers than the enemy possessed; but the officers dropped on every side; the men seeing themselves in danger of being surrounded and cut to pieces gave way, and the French then 'fell in

among them with their bayonets, and made a great carnage.' General Drury, who commanded the rear-guard, which was thus miserably exposed, was shot in the breast, and, endeavouring to swim to the boats, perished. Many officers as well as men perished in the same manner:—

'On this trying occasion the conduct of Howe was eminently conspicuous. The grenadiers had nothing left for it but to escape with all speed to the boats or remain to be killed; they were ordered, therefore, to make to the shore as quickly as possible. A battery, thrown up on the hill, shattered several of these boats to pieces. As some of these approached the shore, many of the seamen were killed or wounded, which so intimidated the rowers, that they hesitated to proceed, and lay upon their oars. Howe observing this, and suspecting the cause of their backwardness, jumped into his barge, rowed into the midst of the fire of shot and shells, and standing upright in the boat, waved the seamen to follow him; his example animated their depressed spirits; no one now thought of shrinking, but all strived who could pick up the greatest number of poor fellows, some swimming, others wading into the sea.'—pp. 51, 52.

A small body retired to a rock, where they made a stand till their ammunition was exhausted, and then they surrendered at discretion. The rear-guard consisted of 1400 men, of whom about 1000 were killed or taken prisoners. Smollett says 'the carnage would not have been so great had not the French been exasperated by the fire from the frigates, which was continued after the English troops were routed; but this was no sooner silenced by a signal from the commodore, than they exhibited a noble example of moderation and humanity in granting immediate quarter.' 'The folly of this exploit,' says Horace Walpole, 'the inhumanity of exposing gallant men to carnage for no end imaginable but to satisfy the obstinate ostentation of a minister who was as much determined to do something, as he was really determined to do well, was contrasted with greater severity on our nation by the tender attentions, politeness, and good-nature of the Duc d'Aguillon, who spared his victims the moment he dared to spare, and comforted and relieved the prisoners and wounded as if he had been their own commander. Such was the conclusion of Mr. Pitt's invasion of France, the idleness or fruitlessness of which took off from the judgment of his other attempts and successes; though while this country exists in independence, not even his own ambition which prompted his attempts, can detract from the merit of his undertaking, retrieving, re-establishing the affairs of Britain.'

Upon the return of the expedition to England, it was intimated to General Bligh that the king would not receive him at court; feeling therefore that he could no longer hold his commission with honour, he immediately resigned it. Yet so much more damage had been done to the enemy in this than in the two preceding

attempts, that the ministry made a show of rejoicing; the great number of brass cannon which had been brought from Cherbourg, the brass mortars, some standards, and other military implements were exhibited for some days in Hyde Park, then drawn, with flags and military music, as in triumph, through the city, and deposited at the Tower. The Duke of Newcastle is said to have remonstrated with the king on the danger to which the commodore had exposed Prince Edward, but the king rebuked the old ex-minister by asking how the boy could be properly brought up as a sailor without incurring the dangers to which sailors are exposed? The prince had been on shore at the commencement of the retreat, but had re-embarked in time; and it is stated that when Howe in the hottest fire jumped into the barge, the prince followed him; but Howe desired him to go back on board, saying the service was one of great danger, and the charge he had of his royal highness's personal safety might distract his attention from the urgent business on hand.

No censure was cast upon the navy for the disastrous close of this expedition. Commodore Howe indeed maintained in it the character which he had already 'eminently established as a brave, active, and intelligent officer.' The year 1758 was one of the most important in his life. Having a few months' leave during the refit of his ship, in the month of March he married Mary, daughter of Chiverton Hartop, Esq., of Welby, in the county of Leicester. And in the month of July, he lost his elder brother, an officer of distinguished merit, who was killed in America. The commodore, then in his 31st year, succeeded to the title and estates as Viscount Howe, of Langar.

The expedition to the French coast having terminated with the third unsuccessful attempt, he returned to his old and favourite ship the *Magnanime*, and joined the fleet under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, then employed off Brest and on Channel soundings. His pupil, Prince Edward, was at the same time appointed captain of the *Phoenix*.

'While the *Magnanime* was refitting, Lord Howe told his brave fellows that their conduct had been so good and sailor-like since he had the pleasure of commanding them, that it was his intention, as soon as the ship was in harbour, to give each watch in turn a fortnight's leave of absence, being quite sure they would not abuse the indulgence. At this time, and indeed during the whole war, it was too much the case for the majority of Captains to refuse all leave to their crews, in consequence of which, as might naturally be expected, desertions were constantly occurring, and court-martial and punishments frequent. The *Magnanime* did not lose a man. It was by this and other indulgences, which were soon known in the fleet, that Howe obtained the appellation of the "Sailor's Friend."—p. 61.

The French were now making great exertions for a more formidable invasion than any with which these kingdoms had been threatened for many generations.

An armament, consisting of vessels of war and flat-bottomed boats, in formidable number, was assembled at Havre and other ports in Normandy; this was designed for a descent upon the coast of England. A second division was equipped at Dunkirk for an invasion of Scotland; and a third against Ireland, was collected at Vannes and other ports in Bretagne. A military force, upon a great scale, under the Duc d'Aguillon, was in readiness, and the Brest fleet, under Marshal Conflans, was to guard the expedition and cover the landing. While the enemy's movements at the several ports of equipment were vigilantly watched, Hawke's charge was to observe the port of Brest. 'With such keen and indefatigable vigilance,' says Mr. Locker, 'was this service performed, that during several months no enemy's ship could stir without observation, and while thus blockaded, they had the mortification of seeing their merchant ships captured close to their own ports.' From June to November, 1759, Hawke continued this blockade, till at length a long-continued and violent gale drove him from his station, and compelled him to seek shelter in Torbay. This was not an ill wind for a French squadron, under M. de Bompard, which, coming from the West Indies at this time, slipped safely into Brest. M. de Conflans trusted that it might blow him good also, and supposing that the English had retired into port for the winter, put boldly to sea on the 14th of November, with twenty-one sail of the line. On the same day, 'as it were sympathetically,' says Charnock, 'Hawke sailed from Torbay with twenty-three.'

Hawke, on the day after he left Torbay, fell in with the Gibraltar, and learned from the captain that he had seen the French fleet off Belleisle, steering to the south-west. Accordingly, he directed his course thither with a press of sail. About eight on the third morning, one of the frigates a-head let fly her top-gallant sails, which was the signal for seeing a fleet, and at nine, 'not a doubt was left,' says the chaplain of one of the English ships, 'of the happy hour being arrived, which we had six months been impatiently expecting.' Hawke, who on first descrying them, had spread abroad the signal for a line a-breast, in order to draw all his ships up with him, perceiving now that the enemy made off, threw out the signals for the seven ships nearest them to chase, and endeavour to stop them till the rest of the squadron should come up. 'forming the line a-head as they proceeded, and thus forcing the French fleet to a general action. As they approached the bay, the French admiral pushed towards the shore, which was about four leagues distant, hoping thus to entangle his pursuers among the rocks and shoals of that dangerous coast, then as unknown to the English as they were familiar to themselves.' All day they had fresh gales with heavy squalls. 'At this critical time,' the chaplain says, 'Sir Edward paid no regard to lines of battle,

but every ship was directed to make the best of her way towards the enemy; the admiral told his officers he was for the old way of fighting,—to make downright work with them.'

It was half-past two on a stormy winter's day before the van got within range of the enemy. The *Magnanime* was the leading ship, and according to Horace Walpole's account, bore down on the *Formidable*, the French rear-admiral's ship, with such violence, that her prow forced in her lower tier of guns. This, however, is not confirmed by the *Magnanime's* log: there it is written,—'Bore down to attack the rear-admiral, and fired upon him accordingly; but failing in our attempt to board him, by the slow wearing of the ship for want of head-sails, and falling to leeward of him, and when brought up again to the wind to take the advantage of engaging him in that situation, the *Montague* and *Warspite* driving together on board of us, and forcing us still farther to leeward of the French rear; stood away therefore, being disengaged from them, after another of the enemy's ships.' The *Formidable* sustained the fire of several ships in succession as they passed down to engage others of the enemy's line, but at length she was compelled to strike her colours, though not till her brave Admiral de Verges, and two hundred of his men, were killed. Howe meantime attacked the *Thesée*, but again getting foul of the *Montague*, was obliged to drop astern; and when once more clear he bore down on the *Heros*, so that the French soon hauled down their ensign. The wind had increased to a gale, and no boat could be lowered to take possession. The *Thesée* had escaped from Howe, but only to be attacked by Keppel in the *Torbay*, and while this ill-fated ship was so engaged, a heavy sea suddenly filled her lower deck, the ports not being shut, and with one lurch, she went to the bottom with her whole crew.

Hawke, meanwhile, (in Mr. Locker's words,) had fastened his keen eye upon his rival's flag, and pursued it whithersoever he steered. As they neared the coast, the master of the *Royal George* observed, 'If we run on much longer, Sir, we must inevitably be on shore.' 'That may be,' coolly replied the Admiral; 'but they must be on shore first. At all hazards their ships must be destroyed. So lay me alongside the *Soleil Royal*.' At one time the two admirals were very near each other. *M. Confians* gave Hawke his broadside, and the *Royal George* returned, what the chaplain calls, the uncivil salutation; but after two or three exchanges, 'other ships intervened, such was the confused nature of the fight, owing to the tempestuous state of the weather.' Several French ships engaged the English admiral in succession as they passed. The fifth of these fared not so well: this was the *Superb* of 74 guns. 'Sir Edward poured his whole fire into her at once, and repeating it,

down she went alongside of him.' The *Royal George* people gave a cheer, but the chaplain bears witness that it was a faint one; their exultation was checked, and they were touched at the miserable fate of so many hundreds; for the wind was so high that no assistance could be rendered them; the next morning twenty survivors only were rescued from part of the floating wreck. The blue flag is said to have been encountered by so many ships that she appeared to be in the very centre of the French rear. 'Every one,' the chaplain says, 'pitied the *Royal George* to see her singly engaged against so many of the enemy. It seems, indeed, a kind of degradation to so noble a ship to be pitied, but really her situation would have been lamentable, if the enemy had preserved any degree of composure, or fired with any sort of direction; but their confusion was so great, that of many hundreds of shot, I do not believe that more than thirty or forty struck the ship.' If Cowper had been made acquainted with this part of that memorable ship's history, we might have had another noble ballad upon the *Royal George*.

Hawke, in his despatches, said of this signal victory, 'When I consider the season of the year, the hard gales on the day of action, a flying enemy, the shortness of the day, and the coast we were on, I can boldly affirm that all that could be done, was done. Had we had but two hours more daylight, the whole of the enemy's force had been totally destroyed or taken, for we were almost up with the van when night overtook us.'

Hawke was so delighted with the conduct of his officers, that he told some of them 'they had behaved like angels.' And the chaplain says of others, Howe being one, 'that there was a certain greatness in their behaviour which it exceeded the ability of the pen to celebrate.' The obloquy of the failure at *Rochefort* had fallen in part on Hawke, who, though a popular admiral before that time, had been insulted, when he landed at *Portsmouth*, with a dumb peal. More than two years had elapsed; the outcry against him still continued; and it is worthy of remembrance that on the very day when he gained this great and important victory at *Quiberon*, he was hanged in effigy by the London rabble. Ample justice, however, was rendered him by his king and his country.

During the year 1760, Lord Howe was attached to the Channel fleet: he sailed in September with Hawke to relieve *Boscawen* in *Quiberon Bay*, and was detached in the *Magnanime*, with the *Bedford*, and *Prince Frederick*, to dispossess the French of the island of *Dumet*, which was protected by a small fort and about fifty men, and taken with little resistance. This island, which is about three miles long and two broad, was considered of great importance to the Channel fleet, as having a good watering place, whereby the inconvenience and enormous expense of

bringing water from England for the ships was saved. Commodore Howe's reputation was now so well established, that the nation and the government looked up to him when any naval operations of moment were contemplated. On being introduced to George II. by Sir Edward Hawke, the king is said to have expressed the high opinion he entertained of his conduct in these words:—'My Lord Howe, your life has been a continued series of services to your country.' The Admiralty marked their estimation of those services, by conferring on him, in March, 1760, the appointment of Colonel of the Chatham division of Marines. He was the first officer who held a commission under that establishment.

From this time the war languished, France and England being alike weary of it, and in November, 1762, the preliminaries of peace were signed.

In 1765, Howe was made Treasurer of the Navy, 'at that time a most important office, as all the money expended on naval services passed through his hands.' This office he held five years—holding, the while, a seat for Dartmouth. He took no part in the debates; but in the Admiralty, he employed himself on a code of naval instructions, which hitherto were little better than those usually known as 'the fighting instructions of the Duke of York.' Being a most accurate man in all money transactions, his accounts, as Treasurer of the Navy, were clearly stated, and the balance regularly brought up, which (his biographer says) was not always the case, either before or since: he is said also to have established many useful regulations regarding the payment of seamen's wages and prize-money. Before he was called to the Admiralty, he had purchased a villa in Hertfordshire, not far from St. Albans, called Porter's Lodge, between which, and his house in Grafton street, adjoining one held by his mother and sister, he divided his time during the remaining part of his life when on shore.

'Porter's Lodge is an irregular-built house, beautifully placed on an eminence, in a small but pleasant park, commanding fine and extensive prospects to the westward and northward, the ground on both sides declining from the house. Lord Howe made several alterations from time to time, and among others, in later years, built and fitted up a library, resembling in its shape and arrangements the cabin of the Queen Charlotte, his flag-ship in the battle of the 1st of June. Before this was done, he frequently regretted, when on shore, the walks he used to enjoy in the spacious gallery of his favourite three-decker.'—pp. 76, 77.

In October, 1770, Lord Howe was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and in the ensuing month was appointed commander-in-chief of a squadron to be employed in the Mediterranean, in case the dispute then pending with Spain concerning the Falkland Islands should lead to a war. The affair was 'patched up by treaty,' and the patchwork has outlasted

many and far costlier pieces of what were intended to be tough diplomacy. No Mediterranean squadron therefore was fitted out, and Lord Howe did not at that time hoist his flag. Hawke, however, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, was censured by many for appointing so young an admiral to so important a command, and was threatened with a motion for an address to his Majesty on the subject. The motion does not appear to have been made; but Hawke declared he was perfectly ready to meet it. 'I have tried my Lord Howe,' said he, 'on most important occasions; he never asked me how he was to execute any service entrusted to his charge, but always went straight-forward and performed it.'

In the following year Lord Howe acquainted the House that he had a petition to present from the captains of the navy for an increase of their half-pay. Upon which Lord North said, that he did not oppose the petition being brought up, but that for the most cogent reason he was determined to oppose it through every stage. The petition accordingly was read, and, though such a declaration from the minister might have seemed fatal to it, there was a general silence in the House for some time, on account of the unassuming terms in which it was couched, considering the rank and the high and acknowledged deserts of the petitioners. Lord Howe then rose and stated, in the most moderate and guarded language, the grounds whereon the petition was founded, showing that till the year 1715, when they were put on the footing upon which they had ever since continued, the captains of the navy were always rewarded by posts of considerable profit, by particular gratifications, or by a half-pay double to what they now received; and he moved that the petition should be referred to a committee. The minister appeared to little advantage on this occasion. 'He was inclined,' he said, 'by every sentiment of humanity and gratitude to support Lord Howe's motion; he was well convinced of the petitioners' merit, and indeed of their claim to public support; it must be extremely painful to him therefore to object to any proposal intended for their benefit; but it was not what he or any other member in that House might feel on the present occasion which should direct them; it was not what ought to be done, but what could be done—the public finances must be considered.'

To the honour of the House Lord Howe's motion for referring the petition to a committee was carried by a majority of 154 to 45. The report confirmed the allegations of the petitioners, and recommended that their prayer should be favourably considered. The House then came to this resolution: 'That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to take into his consideration the deficiency of the allowance to several of the junior captains and

commanders in his Majesty's navy, for their support when out of employment; and that he will direct such addition to be made thereto, proportioned to the present establishment for the senior captains, as his Majesty in his great wisdom shall think fit; and to assure his Majesty that this House will make good such expense as shall be incurred on that account.'

About this time Lord Howe was engaged in a sort of diplomatic intercourse with Dr. Franklin. The Americans were not at that time in declared rebellion, and the hope of preventing one by conciliation and mutual concession, was still entertained by those who wished well to both countries. In November, 1774, Franklin was told at the Royal Society by one of the members, Mr. Raper, that a sister of Lord Howe had a desire to play at chess with him, fancying she could beat him; she was a lady with whose acquaintance he could not fail to be pleased, and Mr. Raper hoped he would not refuse the challenge. 'I said,' says Franklin, 'I had been long out of practice, but would wait upon the lady when he and she should think fit. He told me where her house was, and would have me call soon and without further introduction, which I undertook to do, but thinking it a little awkward I postponed it. Meeting him again at the feast of the Society's election, being the day after the Parliament met, he put me in mind of my promise, and would have me name a day, when he said he would call for me and conduct me. He called accordingly. I went with him, played a few games with the lady, whom I found of very sensible conversation and pleasing behaviour, which induced me to agree most readily to an appointment for another meeting a few days afterwards, though I had not the least apprehension that any political business could have any connexion with this new acquaintance.' At his second chess party with 'the agreeable Mrs. Howe, after playing long as they liked, they fell into a little chat, partly on a mathematical problem, (for Franklin says, 'the lady, which is a little unusual in ladies, had a good deal of mathematical knowledge,') and partly upon the new Parliament then just met, when she said, 'And what is to be done with this dispute between Great Britain and the Colonies? I hope we are not to have a civil war.' Franklin replied, 'They should kiss and be friends; what can they do better? Quarrelling can be of service to neither, but is ruin to both.' Mrs. Howe replied, 'I have often said, that I wished government would employ you to settle the dispute for them; I am sure nobody could do it so well. Do not you think that the thing is practicable?' 'Undoubtedly, Madam,' he made answer, 'if the parties are disposed to reconciliation, for the two countries have really no clashing interests to differ about it. It is rather a matter of punctilio, which two or three reasonable people might settle in half an hour. I thank you for the good

opinion you are pleased to express of me; but the ministers will never think of employing me in that good work, they choose rather to abuse me.' 'Ay,' said she, 'they have behaved shamefully to you; and, indeed, some of them are now ashamed of it themselves.' Franklin looked upon this as accidental conversation, and thought no more of it.

On Christmas-day, visiting Mrs. Howe, she told him as soon as he came in, that her brother, Lord Howe, wished to be acquainted with him; that he was a very good man, and she was sure they would like each other. Franklin replied, that he had always heard a good character of Lord Howe, and should be proud of the honour of being known to him. He is but just by, said she, will you give me leave to send for him? She rang for a servant, wrote a note, and Lord Howe came in a few minutes, for he lived next door to his mother and sister. Franklin proceeds to detail various interviews between himself and his lordship. In one of these it came out that Howe had seen a copy of the Doctor's celebrated 'Hints for Conversation about Terms,' &c. Lord Howe (writes Franklin) said, 'he was rather sorry to find that the sentiments expressed in that paper were mine, as it gave him less hope of promoting, by my assistance, the wished-for reconciliation, since he had reason to think there was no likelihood of the adoption of those propositions. He hoped, however, that I would reconsider the subject, and form some plan that would be acceptable here. He expatiated on the infinite service it would be to the nation, and the great merit in being instrumental in so good a work;—that he should not think of influencing me by any selfish motive, but certainly I might with reason expect any reward in the power of government to bestow. This to me (continues Franklin) was what the French vulgarly call *spitting in the soup*. However, I promised to draw some sketch of a plan at his request, though I much doubted, I said, whether it would be thought preferable to that he had in his hand. In general,' says he, 'I liked much his manner, and found myself disposed to place great confidence in him on occasions.'

Accordingly Franklin drew up his propositions; upon which Lord Howe observed, That he collected with much concern that the desired accommodation threatened to be attended with much greater difficulty than he had supposed there would be reason to apprehend. At the same time he expressed sentiments of regard which Franklin's candid and obliging conduct would render permanent in his memory. The business did not terminate here. At a meeting with Barclay and Dr. Fothergill, it was mentioned, as a measure in contemplation, to send over a commissioner with powers to inquire into grievances, and give redress on certain conditions, but that it was difficult to find a proper person. Franklin upon this, said, 'Why not Lord

Hyde! He is a man of prudence and temper, a person of dignity, and I should think very suitable for such an employment; or if he would not go, there is Lord Howe, who would, in my opinion, do excellently well.' This passed as mere conversation, he says. More meetings were held with Barclay and Fothergill; the former produced a plan which he believed would bring about a union. Part of that plan was to send over a Commissioner, with authority to open the port of Boston, if the tea which had been destroyed there should be paid for; and Franklin, weighing, he says, 'the dangerous situation of affairs, and the daily hazard of widening the breach,' embraced this idea, as it might be a means of suspending military operations, and bringing on a treaty, whereby mischief would be prevented, and an agreement be by degrees established. All that passed with the two Quakers Lord Howe knew through Lord Hyde, and at his next meeting with Franklin seemed very cheerful at the better prospect which now appeared to open.

'He let me know,' says Franklin, 'that he was thought of to be sent commissioner for settling the differences in America; adding, with an excess of politeness, that sensible of his own unacquaintedness with the business, and of my knowledge and abilities, he could not think of undertaking it without me; but with me he should do it most readily, for he should found his expectation of success on my assistance. He therefore had desired this meeting, to know my mind upon a proposition of my going with him, in some shape or other, as a friend, an assistant, or secretary; that he was very sensible if he should be so happy as to effect anything valuable, it must be wholly owing to the advice and assistance I should afford him; that he should therefore make no scruple of giving me, upon all occasions, the full honour of it; that he had declared to the ministers his opinion of my good disposition towards peace, and what he now wished was to be authorized by me to say that I consented to accompany him, and would co-operate with him in the great work of reconciliation; the influence I had over the minds of people in America was known to be very extensive, and I could, if any man could, prevail with them to comply with reasonable propositions. I replied, that I was obliged to his lordship for the favourable opinion he had of me, and for the honour he did me in proposing to make use of my assistance. I wished to know what propositions were intended for America; if they were reasonable ones in themselves, possibly I might be able to make them appear such to my countrymen; but if they were otherwise, I doubted whether that could be done by any man, and certainly I should not undertake it. His lordship then said, that he should not expect my assistance without a proper consideration; the business was of great importance, and if he undertook it, he should insist on being enabled to make *generous and ample* appointments for those he took with him, particularly for me; as well as a firm promise of *subsequent reward*. And, said he, 'that the ministry may have an opportunity of showing their good disposition towards yourself, will you give me leave, Mr. Franklin, to procure for you previously some mark of it? Suppose the payment here of the arrears of your salary as agent for New England, which I understand they have stopped

for some time past.' 'My Lord,' said I, 'I shall deem it a great honour to be in any shape joined with your lordship in so good a work; but if you hope service from any influence I may be supposed to have, drop all thoughts of procuring me any previous favours from ministers; my accepting them would destroy the very influence you propose to make use of; they would be considered as so many bribes to betray the interest of my country. But only let me see the propositions, and if I approve of them, I shall not hesitate a moment, but will hold myself ready to accompany your lordship at an hour's warning.'

At this time it was currently and industriously reported that Lord North meant to make a pacific motion for healing all differences with America. Franklin expresses a suspicion that the motion that was intended was not that which was made. 'The Bedford party,' he says, 'inimical to America, and who had urged severe measures, were alarmed, and began to exclaim against the minister for his timidity and the fluctuation of his politics; they even began to count voices, to see if they could, by negating his motion, at once unhorse him and throw him out of the administration. His friends were therefore alarmed for him, and there was much caballing and whispering.' No one who now, at the distance of two generations, considers this portion of history dispassionately, can entertain a doubt that Lord North's motion was intended to bring about a conciliation. It was treated, however, by the opposition as a measure at once futile and insidious, which no one in this country who wished sincerely for peace would trust, and which the Americans would reject with disdain. At Lord Howe's desire Franklin had a meeting with Lord Hyde upon the subject, Howe thinking that such an interview might answer some material purpose, though Franklin was of a different opinion. It ended, as he had expected, and indeed knew that it must end, in nothing. He had then a last meeting with Lord Howe.

'He began,' says Franklin, 'by saying that I had been a better prophet than himself in foreseeing that my interview with Lord Hyde would be of no great use; and then said he hoped I would excuse the trouble he had given me, as his intentions had been good both towards me and the public. He was sorry that at present there was no appearance of things going into the train he had wished, but possibly they might yet take a more favourable turn; and as he understood I was going soon to America, if he should chance to be sent thither on this important business, he hoped he might still expect my assistance. I assured him of my readiness at all times to co-operate with him in so good a work; and so taking my leave, and receiving his good wishes, ended the negotiation with Lord Howe.'

This statement is given by Franklin in an 'Account of the negotiations which he had then recently been concerned in with regard to the misunderstanding between Great Britain and America.' It was drawn up on his voyage home (1775), addressed to his son, and intended to be incorporated in his own memoirs. His

grandson, by whom it was published, calls it 'a document of no mean interest in the annals of the American revolution.' 'It is of some importance, also, in the life of Lord Howe, who, contrary to his taciturn nature, is represented as *expatiating* in his conversation with Franklin, and in no greater conformity with his straightforward character, as seeking, in all but direct terms, to purchase his services. 'The ministers,' he says, 'finding themselves more and more embarrassed, began (as it seemed) to think of making use of me, if they could, to assist in disengaging them. But it was too humiliating to think of applying to me openly and directly, and therefore it was contrived to obtain what they could of my sentiments through others.' Sir John Barrow appears to regard it in the same light: he says, 'it would almost seem as if Lord Howe had then been designated for the American command, and that a little plot was hatched by the ministry to entrap the Doctor to assist in persuading his revolted countrymen to return to their allegiance; but Franklin was too wary to be taken in.' But it was as a commissioner to negotiate an adjustment, not as commander of a fleet, that Lord Howe was at that time thought of. There was nothing in the conduct ascribed to him but what was fair and honourable, except the offer of what must be called a bribe—for which we have only the statement of one party. It must be remembered, too, that Franklin speaks of vague offers to the same purport made to him by Mr. Barclay, as 'improper and disgusting;' but that in his relation of the interview in which Lord Howe made his first overture of reward, though in a way which Franklin says was to him like what the French vulgarly call *spitting in the soup*, he nevertheless says that 'in general he liked his manner much, and found himself disposed to place great confidence in him on occasion.' If, then, so favourable an impression of Lord Howe (notwithstanding his *spitting in the soup*) was left on Franklin's mind, and overtures, having precisely the same tendency, appeared disgusting to him when made by a smooth Quaker, whose political prepossessions accorded almost entirely with his own, is it not fairly to be inferred that no proposal, either blunt or insidious, was made by Lord Howe at which a man of strict integrity could take offence? The truth is, that the British government earnestly wished to bring about an amicable adjustment with the colonies, and if Franklin and the American leaders had been as sincere as Lord Howe and the British ministry, this might have been effected at that time. Sooner or later a separation was inevitable; but it might have been delayed till it should have been naturally brought about with mutual good-will, as well as to the advantage of both countries.

It has been said of Franklin, that 'in his public character, his words and his actions were ever at variance with each other.' In his first interview with

Lord Chatham (which was during the intercourse with Lord Howe), upon Lord Chatham mentioning an opinion prevailing here, that America aimed at setting up for itself as an independent state, Franklin says, 'I assured him that having more than once travelled almost from one end of the continent to the other, and kept a great variety of company, eating, drinking, and conversing with them freely, I never had heard in any conversation, from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America.' Jonathan Boucher, indeed, says, that 'of any settled plan to overturn the government at the beginning of the contest, Franklin should be acquitted. Such a plan had for years been formed by a junto in the northern colonies; but they did not at first think him a proper man to be entrusted with so important a secret.' But after such a plan had been explicitly avowed, as it was in the 'American Whig' nine years before the final breach, in a paper ascribed to Mr. Livingston, it is scarcely possible that Franklin should have been ignorant of what was preparing and expected. The passage is a very remarkable one:—

'Courage, then, Americans! The finger of God points out a mighty empire to your sons. We need not be discouraged. The angry cloud will soon be dispersed. The day dawns in which this mighty empire is to be laid by the establishment of a regular American constitution. All that has hitherto been done seems to be little beside the collection of materials for the construction of the glorious fabric. 'Tis time to put them together. The transfer of the European part of the family is so vast and our growth so swift, that before seven years roll over our heads the first stone must be laid. Peace or war, famine or plenty, poverty or affluence—in a word, no circumstances, whether prosperous or adverse, can happen to our parent—nay, *no conduct of hers, whether wise or imprudent—no possible temper of hers, whether kind or cross-grained*, will put a stop to this building. There is no contending with Omnipotence; and the predispositions are so numerous and well-adapted to the rise of America, that our success is indubitable.'

Franklin was far from holding the same temperate language to Barclay and Dr. Fothergill as to Lord Howe. He declared his belief to them that the ministry wished to provoke the North American people into an open rebellion, which might justify a military execution, and thereby gratify the grounded malice which he conceived to exist here against the Whigs and Dissenters of that country. These conciliators, as they professed themselves to be, were influenced by the same violent prejudices. A few days before he embarked for Philadelphia, they commissioned him 'to assure their friends from them that it was now their fixed opinion that nothing could secure the privileges of America, but a firm, sober adherence to the terms of the association made at the Congress, and that the salvation of English liberty depended now on the non-

severance and virtue of America.' The evening before he left London he received a note from Dr. Fothergill, with some letters to his correspondents in Philadelphia. 'In that note, he desires me,' says Franklin, 'to get those friends and two or three more together, and inform them that whatever specious pretences are offered, they are all hollow; and that to get a larger field on which to fatten a herd of worthless parasites is all that is regarded. Perhaps it may be proper to acquaint them with David Barelay's and our united endeavours, and the effects. They will stun, at least, if not convince the most worthy.' Dr. Fothergill has been praised by his biographers for his endeavours at this time 'to produce conciliation, and bring about an amicable conclusion.' His conciliatory messages by Dr. Franklin had not been made public when he was thus panegyrised. In many respects he was a very useful and exemplary man, but it is not upon such peace-makers that the benediction was pronounced.

In the early part of 1776 Lord Howe sailed for America, with a squadron of ships of war and a fleet of transports. He went out as commissioner for treating on peace, in which commission his brother, Sir William, who was commander-in-chief there, was joined with him. They came too late, for the colonies had now proclaimed their independence. And if they had come earlier no good could reasonably have been expected, from the limited powers with which they were provided, extending to nothing more than granting pardon on submission. This being all their authority, it availed nothing for Lord Howe to assure the committee who were sent to confer with him that any Act of Parliament deemed obnoxious by the colonies should undergo a revision, and every just cause of complaint be removed, if they would only declare their willingness to submit to the authority of the British government.

Mr. Adolphus has justly said, 'that the Americans displayed a consummate proficiency in political intrigue, by appearing to retain sentiments of loyalty while their conduct evidently indicated a determination to renounce all subjection to the mother country. They contrived to advance with rapid steps in the path of revolt, yet to make Great Britain constantly appear the aggressor, and to retain the pretences of a pacific disposition, while they withstood every offer which had a tendency to terminate the subsisting differences. This they declared to be impossible. In truth, they had rendered it so. Their policy was far-sighted, steady, and embarrassed by no scruples of any kind. That of the British government was weak and vacillating, its councils were divided, and never wise but when too late. It must have been a relief to Lord Howe when his attempt to open a communication with Washington was prohibited by a refusal on the part of that consummate politician to receive any letter which

was not addressed with the title and in the form due to the public rank and capacity which he held under the United States. The British admiral was then left to act in his proper vocation. Both he and his brother, however, had resolved to take the earliest opportunity of resigning their respective commands, and not to act under Lord Carlisle, who came out as the head of a fresh commission, in which their names were included. Lady Howe upon this had written to Lord North, submitting it to his consideration whether it might not be proper to ask his Majesty's leave for him to quit his naval command, and leave accordingly was, with great reluctance, given.

His return to England was delayed by the arrival of a French fleet. Lord Sandwich had said to him, in March, 'he did not think there was any probability then that France would declare openly for the Americans.' Before France announced to the British court its determination of supporting them, twelve sail of the line and six frigates were equipped at Toulon, and in the middle of May that squadron, commanded by Count d'Estaing, passed the Straits of Gibraltar. Several of the largest class of ships then in use were in this fleet, one being of ninety guns, one of eighty, and six of seventy-four; and it was manned with at least 10,000 men. D'Estaing sailed into the Delaware, hoping to surprise Lord Howe there, but he found that Philadelphia was in our possession, and that the fleet had proceeded to the northward. 'On the 11th July he appeared before Sandy Hook, a low point, which, jutting from the mainland, forms behind it a good harbour for ships of the largest class; and there Lord Howe's fleet was lying, to keep open the communication with the army in New York. It consisted of six sixty-four's, three of fifty, and two of forty guns, with a few small frigates.'

'His ships, too, were mostly old, of a very bad construction, many of them crippled, all of them out of repair, and the crews had become sickly, besides being short in their complements. These were fearful odds—eight hundred and fifty-four guns to six hundred and fourteen; and the weight of metal, and the size of the ships were greater in proportion than the numbers of the guns. The deficiency in point of men was however amply made good. Never, indeed, did the spirit of British seamen shine forth with greater lustre than on this occasion. A thousand volunteers were immediately despatched from the transports to serve in the fleet; others were daily joining it; masters and mates of merchantmen offered their services. Every disposition was made by Lord Howe for the defence of the fleet, and the multitude of shipping, in the event of the enemy venturing to pass the bar. For eleven days the French fleet remained at anchor outside the Hook; the British seamen became impatient to have a brush with them, unequal as the two forces were. But the commander-in-chief had too heavy a responsibility to risk a combat with an enemy so very superior. A defeat would not only have been fatal to the whole naval force, the transports and mercantile shipping, but the salvation of the

army depended on the safety and efficiency of the fleet.'—pp. 104, 105.

The French weighed anchor, on July 22, just at high water, when the largest ships might pass the bar without difficulty, and 'all hands in Howe's fleet were in joyful expectation that they intended to do so.' The enemy, however, not thinking it expedient to risk an action, shaped their course to the north. A fleet, under Vice-Admiral Byron, had been despatched from England in search of D'Estaing: it was sent out in haste, badly manned and ill equipped, and meeting with unusually bad weather, the ships arrived at such ports as they could make, most of them sickly, some dismantled, others much crippled, and only one 74 in good condition. As soon as the ships could be put to rights Howe put to sea with the intention of giving battle to D'Estaing, who was then off Rhode Island, and he reached it the day after the French fleet had entered the harbour. A breeze springing up from the north-east enabled D'Estaing to leave the harbour with the apparent intention of bringing Lord Howe to action. Howe, who thought the weather-gage too great an advantage to be given to a very superior enemy, manœuvred in order to get to windward, but D'Estaing, unwilling to lose such an advantage, persevered in keeping his windward position. Thus they continued two days, with the same wind, till the British admiral, seeing that nothing was likely to be done but a repetition of the struggle for the weather-gage, determined to offer battle and engage the enemy to leeward. Whether D'Estaing meant to accept the challenge is not known, for a strong wind sprang up, and increasing shortly to a violent storm, dispersed both fleets, and damaged both so much that any attempt to renew this hostile demonstration was impossible. Some actions, highly honourable to the British, took place between single ships of the dispersed squadron. D'Estaing got into Boston, where he was so effectually protected by batteries and defensive works on every point and island in that beautiful harbour, that Lord Howe considered it hopeless to attack him there. As it appeared to him, also, from the shattered state of the French ships and the position they had taken up for repairing them, that they had no further intention of engaging in active hostilities, he proceeded to New York, received his leave of absence, and resigned the command of the American station. He had found his health giving way in consequence of great fatigue, and more wearing anxiety, and he looked upon the object for which he had been sent to America as utterly hopeless of attainment. He thought himself ill used by the Admiralty; and his brother, the general, had some time before given up the command of the army, being in like manner disgusted with the conduct of the Secretary for the American Department, Lord George Germain. During the American war, indeed, our statesmen and

our commanders, with a very few honourable exceptions, seem to have been equally demented.

If Lord Howe had not at this time the confidence of the Admiralty, he possessed that of his officers in the highest degree; they regarded him as 'the first man in his profession, the first sea officer in the world.' This is exaggerated praise, but they were sincere in bestowing it; and he was as much respected and beloved for his candour, and probity, and equanimity, as he was esteemed for his professional skill.

'Horace Walpole has said that Howe never made a friendship but at the mouth of a cannon. Here, however, he made one on service, which was as lasting as it was sudden. His predecessor, Admiral Shulham, had given an acting order to Lieutenant Curtis to command the Senegal sloop, and sent him to destroy some American privateers. He found it necessary to deviate from his instructions. On returning, Lord Howe had succeeded to the command. He was directed to send him his orders, was told he had been guilty of disobeying them, and was desired to state his reasons for so doing. Satisfied with his explanation, Lord Howe said, "Sir, you have acted very properly, and I have great pleasure in confirming your appointment to the Senegal." A second time Curtis disobeyed an order he had received from Lord Howe. Having explained his conduct to his Lordship, he received for answer, "Your conduct, with regard to the despatches, testified so correct a judgment in every part, that, if my concurrence in opinion with you on the propriety of it will convey all the satisfaction you do me the favour to intimate, you are free to indulge yourself in the enjoyment of that consciousness to the fullest extent."

'This quaint approval, for so it seems to have been intended, if it was not a rare instance of verbiage on the part of his Lordship, would almost justify the remark which has been made of his want of clearness, whether in speech or writing, which, as generally applied, is very far from being the case. There is, however, an anecdote, told by Captain Locker (late lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital), which would tend rather to corroborate the justness of the remark. Three or four frigates having been ordered on a particular service, the captains were summoned by Lord Howe into his cabin, to have their written instructions more fully explained to them. After occupying some time in this explanation, they retired, and upon meeting together, after leaving the Admiral, as they could not fully comprehend what had been said, they resolved on demanding a further intimation of his views. They agreed to toss up who should solicit this second interview. The one to whose lot it fell, after an hour's further conference, returned to his colleagues, and on their seeking the needful explanation which they looked for, he told them he understood the Admiral's orders less clearly than at the first interview. This accords with an observation, communicated by Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, who knew him well:—"Lord Howe possessed a very peculiar manner of explaining himself, both in correspondence and conversation, but his mind was always clear, prompt, and willing to communicate with every person who consulted him, and who could get rid of the apparent coldness of his manner." It will be seen in the sequel how far the remark applies, as to his correspondence.

'In a subsequent letter to Curtis, he says, "I beg I

may release you from any uneasiness you may feel upon a fancied impropriety in the communication of your ideas at any time, with respect to the benefit of the King's service. Exclusive of the laudable principles which induces you to take notice of such particulars, as your local knowledge will more especially enable you to remark, I shall always reckon it a personal obligation to be furnished with any opinions which may be productive of that benefit."

"Thus, on points of service in America, commenced a friendship, which endured, without intermission, for the space of twenty-three years—to the last hour, it may almost be said, of the noble Earl's life—and, it may be added, to the surviving part of the family after his death; and it may here be mentioned, that to this friendship is owing the preservation of the almost only written documents that remain of this gallant officer's own composition, consisting of a series of letters on various subjects, amounting to not less than four hundred. Their dates commence in the year 1776, and are carried on to 1799, the last written with his own hand, as every one of them are, sixteen days before his death.'—pp. 117–120.

Lord Howe and his brother, says Sir John Barrow, had not much reason to be satisfied with the reception they met with from ministers on their return to England. Unfortunately, their case was taken up as a party question, and they were spoken of in parliament as having been sacrificed and betrayed. 'How was it possible,' said Mr. Fox, 'to estimate the guilt of ministers who could tamely suffer a hostile squadron to carry unmolested destruction to the British army in America? The disgrace of a Burgoyne was, it seemed, to be atoned, by the defeat of a Howe.' In another speech he asked, 'where, of all the commanders employed by the ministry, was there one who had not quarrelled with and left them in disgust?' Sir W. Howe attacked Lord G. Germain, with whose department he had been most concerned. He had resigned the command, he said, in consequence of a total disregard to his opinions and to his recommendation of meritorious officers. The war had not been left to his management, and yet when he applied for instructions he had often been left without them to shift for himself at the opening of a campaign. He asked for a parliamentary inquiry, that the House and the nation might be enabled to form a just opinion and pronounce which was to blame, himself or the American Secretary.

On a subsequent motion respecting the state of the navy, Lord Howe said the measures of the government were weak, incapable, and such as, if longer pursued, must terminate in the destruction of our naval power, and consequently of the country itself. At the close of his speech, adverting to the affair which it was well known that he and the administration had to settle, he 'hoped he should be permitted to say thus much; that he was deceived into his command; that he was deceived while he retained it; that, tired and disgusted, he desired permission to resign, and his

situation on the whole had been such that a thorough recollection of what he had suffered induced him to decline any wish of ever returning to a situation which might terminate in equal ill treatment, mortification and disgust. Such were his motives for resigning the command, and for declining any future service so long as the present ministers remained in office, experience having convinced him that besides risking his honour and professional character, he could, under such counsels, render no essential service to his country.'

Lord Howe voted for Mr. Fox's motion of censure on the administration, and took that opportunity to complain of newspaper attacks on his character, encouraged, he had no doubt, by those in power: and though he was aware that newspaper writers were generally held in contempt, he begged leave to observe that an officer's fame was easily sullied, and that it was a principle in mathematics that the smallest atom of matter might affect the motion of a large and powerful body. 'He conceived when officers, even if they had erred, had erred only in judgment respecting trifles, and had not been guilty of any fault essentially mischievous or detrimental to the general welfare of the state, it was the duty of ministers to support them, and bear them through every attack.'

Governor Johnstone, having in this debate offered some remarks upon the relative strength of the French and English fleets when Lord Howe attempted to bring D'Estaing to action, Lord Howe said in reply, 'I feel myself professionally called upon, but I should not mention my rank in the service, nor allude to any little experience I may possess in it, if I could not support my opinion by argument, and appeal for its undeniable certainty to every seaman who knows what service is. I can therefore assure the gentlemen that Admiral Howe will not apply to Captain Johnstone to instruct him in the elements of his profession.' This called forth a spirited rejoinder. The governor said:

'Although he was no more than Captain Johnstone, he would not give up his experience to Admiral Howe or any other admiral whatever; he had seen as much service as the noble lord and had been in more battles. What he had offered relative to the affair between the fleets he submitted to the House as his opinion, an opinion not theoretically formed, but founded on professional knowledge. Nothing that had fallen from the noble lord had afforded him the least reason for altering his sentiments; and he so far differed from him, that instead of refusing to serve in this time of public exigency, he would take any command that should be offered him. Many gentlemen knew that at the commencement of the American war he would not have accepted of any employ against that country, because he thought the war unjust in its end, and oppressive in its principle and mode of carrying on. The case was now materially altered. This country had done everything which became her to convince America of her readiness to act with moderation and justice. France

had perfidiously broken her treaties, and seduced America into an offensive league against Great Britain: in such a crisis it behoved every man who felt for the injured honour of his country to step forward. He for one was ready to exert his utmost abilities in any capacity that government might think proper to employ him. So far from attempting to prescribe the conditions on which he would serve, he would accept even the command of a bum-boat.'

The inquiry ended without any resolutions being moved upon any part of it. The biographer has passed lightly over this part of Lord Howe's history,—which is indeed the least creditable part of it. In a letter to Congress about this time on the propriety of terminating Burgoyne's absence on parole, Washington said of that general, that he considered him, in his present frame of mind, rather as an ally of America, than as hostile to it. He might have said the same with equal truth of Lord Howe and the other officers who, refusing to serve under the existing administration, joined the ranks of opposition, and using every endeavour to clog the wheels of government, rendered more essential service to America than she derived from the alliance of France and Spain and Holland. A more instructive history for posterity could not be written than that of the American war, its causes, and its consequences.

Under the Rockingham Administration Lord Howe was called upon to serve: he was appointed Admiral of the Blue, and made a British peer, by the title of Viscount Howe of Langar. His first business was to watch the Dutch fleet in the Texel; and when driven by the weather from the North Seas, he received orders to cruise off Brest for the purpose of intercepting and giving battle to the combined fleet of France and Spain. He fell in with that fleet, but owing to the imperfection of the code of signals, after all the pains he had bestowed on it, the inexperience or inattention of some of the captains, and the very unequal sailing of his ships, which 'were as much in fault as the commanders,' he was unable to bring on an action.—It was not long before he received orders to take under his charge a convoy for the relief of Gibraltar, together with such outward-bound traders as should be ready and willing to accompany him.

Since the siege of Malta by the Turks, no siege had ever been undertaken with such mighty preparations and carried on with such advantageous circumstances and determined perseverance as that of Gibraltar. The hope of recovering this place by the assistance of the French seems to have been the chief motive by which Spain was induced to join the alliance against England, having no jarring interests with England, no points of dispute, and not cause enough of complaint to supply matter with any appearance of truth for a plausible manifesto. A Spanish academician and professor, D. Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, published at this time a good

history of Gibraltar. The tenaciousness, he said, of the English in retaining this place, the just determination of the Spaniards to recover it, their repeated attempts, and the discussions and protests concerning it in Congresses and Parliaments, had rendered it not less famous than the strongest and most important cities in Italy or Flanders. The King of Spain, Charles III., the only one who could avert the ruin with which the English were threatened, had offered his mediation, as a faithful friend and arbitrator, to re-establish peace with France and with the Americans. Having offered it in vain, he was bent upon recovering the key and bulwark of his own empire; a history of Gibraltar then was especially required when the Catholic King was making incredible preparations, both by sea and land, to conquer it. Ayala brought down his history, in three books, to the establishment of the blockade. The progress of the siege, he said, might be expected to supply matter for another book. Meanwhile, thus he concludes his volume:—'Let us hope that the issue of an enterprise against a place better fortified than any other is ever known to have been, and which is now attacked by such armaments as have never been heard of till now, may correspond to the justice of the cause, the skill and activity of the Duc de Crillon, and the tried courage of the Spanish troops.' The fourth book, as may well be supposed, never appeared; and the elaborate and valuable work which the author had undertaken with a proper national feeling, and in full hope, as a labour of love, must have been to him as long as he lived, a melancholy proof of the vanity of human wishes. It is for Englishmen that the siege of Gibraltar should be written. A book more honourable to the British character, or likely to be more useful in upholding that character, could not be put into the hands of our soldiers and sailors.

The siege had continued three years when Lord Howe sailed from Spithead with thirty-four sail of the line, six frigates, and three fire-ships, with a convoy for the relief of the garrison. Two days before they sailed, the memorable loss of the *Royal George* occurred; Admiral Kempenfelt and about nine hundred persons being lost in the ship. The calamity was the more grievous, because it appears to have been the consequence of gross neglect in the officers of the Navy Board; the ship having been continued in service till there was not a sound timber in her. When the fleet sailed, the English government was not aware that the renewed preparations of the Spaniards for prosecuting the siege were such in nature and magnitude as had never before been attempted by any power in Europe. A French engineer had constructed floating batteries which were supposed to be both impregnable and incombustible; they were bomb-proof on the top, with a descent for the shells to slide off, and fortified on the larboard side six or seven feet thick

with green timber and raw hides. They were so constructed also, that if a red-hot shot should pierce either their sides or roof, it must pass through a tube which would discharge water to extinguish any fire that it might cause. The expense of these floating batteries was estimated at 150,000*l*. '*Ce fameux siège,*' says a French journalist, '*occupe toute l'Europe aujourd'hui, et sera certainement l'événement de la guerre le plus intéressant. Il est très essentiel qu'il se finisse, par les dépenses énormes qu'il entraîne, la quantité d'hommes et de force navale qu'il occupe depuis trois ans.*' With such preparations and such ample means, the besiegers thought themselves sure of success: the capture of Gibraltar by the floating batteries was exhibited in one of the theatres at Paris, and the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon went to serve as volunteers at the siege, and to partake in the victory. The grand attack was hastened by the knowledge, which the enemy had obtained, that Lord Howe was on his way to relieve the fortress; and the Admiral Don Luis de Cordoba was despatched with the combined fleet to prevent this intended relief, and gave him battle. 'The conquest of Gibraltar,' says Sir John Barrow, 'would have given to the French and Spaniards the entire command of the Mediterranean: the national character and honour of Great Britain would have been lost with it, and our influence to the eastward of the Straits annihilated.'

On the 18th of September, 1782, the combined fleets entered the bay:—

'It appeared,' says Colonel Drinkwater in his most interesting history of the siege, 'as if they meant, previous to their final effort, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before us a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers, ten battering ships, deemed perfect in design and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns, innumerable frigates, xebecs, bomb catches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men—these were assembled in the bay. On the land side were strong batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of nearly 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general of the highest reputation, and animated by the presence of the two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle most certainly is not to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that they should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed their confidence in the effect to be produced by the battering ships passed all bounds, and in the enthusiasm excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought criminal even to whisper a doubt of their success.'

The garrison consisted of little more than 7000 effective men, including the marine brigade, but they were veterans in the service, had been long habituated to the effects of artillery, were well commanded, and

had full confidence in their officers. 'Their spirits, too, were not a little elevated by the success attending the recent practice of firing red-hot shot, which in this attack they hoped would enable them to bring their labours to an end, and relieve them from the tedious cruelty of a blockade.' On the morning of the 13th the floating batteries got under way. It had been supposed by our naval men that they would be brought before the fortress in the night; few persons, therefore, suspected that their present movement was preparatory to the grand attack; but observing a crowd of spectators on the beach and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the garrison, the Governor thought it would be imprudent to doubt it any longer, and ordered therefore the town batteries to be manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot to be lighted. The floating batteries bore down in admirable order for their station, a little past nine o'clock, the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison. They took their places in a masterly manner, and our artillery allowed them without molestation to choose their distance, but when the first dropped her anchor (which was about a quarter before ten), that instant our firing commenced. In little more than ten minutes they were all completely moored. 'The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous, 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery playing at the same moment; an instance,' Colonel Drinkwater says, 'which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of these engines of destruction.' An Italian officer who was in the Spanish fleet, says, that from the cool and intrepid manner in which the attack was begun, great hopes were entertained of certain success. The enemy, indeed, were neither wanting in skill nor courage, and after the firing had continued for some hours, the floating batteries were found to be quite as formidable as they had been represented. The heaviest shells rebounded from their tops, and 32-pound shot seemed to make no visible impression on their hulls. 'The red-hot shot began to be used about noon, but were not general till between one and two o'clock. The garrison often flattered themselves that some of the batteries were on fire; but no sooner did any smoke appear, than men were observed directing water from their engines within to those places where the smoke issued. 'These circumstances,' says the historian of the siege, 'with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided as, from our former success against their land batteries, we had expected.' Even the artillery at this time had their doubts of the effect of red-hot shot. The enemy at first had elevated their cannon too much, but perceiving this about noon, their firing became powerful and well-directed, and the garrison suffered accordingly, being especially annoyed by a flanking and reverse

fire from the land. But totally disregarding the enemy on that side, the artillery directed their sole attention to the floating batteries. The assailants, however, received so little damage, that their sanguine hopes of success were not abated for a considerable time. For some hours, indeed, the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as to show little or no appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. But about two o'clock the enemy began to lose heart, seeing that the battering ship which carried the admiral's flag, and had the engineer on board, began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison. They continued their fire, however, and were encouraged by perceiving that the fortification had received some damage. But the garrison were cheered with more reason, for they saw that the smoke from the upper part of the flag-ship was prevailing, notwithstanding the constant application of water, and that the admiral's second was in the same condition. By seven o'clock, the Italian officer says, all the hopes of the assailants vanished. Their firing slackened. By eight o'clock it had almost ceased. Rockets were thrown up as signals of distress. 'The red-hot balls had by this time taken such effect, that the enemy now thought of nothing but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that pitiable service.' Our artillery at this time must have caused dreadful havoc among them. An indistinct clamour, with lamentable cries and groans, proceeded (during the short intervals of cessation) from all quarters; and a little before midnight a wreck floated in with twelve men, all who had escaped out of three score, which were on board their launch. Though sure that they had an advantage over the enemy, the garrison were not yet aware how complete a victory had been gained.

About an hour after midnight the battering ship upon which the red-hot shot first produced an effect, burst in flames, and by two o'clock she appeared as one continued blaze from stem to stern. The light was equal to noonday, and enabled our artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision. Between three and four o'clock, six others of these batteries were on fire. They were so close to the walls, the Italian officer says, that the balls pierced into them full three feet; but the holes made in these solid beds of green timber closed up after the shot, and for want of air it was long before the fire balls produced their effect. It was honourable, indeed, for the garrison thus to have obtained one of the completest defensive actions that has ever been recorded, and over the most formidable floating batteries that had ever been brought to bear against a fortress. But the most honourable display of the British character was yet to be made. Howe's friend, Captain Curtis, who commanded the marine brigade, had not been able during the day to bring his gun-boats against the battering ships, because of the

wind and the heavy swell. The sea having become calm about three o'clock in the morning, he drew up his boats so as to flank the line of the battering ships; he had twelve gun-boats, each carrying an 18 or 24-pounder, which kept up their fire with great effect, while a very heavy and destructive fire was directed towards the same point by the garrison. 'The boats of the enemy,' says Captain Curtis, 'durst not approach; they abandoned their ships, and the men in them were left to our mercy, &c to the flames.' Daylight now appeared, and two feluccas which had not escaped endeavoured to get away, but a shot from a gun-boat killing four men in one of them, they submitted. Learning then from their prisoners that many men were unavoidably left by their friends on board the burning ships, Captain Curtis directed all his exertions to rescue them. 'The scene before me,' he says in his official letter, 'was at this time dreadful; numbers of men crying from amidst the flames, some upon pieces of wood in the water, others in the ships where the fire had as yet made little progress, all expressing by speech and gesture the deepest distress, and all imploring assistance, formed a spectacle of horror not to be described. The blowing-up of the ships around us as the fire got to the magazines, and the firing of the cannon of others as the metal became heated by the flames, rendered this a very perilous employment; but we felt it as much a duty to make every effort to relieve our enemies from so shocking a situation, as an hour before we did to assist in conquering them.' One of the battering ships blew up, about five o'clock, and soon afterwards another in the centre of the line. The wreck from this spread far and wide, to the imminent danger of the British gun-boats; one was sunk, but the crew were saved. Curtis's coxswain was killed, several of his people were wounded, and a piece of timber falling into the pinnace, went through her bottom; she was only saved from sinking by the sailors stuffing their jackets into the hole. Yet though it was then deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, Captain Curtis visited two other ships on his return, and had, what he truly called, the inexpressible happiness of saving thirteen officers and 344 men, all Spaniards: thirty of these, who were wounded, were taken from among the slain in the hold, and carried to the garrison's hospital. There was reason to believe that a great many of the wounded perished in the flames, though it was impossible that greater exertions could have been made to save them. Six of the battering ships were still in flames. Three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the other three burnt to the water's edge, the magazines having been wetted before the principal officers had quitted the ships. The Spanish admiral did not leave his ship till nearly midnight, the other officers much earlier. There remained two battering ships, which the conqueror hoped to

save 'as glorious trophies of his success,' but one of them unexpectedly burst out in flames, and shortly afterwards blew up; and the other, when it was found impracticable to preserve it, was burnt by our sailors.

The French, who jest at everything, made a jest of this awful defeat. They said, '*Ce n'est pas le Cheval de Bois qui cette fois a pris Troye, c'est Troye qui a brûlé le Cheval de Bois.*' Another jest was circulated '*que dans son aimable gaieté, c'est permis, dit on, M. le Comte d'Artois lui-même. On veut qu'il ait dit à la Reine que la batterie qui avoit fait le plus de mal dans le siège, avoit été sa batterie de cuisine. En effet, on prétend que les officiers Espagnols, fort sobres naturellement et peu accoutumés à la bonne chère, gagnaient fréquemment des indigestions à l'excellent table qui tenoit S. A. Royale.*'

It was upon the Spaniards that the loss had fallen, and the Spaniards are a people whom no losses can cast down. Complete as the destruction of their floating batteries had been, neither this utter discomfiture, nor the great expenditure of men and means, abated their hope of eventually succeeding in the siege. Their operations on the land side were still carried on; the mortar-boats bombarded the garrison, and the combined fleet remained at anchor in the bay. They knew that Lord Howe was on the way with a convoy, and they were determined to oppose the relief of the garrison. The great superiority of their force might have justified their expectations against any other opponent; and they once more persuaded themselves that if Gibraltar were impregnable by force of arms, it might certainly be subdued by famine. Twice before, and under more urgent circumstances, that expectation had been frustrated, first by Rodney, and afterwards by Admiral Darby. It was not till he was off the southern coast of Portugal that Lord Howe received intelligence of the enemy's defeat in this grand attack, and the destruction of the floating batteries, at the same time he was advised that the combined fleet had taken their station in the bay to prevent if possible the intended relief. He had sailed from Spithead two days before that memorable victory, and his fleet might well be called splendid—the number of ships, when the convoy was assembled, amounting to 183 sail—but the force with which he had to contend was as three to two, compared with his own.

On the 10th of October Lord Howe learnt from the consul at Faro that the combined fleets were then anchored in Algeiras Bay, and that they consisted of 50 sail of the line. Knowing of his approach, the Spanish admiral had ordered his ships to lie at single anchor, ready to weigh at the shortest notice. They were thus situated on the 10th, when a fresh westerly wind sprung up. After sunset the gale increased, and at midnight it blew a hurricane. At daybreak a Spanish two-decker was seen in a crippled state, close in-shore. She soon

grounded, and struck to the garrison, hoisting an English jack over her own colours. This vessel proved to be the San Miguel, 72, which had been one of the leading ships when the combined fleets appeared in the English Channel. When the day cleared, the whole fleet was seen in great disorder. Two were driven on their own shore, two others to the eastward. There remained in the bay forty sail of the line, and three of fifty-four or fifty-six guns. With them the Spanish admiral put to sea on the 13th, for the protection of the two ships which had been driven to the eastward, and in the hope that he might intercept the English convoy. It was on the 11th that the British fleet entered the Straits, the convoy taking the lead, and though the enemy's signals for their approach were made early in the afternoon, there was no appearance of opposition to their intended movements. 'But the opportunity was lost,' Lord Howe says in his official letter, 'owing to the want of timely attention to the circumstances of the navigation.' 'The masters of the transports, either from inattention to signals, or disregard of their instructions, or from not being fully aware of the strength of the current constantly setting into the Mediterranean, were unable to fetch Rosia Bay: the consequence was that only four of them got into their appointed anchoring station and landed their cargoes.' The rest with the fleet passed to the eastward into the Mediterranean. Early on the 12th, Curtis sailed in the Latona to inform Lord Howe of what had befallen the enemy's fleet on the night of the 10th. They had cleared Europa Point, and were perfectly becalmed during the night off Malaga, while Howe and the convoy were to the eastward of the Rock.

The knowledge which Howe had acquired in the Dolphin frigate, thirty years before, of the navigation of the Straits, the set of the currents in the centre, and of the eddies on the Gibraltar and Barbary shores, he had now an opportunity of bringing into use.

'Lord Howe, as usual, makes no parade in his public despatch, nor, from what is stated therein, would any one be led to conclude otherwise than that everything went on smoothly, and that the transports and store-ships were conducted into port with all imaginable facility. He only says that, 'in the morning of the 14th, the fleet being to the southward of the enemy, six or seven leagues, and the wind changing soon after to the eastward, the opportunity was taken to pass such of the store-ships, as were then with the fleet, into the bay; that on the 17th the rest of the store-ships were likewise anchored in Rosia Bay; the troops embarked in the ships of war, together with a large supply of powder from the fleet, being landed at the same time; and the wants of the garrison thus amply provided for in every respect, I proposed taking advantage immediately of the easterly wind for returning through the Straits to the westward.' This however was considered as a masterly movement; it was quite certain that the combined fleet, so very superior in numbers, could

not do otherwise than make a show to follow him; he therefore drew them down off Cape Spartel, thus giving time and scope for the store and provision ships to land their cargoes unmolested, while a fair opening was also afforded for their return out of the Straits to proceed to England.—pp. 149, 150.

A partial action ensued on the 19th. At break of day the combined fleet was seen at a little distance to the N. W., when the British fleet was so nearly between Europa and Ceuta points, that there was not space to form an order of battle on either tack. Howe therefore repassed the Straits, followed by the enemy. Colonel Drinkwater observes somewhat invidiously on this occasion, that 'though fully convinced of the prudence of his lordship's conduct, it was no very pleasing prospect for a British garrison to behold a British fleet, though inferior in force, lead the enemy.' But it would have been an act of madness, as Sir John Barrow observes, to have brought on an engagement with a disparity in numbers of thirty-four sail of the line to forty-four in so narrow a space, and in the midst of a perpetual current, and where the Spaniards, being in possession of both shores, had numerous ports to retreat to where they could refit, whereas Gibraltar offered no relief for a disabled fleet, which indeed would be little able to work up to it against the current. Though the relief of Gibraltar had not been distinguished by a victory, it was a service of considerable importance, and Lord Howe had performed it with characteristic ability and discretion. The Great Frederick wrote him a letter of congratulation upon it in his own hand. But there was no subject on which the spirit of party manifested itself at that time with more intemperance than upon the affairs of the navy. And the attempt to disparage Lord Howe on this occasion, as having shown his stern to the enemy, and declined an action which it was in his power to have brought on, must have been less annoying to a person of his calm and unpretending character than the extravagant commendations which spoke of the defence and the relief of Gibraltar in the same sentence, as exalting the military and naval glory of the nation, and destined to be the subject of all men's praises to the end of time. Burke did not estimate the importance of Gibraltar too highly when he said that 'it was a post of power, a post of superiority, a post of connexion, and a post of commerce; a post which made us valuable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies—which gave us the command in the district of the ocean where it lay—which was the incontestable evidence of our pre-eminence—and of all other places was what we ought with the most religious determination to maintain.' The siege of Gibraltar will ever be one of the most splendid chapters in our military history. It was not saying too much of its relief, that it might be classed among the foremost of those services by which Lord Howe had raised his name so deservedly high in his

profession—for the most important of his services were of later date. But they who affirmed that a more essential piece of naval service to this country never was performed, seemed to have forgotten not only the victories of former times, but those of George II.'s reign, those which were within their own recollection—and they must have chosen not to remember the recent glories of Rodney. However miserably the councils of Great Britain had been conducted, our military and naval reputation never stood higher than at the close of the American war; the spirit and the resources of the nation were never regarded with more respect by its enemies, nor with greater admiration by all other European powers.

During the Rockingham administration Lord Howe was made First Lord of the Admiralty; but when the Coalition Ministry was formed, Lord Keppel was re-appointed to that office, and Lord Howe was thus released from a situation which he had neither sought nor coveted. In the debate upon the preliminaries of peace, after stating the amount of our naval force and that of the enemy's, and recounting the circumstances of the last campaign, he attributed great part of our success to chance, seeing that in a competition of strength with the enemy we were greatly inferior. 'Many of our ships were in a poor condition,—the Victory, in which he had hoisted his flag, was very bad and very unclean. If no other good attended the present pacification than the mere breathing time it gave us, we ought to count the interval a happy one, and instead of wasting it in unnatural squabbles among ourselves, unite, and endeavour to make the best use of it in recruiting against the possibility of future hostility.' Lord Keppel, in reply to this, said, he could not enter into the minutiae of the condition of our navy, nor would it be consistent with prudence to do so; but this he would say, that he did not imagine the condition of our enemy's naval affairs was so good as our own—and he computed our force at one hundred and nine sail, good, bad, and indifferent. Upon this Lord Howe observed, that 'he could not subscribe to the mode his lordship took of estimating the naval strength of Great Britain; good and indifferent, a prudent man would think was stretching the account to the utmost verge of show, indeed he could hardly say, utility; but to include the bad in the statement would be dangerous computation indeed.'

Upon the overthrow of the Coalition, when Mr. Pitt became minister, Lord Howe was again called to the Admiralty, and thus 'a second time brought into an office for the duties of which he had little relish, and probably for some of them,' says his biographer, 'as little qualification.' But for Sir John Barrow's remarks upon that office, and the administration of naval affairs, the reader must be referred to the book itself, where it is treated at considerable length, with full

knowledge of the subject in all its bearings. Lord Howe remained at the Admiralty till the year 1788, when Mr. Pitt's parsimony determining to keep down the navy estimates below what the veteran admiral *knew* was necessary for keeping the fleet in that state of efficiency which the honour and the interests of the country required, induced him to resign. A month after his resignation, the king, in acknowledgment of his many and important services, was pleased to create him an Earl of Great Britain; and at the same time bestowed on him the title of Baron Howe of Langar, in Nottingham, to descend to his eldest daughter and her heirs male.

In 1790, upon the dispute with Spain concerning Nootka Sound, Earl Howe was appointed to command in the Channel Soundings, or wherever his Majesty's service should require, and the peculiar mark of distinction of hoisting the Union flag at the main was conferred on him—being the first instance of such an honour since Admiral Benbow, in 1701. When the difference with Spain had been accommodated, he was 'suffered to remain unmolested by the cares of office or of naval command, in the enjoyment of rural dissipation; but whether engaged in business or pleasure his thoughts and feelings were as irrevocably turned to naval concerns as the needle to the Pole.' On the death of Rodney, in 1792, he was appointed to succeed him as Vice-Admiral of England, an honorary situation with which he was highly gratified. He was now advanced in years, and much afflicted with the gout, which almost annually attacked him, and sometimes threatened his head and stomach. His work, however, was not yet done, and he was called upon thus late in life to more arduous and important services than he had ever hitherto performed. Upon the breaking out of the war with France, he was appointed in February, 1793, once more to the Channel fleet. That war had not taken us unprepared. 'Our dock-yards had been carefully supplied with stores; the ships were in a rapid course of repair, and of 115 ships of the line the greater part were in good condition.'*

Lord Howe put to sea on July 14, with twenty-three sail of the line, in two divisions, under Vice-Admiral Graves and Sir Alexander Hood. His instructions informed him that eight or nine ships had sailed from Brest in order to join five more from L'Orient and Rochfort, and his immediate attention was to be directed to the prevention of their return to Brest, or of forming a junction with any other ships from thence. Before he got out of the Channel, the weather became such that he deemed it expedient to bear up and anchor in Torbay, as the best position for

putting again to sea as soon as the season became favourable. There he learnt from an American vessel that she had passed the French squadron consisting of seventeen sail, to the westward of Belleisle. He got sight of them on the 31st, their topsails appearing from the mast-head just above the horizon. Two days afterwards they were lost sight of, and on August 10th. he was fain once more to bear up for Torbay, some of the ships having sprung their masts, and others having their sails split. From this time till the middle of November his attention was engaged in protecting our homeward-bound convoys. He then fell in with an enemy's squadron consisting of six sail of the line and two frigates, and chased them, 'but the headmost and best sailers of our fleet had so little chance to come up with them, that they were soon lost sight of altogether;' and after keeping the sea till the middle of December, the fleet went into port to refit. An outcry was raised against the Admiral by the newspapers, because no captures had been made, and no battle fought, and he was ridiculed for so frequently coming into Torbay instead of keeping the sea, and this appears to have affected him, for he expressed a wish to retire, pleading his infirmities and advanced age; but Mr. Pitt 'without whom Lord Chatham took no important step in his office of Admiralty,' would not for a moment listen to this.

In the middle of April, 1794, the Channel fleet assembled at St. Helens. It consisted of thirty-two sail of the line, six of which with four frigates were placed under Rear Admiral Montague's orders to attend the outward-bound convoy and the East India Company's ships, leaving twenty-two sail of the line and six frigates under the immediate command of Lord Howe. To these Admirals Sir Alexander Hood and Graves were attached, and Rear Admirals Pasley, Caldwell, Bowyer, and Gardner. On the 2nd of May they put to sea. On the 4th, Lord Howe, having advanced with the several convoys as far as the Lizard, detached Montague with them, and proceeded for Ushant. The *Latona* and the *Phaeton* had been in the morning to look into Brest. They discovered one ship of the line with two frigates and two brigs at anchor in Camaret Bay, and twenty-two large ships were clearly seen within the Goulet, with a considerable number of smaller vessels. The French were expecting a very large and valuable convoy from North America and the West Indies, and the fleet continued cruising in foggy and blowing weather in hopes of intercepting it. On the 19th, being close in with Ushant, the *Latona* and *Phaeton* again looked into Brest: it was then found that the enemy's fleet had put to sea, and an American vessel reported that it consisted of twenty-four sail of the line and ten frigates, that they had sailed on the 17th, and that their object was to protect the expected convoy. On the 25th, after a fruitless search for the

* Locker. We are afraid if a war were to break out now, no historian would have a similar account to give of the state of our fleets and dock-yards!

enemy, two French corvettes, steering after the fleet on the supposition that it was their own, were taken and destroyed. Lord Howe could not send these and several other prizes and recaptures into any port without lessening his too little strength in frigates. He now stood under easy sail looking for the enemy's fleet in the direction where they were supposed to be; and on the morning of May 28, several French ships were discovered very far distant in the south-east, the wind then blowing fresh from the south by west, with a rough sea.

The battle, which commenced on the 28th of May, and takes its name from the first of June, on which day it was brought to an end, was the most splendid and important service of the many which Earle Howe accomplished in the course of his long career. His biographer therefore gives the admiral's own account of the transactions of the three days, as recorded in his private journal, written with his own hand, a valuable document, which it has been deemed proper and fitting to give entire without addition or alteration. 'Of the engagement itself,' Sir John Barrow says, 'little in addition need be said, after the minute and circumstantial detail entered into by Mr. James, the indefatigable and accurate historian of naval actions.' The details occupy not less than sixty pages in that valuable work. Mr. Locker has not given a memoir of Lord Howe, declining health having compelled him to leave unfinished a work he had begun so well, and for which he was so singularly well qualified. His volume, however, contains an account of this battle, written with characteristic perspicuity and animation. It was a battle which rather resembled the long sea-fights in Charles II.'s reign than the victories of Rodney and Nelson. The French never before fought better, never afterwards so well. The difference in force between the two fleets was not considerable; the number of ships was the same; but in tonnage, weight of metal, and number of men, the advantage was on the enemy's side. The French admiral, Villaret Joyeuse, displayed great gallantry and great skill, and he was most gallantly seconded. Lord Howe was not supported as he ought to have been, and his personal example deserved. One captain was brought to a court-martial, and Sir John Barrow says, 'it has been left on record by a gallant admiral now deceased, that he was by no means the only one that ought to have been tried for misconduct and disobedience of orders on this occasion.' In a letter from a gallant admiral, who was in the battle and is now living, it is justly observed: 'The 1st of June was the *first* general action fought in the war, and led to many glorious results; had it been the *last*, not one of the French ships would have been allowed to return to port.' He alluded to the inexperience of many of the captains and the rawness of the crews; some of the former, in particu-

lar, completely defeated the intention of the commander-in-chief—the most simple and intelligible that could be given—that each ship should pass through the enemy's line, and each engage her opponent to leeward. But Lord Howe did something towards defeating it himself. The signal was not compulsory on any captain. It was qualified in the signal book by a *nota bene* in the following words: 'The different captains and commanders, not being able to effect the specified intentions in either case, are at liberty to act as circumstances require.' 'Too many,' says Mr. Locker, 'availed themselves of the alternative without the necessity. In attempting afterwards to rectify their irregularity, his Lordship, who loved signals, made several in succession, which tended greatly to increase the perplexity. This shows the wisdom of Lord Nelson's frequent remark, that when once a commander-in-chief has brought his fleet into action, the captains want little further direction if they are disposed to do their duty; and if not, such is the smoke and confusion, that the power of watching the conduct of each individual ship is very limited.'

Mr. James says, that 'this negating, or at least neutralising, *nota bene* was very properly omitted in the next year's code of signals.' Erroneous as it may appear to have been in this instance, Nelson's maxim and Howe's qualifying note had the same end in view—both admirals, in reliance upon the gallantry of their captains, leaving them to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer. The fleet returned to Portsmouth with six of the enemy's line-of-battle ships in tow; two of these were 80-gun ships, and four 74; another 74 sunk immediately on taking possession of her. The British loss amounted to 1156 in killed and wounded, the French to 1270, besides 320 who went down in the *Vengeur*; prisoners, 2300. It was the opinion of most naval men at the time that the victory was not followed up as it might and should have been. The effect, however, upon the country, and upon the enemy also, was the same. The superiority of the British navy was once more proved. If it was not like one of Rodney's actions, it was not like Keppel's; the spirit of our navy, 'some time dormant, was revived, that of the enemy depressed; it was to the one a decided victory, to the other as decided a defeat.' It was the more important, inasmuch as they had emulously brought the force of revolutionary excitement against the steady, national courage of their opponents. Their ships, too, were more than usually well manned—the destruction of their ships at Toulon by Lord Hood having left the men of the Toulon fleet disposable for this service. They were well officered also; the naval officers (who were always well trained) being almost the only class of persons whom the revolution seems to have spared. 'Never before,' says the *Moniteur*, 'did there exist in

Brest a fleet so formidable and well-disposed as that which is now lying there. Unanimity and discipline reign among officers and men, and all burn with desire to fight the enemies of their country upon the very banks of the Thames, and under the walls of London.' An address had been read to the seamen at Brest and L'Orient, by two deputies of the National Convention, in which it was said 'You will conquer the English; yes, you will conquer those eternal enemies of our nation. As for that, you have but to will it, and it is done.' These orations were read also to the different ships' companies in every ship by the chief officers: and lest this excitement should fail of its desired effect, the National Convention adopted a decree, which was proposed by Jean Bon St. André, declaring that if any ship of the line should strike the national colours, however superior the enemy's force might be, unless the ship was so shattered as to be in danger of sinking before the crew could be saved, the captain and officers should be pronounced traitors to their country and suffer death; and that the captain and officers of any frigate, corvette, or smaller vessel, who should surrender to a force double their own, unless in the specified extremity, should be punished in the same manner. When these circumstances are considered, the battle of the first of June will be found to have been of greater consequence than many more brilliant actions. Greater skill might have been displayed in the action, greater energy in following up the victory; but the battle could not have been more bravely fought, nor more gallantly won, nor more important in its moral effect upon both nations. George III., with that kindness which characterized the good old king, wrote to Lord Howe's sister, congratulating her upon the glorious news, and hoping she would be satisfied now with what *Earl Richard* had done. He signified his intention on this occasion of bestowing the blue ribbon on Lord Howe. Mr. Pitt had promised it to the Duke of Portland. The story is little to Mr. Pitt's credit, and less to that of the Duke. Lord Howe states the matter briefly in these words: 'It was left at my option to maintain what I may, without arrogance, term my title to the distinction. But the notification of it from the minister was coupled with such suggestions as of benefit to the king's service by a different disposal of the ribbon, that I deemed it expedient to express that more advantageous appointment of it. The alternative of a marquise was offered and declined.' The king, however, as might be expected, took the first opportunity of conferring upon Lord Howe this honour, which it was anything but an honour for the Duke of Portland to wear in the mean time.

George III., indeed, properly appreciated the admiral's deserts and the importance of the victory. He went, with the queen and three of the princesses, to

Portsmouth. Lord Howe's flag was shifted to a frigate, and the royal standard hoisted on board the *Queen Charlotte*, where Lord Howe received the royal party, attended by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Board of Admiralty, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the Port Admiral, flag-officers and captains present. There the king presented Lord Howe, on his own quarter-deck, with a diamond-hilted sword and a gold chain, to which a medal, struck for the occasion, was to be appended. Similar chains he presented to Sir Alexander Hood, Admiral Gardner, and Sir Roger Curtis. Admiral Graves and Sir Alexander Hood were raised to the Irish peerage, and the Admirals Bowyer, Gardner, and Pasley made baronets, as was also Roger Curtis. Bowyer and Pasley, being both wounded, could not be present, but they received their chains also. In the evening the Royal Family rowed up the harbour to view the six French prizes, which were at moorings there. The king gave donations from his privy purse to the amount of more than 3000*l.* to the artificers, workmen, and labourers of the dock-yard, victualling and ordnance departments, and the crews of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Aquillon*; 100*l.* was distributed to the poor of Portsmouth, and a like sum to those of Portsea; 50*l.* to those of Gosport, and 50*l.* to the debtors in Portsmouth jail. It was a proud day for Portsmouth and for England, for the veteran admiral, and for that good old king whose name was blessed by thousands and tens of thousands of true Englishmen that day.

In August Lord Howe resumed the command of the Channel fleet, and put to sea on the 3d of September, to cover our outward and homeward convoys; and 'probably,' says his biographer, 'to impress the enemy with a proper idea of our naval superiority and resources, in being able to send out a fleet of such magnitude so speedily after the great victory of the 1st of June. But he was now an old man, his health was broken, and in October he renewed his request to be relieved in the command of the fleet, the important duties of which, he said, his infirmities rendered him unable to discharge.' He obtained leave to go to Bath, for the use of the waters there, from which he had formerly found benefit; but his application on this account to the Admiralty 'produced,' he says, 'so serious a requisition from the goodness of the King, as compelled him to resume his painful situation, though the inconveniences of a winter campaign were dispensed with.' Yet, infirm as he was, information having been received, in the Spring of 1793, that a French fleet of thirty-two sail of the line, and several frigates, had put to sea from Brest, he immediately hoisted his flag in the *Queen Charlotte*, and sailed with a superior force in quest of them, as also to provide for our convoys. This was the last time his flag was up. The French

sustained so much damage in a heavy gale that they returned to Brest, and Lord Howe having ascertained this returned to Spithead. From that time he was permitted to remain on shore for his health's sake. Feeling then how little likely it was that he should ever again be able to hoist his flag, and yet not being allowed to resign, he made 'a voluntary surrender of those advantages which every commander-in-chief, before and after him, whether on shore or afloat, had considered his due, and made no scruple in appropriating to himself.' With this view he requested that, 'for the future appointment of the ships of the Channel fleet, the instructions might be communicated by direct intercourse with the Admiralty, instead of passing them through him, whereby (said he) the profits the commanders of the ships may derive from their good fortune will centre among themselves alone.'

In March, 1796, he was appointed General of Marines, on the decease of Admiral Forbes, 'having gained it,' he says, 'by the least eligible of all titles, that of age and survivorship, in a state not much more active than that of my predecessor.' At this time Lord Chatham 'retreated from the Board of Admiralty, for reasons which Lord Howe pretended not to know.' He augured well of his successor, Lord Spencer, saying of him, 'he is a young man of singular probity and worth, has much application, and I believe intelligent capacity; and those who may have business or intercourse with him will find him to be of a most pleasing character.' He felt, however, that he was treated with less consideration by the Admiralty than his rank and character deserved. His application for certain officers to be appointed to his ships was not complied with. 'My gratification upon this point seems of little moment,' he says, in a letter to his old and constant friend Sir Roger Curtis. 'To have the favourable opinion of our brethren I esteem one of the most grateful honours to be obtained. But the views of things, and the ideas of a man at my time of life, are so different from those of younger men placed in directive situations, who feel in their power to enforce their sentiments an ample justification for their adherence to them; and I am so peculiarly circumstanced in other respects, that I daily confirm myself in the assurance that seventy years of age, upon which I so nearly verge, is not at all too soon to think of voluntary retirement; thus preceding the call, which may be daily expected, of the public, to quit a situation requiring better constitutional as well as mental faculties than I can boast.' Six months afterwards he writes thus to the same friend:—

'Still very much an invalid, and divested of that ministerial countenance by which the exercise of my authority in the fleet can only derive support, you will less disapprove my earnestness (yet but privately intimated) to be released from my important charge. When arrived, moreover, at the time of life that men's

faculties become impaired, it is of prudence to quit the public world before its good opinion is withdrawn entirely, and the foundation of our consequence in it destroyed. To that intimation, however, it was not condescended to make any reply; and I know not yet, whether I am considered in the light of a person allowed to seek for quiet in retirement, or subject to the requisitions as heretofore, when the call is made upon me to resume my official employment.'—p. 317.

From the whole of his correspondence, however, it is clear that his mind was constantly occupied with the concerns of the fleet, his great pleasure being to hear that matters were going on well, and more especially in his old ship the *Queen Charlotte*. Whether in sickness or in health he was full of what had been the business and the pleasure of his life. His hours of confinement were passed in improving the code of signals and naval tactics, and instructions to the captains for the internal discipline of their ships. In May, 1797, it appears that he could no longer be content to hold his office and remain on shore, and resigning it accordingly, he was superseded in the command of the Channel fleet by Admiral Lord Bridport. His services, however, to the state, and to the navy in particular, did not terminate here. When the mutiny broke out in the Channel fleet, 'which was looked upon as a more alarming event than any that had ever occurred in the naval history of Great Britain, such was the high opinion entertained, both by the King and the government, of his influence over the officers and men, that recourse was had to him, though at that time he had actually resigned all naval command.' At once he obeyed the call, for 'though unable to boast of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, yet his mind was as sound, his heart as whole, and his intellects as clear, as at any previous period of his life.' Sir John Barrow has properly introduced into his work a general view of the naval mutinies of that eventful year, Lord Howe's name being so intimately connected with their commencement and termination. We can but briefly touch upon that most important subject.

It appears from his correspondence, that a few years before the mutiny broke out, Lord Howe had perceived that the seamen were become discontented, and he 'did not scruple to lay the blame on the captains, who kept their men as prisoners on board when they came into harbour, while they themselves spent great part of their time on shore, leaving the command of their ships to subordinate officers.' In December, 1794, a letter, signed 'A Delegate,' was addressed to Lord Bridport, then second in command (Lord Howe being absent,) from the crew of the *Culloden*, 74, then in a state of mutiny. It stated that they would surrender on the following conditions:—'A new ship, or the old one docked, or all the people at present between decks draughted on board of different ships, or as your lordship shall think proper; and your lordship's word and

honour not to punish any man concerned in the present business, or to mention or remember it hereafter.' This mutiny was solely occasioned by their apprehension that the ship was not sea-worthy, in consequence of her having been aground. Lord Howe's remark upon this was, 'I hope the disturbance on board the *Culloden* will have been happily, as I conceive it ought to be, firmly resisted. The means, I am conscious, are delicate in execution, but I can hardly imagine consequences more necessary to be guarded against than those not unlikely to be expected from the introduction of *Delegates* among us!' The captain of the *Culloden* (afterwards Sir Thomas Troubridge) had applied for a court-martial on ten of the ringleaders, before, as it seems, they had proposed their conditions to Lord Bridport; and the event was, that two were acquitted, and eight sentenced to be hanged; five of these were executed on board the *Culloden* at Spithead, the other three received the king's pardon. Considering the impression on the men's minds concerning the state of the ship, they ought all to have been pardoned; and probably they would have been so, had it depended either upon Lord Howe or Lord Bridport. In September, 1795, there were some disturbances in the *Cæsar*, and Lord Howe condemned the policy of removing numbers of the men to other ships—'a measure,' said he, 'which exposes their former captain to the imputation of misconduct, while it gratifies the desire of (perhaps misbehaving) men to change their situation, without assurance of just pretensions to such indulgence.' 'His lordship,' Sir John Barrow rightly observes, 'might have gone further, and urged the impolicy of infecting other ships by the introduction of discontented or mischievous men among their crews.'

The subject is treated with perfect fairness by Sir John Barrow. 'The demands of the seamen were so reasonable,' he says, 'that it was deemed expedient, and indeed an act of justice, to concede them; their sole aim was to have their grievances redressed.' He renders justice to the moderation of the delegates by whom the first mutiny was directed; acknowledges that a fatality seems to have attended the proceedings of government, and condemns the conduct of the Admiralty as, 'to say the least of it, indiscreet and inexpedient.' When everything seemed to have been settled, the government by its own sheer folly excited a suspicion of its good faith, and irritated men whom they had before conciliated, and who were on the point of returning to their obedience. The mutiny was renewed in a worse temper. Acts of violence were committed; the men sent on shore all such officers as they disliked, so that the ships were wholly in their possession, and then it was that Lord Howe was sent with full powers to bring matters, if possible, to an adjustment. And he effected this, yielding of necessity to their inexorable and not unreasonable resolu-

tion that they would not receive on board those officers from whom they had suffered ill treatment, and obtaining from them a general petition that he would interpose his good offices to obtain the King's pardon for their transgressions, and a special one, in the same suitable terms of decency and contrition, from each of the ships concerned, praying that his Majesty would indulge them by appointing other officers to their ships. Thus, by his good management and sense of justice, and by their confidence in him, the Channel fleet was brought to obedience. And when the mutineers at the *Nore*, under their President Parker, 'a most mischievous and villanous fellow,' invited them to make common cause and insist on farther demands, they refused to have any concern with these desperate men, and declared themselves perfectly satisfied with what they had obtained.

The strength of the first mutineers was in their cause and in their conduct; they required nothing but what was just, and government was as culpable in allowing the abuses and grievances of which they complained to grow up and continue unredressed, as they were for the perilous and unlawful course which they pursued for procuring a redress they had no hope of obtaining by any other means. The second race of mutineers had no bond of moral union, and their strength therefore proved but weakness. They hoisted the bloody flag, and they fired into two of the king's ships when escaping from them; but when they saw that preparations were made for reducing them by force, they became sensible of their guilt and their danger; ship after ship deserted Parker and his associates in the tyranny which the leaders of the mutiny now exercised over the men; the bloody flag disappeared from every ship's mast-head; the *Sandwich*, in which Parker had established his head-quarters, was brought by the crew under the guns of the fort at Sheerness; Parker was brought to trial, convicted, and executed; and twenty-two others of the worst description underwent the same just sentence of the law.

'It is remarkable enough, that in this daring and outrageous mutiny, when the most extravagant demands were put forth, the words impressment and flogging never, even here, escaped the lips of the delegates, any more than at Portsmouth; neither of these, it would seem, were considered by them as naval grievances: and as to flogging, that punishment, during the mutiny of the *Nore*, was more severely and more frequently exercised than by the most rigorous commander of a ship of war.'—p. 350.

Impressment and flogging, however, are neither to be condemned nor justified upon the same grounds. Both are considered with great ability and good feeling in a book,* published a few years ago, by Admiral (then

* Impressment fully Considered, with a view to its gradual Abolition. By Captain Anselm John Griffiths, R. N.

Captain) Griffiths. It is there shown how much has been done to improve the condition of the seamen, and how much remains to be done for improving it still farther, and rendering it what it ought to be. Impression would be no longer needed when it was known that all due regard was paid to the comfort and well-being of the men; that they were subject to a just and necessary discipline, but not to unnecessary privations and restraint, not to capricious hard usage, not employed in troublesome and useless work, in frivolous occupations, merely for the sake of occupying them, and of allowing them no leisure. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that 'being shown over a man-of-war in which the *polishing* system was established in full force, he observed that it was pretty to look at, but that it lacked one thing, for he had not seen a smile on the countenance of any one man in the ship.' If there were an end of these vexations, if Blue Peter were never hoisted without the most plain and evident necessity—if there were to be no more of that forced energy, that continual tension, to which the men were subjected during the last war, and which made port service, instead of a relaxation, the most annoying of all services—if these, and other causes of discontent and irritation were removed, as they so easily might be, and care were taken that the men should be made thoroughly acquainted with all that was intended and done for their benefit, the condition of our sailors would then be such, that few indeed of them would ever again be found on board an enemy's ship fighting against their own country.

Important as this subject is in all its bearings, we would willingly enlarge upon it, if this article had not already extended to such length. Let us hope that it may not be after *many* days that the seed which Admiral Griffiths has scattered upon the waters may be found.

The last act of Lord Howe's public life was that of bringing back to their duty the deluded, but really honest and well-meaning, body of the mutineers. He survived this, not the least important of his many services, about two years. That time was passed at Porter's Lodge 'in the full enjoyment of private life and tranquil retirement, as far at least,' says his biographer, 'as the intermission of frequent and severe fits of the gout can be said to constitute enjoyment.' By his family he was thoroughly beloved. His fortune was moderate, but fully equal to his expenses; it is believed that he declined a pension after the first of June, and all that he received from the public on his retirement, after an unremitting service of fifty-seven years, was the pay of general of marines, about 1800*l.* a-year (half-pay included). In 1799, having lost the two physicians, by whose skill he believed the severity of his gouty attacks used to be mitigated, he was persuaded to try electricity, for which purpose

he removed to London, and placed himself under the practitioner then most in fashion. But after a few trials, the treatment was supposed to have driven the gout to his head, and he died on the 5th August, 1799. A national monument was erected to him in St. Paul's, from a design of Flaxman's. Both the King and the Prince of Wales wrote letters of condolence to his sister, Mrs. Howe, and in a style that indicated a more than ordinary degree of regard. He died without male issue; the Irish honours descended to his brother, General Sir William Howe. His eldest daughter claimed the English barony; and the earldom, which was extinct upon her death, was revived in the person of her son in 1821.

Long as this article is already, we cannot conclude it without quoting the following admirable specimen of the biographer's manner:—

'If it be admitted generally by naval men, as it probably will, that the three greatest and most distinguished officers of latter times were the Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, it may not be out of place, or uninteresting, to add a few words on their distinctive characters and the modes respectively pursued by them in carrying on their professional duties. In the extensive sense of all three being skilful and accomplished flag-officers, thoroughly experienced in every branch of the service—who, by their superior knowledge, energy, and zeal, in introducing and maintaining good order and discipline in the fleet—may be considered pretty nearly on an equality; and it is perhaps not too much to say, they have done more towards elevating the character of the profession than any or all of their predecessors; perhaps it may also with truth be said, and not without a feeling of regret,

—“Farewell, with them,

The hope of such hereafter”——

'Howe unquestionably led the way. He was his own sole instructor in naval matters—not brought up in any particular school—hardly indeed can it be said there was any school in the early part of his career. Whatever he gained, from the various commanders under whom he served, must have been by comparison, observation, and reflection. At that time there was very little system observed in the navy, and still less of science. Naval tactics, evolutions, and signals were then but feebly creeping into use, in humble imitation of the French, and had made but slow progress—rarely attempted indeed to be carried into practice except by one individual—the talented and unfortunate Kempenfelt, who perished in the Royal George. After him, Howe seriously took them up, and never lost sight of these important objects until he had completed a system which long bore the name of “Howe's Signals.” In the perfecting of this system he was indefatigable—whether on shore or afloat, theoretically or practically this favourite and most useful object was uppermost in his mind. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that Howe was professionally and characteristically bold, cool, and decisive—a thorough seaman in theory and practice—and his knowledge was conveyed to others mostly by mildness, persuasion, and the force of example.

'In tactics and in discipline St. Vincent was a disciple of Howe. In giving his opinion on the expediency of a night action with a superior enemy, the former

decided against it, on the ground of being in such a case deprived of the great advantage of Howe's signals. In discipline the scholar may be said to have carried his mode of instruction beyond the master. Where Howe was patient, gentle, indulgent, and kind, by which he won the attachment of both officers and seamen, St. Vincent was rigorous, peremptory, and resolute, rigidly maintaining that the life and soul of naval discipline was obedience—his favourite word was *obediencia*. The one attained his object by pursuing the *suaviter in modo*—the other by the *fortiter in re*. The mutinous seamen at Portsmouth, but half subdued, were at once completely reduced to order by the kind and gentle treatment of, and the confidence they placed in, Lord Howe. The mutiny in the fleet off Cadiz no sooner sprung up than it was crushed by the prompt and vigorous measures of Lord St. Vincent, whose determined and resolute conduct, on that occasion, was absolutely necessary to prevent that spirit of insubordination from spreading which had manifested itself in many of the ships employed in blockading a distant and an enemy's port.

'These two gallant admirals pursuing different modes of attaining the same ends, and of very different temperaments, had the greatest respect and deference for each other. St. Vincent always spoke of Howe in terms of the highest praise and regard. He used to say he was a man of few words, but what he said was always to the purpose, and well worthy to be remembered. The kindly feelings of men towards each other are frequently discovered in trifling incidents or expressions: Lord St. Vincent, on entering the breakfast-room, would often say, 'Well, I have got on my blue breeches this cold morning; Lord Howe wore blue breeches, and I love to follow his example even in my dress.' On the other hand, St. Vincent was considered by Howe as the first naval officer of his day. In a letter already quoted he says, 'I will only commission you to assure him (Lord St. Vincent) in my behalf, in simple veracity, that his eminent services have not exceeded my expectations.' He was unquestionably a fearless and intelligent commander, bold in design and prompt in execution, free in his opinions, generous, and charitable without ostentation; a keen observer of mankind; indulgent to minor offences, severe in those of an aggravated nature. In politics he was a Whig, firmly attached to his party; but his friends always maintained that he never allowed his political feelings to interfere with his professional duties. As an officer his talents were certainly of the highest order, and many excellent commanders were educated and brought forward under his auspices. With all this merit, which public opinion duly appreciated, he is said (by one who knew him well) to have affected, as well when afloat as under circumstances on shore, the character of a blunt tar, obstinate in his resolutions, and rough in the manner of exercising his authority over the officers of his fleet; but notwithstanding this, the feature by which he was best known in society was that of a refined courtier, smooth and complimentary in his address. His professional character, however, was steady resolution and firmness of purpose.

'The character and conduct of Nelson were widely different from both of the above-mentioned officers. Without being a thorough seaman, he knew well how to stimulate exertions and to animate zeal. He had the peculiar tact to make every officer, from the highest to the lowest, believe that his individual share in any

enterprise contributed mainly to its success—thus giving encouragement and inspiring confidence to each in his own exertions. In the result he was singularly fortunate: where he led all were anxious to follow. Nelson was indeed a being *sui generis*—'none but himself could be his parallel'—and it may be feared he has left few of the same breed behind him. That he had his weak points cannot be denied, but what human being is exempt from them? He has been unjustly compared with an Anthony, ready to sacrifice the world to another Cleopatra—than which nothing can be more incorrect; with one unfortunate exception, which, in a moment of infatuation, has cast an indelible stain on his memory, he never suffered the deplorable influence alluded to in any way to interfere with his professional duties. Whenever such demanded his presence, all pleasures and indulgences gave way; neither these nor the least care of life occupied for a moment a share in his thoughts. A passionate and insatiable love of fame was the 'spur' to Nelson's 'noble mind.' To be 'Crowned with Laurel or covered with Cypress'—a Peerage or Westminster Abbey—'Victory or Westminster Abbey'—these were the words, the signal for each terrible conflict. He never anticipated defeat, but went into battle with the full conviction he was to conquer or die. The words were the ebullition of that feeling, which carried his feeble frame through exertions and energies, that nothing short of his ardent and spiritual nature could have supported. The strength and elasticity of his mind got complete control over bodily pain and infirmity. These in the scale of human affliction were to him as nothing, when in sight or pursuit of an enemy. An ambitious love of distinction, a thirst for the acquisition of honours, or a glorious death, was the ruling passion, and his destiny led him to experience them all. Conqueror of 'a hundred fights,' he died at last, as all true heroes would wish to do, in the arms of victory!

'Howe, on the contrary, was exempt entirely from ambition of that kind. He was less of an egotist than almost any man in his station of life. The results of his actions were considered by him in no other light than as they affected his country; he speaks only of the duty he owes to his king and his country, and to the good of the naval service. He never appears to think of honours nor to court distinction. The earldom conferred on him was received with indifference; the offer of a marquissate was rejected as coming immediately from the minister, in lieu of an honour promised by his sovereign; but the Garter he considered as an ostensible mark of the king's approbation, and the Medal and Chain equally so, and therefore felt it due to the royal donor to wear them on all occasions. Thus it also was with Lord St. Vincent's Star of the Bath, which he always wore on his morning as well as on his evening dress, as an honourable distinction conferred for his services by his sovereign.

'Howe sought for no pension nor any remuneration of a pecuniary nature for his long and meritorious services, and murmured not at those who obtained rewards for deeds far less brilliant than his own. The only complaint he appears ever to have uttered, was on account of the neglect of the Admiralty towards the more humble but not less valuable instruments who had faithfully served under him. Of his military character there never was, nor could there be, but one opinion. His moral conduct through life, his love of truth and sense of justice, were universally admitted; he was generous,

humane, kind-hearted, and charitable; always manifesting an eagerness to do good. In politics he was a Tory, but no party man; a true patriot, he was sensitively alive to the honour of his king and country. In one word, Lord Howe was a man in all the relations of social life,

INTEGER VITÆ SCELERISQUE PURUS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

Edited by the Executors of his Son, JOHN Earl of Chatham, and published from the original Manuscripts in their possession. 8vo. Vol. I. London: 1838.

There is hardly any man in modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Somers, who fills so large a space in our history, and of whom we know so little as Lord Chatham; and yet he is the person to whom every one would at once point, if desired to name the greatest Statesman and Orator that this country ever produced. Of Lord Somers, indeed, we can scarcely be said to know any thing at all. That he was a person of unimpeachable integrity, a judge of great capacity and learning, a firm friend of liberty, but a cautious and safe counsellor in most difficult emergencies, all are ready to acknowledge. But the authority which he possessed among his contemporaries, the influence which his sound and practical wisdom exercised over their proceedings, the services which he was thus enabled to render in steering the constitution safe through the most trying times, and saving us from arbitrary power without paying the price of our liberties in anarchy and bloodshed; nay, conducting the whole violent proceedings of a revolution in all the deliberation, and almost in the forms of an ordinary legal proceeding—have surrounded his name with a mild yet imperishable glory, which, in the contrast of our dark ignorance respecting all the particulars and details of his life, gives the figure something altogether mysterious and ideal. It is now unfortunately too late, by supplying this information, to fill up the outline which the meagre records of the times have left us. But it is singular how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a Statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded to have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about little has been preserved of detail. So, fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, but these bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more

has manifestly been lost than what has reached us; while of his written compositions but little has hitherto been given to the world.

The imperfect state of Parliamentary Reporting is the great cause of this blank. From the time of his entering the House of Commons to that of his quitting it, the privileges of Parliament almost wholly precluded the possibility of regular and full accounts of debates being communicated to the public. At one period they were given under feigned names, as if held in the Senate of Rome by the ancient orators and statesmen; at another they were conveyed under the initials only of the names borne by the real speakers. Even when, somewhat later, these disguises were thrown aside, the speeches were composed by persons who had not been present at the debates, but gleaned a few heads of each speaker's topics from some one who had heard them; and the fullest and most authentic of all the accounts of those times are merely the meagre outline of the subjects touched upon, preserved in the Diaries or Correspondence of some contemporary politicians, and presenting not even an approximation to the execution of the orators. Thus many of Lord Chatham's earlier speeches in the House of Commons, as now preserved, were avowedly the composition of Dr. Johnson,—whose measured style, formal periods, balanced antitheses, and total want of pure racy English, betray their author at every step,—while each debater was made to speak exactly in the same manner. For some years after he ceased to report, or rather to manufacture, that is, from 1751 downwards, a Dr. Gordon furnished the newspapers with reports, consisting of much more accurate accounts of what had passed in debate, but without any pretence to give more than the mere substance of the several speeches. The debates upon the American Stamp Act, in 1764, are the first that can be said to have been preserved at all,—through the happy accident of Lord Charlemont, assisted by Sir Robert Deane, taking an extraordinary interest in the question as bearing upon the grievances of Ireland; and accordingly they have handed down to us some notes, from internal evidence plainly authentic, of Lord Chatham's celebrated speeches upon that great question. A few remains of his great displays in the House of Lords have, in like manner, been preserved, chiefly in the two speeches reported by Mr. Hugh Boyd; the second of which, the most celebrated of all, upon the employment of the Indians in the American war, we have reason to believe was revised and corrected by Lord Chatham himself; and if so, it was certainly the only one that ever received such revision. If any one will only compare the extreme slenderness of these grounds upon which to estimate a speaker's claims to renown, or judge of the characteristics of his eloquence, with the ample means which we have

of studying the merits of almost all the ancient orators, and examining their distinguishing qualities, he will be sensible how much any idea which we can form of Lord Chatham's oratory must rest upon tradition;—that is, upon the accounts left by contemporary writers of its effects; and how little we are enabled to judge for ourselves by examining the specimens that remain of his composition. It seems little short of presumption, after this statement, to attempt including his character as an orator in the sketch which we shall give of this great man. But the testimony of contemporaries may so far be helped by what remains of the oratory itself, as to make some faint conception attainable of that eloquence which, for effect, at least, has surpassed any known in modern times.

The first place among the great qualities which distinguished Lord Chatham, is unquestionably due to firmness of purpose, resolute determination in the pursuit of his objects. This was the characteristic of the younger Brutus, as he said, who had spared his life to fall by his hand—*Quicquid vult, id valde vult*; and although extremely apt to be shown in excess, it must be admitted to be the foundation of all true greatness of character. Every thing, however, depends upon the endowments in whose company it is found; and in Lord Chatham these were of a very high order. The quickness with which he could ascertain his object, and discover his road to it, was fully commensurate with his perseverance and his boldness in pursuing it; the firmness of grasp with which he held his advantage was fully equalled by the rapidity of the glance with which he discovered it. Add to this, a mind eminently fertile in resources—a courage which nothing could daunt in the choice of his means—a resolution equally indomitable in their application—a genius, in short, original and daring, which bounded over the petty obstacles raised by ordinary men,—their squeamishness, and their precedents, and their forms, and their regularities, and forced away its path through the entanglements of this base undergrowth to the worthy object ever in his view, the prosperity and the renown of his country. Far superior to the paltry objects of a grovelling ambition, and regardless alike of party and of personal considerations, he constantly set before his eyes the highest duty of a public man, to further the interests of his species. In pursuing his course towards that goal, he disregarded alike the frowns of power and the gales of popular applause—exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the Court, while he battled against its corruptions, and confronted, unabashed, the rudest shocks of public indignation, while he resisted the dictates of pernicious agitators—and could conscientiously exclaim, with an illustrious statesman of antiquity—*Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non invidiam putarem!**

Nothing could be more entangled than the foreign policy of this country at the time when he took the supreme direction of her affairs; nothing could be more disastrous than the aspect of her fortunes in every quarter of the globe. With a single ally in Europe, the King of Prussia, and him beset by a combination of all the continental powers in unnatural union to effect his destruction; with an army of insignificant amount, and commanded by men only desirous of grasping at the emoluments, without doing the duties, or incurring the risks of their profession; with a navy that could hardly keep the sea, and whose chiefs vied with their comrades on shore in earning the character given them by the new Minister,—of being utterly unfit to be trusted in any enterprise accompanied with 'the least appearance of danger;' with a generally prevailing dislike of both services, which at once repressed all desire of joining either, and damped all public spirit in the country, by extinguishing all hope of success, and even all love of glory—it was hardly possible for a nation to be placed in circumstances more inauspicious to military exertions; and yet war raged in every quarter of the world where our dominion extended, while the territories of our only ally, as well as those of our own sovereign in Germany were invaded by France, and her forces by sea and land menaced our shores. In the distant possessions of the Crown the same want of enterprise and of spirit prevailed. Armies in the West were paralysed by the inaction of a Captain who would hardly take the pains to write a despatch recording the nonentity of his operations; and in the East, while frightful disasters were brought upon our settlements by Barbarian powers, the only military capacity that appeared in their defence was the accidental display of genius and valour by a merchant's clerk, who thus raised himself to celebrity.* In this forlorn state of affairs, rendering it as impossible to think of peace, as it seemed hopeless to continue the yet inevitable war, the base and sordid views of politicians kept pace with the mean spirit of the military caste; and parties were split or united, not upon any difference or agreement of public principle, but upon mere questions of patronage and share in the public spoil, while all seemed alike actuated by one only passion, the thirst alternately of power and of gain.

As soon as Mr. Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it came to be felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering counsels, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most

* Mr. Clive, afterwards Lord Clive.

humble clerk in the Victualling Office; each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or commissary—now felt assured that he was acting or indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own—and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands. Over his immediate coadjutors, his influence swiftly obtained an ascendancy which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war, he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of the public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the control of those measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested upon him alone, that he insisted upon the first Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, with his junior Lords, were obliged to sign the orders issued by Mr. Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes!

The effects of this change in the whole management of the public business, and in all the plans of the Government, as well as in their execution, were speedily made manifest to all the world. The German troops were sent home, and a well-regulated militia being established to defend the country, a large disposable force was distributed over the various points whence the enemy might be annoyed. France, attacked on some points, and menaced on others, was compelled to retire from Germany, soon afterwards suffered the most disastrous defeats, and, instead of threatening England and her allies with invasion, had to defend herself against attack, suffering severely in several of her most important naval stations. No less than sixteen islands, and settlements, and fortresses of importance, were taken from her in America, and Asia, and Africa, including all her West Indian colonies, except St. Domingo, and all her settlements in the East. The whole important province of Canada was likewise conquered; and the Havana was taken from Spain. Beside this, the seas were swept clear of the fleets that had so lately been insulting all our colonies, and even all our coasts. Many general actions were fought and gained;—one among them the most decisive that had ever been fought by our navy. Thirty-six sail of the line were taken or destroyed; fifty frigates; forty-five sloops of war. So brilliant a course of uninterrupted success had never, in modern times, attended the arms of any nation carrying on war with other states equal to it in civilization, and nearly a match in power. But it is a more glorious feature

in this unexampled Administration which history has to record, when it adds, that all public distress had disappeared; all discontent in any quarter, both of the colonies and parent state, had ceased; that no oppression was any where practised, no abuse suffered to prevail; that no encroachments were made upon the rights of the subject, no malversations tolerated in the possessors of power; and that England, for the first time and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting without murmur a widely extended and costly war, and a people, hitherto torn with conflicting parties, so united in the service of the commonwealth that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more. 'These' (said the son of his first and most formidable adversary, Walpole, when informing his correspondent abroad, that the session, as usual, had ended without any kind of opposition, or even of debate),—'These are the doings of Mr. Pitt, and they are wondrous in our eyes!'

To genius irregularity is incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit. Hence he who is fitted by his nature, and trained by his habits, to be an accomplished 'pilot in extremity,' and whose inclinations carry him forth to seek the deep when the waves run high, may be found, if not 'to steer too near the shore,' yet to despise the sunken rocks which they that can only be trusted in calm weather would have more surely avoided. To this rule it cannot be said that Lord Chatham afforded any exception; and although a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the Ministry,—leaving the chief control of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was Court favour, and whose only talent lay in an expertness at intrigue,—yet there can be little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great Minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of everyday matters, had raised against him among all the creatures both of Downing Street and St. James's. In fact, his colleagues, who necessarily felt humbled by his superiority, were needlessly mortified by the constant display of it; and it would have betokened a still higher reach of understanding, as well as a purer fabric of patriotism, if he, whose great capacity threw those subordinates into the shade, and before whose vigour in action they were sufficiently willing to yield, had united a little suavity in his demeanour with his extraordinary powers, nor made it always necessary for them to acknowledge as well as to feel their inferiority. It is certain that the insulting arrangement of the Admiralty, to which reference has been already made, while it lowered that department in the public opinion, rendered all connected with him his personal enemies; and, indeed, though there have, since his days, been

Prime Ministers whom he would never have suffered to sit even as puny lords at his boards, yet were one like himself again to govern the country, the Admiralty Chief who might be far inferior to Lord Anson, would never submit to the humiliation inflicted upon that gallant and skilful captain. Mr. Pitt's policy seemed formed upon the assumption that either each public functionary was equal to himself in boldness, activity, and resource, or that he was to preside over and animate each department in person; and his confidence was such in his own powers, that he reversed the maxim of governing, never to force your way where you can win it; and always disdained to insinuate where he could dash in, or to persuade where he could command. It thus happened that his colleagues were but nominally coadjutors, and though they durst not thwart him, yet rendered no heart-service to aid his schemes. Indeed it has clearly appeared since his time, that they were chiefly induced to yield him implicit obedience, and leave the undivided direction of all operations in his hands, by the expectation that the failure of what they were wont to sneer at as 'Mr. Pitt's visions,' would turn the tide of public opinion against him, and prepare his downfall from a height of which they felt that there was no one but himself able to dispossess him.

The true test of a great man,—that at least which must determine his place among the highest order of great men,—is his having been in advance of his age. This it is which decides whether or not he has carried forward the grand plan of human improvement, has conformed his views, and adapted his conduct, to the existing circumstances of society, or changed those so as to better its condition, has been one of the lights of the world, or only reflected the borrowed rays of former luminaries, and sat in the same shade at the same twilight, or the same dawn with the rest of his generation. Tried by this test, the younger Pitt cannot certainly be said to have lived before his time, or shed upon the age to which he belonged the illumination of a more advanced civilization and more inspired philosophy. He came far too early into public life, and was too suddenly plunged into the pool of office, to give him time for the study and the reflection which can alone open to any mind, how vigorous soever be its natural constitution, the views of a deep and original wisdom. Accordingly, it would be difficult to glean, from all his measures and all his speeches, any thing like the fruits of inventive genius; or to mark any token of his mind having gone before the very ordinary routine of the day, as if familiar with any ideas that did not pass through the most vulgar understandings. His father's intellect was of a higher order; he had evidently, though without much education, with no science of any kind, yet reflected deeply upon the principles of human action, and well studied

the nature of men, and pondered upon the structure of society. His reflections frequently teem with the fruits of such meditations, to which his constantly feeble health perhaps gave rise rather than any natural propensity to contemplative life, from which his taste must have been adverse; for he was eminently a man of action. His appeals to the feelings and passions were also the result of the same reflective habits, and the acquaintance with the human heart which they had given him. But if we consider his opinions, though liberal and enlightened upon every particular question, they rather may be regarded as felicitous from their adaptation to the actual circumstances in which he was called upon to advise, or to act, than as indicating that he had seen very far into future times, and anticipated the philosophy which further experience should teach to our more advanced age of the world. To take two examples from the two subjects upon which he had both thought most, and been the most strenuously engaged in dealing with practically as a statesman,—our relations with France and with America. The old and narrow notions of natural enmity with the one, and natural sovereignty over the other, were the guides of his whole opinions and conduct in these great arguments. To cultivate the relations of peace with our nearest neighbour, as the first of blessings to both nations,—each being able to do the other most good in amity and most harm in hostility,—never appears to have entered into the system of policy enlightened by that fiery soul, which could only see glory or even safety in the precarious and transient domination bestowed by a successful war. To become the fast friends of those Colonies which we had planted and long retained under our protecting government, and thus both to profit ourselves and them more by suffering them to be as independent as we are,—was an idea that certainly could not be said once to have crossed his impetuous and uncompromising mind—for it had often been entertained by him, but only to be rejected with indignation and abhorrence, as if the independence of America were the loss of our national existence. Upon all less important questions, whether touching our continental or our colonial policy, his opinion was to the full as sound, and his views as enlarged as those of any statesman of his age; but it would not be correct to affirm that on those, the cardinal, and therefore the trying points of the day, he was materially in advance of them.

If we turn from the Statesman to survey the Orator, our examination must be far less satisfactory, because our materials are extremely imperfect, from the circumstances already adverted to. There is indeed hardly any eloquence, of ancient or of modern times, of which so little that can be relied on as authentic, has been preserved; unless perhaps that of Pericles, Julius Cæsar, and Lord Bolingbroke. Of the actions of the

first we have sufficient records, as we have of Lord Chatham's; of their speeches we have little that can be regarded as genuine; although, by unquestionable tradition, we know that each of them was second only to the greatest orator of their respective countries;* while of Bolingbroke we only know, from Dean Swift, that he was the most accomplished speaker of his time; and it is related of Mr. Pitt (the younger), that when the conversation rolled upon lost works, and some said they should prefer restoring the books of Livy, some of Tacitus, and some a Latin tragedy, he at once decided for a speech of Bolingbroke. What we know of his own father's oratory is much more to be gleaned from contemporary panegyrics, and accounts of its effects, than from the scanty, and for the most part doubtful, remains which have reached us.

All accounts, however, concur in representing those effects to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated its greater passages—their perfect application to the subject-matter of debate—the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed—the boldness of the feats which he ventured upon—the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded—the heart-stirring nature of his appeals—are all confessed by the united testimony of all his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking portions were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic; notwithstanding a peculiarly defective and even awkward action. Latterly, indeed, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords, leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for ten minutes together in an under-tone of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or exclamation. But in his earlier time, his whole manner is represented as having been beyond conception animated and imposing. Indeed the things which he effected by it principally, or at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief. Some of these sallies are indeed examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name of *Charlatanerie*,—a favourite phrase with his adversaries, as

*Thucydides gives three speeches of Pericles, which he may very possibly have in great part composed for him. Sallust's speech of Cæsar is manifestly the writer's own composition; indeed, it is in the exact style of the one he puts into Cato's mouth, that is, in his own style.

it in later times has been with the ignorant under-valuers of Lord Erskine. It is related that once in the House of Commons he began a speech with the words, 'Sugar, Mr. Speaker'—and then, observing a smile to prevail in the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word 'Sugar!' three times,—and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, 'Who will laugh at sugar now?' We have this anecdote upon good traditional authority; that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham, is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

There can be no doubt that of reasoning,—of sustained and close argument,—his speeches had but little. His statements were desultory, though striking, perhaps not very distinct, certainly not at all detailed, and as certainly every way inferior to those of his celebrated son. If he did not reason cogently, he assuredly did not compress his matter vigorously. He was any thing rather than a concise or a short speaker; not that his great passages were at all diffuse, or in the least degree loaded with superfluous words; but he was prolix in the whole texture of his discourse, and he was certainly the first who introduced into our Senate the practice, adopted in the American war by Mr. Burke, and continued by others, of long speeches,—speeches of two and three hours, by which oratory has gained little, and business less. His discourse was, however, fully informed with matter—his allusions to analogous subjects, and his reference to the history of past events, were frequent—his expression of his own opinions was copious and free, and stood very generally in the place of any elaborate reasoning in their support. A noble statement of enlarged views, a generous avowal of dignified sentiments, a manly and somewhat severe contempt for all petty or mean views—whether their baseness proceeded from narrow understanding or from corrupt bias—always pervaded his whole discourse; and, more than any other orator since Demosthenes, he was distinguished by the nobleness of feeling with which he regarded, and the amplitude of survey which he cast upon the subject-matters of debate. His invective was unsparring and hard to be endured, although he was a less eminent master of sarcasm than his son, and rather overwhelmed his antagonist with the burst of words and vehement indignation, than wounded him by the edge of ridicule, or tortured him with the gall of bitter scorn, or fixed his arrow in the wound by the barb of epigram. These things seemed, as it were, to betoken too much labour and too much art—more labour than

was consistent with absolute scorn—more art than could stand with heartfelt rage, or entire contempt inspired by the occasion, at the moment, and on the spot. But his great passages, those by which he has come down to us, those which gave his eloquence its peculiar character, and to which its dazzling success was owing, were as sudden and unexpected as they were natural. Every one was taken by surprise when they rolled forth—every one felt them to be so natural, that he could hardly understand why he had not thought of them himself although into no one's imagination had they ever entered. If the quality of being natural without being obvious is a pretty correct description of felicitous expression, or what is called fine writing, it is a yet more accurate representation of fine passages, or felicitous *hits* in speaking. In these all popular assemblies take boundless delight; by these above all others are the minds of an audience at pleasure moved or controlled. They form the grand charm of Lord Chatham's oratory; they were the distinguishing excellence of his great predecessor, and gave him at will to wield the fierce democracy of Athens, and to fulmine over Greece.

It was the sagacious remark of one of the most acute of critics, as well as historical enquirers, that criticism never would be of any value until critics cited innumerable examples. In sketching the character of Lord Chatham's oratory this becomes the more necessary, that so few now living can have any recollection of it, and that all our knowledge of its peculiar nature rests upon a few scattered fragments. There is, however, some security for our deducing from these a correct notion of it, because they certainly, according to all accounts, were the portions of his discourse which produced the most extraordinary effect, on which its fame rests, and by which its quality is to be ascertained. A few of these may, therefore, be referred to in closing the present imperfect outline of this great man.

His remark on confidence, when it was asked by the Ministry of 1766, for whom he had some forbearance rather than any great respect, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but turning to them with a smile, very courteous, but not very respectful, he said—"Confide in you! Oh no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—youth is the season of credulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom."

Some one having spoken of 'the obstinacy of America,' said, 'that she was almost in open rebellion.' Mr. Pitt exclaimed, 'I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest!'—Then speaking of the attempt to keep

her down—"In a just cause of quarrel you may crush America to atoms; but in this crying injustice!" (Stamp Act)—"I am one who will lift up my hands against it—In such a cause even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace to sheath the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?"—It was in this debate that Mr. Burke first spoke, and Mr. Pitt praised his speech in very flattering terms.

"Those iron Barons (for so I may call them when compared with the silken Barons of modern days) were the guardians of the people; and three words of their barbarous Latin, *nullus liber homo*, are worth all the classics. Yet their virtues were never tried in a question so important as this." (Pretension of Privilege in the House of Commons)—"A breach is made in the Constitution—the battlements are dismantled—the citadel is open to the first invader—the walls totter—the place is no longer tenable—what then remains for us but to stand foremost in the breach, to repair it, or to perish in it!—Unlimited power corrupts the possessor; and this I know, that where law ends, there tyranny begins."

In reference to the same subject, the expulsion of Mr. Wilks, he exclaimed in a subsequent debate—"The Constitution at this moment stands violated. If the breach be effectually repaired the people will return to tranquillity of themselves. If not, let discord reign for ever!—I know to what point my language will appear directed. But I have the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without fear or reserve. Rather than the Constitution should be tamely given up, and our birthright be surrendered to a despotic Minister, I hope, my Lords, old as I am, that I shall see the question brought to an issue, and fairly tried between the people and the Government."—Again he said—"Magna Charta—the Petition of Right—the Bill of Rights—form the Bible of the English Constitution. Had some of the King's unhappy predecessors trusted less to the Commentary of their advisers, and been better read in the Text itself, the glorious Revolution might have remained only possible in theory, and their fate would not now have stood upon record, a formidable example to all their successors."—No man more than I, respects the just authority of the House of Commons—no man would go further to defend it. But beyond the line of the Constitution, like every exercise of arbitrary power, it becomes illegal, threatening tyranny to the people, destruction to the state. Power without right is the most detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination; it is not only pernicious to those whom it subjects, but works its destruction. *Res deestabilis et caduca*. Under pretence of declaring law, the Commons have made

a law, a law for their own case, and have united in the same persons the offices of Legislator and Party and Judge.'

These fine passages, conveying sentiments so noble and so wise, may be read with advantage by the present House of Commons when it shall again be called on to resist the Judges of the land, and to break its Laws, by opening a shop for the sale of Libels.

His character—drawn, he says, from long experience—of the Spaniards, the high-minded chivalrous Castilians, we believe to be as just as it is severe. Speaking of the affair of Falkland's Island, he said, —'They are as mean and crafty as they are insolent and proud. I never yet met with an instance of candour or dignity in their proceedings; nothing but low cunning, artifice, and trick. I was compelled to talk to them in a peremptory language. I submitted my advice for an immediate war to a trembling council. You all know the consequences of its being rejected.' —The speech from the Throne had stated that the Spanish Government had disowned the act of its officer. Lord Chatham said—'There never was a more odious, a more infamous falsehood imposed on a great nation. It degrades the King, it insults the Parliament. His Majesty has been advised to affirm an absolute falsehood. My Lords, I beg your attention, and I hope I shall be understood when I repeat, that it is an absolute, a palpable falsehood. The King of Spain disowns the thief, while he leaves him unpunished, and profits by his theft. In vulgar English, he is the receiver of stolen goods, and should be treated accordingly.'—How would all the country, at least all the eating portion of it, resound with the cry of—'coarse! vulgar! brutal!'—if such epithets and such comparisons as these were used in any debate nowadays, whether among the 'silken Barons,' or the 'squeamish Commons' of our time!

In 1775 he made a most brilliant speech on the war. Speaking of General Gage's inactivity, he said it could not be blamed; it was inevitable. 'But what a miserable condition,' he exclaimed, 'is ours, where disgrace is prudence, and where it is necessary to be contemptible! You must repeal these acts' (he said, alluding to the Boston Port, and Massachusetts Bay Bills) 'and you WILL repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.'—Every one knows how true this prophecy proved. The concluding sentence of the speech has been often cited—'If the Ministers persevere in misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone.'

Again, in 1777, after describing the course of the war and 'the traffic and barter driven with every little pitiful German Prince that sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country'—he adds—'The mercenary aid on which you rely irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, whom you overrun with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never!'—Such language, used in the modern days of ultra loyalty and extreme decorum, would call down upon his head who employed it the charge of encouraging rebels, and partaking as an accomplice in their treasons.

It was upon this memorable occasion that he made the famous reply to Lord Suffolk, who had said, in reference to employing the Indians, that 'we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands.' The circumstance of Lord Chatham having himself revised this speech, induces us to insert it here at length.

'I am astonished,' exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose—'shocked—to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed, in this House or in this country—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.

'My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. *That God and nature put into our hands!*—I know not what idea that Lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting and eating,—literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine and natural, and every generous feeling of humanity; and, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

'These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of the Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this Learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns

these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation AT THE DISGRACE OF HIS COUNTRY! In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain—in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us, to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child—to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren,—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual enquiry; and I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy Prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us; let them perform a lustration—let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

‘My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.’

There are other celebrated passages of his speeches in all men’s mouths. His indignant and contemptuous answer to the Minister’s boast of driving the Americans before the army—‘I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch!’—is well known. Perhaps the finest of all his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man’s House is his Castle. ‘The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his power dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!’

These examples, we think, will serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of the peculiar vein of eloquence which distinguished this great man’s speeches. It was of the very highest order; vehement, fiery, close to the subject, concise, occasionally eminently, sometimes boldly figurative: it was original, and surprising, yet quite natural. To call it argumentative would be an abuse of terms; but it had always a sufficient foundation of reason to avoid any appearance of inconsistency, or error, or wandering from the point. So the greatest passages in the Greek orations were very far from be-

ing such as could stand the test of close examination in regard to their argument. Yet it would be hypercritical indeed to object that Demosthenes, in the most celebrated burst of all ancient eloquence, argues for his policy being rewarded although it led to defeat, on the ground of public honours having been bestowed upon those who fell in gaining five great victories.

Some have compared Mr. Fox’s eloquence to that of Demosthenes; but it resembled Lord Chatham’s just as much, if not more. It was incomparably more argumentative than either the Greek or the English orator’s; neither of whom carried on chains of close reasoning as he did, though both kept close to their subject. It was, however, exceedingly the reverse of the Attic oration, either in method, in diction, or in conciseness. It had nothing like arrangement of any kind. Except in the more vehement passages, its diction was perhaps as slovenly, certainly as careless as possible,—betokening indeed a contempt of all accurate composition. It was diffuse in the highest degree, and abounded in repetitions. While the Greek was concise, almost to being *feijune*, the Englishman was diffuse, almost to being *prolix*. How the notion of comparing the two together ever could have prevailed, seems unaccountable, unless it be that men have supposed them alike because they were both vehement, and both kept the subject in view rather than run after ornament. But that the most elaborate and artificial compositions in the world should have been likened to the most careless, and natural, and unprepared that ever were delivered in public, would seem wholly incredible if it were not true. The bursts of Mr. Fox, however, though less tersely and concisely composed, certainly have some resemblance to Lord Chatham’s,—only that they betray far less fancy,—and however vehement and fiery, are incomparably less bold. Mr. Pitt’s oratory, though admirably suited to its purpose, and as perfect a business kind of speaking as ever was heard, certainly resembled none of the three others who have been named. In point of genius, unless perhaps for sarcasm, he was greatly their inferior; although, from the unbroken fluency of his appropriate language, and the power of a most sonorous voice, he produced the most prodigious effect.

It remains to speak of Lord Chatham as a private man; and he appears to have been in all respects exemplary and amiable. His disposition was exceedingly affectionate. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he showed himself encaised to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. To all his family he was simple, kindly, and gentle. His pursuits were of a nature that showed how much he loved to unbend himself. He delighted in poetry and other light reading; was fond of music; loved the country; took peculiar pleasure in gardening; and had even

an extremely happy taste in laying out grounds. His education appears to have been further prosecuted afterwards; and he was familiar with the Latin classics, although there is no reason to believe that he had much acquaintance with the Greek. In all our own classical writers he was well versed; and his time was much given to reading them. A correspondence with his nephew, which Lord Grenville published about thirty years ago, showed how simple and classical his tastes were, how affectionate his feelings, and how strong his sense of both moral and religious duty. These letters are reprinted in the present work, because the answers have since been recovered; but it contains a great body of other letters both to and from him. Amongst the latter, are to be found constant tokens of his amiable disposition.

We regard this work, indeed, as one of the greatest value; and hold the editors (of whom Mr. Taylor,* his great-grandson and personal representative, is one) to have formed a wise resolution, both as to their own duty, and the best service they could render at once to the memory of their illustrious ancestor, and to the public interests, by determining to keep back no part of the precious documents intrusted to their care. The first volume alone is completed, and lies before us. We understand that four or five more are to follow without much delay. The letters contained in the present volume, though, of course, less interesting than those which may be expected in the sequel, contain, nevertheless, important matter of various kinds, both in Lord Chatham's own letters, and in those of his correspondents. They throw, also, considerable light upon that firm and determined mind, of which we have spoken in the very inadequate attempt to portray his character. The earliest date is 1741, when he was only twenty-eight years of age; and they come down to the year 1759. The editor, Mr. Wright, has given full notes, containing exactly the kind of information which the perusal of the letters would set the reader upon seeking, and which he could not find without turning over many books. Nothing, therefore, can be more convenient than the form of the publication. We may somewhat regret its appearing in single volumes; we shall accordingly expect the continuation with impatience; but in the mean-while our readers have a right to be made acquainted with some of the contents of the present volume.

There is much allowance to be made for the overdone politeness, and something for the very aristocratic habits of the last age, in observing the intercourse of private society, and the forms, at least, in which it was carried on. This probably, rather than any real

*This respectable gentleman is grandson of the late Lord Stanhope, being the son of his daughter Lady Lucy, by his first wife, who was the niece of Mr. Pitt, and the grand-daughter of Lord Chatham.

humility of disposition, must account for such a style as the following, and similar letters to the Duke of Newcastle; a personage whose wealth and rank, and accidental place at the head of the Whig party, could alone command any portion of respect; for his talents were of the lowest description, and his political life was a mere scene of party-jobbing from first to last.

Bath, April 5, 1754.

'My Lord Duke,—I received the honour of your Grace's letter of the 2d instant yesterday evening, and I take this opportunity of the post, to return you my sincerest, humblest thanks, for the great condescension and very kind manner in which it is written. I should make a very ill return to your Grace's goodness, if I were to go far back into the disagreeable subject that has occasioned you the trouble of writing a long and very obliging letter. Amidst all your business, I should be ashamed to tease your Grace's good-nature with much repetition of an uneasy subject, and necessarily so stuffed with impertinent egotisms. Whatever my sensations are and must be of my situation, it is sufficient that I have once openly exposed them to your view, as I thought I owed it to your Grace and myself to do.

'As to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I hope your Grace does not think me filled with so impertinent a vanity, as to imagine it any disparagement to myself to serve under your Grace, as the head of the Treasury. But, my Lord, had I been proposed for that honour, and the King reconciled to the thought of me, my honour would have been saved, and I should have declined it with pleasure in favour of Mr. Legge, from considerations of true regard for his Majesty's service. My health at the best is too unsettled, &c. Very few have been the advantages and honours of my life; but among the first of them, I shall ever esteem the honour of your Grace's favourable opinion. You have tried me, and have not found me deceive you; to this your Grace's favourable opinion and to your protection I recommend myself, and hope that some retreat neither dishonourable nor disagreeable may (when it is practicable) be opened to me.'

A like tone, when employed towards Lord Hardwicke, cannot so much surprise any one; although in these days, even towards such a person, the following would be deemed a somewhat exaggerated expression of respect from a person in the commanding position then occupied by Mr. Pitt.

Bath April 6, 1754.

'My Lord,—No man ever felt an honour more deeply, than I do that of your Lordship's letter. Your great goodness in taking the trouble to write, amidst your perpetual and important business, and the very condescending and infinitely obliging terms, in which your Lordship is pleased to express yourself, could not fail to make impressions of the most sensible kind. I am not only unable to find words to convey my gratitude; but I am much more distressed to find any means of deserving the smallest part of your Lordship's very kind attention and indulgence to a sensibility carried, perhaps, beyond what the cause will justify, in the eye of superior and true wisdom. I venerate so sincerely that judgment, that I shall have the additional unhappiness of standing self-condemned, if my reasons,

already laid before your Lordship, continue to appear insufficient to determine me to inaction.

'I am now to ask a thousand most humble pardons of your Lordship for the length, and, I fear, still more for the matter, of this letter. If I am not quite unreasonable, your Lordship's equity and candour will acquit me: if I am so unfortunate as to appear otherwise, where it is my ambition not to be thought wrong, I hope your Lordship's generosity and humanity will, notwithstanding, pardon failings that flow from no ill principle, and that never can shake my unalterable wishes for the quiet and security of Government.

This language, however, is ascribable to the fashion of the day; it is that of respect; it may be little more than courtesy. No other feelings are expressed, and no affection is pretended. As much cannot be said of Lord Bute's letters to Lord Chatham; these are in a somewhat fulsome strain of tenderness not altogether usual among statesmen.

'Saturday, March 2, 1757.

'My dearest Friend,

'I cannot think of interrupting your airing this fine day; yet must pour out my heart in the sincerest congratulations upon the success of your great and most able conduct yesterday.* I have for some time past seen many gloomy and desponding worthy men. With these I have ever insisted, that measures once taken, maturely weighed, and thought the best, the safest, and most generous, were to be pursued, let the inconstant gale of popular favour blow which way it will. I know how much we think alike; and you have acted on this, as on all other occasions, the part of Horace's "firum et tenacem propositi virum." You feel the inward satisfaction arising from it, and have met with the most deserved applause; but had opinions (through suspicion, envy, or the arts of party) taken another turn, I am certain the firm support and countenance of him who is some day to reap the fruits of my friend's unwearied endeavours for the public safety, would make him perfectly easy under the frowns of prejudiced, deluded, fluctuating men.

'Go on, my dear Pitt: make every bad subject your declared enemy, every honest man your real friend. I, for my part, must desire ever to share with you in both, who am unalterably, your most affectionate friend, and devoted servant.'

Again,—

'March, 1757.

'My dear Friend,

'I enter heartily into the base, unworthy manner that you have been treated in. Though no perfidy in that quarter will ever surprise me, yet I own I am amazed at the impudence of the assertion. I regret extremely not having had my share in the tragedy. I confess I am anxious about your situation. It is my noblest, best friend's fortune that is at stake; it is mine, nay, 'tis that of a greater person than either of us—of one who knows, who feels your danger, and still looks upon it as his own. I say, I am anxious, my friend, but that is all; far from desponding, I look on all that happens now as the last efforts of a long, adverse fortune.

* In the House of Commons, on the debate upon the King's message for granting 200,000*l.* for an army of observation, and enabling his Majesty to fulfil his engagements with the King of Prussia.

We have hitherto had the whole chapter of accidents against us; the time must be at hand for better things. Is there a man of the whole opposite party, that would not abandon his colours, to stand as near the Hope of England as we do? Victory is before us; our enemies know it and tremble. Long may you continue, my dear Pitt, in an office that your parts and good heart adorn; may you be found there at that critical minute than, sooner or later, we are sure (if alive) to meet with: this is the hope, nay, the real comfort of him who will ever share your adversities, and rejoice in your happiness. I am, my dearest friend, most affectionately yours,' &c.

'The 'greater person than either of us,' was, of course, that very honest and sincere character Frederick, Prince of Wales—a man who, even in those times of falsehood, in all its ramifications of intrigue and job, stood unrivalled in the prevailing arts of his age.

The following brief letter is not conceived in quite the same style as either of the preceding ones. Lord Exeter had written to complain of his militia regiment being ordered to Bristol, contrary, he said, to an 'assurance from Mr. Pitt that they should not.' This was the reply:—

'My Lord,

'The matter of your Lordship's letter surprises me as much as the style and manner of it. I never deceive, nor suffer any man to tell me I have deceived him. I declare upon my honour, I know nothing of the order to march the Rutlandshire militia, if any such be given. I desire therefore to know what your Lordship means by presuming to use the expression of being deceived by me. I am your Lordship's humble servant,

'W. PITT.

'I delay going out of town till I hear from your Lordship.'

Among the most singular pieces contained in this correspondence is the elaborate and very able despatch of Mr. Pitt to Mr. B. Keene, our Ambassador at Madrid, instructing him to attempt bringing over Spain from the Family Compact, and making her take part with this country; especially in recovering Minorca, the importance of which he seems to have rated very high. The part of these instructions which will now strike the English and French reader most, is that in which Mr. Pitt authorizes the ambassador to offer the cession of Gibraltar to Spain. This would, no doubt, be held a very impolitic and even a discreditable measure nowadays; but the circumstances are materially changed since the famous defence of that fortress by Elliot has made the honour of our arms and nation be more or less dependent upon its retention; and we may be well assured that Lord Chatham would have been the last person in the country to counsel such a sacrifice had he lived to the present times. In 1757, his colleagues fully concurred with him on this point; and they laid before the King a Cabinet minute, in which the following passage occurs, and of which a copy was forwarded to the Ambassador:—'In

this necessary view their Lordships most humbly submit their opinion to your Majesty's great wisdom—that overtures of a negotiation should be set on foot with that Court, in order to engage Spain, if possible, to join their arms to those of your Majesty, for the obtaining a just and honourable peace, and mainly for recovering and restoring to the crown of England the most important island of Minorca, with all the forts and fortresses of the same, as well as for re-establishing some solid system in Europe; and inasmuch as it shall be found necessary for the attaining these great and essential ends, to treat with the Crown of Spain as an effectual condition thereunto, concerning an exchange of Gibraltar for the island of Minorca, with the ports and fortresses thereof, their Lordships are most humbly of an unanimous opinion, that the Court of Spain should, without loss of time, be sounded with respect to their dispositions thereupon; and if the same should all be found favourable, that the said negotiation should be carried forward and ripened for execution, with all possible despatch and secrecy.* It may be added that General Wall, the Spanish Prime Minister, received this proposal, according to Sir B. Keene's report of his conference, 'with cool politeness;' and showed no disposition at all to quit the French alliance.

In the following letter, Lord Bute, then prime courtier, and indeed Governor of the young Prince, afterwards so well known as George III., thus mentions him to Mr. Pitt:—

'Friday, August 5, 1757.

'My Dearest Friend,

'I heartily thank you for giving me this early notice of this event;* for, terrible as it is, certain knowledge is better than uncertain rumours. I do not know that, in my life, I ever felt myself so affected with any foreign transaction. Oh, my dear friend, what dreadful auspices do we begin with! and yet, thank God, I see you in office. If ever the wreck of this crown can be preserved to our amiable young Prince, 'tis to your efforts, your abilities, my dear Pitt, that he must owe it. Let what will happen, one thing comforts me: I know you have a soul fit for these rough times; that, instead of sinking under adversity, will rise and grow stronger against it.

'Farewell, my dearest friend. No event shall ever make me cease to be one minute most affectionately, most sincerely, yours,' &c. &c.

The following remarkable letter is from the self-same 'amiable young Prince,' when he had nearly ruined his country by his senseless and obstinate bigotry about America. It certainly breathes a spirit the reverse of 'amiable.' He is writing in answer to Lord North's proposal for putting Mr. William Pitt's name in Lord Chatham's pension. The letter is not contained in the work before us; nor has it ever been

* The defeat of the Duke of Cumberland by Marshal D'Etrees at Hastenbach, on the 26th of July; in consequence of which the city of Hanover was taken possession of by the French.

made public; but we can answer for its perfect authenticity:—'The making Lord Chatham's family suffer for the conduct of their father is not in the least agreeable to my sentiments. But I should choose to know him to be totally unable to appear on the public stage before I agree to any offer of that kind, lest it should be wrongly construed a fear of him; and indeed his political conduct the last winter was so abandoned that he must, in the eyes of the dispassionate, have totally undone all the merit of his former conduct. As to any gratitude to be expected from him or his family, the whole tenor of their lives has shown them void of that most honourable sentiment. But when decrepitude or death puts an end to him as a trumpet of sedition, I shall make no difficulty, in placing the second son's name instead of the father's, and making up the pension 3000*l*.'

From so unpleasing a picture of the Monarch, let us turn to view the great Statesman's amiable feelings in private life, as depicted in the following letter to his wife. It is contained in the present volume.

'Hayes, Saturday, July 1, 1758.

'My dear Love,

'I hope this letter will find you safe arrived at Stowe, after a journey which the little rain must have made pleasant. Hayes is as sweet with these showers as it can be without the presence of her who gives to every sweet its best sweetness. The loved babes are delightfully well, and remembered dear mamma over their strawberries; they both looked for her in the prints, and told me "Mamma gone up there—Stowe Garden." As the showers seem local, I may suppose my sweet love enjoying them with a fine evening sun, and finding beauties of her acquaintances grown up into higher perfection, and others before unknown to her and still so to me, accomplishing the total charms.

'The messenger is just arrived, and no news. Expectation grows every hour into more anxiety—the fate of Louisburgh and of Olmutz probably decided, though the event unknown—the enterprise crowned with success or baffled, at this moment—and indications of a second battle towards the Rhine. I trust, my life, in the same favouring Providence that all will be well, and that this almost degenerate England may learn from the disgrace and ruin it shall have escaped, and the consideration and security it may enjoy, to be more deserving of the blessing.

'Sister Mary's letter of yesterday will have carried down the history of Hayes to last night; and the continuator of this day has the happiness to assure my sweetest love of the health of its inhabitants, young and old. The young are so delightfully noisy that I hardly know what I write. My most affectionate compliments to all the congress. Your ever loving husband.'

The short notices which follow are not a little curious.

Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, in a letter to the Duchess of Queensbury, solicited her Grace to apply to Mr. Pitt for a Consulship, which the Doctor says a worthy friend of his much desired. This friend was no less a man than Edmund Burke! 'It is

time,' says Dr. Markham, 'I should say who my friend is. His name is Edmund Burke—as a literary man he may possibly be not quite unknown to you. He is the author of a piece which imposed on the world as Lord Bolingbroke's, called, 'The advantages of Natural Society,' and of a very ingenious book, published last year, called, a "Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful.'

These melancholy and striking lines—the last that General Wolfe wrote to his patron—were penned only four days before his glorious death: 'I am so far recovered as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state; or without any prospect of it.'

The King of Prussia's opinion of Mr. Pitt is given in some very remarkable expressions, in an extract of a letter from Sir A. Mitchell, the British envoy at Berlin:—A few days before his Prussian Majesty left the camp of Schmotseiffen in order to fight the Russians, talking at table of England, he said—'*Il faut avouer que L'Angleterre a été longtemps en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup souffert pour produire Monsieur Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchée d'un Homme.*' Such a testimony, from such a Prince, crowns you with honour, and fills me with pleasure.'

We shall close our extracts with the following letter, which was written by Mr. Pitt to the Prussian Monarch, in January 1759:

'Sire,

'La lettre qui me comble de gloire, et que votre Majesté a daigné me faire de la même main qui fait le salut de l'Europe, m'ayant pénétré de sentimens au dessus de toute expression, il ne me reste qu'à supplier votre Majesté, qu'elle veuille bien permettre qu'au défaut de paroles, j'aye recours aux faibles efforts d'un zèle inalterable pour ses intérêts, et que j'aspire à rendre ma vie entière l'interprète d'un cœur rempli d'admiration, et profondément touché de la plus vive, et de la plus respectueuse reconnaissance.

En vous dédiant, Sire, un dévouement de la sorte, je ne fais qu'obéir aux volontés du Roi, qui n'exige rien tant de ceux qui ont l'honneur de servir sa Majesté dans ses affaires, que de travailler avec passion à rendre indissolubles les liens d'une union si heureuse entre les deux Cours.

'Agréez, Sire, qu'animé de ces vœux je fasse des vœux pour les jours de votre Majesté, et qu'en tremblant, je la suive en idée, dans la carrière d'actions merveilleses qui se succèdent continuellement, sans cesser, toutefois, d'être prodiges; et que j'ose supplier très humblement votre Majesté, qu'au milieu de tous ses travaux, elle veuille bien songer, un moment, à me continuer la gloire et le bien inestimable de cette protection, qu'elle m'a fait la grace de m'accorder. Je suis, avec le plus profond respect, Sire, de votre Majesté,

'Le très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

'W. PITT.'

No notice has been taken in this article of a report

very generally prevalent, that this great man, at one period of his life, laboured under a degree of irritation amounting to mental disease. That the evidence of this is drawn from suspicious sources—the remains of his political and even personal antagonists—is certain. But an historical sketch of his character could hardly be exempt from the charge of imperfection, if not of partiality, which should avoid all notice of the subject. That he laboured under some depression of spirits, aggravated, in all probability, by the treatment which he had experienced from inferior minds, devoid of all gratitude for his former services, and all due appreciation of his great capacity, may readily be admitted. It is also the fact, that through repeated attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he was from his early age a martyr, he experienced great irritability during the same period, namely, that of his last Administration. The intrigues of his Cabinet, his unhappy differences with George Grenville first, and afterwards with Lord Temple also, his brothers-in-law, together with the admitted severity of his gout during the time in question, will sufficiently explain the reluctance which he showed to engage in business, to attend Cabinet meetings, and to present himself at Court. The remaining circumstances relied upon,—as his squandering away the ample legacy of Sir William Pynsent, and his impetuous proceedings in carrying on improvements at his Kentish villa, with no regard to expense, and even little attention to the period of the day or night when he required the work to be done,—may all be well accounted for by the known ardour of his disposition; and are truly to be reckoned among the natural ebullitions of the same vehement determination of purpose which, exerted upon greater things, formed the leading feature of his commanding character. The same kind of charge has been made against Napoleon, from the like overflowings having been remarked of a genius grand, and consistently grand, while it occupied only its proper channel; and imputations of this kind, it must be observed, are always acceptable to those who envy the greatness which they cannot aspire to emulate, and misconstrue actions which they cannot comprehend.

From the Edinburgh Review.

CHARACTER OF M. TALLEYRAND.

* * * * *

The calumny which we have been exposing brings us naturally to the contemplation of that remarkable person who is the object of its attack; and among the many that have figured in modern times, we shall in vain look for any one who presents a more interesting subject of study. His whole history was marked with strange peculiarities, from the period of infancy to the

latest scenes of a life protracted to extreme, but vigorous and undecayed, old age. Born to represent one of the most noble families in France, an accident struck him with incurable lameness; and the cruel habits of their pampered caste made his family add to this infliction the deprivation of his rank as eldest son. He was thus set aside for a brother whose faculties were far more crippled by nature than his own bodily frame had been by mischance; and was condemned to the ecclesiastical state, by way of at once providing for him, and getting rid of him. A powerful house, however, could not find in Old France much difficulty in securing promotion for one of its members in the church; be his disposition towards its duties ever so reluctant, or his capacity for performing them ever so slender. The young Perigord was soon raised over the heads of numberless pious men, and profound theologians, and became Bishop of Autun, at an age when he had probably had little time for reflection upon his clerical functions, amidst the dissipations of the French capital; into which neither his personal misfortune, nor the domestic deposition occasioned by it, had prevented him from plunging with all the zeal of his strenuous and indomitable nature. His abilities were of the highest order; and the brilliancy with which they soon shone out, was well calculated to secure his signal success in Parisian society, where his rank would alone have gained him a high place; but where talents also, even in the humblest station, never failed to rise in the face of the aristocratic 'genius of the place,' and the habits of a nation of courtiers.

The great event of modern times now converted all Frenchmen into politicians—gave to state affairs the undisturbed monopoly of interest which the pleasures of society had before enjoyed—and armed political talents with the influence which the higher accomplishments of refined taste and elegant manners had hitherto possessed undivided and almost uncontrolled. M. Talleyrand did not long hesitate in choosing his part. He sided with the Revolution party, and continued to act with them; joining those patriotic members of the clerical body who gave up their revenues to the demands of the country, and sacrificed their exclusive privileges to the rights of the community. But when the violence of the Republican leaders, disdaining all bounds of prudence, or of justice, or of humanity, threatened to involve the whole country in anarchy and blood, he quitted the scene; and retired first to this country, where he passed a year or two, and then to America, where he remained until the more regular government of the Executive Directory tempered the violence of the Revolution, and restored order to the State. Since that period, he always filled the highest stations either at home or in the diplomatic service, except during a part of the Restoration Government, when the incurable folly of those Princes who, as he

said himself, had come back from their long exile without having either learnt or forgotten any thing, deemed it prudent to lay upon the shelf the ablest and most experienced man in the country, that their councils might have the benefit of being swayed by the Polignacs and other imbecile creatures of their legitimate Court.*

But it is from this constant employment of M. Talleyrand that the principal charge against the integrity of his political character has been drawn. The Chief Minister and Councillor of the Directory, he became suddenly the chief adviser of the Consular Government. When Napoleon took the whole power to himself he continued his Minister. When the independence of Switzerland was rudely invaded, he still presided over the department of Foreign Affairs. When the child and champion of Jacobinism had laid his parent prostrate in the dust, clothed himself with the Imperial purple, maltreated the Pope, and planted the iron crown of Italy on his brow, the republican bishop remained in his service. When he who afterwards so eloquently avowed, that 'General, Consul, Emperor, he owed all to the people,' studied to discharge that debt by trampling on every popular right, the advocate of freedom was still to be seen by his side, and holding the pen through which all the Rescripts of despotic power flowed. When the adopted Frenchman, who, with the dying accents of the same powerful and racy eloquence, desired that 'his ashes might repose near the stream of the Seine, among the people whom he had so much loved,' was testifying the warmth of his affection by such tokens as the merciless conscription, and breathing out his tenderness in proclamations of war that wrapped all France and all Europe in flame—the philosophic statesman,—the friend of human improvement, the philanthropist who had speculated upon the nature of man, and the structure of government in both worlds, and had quitted his original profession because its claims were inimical to the progress of society,—continued inseparably attached to the person of the military ruler, the warrior tyrant; and although he constantly tendered sounder advice than ever was followed, never scrupled to be the executor of Ordinances which he then most disapproved. The term of boundless, unreflecting, and miscalculating ambition was hastened by its excesses; Napoleon was defeated; foreign powers occupied France; and the Emperor's Minister joined them to restore the Bourbons. With them he acted for some time, nor quitted them until they disclosed the self-destructive bent of their feeble and unprincipled minds,—to rule by tools incapable of any acts but those of sycophancy and prostration, and ani-

* His resignation in 1815-16 was owing to the praiseworthy cause already stated; but the Bourbons never sought to draw him afterwards from his retirement.

mated by no spirit but that of blind and furious bigotry. The overthrow of the dynasty once more brought M. Talleyrand upon the scene; and he has ever since been the most trusted, as the most valuable and skilful, of all the new Government's advisers; nor have the wisdom and the firmness of any counsels, except indeed those of the Monarch himself, contributed so signally to the successful administration of that great Prince, in the unparalleled difficulties of his truly arduous position.

That these well-known passages in M. Talleyrand's life indicate a disposition to be on the successful side, without any very nice regard to its real merits, can hardly be denied; and when facts, so pregnant with evidence, are before the reader, he has not merely materials for judging of the character to which they relate, but may almost be said to have had its lineaments presented to his view, without the aid of the historian's pencil to portray them. But the just discrimination of the historian is still wanting to complete the picture; both by filling up the outline, and by correcting it when hastily drawn from imperfect materials. Other passages of the life may be brought forward; explanations may be given of doubtful actions; apparent inconsistencies may be reconciled; and charges which at first sight seemed correctly gathered from the facts, may be aggravated, extenuated, or repelled, by a more enlarged and a more judicial view of the whole subject. That the inferences fairly deduced from M. Talleyrand's public life can be wholly countervailed by any minuteness of examination, or explained away by any ingenuity of comment, it would be absurd to assert; yet is it only doing justice to comprise in our estimate of his merits, some things not usually taken into the account by those who censure his conduct, and who pronounce him,—upon the view of his bearing part in such opposite systems of policy, and acting with such various combinations of party,—to have been a person singularly void of public principle, and whose individual interest was always his God.

His conduct towards the order he belonged to has been remarked upon with severity. But to that order he owed only cruel and heartless oppression, and all for an accident that befell him in the cradle. He was not only disinherited, but he literally never was allowed to sleep under his father's roof. His demeanour in respect to sacred matters, unbecoming his profession as a priest, has called down censures of a far graver description. But he was made by force to enter a profession which he abhorred; and upon those who forced him, not upon himself, falls the blame of his conduct having been unsuited to the cloth which they compelled him to wear. It, moreover, is true, but it has been always forgotten in the attacks upon his ecclesiastical character, that he gallantly undertook the defence of his sacred order, at a time when such devo-

tion to a most unpopular body exposed him to destruction; and that he went into exile, leaving his fortune behind, and subsisting when abroad upon the sale of his books, rather than be contaminated by any share whatever in the enormities of the first Revolution, is a circumstance equally true and equally kept in the shade by his traducers. When the dissipations of his earlier years are chronicled, no allusion is ever made to the severity of his studies at the Sorbonne, where he was only known as a young man of haughty demeanour and silent habits, who lived buried among his books. Unable to deny his wit, and overcome by the charms of his conversation, envious men have refused him even solid capacity, and more important services to society; but they have only been able to make this denial by forgetting the profound discourse upon Lotteries which laid the foundation of his fame; and the works on Public Education, upon Weights and Measures, and upon Colonial Policy, which raised the superstructure. No mitigation of the judgment pronounced upon his accommodating, or what has perhaps justly been called his time-serving, propensities, has ever been effected by viewing the courage which he showed in opposing Napoleon's Spanish war; the still more dangerous energy with which he defended the clerical body in his diocese at a time full of every kind of peril to political integrity; and his exclusion from power by the restored dynasty, whose return to the French throne was mainly the work of his hands, but whose service he quitted rather than concur in a policy humiliating to his country. Nor has any account been taken of the difficult state of affairs, and the imminent risk of hopeless anarchy on the one hand, or complete conquest on the other, to which France was exposed by the fortune of war and the hazards of revolution;—an alternative presented to him in more than one of those most critical emergencies in which he was called to decide for his country as well as himself. Yet all these circumstances must be weighed together with the mere facts of his successive adhesion to so many governments, if we would avoid doing his memory the grossest injustice, and escape the most manifest error in that fair estimate of his political virtue which it is our object to form.

But if the integrity of this famous personage be the subject of unavoidable controversy, and if our opinion regarding it must of necessity be clouded with some doubt, and at best be difficult satisfactorily to fix—upon the talents with which he was gifted, and his successful cultivation of them, there can be no question at all; and our view of them is unclouded and clear. His capacity was most vigorous and enlarged. Few men have ever been endowed with a stronger natural understanding; or have given it a more diligent culture, with a view to the pursuits in which he was to employ it. His singular acuteness could at once penetrate every

subject; his clearness of perception at a glance unravelled all complications, and presented each matter distinct and unencumbered; his sound, plain, manly sense, at a blow got rid of all the husk, and pierced immediately to the kernel. A cloud of words was wholly thrown away upon him; he cared nothing for all the declamation in the world; ingenious topics, fine comparisons, cases in point, epigrammatic sentences, all passed innocuous over his head. So the storms of passion blew unheeded past one whose temper nothing could ruffle, and whose path towards his object nothing could obstruct. It was a lesson and a study, as well as a marvel, to see him disconcert, with a look of his keen eye, or a motion of his chin, a whole piece of wordy talk, and far-fetched and fine-spun argument, without condescending to utter, in the deep tones of his most powerful voice, so much as a word or an interjection;—far less to overthrow the flimsy structure with an irresistible remark, or consume it with a withering sarcasm. Whoever conversed with him, or saw him in conversation, at once learnt both how dangerous a thing it was to indulge before him in loose proosing, or in false reasoning, or in frothy declamation; and how fatal an error he would commit who should take the veteran statesman's good-natured smile for an innocent insensibility to the ludicrous, and his apparently passive want of all effort for permanent independence of mind. There are many living examples of persons not meanly gifted who, in the calm of his placid society, have been wrecked among such shoals as these.

But his political sagacity was above all his other great qualities; and it was derived from the natural perspicacity to which we have adverted, and that consummate knowledge of mankind—that swift and sure tact of character—into which his long and varied experience has matured the faculties of his manly, yet subtle understanding. If never to be deluded by foolish measures, nor ever to be deceived by cunning men, be among the highest perfections of the practical statesman, where shall we look for any one who preferred higher claims to this character? But his statesmanship was of no vulgar cast. He despised the silly, and easy, and false old maxims which inculcate universal distrust, whether of unknown men or of novel measures; as much as he did the folly of those whose facility is an advertisement for impostors or for enthusiasts to make dupes of them. His was the skill which knew as well where to give his confidence as to withhold it; and he knew full surely that the whole difficulty of the political art consists in being able to say whether any given person, or scheme, belongs to the right class or to the wrong. It would be very untrue to affirm that he never wilfully deceived others; but it would probably be still more erroneous to admit that he ever in his life was deceived. So he held in

utter scorn the affected wisdom of those who think they prove themselves sound practical men by holding cheap every proposal to which the world has been little, or not all accustomed, and which appeals for its support to principles rarely resorted to. His own plan for maintaining the peace and independence of Belgium may be cited as an example of a policy at once refined and profound. He would have had it made the resort of the fine arts and of letters, with only force enough to preserve its domestic peace, and trusting for its protection to the general abhorrence which all Europe must have, in these times, of any proceeding hostile to such a power.

Although M. Talleyrand never cultivated the art of oratory, yet his brilliant wit, enlivening a constant vein of deep sense and original observation, and his extraordinary mastery over all the resources of the language in which he expressed himself, gave to the efforts of his pen, as well as to his conversation, a relish, a charm, and a grace, that few indeed have ever attained, and certainly none have surpassed. His thorough familiarity with the best writers of his own country was manifest in all his compositions, as well as in his talk; which, however, was too completely modulated to the tone of the most refined society, ever to wear the least appearance of pedantry. To cite examples of the felicitous turns of his expression in writing, would almost be to take any passage at random of the few works which he has left. But the following description of the American Planter may suffice to show how he could paint moral as well as natural scenery. The writers of Chateaubriand's school might envy its poetical effect, and might perhaps learn how possible it is to be pointed and epigrammatic without being affected, and sentimental, without being mawkish.

‘Le bucheron Americain ne s’interesse à rien; toute idée sensible est loin de lui; ces branches si elegamment jettées par la nature, un beau feuillage, une couleur vive qui anime une partie du bois, un verd plus fort qui en assombroit une autre, tout cela n’est rien: il n’a de souvenir à placer nulle part: c’est la quantité de coups de hache qu’il faut qu’il donne pour abattre un arbre, qui est son unique idée. Il n’a point plante; il n’en sait point les plaisirs. L’arbre qu’il planteroit n’est bon à rien pour lui; car jamais il ne le verra assez fort pour qu’il puisse l’abattre: c’est de détruire qui le fait vivre: on détruit par-tout: aussi tout lieu lui est bon; il ne tient pas au champ où il a placé son travail, parce que son travail, n’est que de la fatigue, et qu’aucune idée douce n’y est jointe. Ce qui sort de ses mains ne passe point par toutes les croissances si attachantes pour le cultivateur; il ne suit pas la destinée de ses productions; il ne connoit par le plaisir des nouveaux essais; et si en s’en allant il n’oublie pas sa hache, il ne laisse pas de regrets là où il a vécu des années.’

Of his truly inimitable conversation, and the mixture of strong masculine sense, and exquisitely witty turns in which it abounded,—independently of the interest,

and the solid value which it derived from a rich fund of anecdote, delivered in the smallest number possible of the most happy and most appropriate words possible,—it would indeed be difficult to convey an adequate idea. His own powers of picturesque, and wonderfully condensed expression, would be hardly sufficient to present a portrait of its various and striking beauties. Simple and natural, yet abounding in the most sudden and unexpected turns—full of point, yet evidently the inspiration of the moment, and therefore more absolutely to the purpose than if it had been the laboured effort of a day's reflection, a single word often performing the office of sentences, nay, a tone not unfrequently rendering many words superfluous—always the phrase most perfectly suitable selected, and its place most happily chosen—all this is literally correct, and no picture of fancy, but a mere abridgement and transcript of the marvellous original; and yet it all falls very short of conveying its lineaments, and fails still more to render its colouring and its shades. For there was a constant gaiety of manner, which had the mirthful aspect of good-humour, even on the eve or on the morrow of some flash in which his witty raillery had wrapt a subject or a person in ridicule, or of some torrent in which his satire had descended instantaneous but destructive—there was an archness of malice, when more than ordinary execution must be done, that defied the pencil of the describer, as it did the attempts of the imitator—there were manners the most perfect in ease, in grace, in flexibility—there was the voice of singular depth and modulation, and the countenance alike fitted to express earnest respect, unostentatious contempt, and bland complacency—and all this must really have been witnessed to be accurately understood. His sayings—his *mots*, as the French have it—are renowned; but these alone convey an imperfect idea of his whole conversation. They show indeed the powers of his wit, and the felicity of his concise diction; and they have a peculiarity of style, such, that, if shown without a name, no one could be at a loss to whom he should attribute them. But they are far enough from completing the sketch of his conversation to those who never heard it. A few instances may, however, be given, chiefly to illustrate what has been said of its characteristic conciseness and selection.

Being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but who belonged rather to the last age, was not 'un peu ennuyeuse.' 'Du tout,' said he, 'elle était parfaitement ennuyeuse.' A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. 'C'était, donc, monsieur votre père qui apparemment n'était pas trop bien,' was the remark,

which at once released the circle from the subject. When Madame de Stael published her celebrated novel of *Delphiné*, she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady who is one of the principal characters. 'On me dit' (said he, the first time he met her) 'que nous sommes tous les deux dans votre Romans, déguisés en femme.' Rulhieres, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish Revolution, having said, 'Je n'ai fait qu'un inconsequence de ma vie;' 'Et quand finira-t-elle?' was M. Talleyrand's reply.—'Genève est ennuyeuse, n'est-ce pas?' asked a friend.—'Surtout quand on s'y amuse,' was the answer.—'Elle est insupportable' (said he, with marked emphasis, of one well known; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off somewhat of what he had laid on, he added,) 'Elle n'a que ce défaut-là.'—'Ah, je sens des douleurs infernales,' said a person whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. 'Deja!*' was the enquiry suggested to M. Talleyrand. Nor ought we to pass over the only *mot* that ever will be recorded of Charles X., uttered on his return to France in 1814, on seeing, like our Second Charles at a similar reception, that the adversaries of his family had disappeared, 'Il n'y a qu'un Français deplus.' This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles' successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchesse de Berri should be visited with this Rescript to her and her faction—'Madame, il n'y a plus d'espérance pour vous. Vous serez jugée, condamnée, et graciée.'

Of his temper and disposition in domestic life, it remains to speak; and nothing could be more perfect than these. If it be true, which is, however, more than questionable, that a life of public business hardens the heart; if this be far more certainly the tendency of a life much chequered with various fortune; if he is almost certain to lose his natural sympathies with mankind, who has in his earliest years tasted the bitter cup of cruel and unnatural treatment, commended to his lips by the hands that should have cherished him; if, above all, a youth of fashionable dissipation and intrigue, such as M. Talleyrand, like most of our own great men, undeniably led, has, in almost every instance been found to eradicate the softer domestic feelings, and to plant every selfish weed in the cold soil of a neglected bosom—surely it is no small praise of his kindly and generous nature, that we are entitled to record how marked an exception he formed to all these rules. While it would be a foolish and a needless exaggeration to represent him as careless of his own interest, or ambition, or gratifications, at any period of

*Certainly it came naturally to him; it is, however, not original. The Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion;—'Deja, Monseigneur?'

his life, it is nevertheless quite true that his disposition continued to the last gentle and kindly; that he not only entertained throughout the tempest of the revolutionary anarchy the strongest abhorrence of all violent and cruel deeds, but exerted his utmost influence in mitigating the excesses which led to them in others; that his love of peace in all its blessed departments, whether tranquillity at home, or amity and good-will abroad, was the incessant object of his labours; that, in domestic life, he was of a peculiarly placid temper, and full of warm and steady affections. His aversion to all violent courses was even, in some instances, carried to a length which prevented his wonted calmness of judgment, and his constant and characteristic love of justice, even when an adversary was concerned, from having their free scope. He never could speak with patience of Carnot, for having continued, during the Reign of Terror, to serve and to save his country by directing the war which defended her against Europe in arms;—forgetting how much less could be urged for his own conduct under the conscriptions of Napoleon, and under the military occupation of the Allies,—even admitting his predominant desire to prevent anarchy and conquest,—than might most fairly be offered in defence of that illustrious Republican's inflexible and uncompromising, though stern and undaunted virtue.

NAPOLÉON'S WIDOW.

From an article in the Edinburgh Review, on Chateaubriand's Congress of Verona.

We must fairly confess that the merit of this book, to our taste, consists much less in the serious discussions than in the anecdotes, told in an agreeable and lively manner, which it contains. The interview which he had with that fallen woman, who had once the honour to share Napoleon's bed, is thus described:

‘Nous refusâmes d’abord une invitation de l’archiduchesse de Parme; elle insista, et nous y allâmes. Nous la trouvâmes fort gaie: l’univers s’étant chargé de se souvenir de Napoléon, elle n’avait plus la peine d’y songer. Nous lui dîmes que nous avions rencontré ses soldats à Plaisance, et qu’elle en avait autrefois d’avantage; elle répondit: “Je ne songe plus à cela.” Elle prononça quelques mots légers, et comme en passant, sur le roi de Rome: elle était grosse. Sa cour avait un certain air délabré et vieilli, excepté M. Nieperg, homme de bon ton. Il n’y avait là de singulier que nous dinant auprès de Marie-Louise, et les bracelets faits de la pierre du sarcophage de Juliette, que portait la veuve de Napoléon.

‘En traversant le Pô, à Plaisance, une seule barque nouvellement peinte, portant une espèce de pavillon impérial, frappa nos regards; deux ou trois dragons, en veste et en bonnet de police, faisaient boire leurs chevaux; nous entrions dans les états de Marie-Louise:

c’est tout ce qui restait de la puissance de l’homme qui fendit les rochers du Simplon, planta ses drapeaux sur les capitales de l’Europe, releva l’Italie prosternée depuis tant de siècles. Bouleversez donc le monde, occupez de votre nom les quatre parties de la terre, sortez des mers de l’Europe, élancez-vous jusqu’au ciel, et allez tomber pour mourir à l’extrémité des flots de l’Atlantique: vous n’aurez pas fermé les yeux, qu’un voyageur passera le Pô et verra ce que nous avons vu.’

Unworthy creature! and as foolish as base! Whilst her illustrious husband was pining under a treatment more impolitic even than it was cruel, and more senseless still than it was impolitic, she never heaved a sigh for his fate, nor cast an eye of affection towards the rock to which flinty-hearted men* had chained him. While the other members of his family, on whom it was so much less incumbent, and some of whom, in the caprice of unlimited power, he had used moderately well, wearied gods and men with their instances to be allowed the sad privilege of sharing his sufferings, she on whom his eye had never beamed but in love and courtesy—she, wrapt up in the stupid indulgences of Germanic etiquette, but not satiated with these, must give her person up to the first Austrian soldier that approached her, and by whom, according to the above passage, she was occupied in the disgusting office of breeding half-brothers to the son of Napoleon. For that son, it seems, by this same passage, she retained as much affection as for his great father,—showing herself to be as unnatural a parent as she is a grovelling and degenerate consort. The reader will be pleased to observe that this revolting picture of legitimacy comes not from our hand. It is drawn by the powerful and loyal pencil of the Austrian Emperor's friend and correspondent,—the chivalrous, the romantic champion of the old dynasties of Europe,—who has sacrificed himself for the Duchess of Berri's house, and has prostrated himself before that of the other woman, whose name shall not soil our page except in M. Chateaubriand's periods.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MRS. FITZHERBERT'S MARRIAGE TO GEORGE IV.

We have received from Lord Stourton a Letter respecting our notice, in the above Article, of Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage; and we have much pleasure in lay-

* Οὐ γὰρ πρὸς τῶνδε ἐπὶ χθονὶ διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πρὸς ζῶος κατημνησται πυρὶ τοιῆς
Ἦνυσσιν ἢ ἀμφίρρυντα* χαλεποὶ δὲ μὴ ἀνδρὸς εἶχουσιν.

Hom. Od. A.

This is not our citation; it is the admirable one of Lord Holland, whose noble conduct and that of his family towards the illustrious exile, worthy of his name, is above all praise.

ing before our readers a communication so creditable to the feelings of the noble writer.

'To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.'

SIR,—A misstatement, no doubt unintentional, of the circumstances attending the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in one of your late Articles, being liable to a construction, in the views of members of her religious communion, injurious to her reputation, you will, I am sure, readily oblige me by inserting in your next number the following more accurate statement, for the fidelity of which I pledge my honour.

'The marriage ceremony was performed, *not out of this kingdom*, as you have stated, but in her own drawing-room, in her house in town, in the presence of an officiating Protestant clergyman, and of two of her own nearest relatives. All the parties being now deceased, to ordinary readers this discrepancy will appear of little moment; as the ceremony, wherever it was performed, could confer no legal rights; and no issue followed this union. But when I inform you, that in the one case,—that stated in your Article, it would have been an invalid marriage as affecting the conscience of Mrs. Fitzherbert in the sight of her own Church; and that in the other case it formed a conscientious connection in the opinion of such portions of Christendom as hold communion with the See of Rome, I am confident you will permit this statement, under my name and responsibility, to appear in your Journal. I shall, moreover, add,—that the conscientious validity of the contract depended upon the fact, that the discipline of the Council of Trent as to marriage has never been received in this country. I owe this plain counter-statement to the memory of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in order that aspersions which, from peculiar circumstances, she was herself unable to rebut when living, should not be inscribed without contradiction on her tomb. That I have not officiously imposed on myself an unnecessary duty in endeavouring to protect the fame of this virtuous and distinguished lady, or am about to mislead by erroneous facts, I must appeal to the following extract from one of Mrs. Fitzherbert's letters to myself, which closely followed certain confidential communications, on which I rely for the perfect accuracy of my information on this delicate subject.

'My dear Lord Stourton,

'I trust whenever it pleases God to remove me from this world, my conduct and character, in your hands, will not disgrace my family or my friends. Paris, Dec. 7, 1833.'

'I remain, Sir,

'Your obedient humble servant,

'STOURTON.

'Mansfield street, 30th June, 1838.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

Water-grass-hill.

When *single-speech* Hamilton made in the Irish Commons that *one* memorable hit, and persevered ever after in obdurate taciturnity, folks began very justly to suspect that all was not right; in fact, that the solitary egg on which he thus sat, plumed in all the glory of incubation, had been laid by another. The Rev. Mr. Wolfe is *supposed* to be the author of a single poem, unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the

antique and setting criticism completely at defiance. I say *supposed*, for the gentleman himself never claimed its authorship during his short and unobtrusive lifetime. He who could write the "Funeral of Sir John Moore," must have eclipsed all the lyric poets of this latter age by the fervour and brilliancy of his powers. Do the other writings of Mr. Wolfe bear any trace of inspiration? None.

I fear we must look elsewhere for the origin of those beautiful lines; and I think I can put the public on the right scent. In 1749, Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, having raised a regiment in his own neighbourhood, went out with it to India, in that unfortunate expedition commanded by Lally-Tolendal, the failure of which eventually lost to the French their possessions in Hindostan. The colonel was killed in defending, against the forces of Coote, PONDICHERRY, the last stronghold of the French in that hemisphere. He was buried that night on the north bastion of the fortress by a few faithful followers, and the next day the fleet sailed with the remainder of the garrison for Europe. In the appendix to the "Memoirs of LALLY-TOLENDAL," by his Son, the following lines occur, which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe. Perhaps Wolfe Tone may have communicated them to his relative the clergyman on his return from France. *Fides sit penes lectorem.* P. PROUT.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

I.

Ni le son du tambour... ni la marche funebre...

Ni le feu des soldats... ne marqua son depart.—

Mais du BRAVE, à la hâte, à travers les tenebres,
Mornes... nous portâmes le cadavre au rempart!

II.

De Minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—

La lune à peine offrait un debile rayon;

La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre,

Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

III.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire

Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le HEROS;

Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire

Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

IV.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée:

Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein!

Mais on fixait du mort la figure adorée...

Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

V.

Au demain! quand ici ou sa fosse s'apprête,

Ou son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,

L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête,

Et nous, ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots!

VI.

Ils terniront sa gloire... on pourra les entendre

Nommer l'illustre mort d'un ton amer... ou fol;—

Il les laissera dire.—Eh! qu'importe à SA CENDRE

Que la main d'un BRETON a confiée au sol?

VII.

L'œuvre durait encor, quand retentit la cloche

Au sommet du Belfroi:—et le canon lointain

Tiré par intervalle, en annonçant l'approche,

Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

VIII.

Et dans sa fosse alors les mimes lentement...

Près du champ où sa gloire a été consommée:

Ne mimes à l'endroit pierre ni monument

Le laissant seul à seul avec sa Renommée!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

[CONTINUED.]

The dwelling of Bodagh Buie O'Brien, to which Connor is now directing his steps, was a favourable specimen of that better class of farm-houses inhabited by our more extensive and wealthy agriculturists. It was a large, whitewashed, ornamentally thatched building, that told by its external aspect of the good living, extensive comfort, and substantial opulence which prevailed within. Stretched before its hall-door was a small lawn, bounded on the left by a wall that separated it from the farm-yard into which the kitchen door opened. Here were stacks of hay, oats, and wheat, all upon an immense scale, both as to size and number; together with thrashing and winnowing machines, improved ploughs, carts, cars, and all the other modern implements of an extensive farm. Very cheering, indeed, was the din of industry that arose from the clank of machinery, the grunting of hogs, the cackling of geese, the quacking of ducks, and all the various other sounds which proceeded from what at first sight might have appeared to be rather a scene of confusion, but which, on closer inspection, would be found a rough yet well-regulated system, in which every person had an allotted duty to perform. Here might Bodagh Buie be seen, dressed in a grey broad-cloth coat, broad kerseymere breeches, and lambs' wool stockings, moving from place to place with that calm, sedate, and contented air, which betokens an easy mind, and a consciousness of possessing a more than ordinary share of property and influence. With hands thrust into his smallclothes pockets, and a bunch of gold seals suspended from his fob, he issued his orders in a grave and quiet tone, differing very little in his dress from an absolute *Squireen*, save in the fact of his Caroline hat being rather scuffed, and his strong shoes begrimed with the soil of his fields or farm-yard. Mrs. O'Brien was, out of the sphere of her own family, a person of much greater pretension than the Bodagh her husband; and, though in a different manner, not less so in the discharge of her duty as a wife, a mother, or a mistress. In appearance, she was a large, fat, good-looking woman, eternally in a state of motion and bustle, and as her education had been extremely scanty, her tone and manner, though brimful of authority and consequence, were strongly marked with that ludicrous vulgarity which is produced by the attempt of an ignorant person to accomplish a high style of gentility. She was a kind-hearted, charitable woman, however; but so inveterately conscious of her station in life, that it became in her opinion a matter of duty to exhibit a refinement and elevation of language suitable to a matron who could drive every Sunday to Mass on her own jaunty-

ing car. When dressed on these occasions in her rich rustling silks, she had, what is called in Ireland, a comfortable *flaghoola* look, but at the same time a carriage so stiff and rustic, as utterly overcame all her attempts, dictated as they were by the simplest vanity, at enacting the arduous and awful character of a *Squireen's* wife. Their family consisted of a son and daughter; the former, a young man of a very amiable disposition, was, at the present period of our story, a student in Maynooth College, and the latter, now in her nineteenth year, a promising pupil in a certain Seminary for young ladies, conducted by that notorious Master of Arts, Little Cupid. Oona, or Una O'Brien, was in truth a most fascinating and beautiful *brunette*; tall in stature, light and agile in all her motions, cheerful and sweet in temper, but with just as much of that winning caprice, as was necessary to give zest and piquancy to her whole character. Though tall and slender, her person was by no means thin; on the contrary, her limbs and figure were very gracefully rounded, and gave promise of that agreeable fullness, beneath or beyond which no perfect model of female proportion can exist. If our readers could get one glance at the hue of her rich cheek, or fall for a moment under the power of her black mellow eye, or witness the beauty of her white teeth, while her face beamed with a profusion of dimples, or saw her while in the act of shaking out her *invincible locks*, ere she bound them up with her white and delicate hands—then indeed might they understand why no war of the elements could prevent Connor O'Donovan from risking life and limb sooner than disappoint her in the promise of their *first* meeting.

Oh that first meeting of pure and youthful love! with what a glory is it ever encircled in the memory of the human heart? No matter how long or how melancholy the lapse of time since its past existence may be, still, still, is it remembered by our feelings when the recollection of every tie but itself has departed.

The charm, however, that murmured its many toned music through the soul of Una O'Brien was not, upon the evening in question, wholly free from a shade of melancholy for which she could not account; and this impression did not result from any previous examination of her love for Connor O'Donovan, though many such she had. She knew that in this, the utmost opposition from both her parents must be expected; nor was it the consequence of a consciousness on her part, that in promising him a clandestine meeting, she had taken a step which could not be justified. Of this, too, she had been aware before; but, until the hour of appointment drew near, the heaviness which pressed her down was such as caused her to admit that the sensation, however painful and gloomy, was new to her, and bore a character distinct from any thing that could proceed from the various lights in which she

had previously considered her attachment. This was, moreover, heightened by the boding aspect of the heavens and the dread repose of the evening, so unlike any thing she had ever witnessed before. Notwithstanding all this, she was sustained by the eager and impatient buoyancy of first affection; which, when her imagination pictured the handsome form of her young and manly lover, predominated for the time over every reflection and feeling that was opposed to itself. Her mind indeed resembled a fair autumn landscape, over which the cloud shadows may be seen sweeping for a moment, whilst again the sun comes out and turns all into serenity and light.

The place appointed for their interview, was a small paddock, shaded by alders, behind her father's garden, and thither, with trembling limbs and a palpitating heart did the young and graceful daughter of Bodagh Buie proceed.

For a considerable time, that is to say, for three long years before this delicious appointment, had Connor O'Donovan and Una been wrapped in the Elysium of mutual love. At mass, at fair, and at market, had they often and often met, and as frequently did their eyes search each other out, and reveal in long blushing glances the state of their respective hearts. Many a time did he seek an opportunity to disclose what he felt, and as often with confusion, and fear, and delight, did she afford him what he sought. Thus did one opportunity after another pass away, and as often did he form the towering resolution to reveal his affection if he were ever favoured with another. Still would some disheartening reflection, arising from the uncommon gentleness and extreme modesty of his character, throw a damp upon his spirit; he questioned his own penetration: perhaps she was in the habit of glancing as much at others as she glanced at him; could it be possible that the beautiful daughter of Bodagh Buie, the wealthiest man, and of his wife, the proudest woman, within a large circle of the country, would love the son of Fardorougha Donovan, whose name had alas, become so odious and unpopular? But then the blushing face, the dark lucid eyes, and the long earnest glance rose before his imagination, and told him that, let the difference in the character and station of their parents be what it might, the fair dark daughter of O'Brien was not insensible to him, nor to the anxieties he felt.

The circumstance which produced the first conversation they ever had, arose from an incident of a very striking and singular character. About a week before the evening in question, one of Bodagh Buie's beeskeps hived, and the young colony, though closely watched and pursued, directed their course to Fardorougha's house, and settled in the mouth of the chimney. Connor, having got a clean sheet secured them, and was about to commit them to the care of the Bo-

dagh's servants, when it was suggested that the duty of bringing them home devolved on himself, inasmuch as he was told they would not remain, unless placed in a new skep by the hands of the person on whose property they had settled. While on his way to the Bodagh's he was accosted in the following words by one of O'Brien's servants:

'Connor, there's good luck before you, or the bees wouldn't pick *you* out amongst all the rest o' the neighbours—you ought to hould up your head, man, who knows what manin's in it!'

'Why do you b'lieve that bees settlin' wid one is a sign o' good luck?'

'Surely I do; doesn't every one know it to be thrue? Connor, you're a good-lookin' fellow, an' I need scarcely tell you that we have a purty girl at home; can you lay that an' that together? Arrah, be my sowl, the richest honey ever the same bees 'ill make, is nothin' but alloways, compared wid that purty mouth of her own! A honey-comb is a fool to it.'

'Why, did you ever thry, Mike?'

'Is it me? Och, och, if I was only high enough in this world, maybe I wouldn't be spakin' sweet to her; no, no, be my word! thry indeed for the likes o' me! Faith, but I know a sartin young man that she does be often spakin' about.'

Connor's heart was in a state of instant commotion.

'An' who—who is *he*—who is that sartin young man, Mike?'

'Faith, the son o' one that can run a shillin' farther than e'er another man in the county. Do you happen to be acquaint wid one Connor O'Donovan, of Lisnamona?'

'Connor O'Donovan—that's good, Mike—in the mane time don't be goin' it on us. No, no;—an' even if she did, it isn't to *you* she'd spake about any one, Michael ahagur?'

'No, nor it wasn't to me—sure I didn't say it was—but don't you know my sister's at sarvice in the Bodagh's family? Divil the word o' falsity I'm tellin' you—so, if you haven't the heart to spake for yourself, I wouldn't give knots o' straws for you; and now, there's no harm done I hope—moreover, an' by the same token you needn't go to the throuble o' puttin' up an advertisement to let the parish know what I've told you.'

'Hut, tut, Mike, it's all folly. Una Dhun O'Brien to think of *me*! nonsense, man; that cock would never fight.'

'Very well; divil a morsel of us is forin' you to b'lieve it. I suppose the mother o' you has your *wooden spoon* to the fore still. I'd kiss the Bravery you didn't come into the world wid a *silver ladle* in your mouth, anyhow. In the mane time, we're at the Bodagh's—an' have an eye about you afther what you've heard—*Nabocklish!*'

This, indeed, was important intelligence to Connor, and it is probable that had he not heard it, another opportunity of disclosing his passion might have been lost.

Independently of this, however, he was not proof against the popular superstition of the bees, particularly as it appeared to be an augury to which his enamoured heart could cling with all the hope of young and passionate enthusiasm.

Nor was it long till he had an opportunity of perceiving that she whose image had floated in light before his fancy, gave decided manifestations of being struck by the same significant occurrence. On entering the garden, the first person his eye rested on was Una herself, who, as some of the other hives were expected to swarm, had been engaged watching them during the day. His appearance at any time would have created a tumult in her bosom, but, in addition to this, when she heard that the bees which had rested on Connor's house, had swarmed from *her own hive*, to use the words of Burns—

"She looked—she reddened like the rose,
Synne pale as any lily;"

and with a shy but expressive glance at Connor, said, in a low hurried voice: 'these belong to me.'

Until the moment we are describing, Connor and she, notwithstanding that they frequently met in public places, had never yet spoken; nor could the words now uttered by Una be considered as addressed to him, although from the glance that accompanied them it was sufficiently evident that they were designed for him alone. It was in vain that he attempted to accost her, his confusion, his pleasure, his timidity, seemed to unite in rendering him incapable of speaking at all. His lips moved several times, but the words, as they arose, died away unspoken.

At this moment, Mike, with waggish good humour, and in a most laudable fit of industry, reminded the other servants who had been assisting to secure the bees, that as they (the bees) were now safe, no farther necessity existed for their presence.

'Come, boys—death-alive, the day's passin'—only think, Miss Una, that we have all the hay in the Long-shot-meadow to get into cocks yet, an' here we're idlin' an' gosterin' away our time like I dunna what. They're schamin', Miss Una—divil a thing else, an' what'll the masher say if the same meadow's not finished to-night!'

'Indeed, Mike,' replied Una; 'if the meadow is to be finished this night, there's little time to be lost.'

'Come boys,' exclaimed Mike, 'you hear what Miss Una says—if it's to be finished to-night there's little time to be lost—turn out—march. Miss Una can watch the bees widout our help. Good evenin', Mither Donovan; be my word but you're entitled to a

taste o' *honey* any way, for bringin' back Miss Una's bees to her.'

Mike, after having uttered this significant opinion relative to his sense of justice, drove his fellow-servants out of the garden, and left the lovers together. There was now a dead silence, during the greater part of which, neither dared to look at the other—at length each hazarded a glance, their eyes met, and their embarrassment deepened in a tenfold degree. Una, on withdrawing her gaze, looked with an air of perplexity from one object to another, and at length with downcast lids, and glowing cheeks, her eyes became fixed on her own white and delicate finger—

'Who would think,' said she, in a voice tremulous with agitation, 'that the sting of a bee could be so painful?'

Connor advanced towards her with a beating heart, 'Where have you been stung, Miss O'Brien?' said he, in a tone shaken out of its fulness by what he felt.

'In the finger,' she replied, and she looked closely into the spot as she uttered the words.

'Will you let me see it?' asked Connor.

She held her hand towards him without knowing what she did, nor was it till after a strong effort that Connor mastered himself so far as to ask her in which finger she felt the pain. In fact, both saw at once that their minds were engaged upon far different thoughts, and that their anxiety to pour out the full confession of their love was equally deep and mutual.

As Connor put the foregoing question to her, he took her hand in his.

'In what finger!' she replied, 'I don't—indeed—I—I believe in the—the—but what—what is this?—I am very—very weak.'

'Let me support you to the summer-house, where you can sit,' returned Connor, still clasping her soft delicate hand in his; then circling her slender waist with the other, he helped her to a seat under the thick shade of the osiers.

Una's countenance immediately became pale as death, and her whole frame trembled excessively.

'You are too weak even to sit without support,' said Connor, 'your head is droopin'. For God's sake lean it over on me. Oh, I'd give ten thousand lives to have it on my breast only for one moment.'

Her paleness still continued; she gazed on him, and as he gently squeezed her hand, a slight pressure was given in return. He then drew her head over upon his shoulder, where it rather fell than leaned; a gush of tears came from her eyes, and the next moment, with sobbing hearts, they were encircled in each other's arms.

From this first intoxicating draught of youthful love, they were startled by the voice of Mrs. O'Brien calling upon her daughter, and, at the same time, to their

'No, no, no, my darling Una, *acushla gra gal machree* no; I'll promise the same to you.'

She paused, and a silence of nearly a minute ensued.

'I don't know that it's right, Connor; I have taken one wrong step as it is, but, well as I love you, I won't take another; whatever I do I must feel that it's proper. I'm not sure that this *is*.'

'Don't you say you love me, Una?'

'I do; you know I do.'

'I have only another question to ask; could you, or would you, love me as you do, an' marry another?'

'I could not, Connor, and would not, and will not. I am ready to promise; I may easily do it; for God knows the very thought of marrying another, or being deprived of you, is more than I can bear.'

'Well, then,' returned her lover, seizing her hand; 'I take God to witness that, whilst you are alive an' faithful to me, I will never marry any woman but yourself. Now,' he continued, 'put your right hand into mine, and say the same words.'

She did so, and was in the act of repeating the form, 'I take God to witness——' when a vivid flash of lightning shot from the darkness above them, and a peal of thunder almost immediately followed with an explosion so loud as nearly to stun both. Una started with terror, and instinctively withdrew her hand from Connor's.

'God preserve us,' she exclaimed, 'that's awful. Connor, I feel as if the act I am goin' to do is not right. Let us put it off at all events, till another time.'

'Is it because there comes an accidental brattle of thunder?' he returned. 'Why the thunder would come if we were never to change a promise. You have mine, now, Una dear, an' I'm sure you wouldn't wish me to be bound an' yourself free. Don't be afraid, darling; give me your hand, an' don't tremble so; repeat the words at wanst, an' let it be over.'

He again took her hand, when she repeated the form in a distinct, though feeble voice, observing when it was concluded,

'Now, Connor, I did this to satisfy you, but I still feel like one who has done a wrong action. I am yours now, but I can't help praying to God that it may end happily for us both.'

'It must, darling Una—it must end happily for us both. How can it be otherwise? For my part, except to see you my wife, I couldn't be happier than I am this minute; exceptin' that, my heart has all it wished for. Is it possible! Oh! is it possible, that this is not a dream, my heart's life—but if it is—if it is—I never more will wish to waken.'

Her young lover was deeply affected as he uttered these words, nor was Una proof against the emotion they produced.

'I could pray to God, this moment with a purer heart

than I ever had before,' he proceeded, 'for makin' my lot in life so happy. I feel that I am better and freer from sin than I ever was yet. If we're faithful and true to one another what can the world do to us?'

'I couldn't be otherwise than faithful to you,' she replied, 'without being unhappy myself, and I trust it's no sin to love each other as we do. Now let us—God bless me, what a flash; an' here's the rain beginning. That thunder's dreadful; heaven preserve us! It's an' awful night! Connor, you must see me as far as the corner of the garden; as for you I wish you were safe at home.'

'Hasten, dear,' said he, 'hasten; it's no night for you to be out in, now that the rain's coming; as for me, if it was ten times as dreadful I won't feel it. There's but one thought—one thought in my mind, and that I wouldn't part with for the wealth of the universe.'

Both then proceeded at a quick pace until they reached the corner of Bodagh's garden, where, with brief but earnest reassurances of unalterable attachment, they took a tender and affectionate farewell.

It is not often that the higher ranks can appreciate the moral beauty of love as it is experienced by those humbler classes to whom they deny the power of feeling it in its most refined and exalted character. For our parts we differ so much from them in this, that if we wanted to give an illustration of that passion in its purest and most delicate state, we would not seek for it in the saloon, or the drawing-room, but among the green fields and the smiling landscapes of rural life. The simplicity of humble hearts is more accordant with the unity of affection than any mind can be that is distracted by the competition of rival claims upon its gratification. We do not say that the votaries of rank and fashion are insensible to love; because how much soever they may be conversant with the artificial and unreal, still they are human, and must, to a certain extent, be influenced by a principle that acts wherever it can find a heart on which to operate. We say, however, that their love, when contrasted with that which is felt by the humble peasantry, is languid and sickly; neither so pure, nor so simple, nor so intense. Its associations in high life are unfavourable to the growth of a healthy passion; for what is the glare of a lamp, or the twirl through the insipid mazes of the ball-room, or the unnatural distortions of the theatre, when compared to the rising of the summer sun, the singing of birds, the music of the streams, the joyous aspect of the varied landscape, the mountain, the valley, the lake, and the thousand other objects, each of which transmits to the peasant's heart silently and imperceptibly that subtle power which at once strengthens and purifies the passion? There is scarcely such a thing as solitude in the upper ranks, nor an opportunity of keeping the feelings unwasted, and the energies of the heart

spent by the many vanities and petty pleasures with which fashion forces a compliance, until the mind falls from its natural dignity, into a habit of coldness and aversion to everything but the circle of empty trifles in which it moves so giddily. But the enamoured youth who can retire to the beautiful solitude of the still glen to brood over the image of her he loves, and who, probably, sits under the very tree where his love was avowed and returned; he, we say, exalted with the fullness of his happiness, feels his heart go abroad in gladness upon the delighted objects that surround him, for everything he looks upon is as a friend; his happy heart expands over the whole landscape; his eye glances to the sky; he thinks of the Almighty Being above him, and though without any capacity to analyze his own feelings—love—the love of some humble, plain but modest girl—kindles by degrees into the sanctity and rapture of religion.

Let not our readers of rank, then, if any such may honour our pages with a perusal, be at all surprised at the expression of Connor O'Donovan when, under the ecstatic power of a love so pure and artless as that which bound his heart and Una's together, he exclaimed, as he did, *'Oh, I could pray to God this moment with a purer heart than I ever had before.'* Such a state of feeling among the people is neither rare nor anomalous, for, however the great ones and the wise ones of the world may be startled at our assertion, we beg to assure them that love and religion are more nearly related to each other than those, who have never felt either in its truth and purity, can imagine.

As Connor performed his journey home, the thunder tempest pealed fearfully through the sky; and, though the darkness was deep and unbroken by anything but the red flashes of lightning, yet, so strongly absorbed was his heart by the scene we have just related, that he arrived at his father's house scarcely conscious of the roar of elements which surrounded him.

The family had retired to bed when he entered, with the exception of his parents, who, having felt uneasy at his disappearance, were anxiously awaiting his return, and entering into fruitless conjectures concerning the cause of an absence so unusual.

'What,' said the alarmed mother, 'what in the world wide could keep him so long out, and on such a tempest as is in it? God protect my boy from all harm an' danger, this fearful night! Oh, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of us if anything happened him? As for me—my heart's wrapped up in him; widout our darlin' it 'ud break, break, Fardorougha.'

'Hut; he's gone to some neighbour's, an' can't come out till the storm is over; he'll soon be here now that the tunder an' lightnin's past.'

'But did you never think, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of you, what you'd do, or how you'd live, if any thing happened him; which the Almighty forbid this night and for ever; could you live widout him?'

The old man gazed upon her like one who felt displeasure at having a contingency so painful forced upon his consideration. Without making any reply, however, he looked thoughtfully into the fire for some time, after which he rose up, and, with a querulous and impatient voice, said,

'What's the use of thinkin' about sich things? Lose him! why would I lose him—I couldn't lose him—I'd as soon lose my own life—I'd rather be dead at wanst than lose him.'

'God knows your love for him is a quare love, Fardorougha,' rejoined the wife; 'you wouldn't give him a guinea if it 'ud save his life, or allow him even a few shillin's now an' then, for pocket-money, that he might be aquil to other young boys like him.'

'No use, no use in that, except to bring him into drink an' other bad habits; a bad way, Honor, of showin' one's love to him. If you had your will you'd spoil him; I'm keepin' whatsoever little shillin's we've scraped together to settle him decently in life; but, indeed, that's time enough yet; he's too young to marry for some years to come, barrin' he got a fortune.'

'Well, one thing, Fardorougha, if ever two people wor blessed in a good son, praise be God we are that.'

'We are, Honor, we are; there's not his aquil in the parish—achora machree that he is. When I'm gone he'll know what I've done for him.'

'Whin you're gone; why Saver of arth sare you wouldn't keep him out of his—husth!—here he is, God be thankied! poor boy, he's safe. Oh, thin, *vich no Hoiah*, Connor jewel, were you out undher this terrible night?'

'Connor, avich machree,' added the father, 'you're lost. My hand to you, if he's worth three hapuns; sthrip an' throw my Cothamore about you, an' draw in to the fire; you're fairly lost.'

'I'm worth two lost people yet,' said Connor, smiling; 'mother did you ever see a pleasanter night?'

'Pleasant, Connor, darlin'; oh thin it's you may say so, I'm sure!'

'Father you're a worthy,—only your Cothamore's too scimpit for me. Faith, mother, although you think I'm jokin', the devil a one o' me is; a pleasanter night—a happier night I never spent. Father, you ought to be proud o' me, an' stretch out a bit with the cash; faith, I'm nothin' else than a fine handsome young fellow.'

'Be my sowl an' he ought to be proud out of you, Connor, whether you're in airnest or not,' observed the mother, 'an' to stretch out wid the *arrighad* too if you want it.'

'Folly on, Connor, folly on; your mother 'ill back you, I'll go bail, say what you will; but sure you know all I have must be your's yet, acushla.'

Connor now sat down, and his mother stirred up the fire, on which she placed additional fuel. After a little time his manner changed, and a shade of deep

gloom fell upon his manly and handsome features. 'I don't know,' he at length proceeded, 'that as we three are here together, I could do better than ask your advice upon what has happened to me to-night.'

'Why, what has happened you, Connor?' said the mother alarmed; 'plase God no harm I hope.'

'Who else,' added the father, 'would you be guided by, if not by your mother an' myself?'

'No harm, mother dear,' said Connor in reply to her; 'harm! Oh! mother, mother, if you knew it; an' as for what you say, father, it's right; what advice but my mother's an' yours ought I ask?'

'An' God's too,' added the mother.

'An' my heart was never more *ris* to God than it was, an' is this night,' replied their ingenuous boy.

'Well, but what has happened, Connor,' said his father; if it's any thing where our advice can serve you, of coorse we'll advise you for the best.'

Connor, then, with a glowing heart, made them acquainted with the affection which subsisted between himself and Una O'Brien, and ended by informing them of the vow of marriage which they had that night solemnly pledged to each other.

'You both know her by sight,' he added, 'an' afther what I've sed, can you blame me for sayin' that I found this a pleasant and a happy night?'

The affectionate mother's eyes filled with tears of pride and delight, on hearing that her handsome son was loved by the beautiful daughter of Bodagh Buie, and she could not help exclaiming, in the enthusiasm of the moment,

'She's a purty girl—the purtiest indeed I ever laid my two livin' eyes upon, and by all accounts as good as she's purty; but I say that, face to face, you're as good, agra, ay, an' as handsome, Fardorougha, as she is. God bless her, any way, an' mark her to grace and happiness, *ma colleen dhas dhun*.'

'He's no match for her,' said the father, who had listened with an earnest face, and compressed lips, to his son's narrative; 'he's no match for her—by four hundred guineas.'

Honor, when he uttered the previous part of his observation, looked upon him with a flash of indignant astonishment, but when he had concluded, her countenance fell back into its original expression. It was evident that, while she, with the feelings of a woman and a mother, instituted a parallel between their personal merits alone, the husband viewed their attachment through that calculating spirit which had regulated his whole life.

'You're thiukin' of her money now,' she added; 'but remimber, Fardorougha, that it wasn't born wid her. An' I hope, Connor, it's not for her money that you have any *grah* for her?'

'You may swear that, mother; I love her little finger better than all the money in the king's bank.'

'Connor, avich, your mother has made a fool of you, or you wouldn't spake the nonsense you spoke this minute.'

'My word to you, father, I'll take all the money I'll get; but what am I to do? Bodagh Buie an' his wife will never consent to allow her to marry me, I can tell you; an' if she marries me without their consent, you both know I have no way of supportin' her, except you, father, assist me.'

'That won't be needful, Connor; you may manage them; they won't see her want; she's an *only* daughter; they *couldn't* see her want.'

'An' isn't he an *only* son, Fardorougha?' exclaimed the wife; 'an' my sowl to happiness but I believe you'd see *him* want.'

'Any way,' replied her husband, 'I'm not for matches against the consint of paarents; they're not lucky; or can't you run away wid her, an' then refuse marryin' her except they come down wid the cash.'

'Oh, father, exclaimed Connor, 'father, father, to become a villain!'

'Connor,' said his mother, rising up in a spirit of calm and mournful solemnity, 'never heed; go to bed, achora, go to bed.'

'Of coorse I'll never heed, mother,' he replied; 'but I can't help sayin' that, happy as I was awhile agone, my father is sendin' me to bed with a heavy heart. When I asked your advice, father, little I thought it would be to do—but no matter! I'll never be guilty of an act that 'ud disgrace my name.'

'No, avillish,' said his mother, 'you never will; God knows it's as much an' more than you an' other people can do, to keep the name we have in decency.'

'It's fine talk,' observed Fardorougha, 'but what I advise has been done by hundreds that wor married an' happy aftherwards; how-an-iver you needn't get into a passion, either of you; I'm not pressin' you, Connor, to it.'

'Connor, athree,' said his mother, 'go to bed, an' instead of the advice you got, ax God's; go, avillish!'

Connor, without making any further observation, sought his sleeping-room, where, having recommended himself to God, in earnest prayer, he lay revolving all that had occurred that night, until the gentle influence of sleep at length drew him into oblivion.

'Now,' said his mother to Fardorougha, when Connor had gone, 'you must sleep by yourself; for as for me, my side I'll not stretch on the same bed wid you to-night.'

'Very well, I can't help that,' said her husband; 'all I can say is this, that I'm not able to put sinse or prudence into you or Connor; so since you won't be guided by me, take your own coorse. Bodagh Buie's very well able to provide for them; an' if he won't do so *before* they marry, why let Connor have nothin' to say to her.'

'I'll tell you what, Fardorougha; God wouldn't be in heaven, or you'll get a cut heart yet, either through your son or your money; an' that it may not be through my darlin' boy, oh, grant sweet Saver o' the earth this night! I'm goin' to sleep wid Biddy Casey, an' you'll find a clane night-cap on the rail o' the bed; an', Fardorougha, afore you put it an, kneel down an' pray to God to change your heart—for it wants it—it wants it.'

In Ireland the first object of a servant man, after entering the employment of his master, is to put himself upon an amicable footing with his fellow-servants of the other sex. Such a step, besides being natural in itself, is often taken in consequence of the *esprit du corps* which prevails among persons of that class. Bartle Flanagan, although he could not be said to act from any habit previously acquired in service, went to work with all the tact and adroitness of a veteran. The next morning, after having left the barn where he slept, he contrived to throw himself in the way of Biddy Duggan, a girl, who, though vain and simple, was at the same time conscientious and honest. On passing from the barn to the kitchen, he noticed her returning from the well with a pitcher of water in each hand, and as it is considered an act of civil attention for the male servant, if not otherwise employed, to assist the female in small matters of the kind, so did Flanagan, in his best manner and kindest voice, bid her good-morrow, and offer to carry home the pitchers.

'It's the least I may do,' said he, 'now that I'm your fellow-servant; but before you go farther, lay down your burden, an' let us chat awhile.'

'Indeed,' replied Biddy, 'it's little we expected ever to see your father's son goin' to earn his bread undher another man's roof.'

'Pooh! Biddy! there's greater wondhers in the world than that, woman, alive! But tell me—pooh—ay is there a thousand quarer things—but I say, Biddy, how do you like to live wid this family?'

'Why, troth indeed, only for the withered ould *leprechaun* himself, divil a dacenter people ever broke bread.'

'Yet is n't it a wondher that the ould fellow is what he is, an' he so full o' money?'

'Troth there's one thing myself wondhers at more than that.'

'What, Biddy! let us hear it.'

'Why that *you* could be mane an' shabby enough to come as a sarvint to ate the bread of the man that ruined yees!'

'Biddy,' replied Flanagan, 'I'm glad you've said it; but do you think that I have so bad a heart as to keep revinge in against an inimy; how could I go to my knees at night, if I—no, Biddy, we must be Christians. Well! let us drop that; so you tell me the mother an' son are kind to you.'

'As good-hearted a pair as ever lived.'

'Connor, of course, cant but be *very* kind to so good-looking a girl as you are, Biddy,' said Bartle, with a knowing smile.

'Very kind! good looking! ay, indeed I'm sure o' that, Bartle; behave! an' don't be gettin' an wid any o' your palavers. What 'ud make Connor be kind to the likes of me, that way?'

'I don't see why you oughtn't an' mightn't—you're as good as him, if it goes to that.'

'Oh yis, indeed!'

'Why, you know you're handsome.'

'Handsome,' replied the vain girl, tightening her apron strings, and assuming a sly coquetish look; 'Bartle, go an' mind your business, and let me bring home my pitchers; it's time the breakwist was down. Sich nonsense!'

'Very well, you're not, thin; you've a bad leg, a bad figure, an' a bad face, and it would be a terrible thing all out for Connor O'Donovan to fall in consate wid you.'

'Well, about Connor I could tell you something;—me! tut! go to the sarra; faix you don't know them that Connor's afther, nor the collogin' they all had about it no longer ago than last night itself. I suppose they thought I was asleep, but it was like the hares, wid my eyes open.'

'An' it's a pitty, Biddy, ever the same two eyes should be shut. Begad myself's beginning to feel quare somehow, when I look at them.'

A glance of pretended incredulity was given in return, after which she proceeded—

'Bartle don't be bringin' yourself to the fair wid sich folly. My eyes is jist as God made them; but I can tell you that before a month o' Sundays passes, I wouldn't be surprised if you seen Connor married to—you wouldn't guess?'

'Not I; the divil a hap'orth I know about who he's courtin'.'

'No less than our great beauty, Bodagh Buie's daughter, Una O'Brien. Now, Bartle, for goodness-sake, don't let this crass your lips to a livin' mortal. Sure I heard him tellin' all to the father and mother last night—they're promised to one another. Eh! blessed saints, Bartle, what ails you? you're as white as a sheet. What's wrong? and what did you start for?'

'Nothin',' replied Flanagan, coolly, 'but a stitch in my side. I'm subject to that—it pains me very much while it lasts, and laves my face, as you say, the colour of dimity; but about Connor, upon my throth, I'm main proud to hear it; she's a purty girl, an' besides he'll have a fortune that'll make a man of him. I am, in throth, heart prond to hear it. It's a pitty Connor's father isn't as dacent as himself. Arrah, Biddy, where does the ould codger keep his money?'

'Little of it in the house any way—sure whenever he scrapes a guinea together he's away wid it to the county—county—oh, that county man that keeps the money for the people.'

'The treasurer; well, much good may his thrash do him, Biddy, that's the worst I wish him. Come now and I'll lave your pitchers at home, and remember you owe me something for this.'

'Good will, I hope.'

'*That* for one thing,' he replied, as they went along; 'but we'll talk more about it when we have time; and I'll thin tell you the truth about what brought me to hire wid Fardorougha Donovan.'

Having thus excited that most active principle called female curiosity, both entered the kitchen, where they found Connor and his mother in close and apparently confidential conversation—Fardorougha himself having as usual been abroad upon his farm for upwards of an hour before any of them had risen.

The feelings with which they met that morning at breakfast may be easily understood by our readers, without much assistance of ours. On the part of Fardorougha there was a narrow selfish sense of exultation, if not of triumph, at the chance that lay before his son of being able to settle himself independently in life, without the necessity of making any demand upon the hundreds which lay so safely in the keeping of the County Treasurer. His sordid soul was too deeply imbued with the love of money to perceive that what he had hitherto looked upon as a proof of parental affection and foresight, was nothing more than a fallacy by which he was led day after day farther into his prevailing vice. In other words, now that love for his son, and the hope of seeing him occupy a respectable station in society ought to have justified the reasoning by which he had suffered himself to be guided, it was apparent that the prudence which he had still considered to be his duty as a kind parent, was nothing else than a mask for his own avarice. The idea, therefore, of seeing Connor settled without any aid from himself, filled his whole soul with a wild hard satisfaction, which gave him as much delight as perhaps he was capable of enjoying. The advice offered to his son on the preceding night appeared to him a matter so reasonable in itself, and the opportunity offered by Una's attachment so well adapted for making it an instrument to work upon the affections of her parents, that he could not for the life of him perceive why they should entertain any rational objection against it.

The warm-hearted mother participated so largely in all that affected the happiness of her son, that if we allow for the difference of sex and position, we might describe their feelings as bearing, in the character of their simple and vivid enjoyment, a very remarkable

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'What is it?' said Fardorougha, with a hesitating shrug, 'what is it? This is ever an' always the way when you want *money*; but I tell you I have no money. You wor born to waste and extravagance, Honor, an' there's no curin' you. What is it you want? an' let me go about my business.'

'Throw that ould threadbare Gothamore off o' you,' replied Honor, 'and beg of God to give you grace to sit down, an' have common feeling and common sense.'

'If it's money to get cloes either for yourself or Connor, there's no use in it. I needn't sit; you don't want a stitch either of you.'

Honor, without more ado, seized the coat, and flinging it aside, pushed him over to a seat on which she forced him to sit down.

'As heaven's above me,' she exclaimed, 'I dunna what'll come over you at all, at all. Your money, your thrash, your dirt an' filth, ever, ever, an' for evermore in your thought, heart, and sowl. Oh Chierna! to think of it, an' you know there's a God above you, an' that you must meet him, an' that *widout* your money too!'

'Ay, ay, the money's what you want to come at; but I'll not sit here to be hecchor'd. What is it, I say agin, you want?'

'Fardorougha ahagur,' continued the wife, checking herself, and addressing him in a kind and affectionate voice, 'maybe I *was* spakin' too harsh to you, but sure it was an' is for your own good. How an' ever, I'll thry kindness, and if you have a heart at all, you can't but show it when you hear what I'm goin' to say.'

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'I don't care a pin about the world; you an' Connor know well enough that I love him.'

'Love for one's child doesn't come out merely in words, Fardorougha; actin' for their benefit shows it better than spakin'. Don't you grant that?'

'Very well, may be I do, and agin may be I don't; there's times when the one's better than the other; but go an; may be I do grant it.'

'Now tell me where in this parish, ay, or in the next five parishes to it, you'd find sich a boy for a father or mother to be proud out of, as Connor, your own darlin' as you often called him?'

'Divil a one, Honor; *damhó* to the one; I won't differ wid you in *that*.'

'You won't differ wid me! the divil thank you for that. You won't, indeed! but *could* you, I say, if you wor willin'?''

'I tell you I could *not*.'

'Now there's sinse an' kindness in that. Very well, you say you're gatherin' up all the money you can for him.'

'For him—*him*,' exclaimed the unconscious miser, 'why, what do you mane—for—well—ay—yes, yes, I did say for him; it's for *him* I'm keeping it—it *is*, I tell you.'

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'Why, last night, thin, didn't I give my—'

'Whist, ahagur! hould your tongue awhile, and let me go on. Truth's best—he dotes on that girl to sich a degree, that if he doesn't get her, he'll never see another happy day while he's alive.'

'All *feasthalagh*, Honor—that won't pass wid me; I know otherwise myself. Do you think that if I hadn't got *you*, I'd been unhappy four an' twenty hours, let alone my whole life? I tell you that's *feasthalagh*, an' won't pass. He wouldn't ate an ounce the less if he was never to get her. You seen the breakfast he made this mornin'; I didn't begrudge it to *him*, but may I never stir if that Flanagan wouldn't ate a horse behind the saddle; he has a stomach that 'd require a king's ransom to keep it.'

'You know nothing of what I'm spakin' about,' replied his wife. 'I wasn't *Una dhas dhun* O'Brien in my best days; an' be the vestment, you warn't Connor, that has more feelin' an' spirit, an' generosity in the nail of his little finger than ever you had in your whole carcass. I tell you if he doesn't get married to that girl he'll break his heart. Now how can he marry

her except you take a good farm for him, and stook it decently, so that he may have a home sich as she deserves to bring her to?'

'How do you know but they'll give her a fortune when they find her bent on him?'

'Why, it's not impossible,' said the wife, immediately changing her tactics, 'it's not impossible, but I can tell you it's very unlikely.'

'The best way, then, in my opinion, 'ud be to spake to Connor about breaking it to the family.'

'Why, that's fair enough,' said the wife, 'I wondher myself I didn't think of it, but the time was so short since last night.'

'It is short,' replied the miser, 'far an' away too short to expect any one to make up their mind about it. Let them not be rash themselves aither, for I tell you that when people marry in haste, they're apt to have time enough to repent at laysure.'

'Well, but Fardorougha *acushla*, now hear me; throth it's throth and sinse what you say; but still, avourneen, listen; now set in case that the Bodagh an' his wife don't consent to their marriage, or to do any thing for them, wont you take them a farm and stock it bravely? Think of poor Connor, the darlin' fine fellow that he is. Oh, thin, Saver above, but it's he id go to the well o' the world's end to ase you, if your little finger only ached. He would, or for myself, and yet his own father to trate him wid sich—'

It was in vain she attempted to proceed; the subject was one in which her heart felt too deep an interest to be discussed without tears. A brief silence ensued, during which Fardorougha moved uneasily on his seat, took the tongs and mechanically mended the fire, and peering at his wife with a countenance twitched as if by *tic douloureux*, stared round the house with a kind of stupid wonder, rose up, then sat instantly down, and in fact exhibited many of those unintelligible and uncouth movements, which, in persons of his cast, may be properly termed the hieroglyphics of human action, under feelings that cannot be deciphered either by those on whom they operate, or by those who witness them.

'Yes,' said he, 'Connor is all you say, an' more, an' more—an'—an'—a rash act is the worst thing he could do. It's better, Honor, to spake to him as I sed, about lettin' the matter be known to Una's family out of hand.'

'And thin, if they refuse, you can show them a ginerous example, by puttin' them into a decent farm. Will you promise me that, Fardorougha? If you do, all's right, for they're not livin' that ever knew you to break your word or your promise.'

'I'll make no promise, Honor; I'll make no promise; but let the other plan be tried first. Now don't be pressin' me; he is—he is a noble boy, and would, as you say, thraavel round the earth to keep my little

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‘Whist, ahagur! hould your tongue awhile, and let me go on. Truth’s best—he dotes on that girl to sich a degree, that if he doesn’t get her, he’ll never see another happy day while he’s alive.’

‘All *feasthalagh*, Honor—that won’t pass wid me; I know otherwise myself. Do you think that if I hadn’t got *you*, I’d been unhappy four an’ twenty hours, let alone my whole life? I tell you that’s *feasthalagh*, an’ won’t pass. He wouldn’t ate an ounce the less if he was never to get her. You seen the breakfast he made this mornin’; I didn’t begrudge it to *him*, but may I never stir if that Flanagan wouldn’t ate a horse behind the saddle; he has a stomach that’d require a king’s ransom to keep it.’

‘You know nothing of what I’m spakin’ about,’ replied his wife. ‘I wasn’t *Una dhas dhun* O’Brien in my best days; an’ be the vestment, you warn’t Connor, that has more feelin’ an’ spirit, an’ generosity in the nail of his little finger than ever you had in your whole carcass. I tell you if he doesn’t get married to that girl he’ll break his heart. Now how can he marry

her except you take a good farm for him, and stock it dacently, so that he may have a home sich as she deserves to bring her to?’

‘How do you know but they’ll give her a fortune when they find her bent on him?’

‘Why, it’s not unpossible,’ said the wife, immediately changing her tactics, ‘it’s not unpossible, but I can tell you it’s very unlikely.’

‘The best way, then, in my opinion, ’ud be to spake to Connor about breaking it to the family.’

‘Why, that’s fair enough,’ said the wife, ‘I wondher myself I didn’t think of it, but the time was so short since last night.’

‘It is short,’ replied the miser, ‘far an’ away too short to expect any one to make up their mind about it. Let them not be rash themselves aither, for I tell you that when people marry in haste, they’re apt to have time enough to repent at laysure.’

‘Well, but Fardorougha acushla, now hear me; throth it’s throth and sinse what you say; but still, avourneen, listen; now set in case that the Bodagh an’ his wife don’t consint to their marriage, or to do any thing for them, wont you take them a farm and stock it bravely? Think of poor Connor, the darlin’ fine fellow that he is. Oh, thin, Saver above, but it’s he id go to the well o’ the world’s end to ase you, if your little finger only ached. He would, or for myself, and yet his own father to trate him wid sich—

It was in vain she attempted to proceed; the subject was one in which her heart felt too deep an interest to be discussed without tears. A brief silence ensued, during which Fardorougha moved uneasily on his seat, took the tongs and mechanically mended the fire, and peering at his wife with a countenance twitched as if by *tic douloureux*, stared round the house with a kind of stupid wonder, rose up, then sat instantly down, and in fact exhibited many of those unintelligible and uncouth movements, which, in persons of his cast, may be properly termed the hieroglyphics of human action, under feelings that cannot be deciphered either by those on whom they operate, or by those who witness them.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘Connor is all you say, an’ more, an’ more—an’—an’—a rash act is the worst thing he could do. It’s better, Honor, to spake to him as I sed, about lettin’ the matter be known to Una’s family out of hand.’

‘And thin, if they refuse, you can show them a ginerous example, by puttin’ them into a dacent farm. Will you promise me that, Fardorougha? If you do, all’s right, for they’re not livin’ that ever knew you to break your word or your promise.’

‘I’ll make no promise, Honor; I’ll make no promise; but let the other plan be tried first. Now don’t be preessin’ me; he is—he is a noble boy, and would, as you say, thravel round the earth to keep my little

finger from pain; but let me alone about it now—let me alone about it.'

This, though slight encouragement, was still, in Honor's opinion, quite as much as, if not more than, she expected. Without pressing him, therefore, too strongly at that moment, she contented herself with a full-length portrait of their son, drawn with all the skill of a mother who knew, if her husband's heart could be touched at all, those points at which she stood the greatest chance of finding it accessible.

For a few days after this the subject of Connor's love was permitted to lie undebated, in the earnest hope that Fardorougha's heart might have caught some slight spark of natural affection from the conversation which had taken place between him and Honor. They waited, consequently, with patience for some manifestation on his part of a better feeling, and flattered themselves that his silence proceeded from the struggle which they knew a man of his disposition must necessarily feel in working up his mind to any act requiring him to part with that which he loved better than life, his money. The ardent temperament of Connor, however, could ill brook the pulseless indifference of the old man; with much difficulty, therefore, was he induced to wait a whole week for the issue, though sustained by the mother's assurance, that in consequence of the impression left on her by their last conversation, she was certain the father, if not urged beyond his wish, would declare himself willing to provide for them. A week, however, elapsed, and Fardorougha moved on in the same hard and insensible spirit which was usual to him, wholly engrossed by money, and never either directly or indirectly appearing to remember that the happiness and welfare of his son were at stake, or depending upon the determination to which he might come.

Another half-week passed, during which Connor had made two unsuccessful attempts to see Una, in order that some fixed plan of intercourse might be established between them, at least until his father's ultimate resolution on the subject proposed to him should be known. He now felt deeply distressed, and regretted that the ardour of his attachment had so far borne him away during their last meeting, that he had forgotten to concert measures with Una for their future interviews.

He had often watched about her father's premises from a little before twilight until the whole family had gone to bed, yet without any chance either of conversing with her, or of letting her know that he was in the neighbourhood. He had gone to chapel, too, with the hope of seeing her, or snatching a hasty opportunity of exchanging a word or two, if possible, but to his astonishment she had not attended mass—an omission of duty of which she had not been guilty for the last three years. What, therefore, was to be done? For

him to be detected lurking about the Bodagh's house might create suspicion, especially after their interview in the garden, which very probably had, through the officiousness of the servants, been communicated to her parents. In a matter of such difficulty he bethought him of a confidant, and the person to whom the necessity of the case directed him was Bartle Flanagan. Bartle, indeed, ever since he entered into his father's service, had gained rapidly upon Connor's good-will, and on one or two occasions well nigh succeeded in drawing from him a history of the mutual attachment which subsisted between him and Una. His good humour, easy language, and apparent friendship for young O'Donovan, together with his natural readiness of address, or if you will, of manner, all marked him out as admirably qualified to act as a confidant in a matter which required the very tact and talent he possessed.

'Poor fellow,' thought Connor to himself, 'it will make him feel more like one of the family than a servant. If he can think that he's treated as my friend and companion, he may forget that he's eating the bread of the very man that drove him and his to destruction. Ay, an' if we're married, I'm not sure but I'll have him to give me away too.'

This resolution of permitting Flanagan to share his confidence had been come to by Connor upon the day subsequent to that on which he had last tried to see Una. After his return home, the disappointment on one hand, and his anxiety concerning his father's liberality on the other, together with the delight arising from the certainty of being beloved, all kept his mind in a tumult, and permitted him to sleep but little. The next day he decided on admitting Bartle to his confidence, and reposing this solemn trust in his integrity. He was lying on his back in the meadow—for they had been ricking the hay from the lapcocks, when that delicious languor which arises from the three greatest provocatives to slumber, want of rest, fatigue, and heat, so utterly overcame him, that, forgetting his love, and all the anxiety arising from it, he fell into a dreamless and profound sleep.

From this state he was aroused after about an hour by the pressure of something sharp and painful against his side, near the region of the heart, and on looking up, he discovered Bartle Flanagan standing over him with a pitchfork in his hand, one end of which was pressed against his breast, as if he had been in the act of driving it forward into his body. His face was pale, his dark brows frightfully contracted, and his teeth apparently set together, as if working under some fearful determination. When Connor awoke, Flanagan broke out into a laugh that no language could describe. The character of mirth which he wished to throw into his face, jarred so terrifically with its demoniacal expression when first seen by Connor, that

even unsuspecting as he was, he started up with alarm, and asked Flanagan what was the matter. Flanagan, however, laughed on—peal after peal succeeded—he tossed the pitchfork aside, and clapping both his hands upon his face, continued the paroxysms until he recovered his composure.

'Oh,' said he, 'I'm sick, I'm as wake as a child wid laughin'; but, Lord bless us, after all, Connor, what is a man's life worth whin he has an enemy near him. There was I, ticklin' you wid the pitchfork, strivin' to waken you, and one inch of it would have baked your bread for life. Didn't you feel me, Connor?'

'Divil a bit, till the minute afore I ris.'

'Then the divil a purtier jig ever you danced in your life; wait till I shew you how your left toe wint.'

He accordingly lay down and illustrated the pretended action, after which he burst out into another uncontrollable fit of mirth.

'Twas just for all the world,' said he, 'as if I had tied a string to your toe, for you groaned an' grunted, an' went on like I dunna what; but Connor, what makes you so sleepy to-day as well as on Monday last?'

'That's the very thing,' replied the unsuspecting and candid young man, 'that I wanted to spake to you about.'

'What! about sleepin' in the meadows?'

'Divil a bit o' that, Bartle, not a morsel of sleepin' in the meadows is consarned in what I'm goin' to mention to you. Bartle, didn't you tell me the day you hired wid my father, that you wor in love?'

'I did, Connor, I did.'

'Well so am I; but do you know who I'm in love with?'

'How the divil, man, could I?'

'Well no swearin', Bartle; keep the commandments, my boy. I'll tell you in the mane time, an' that's more than you did to me, you close-month-is-a-sign-of-a-wise-head spalpeen.'

'Hard fortune to you, go on, and don't be keepin' me in suspence—who's the girl?'

'Did you ever hear tell of one *Colleen dhas dhun*, as she's called, known by the name of Una or Oona O'Brien, daughter to one Bodagh Buie O'Brien, the richest man, barrin' a born gentleman, in the three parishes.'

'All very fair, Connor, for you or any one else to be in love wid her—ay, or man alive, for myself, if it goes to that—but, *but* Connor, avouchal, are you sure that iver you'll bring her to be in love wid you?'

'Bartle,' said Connor, seriously, and after a sudden change in his whole manner, 'in this business I'm goin' to trate you as a friend and a brother. She loves me, Bartle, and a solemn promise of marriage has passed between us.'

'Connor,' said Bartle, 'it's wondherful, it's wondher-

ful; you couldn't believe what a fool I am—fool! no but a faint-hearted, cowardly villain.'

'What do you mane, Bartle? what the dickens are you drivin' at?'

'Drivin' at! whenever I happen to have an opportunity of makin' a drive that id—hut! I'm talkin' balderdash. Do you see here Connor,' said he, putting his hand to his neck, 'do you see here?'

'To be sure I do. Well, what about *there*?'

'Be my sowl I'm very careful of—hut!—sure I may as well tell you the whole truth—I sed I was in love; well, man, that was thrue, an', he added in a low pithy whisper, 'I was near—no, Connor, I won't, but go an; it's enough for you to know that I was an' am in love, an' that it'll go hard wid me if ever *any one else* is married to the girl I'm in love wid. Now that my business is past, let me hear your's, poor fellow, an' I'm divilish glad to know, Connor, that—that—why tundher an' ouns, that you're not as I am. Be the crass that saved us, Connor, I'm glad of that.'

'Why love will set you mad, Bartle, if you don't take care of yourself; an' faith I dunna but it may do the same with myself, if I'm disappointed. However, the truth is, you must sarve me in this business. I struv to see her twist, but couldn't, an' I'm afraid of bein' seen spyin' about their place.'

'The thruth is, Connor, you want to make me a gobetween—a blackfoot; very well, I'll do that same on your account, an' do it well, too, I hope.'

It was then arranged that Flanagan, who was personally known to some of the Bodagh's servants, should avail himself of that circumstance, and contrive to gain an interview with Una, in order to convey her a letter from O'Donovan. He was further enjoined by no means to commit it to the hands of any person save those of Una herself, and, in the event of his not being able to see her, then the letter was to be returned to Connor. If he succeeded, however, in delivering it, he was to await an answer, provided she found an opportunity of sending one; if not, she was to inform Connor, through Flanagan, at what time and place he could see her. This arrangement having been made, Connor immediately wrote the letter, and, after having despatched Flanagan upon his errand, set himself to perform, by his individual labour, the task which his father had portioned out for both. Ere Bartle's return Fardorougha came to inspect their progress in the meadow, and, on finding that the servant was absent, he enquired sharply into the cause of it.

'He's gone on a message for me,' replied Connor with the utmost frankness.

'But that's a bad way for him to mind his business,' said his father.

'I'll have the task that you set both of us finished,' replied the son, 'so that you'll lose nothin' by his absence, at all events.'

'It's wrong, Connor, it's wrong; where did you find him to?'

'To Bodagh Buie's wid a letter to Una.'

'It's a waste of time, an' a loss of work; about that business I have something to say to your mother an' you to-night, afther the supper, when the rest goes to bed.'

'I hope, father, you'll do the dacent thing still.'

'No; but I hope, son, you'll do the wise thing still; how-an-ever let me alone now; if you expect me to do anything, you mustn't drive me as your mother does. To-night we'll make up a plan that'll outdo Bodagh Buie. Before you come home, Connor, throw a stone or two in that gap, to prevent the cows from gettin' into the hay; it won't cost you much throuble. But Connor, honomon dioul, did you ever see sich a gut as Bartle has? He'll brake me out o' house an' home feedin' him; he has a stomach for ten-penny nails; be my word it 'ud be a charity to give him a dose of oak bark to make him dacent; he's a divil at atin', an' little good may it do him!'

'The hour of supper arrived without Bartle's returning, and Connor's impatience began to overcome him, when, Fardorougha, for the first time, introduced the subject which lay nearest his son's heart.

'Connor,' he began, 'I've been thinkin' of this affair with Una O'Brien; an' in my opinion there's but one way of it; but if you're a fool and stand in your own light, it's not my fault.'

'What is the way, father?' enquired Connor.

'The very same I told your mother an' you before—run away wid her—I mane make a runaway match of it—then refuse to marry her unless they come down wid the money. You know afther runnin' away wid you nobody else ever would marry her, so that rather than see their child disgraced, never fear but they'll pay down on the nail, or maybe bring you both to live wid 'em.'

'My sowl to glory, Fardorougha,' said the wife; 'but you're a bigger an' cunninner ould rogue than ever I tuck you for. By the scapular upon me, if I had a known how you'd turn out, the sarra carry the ring ever you'd put on my finger.'

'Father,' said Connor, 'I must be disobedient to you in this at all evints. It's plain you'll do nothing for us, so there's no use in sayin' any thing more about it. I have no manes of supportin' her, and I swear by the blessed sacrayment I'll never bring her to poverty. If I had money to carry me I'd go to America an' thry my fortune there; but I have not. Father, it's too hard that you should stand in my way when you could so easily make me happy; who have you sich a right to assiet as your son—your only son, an' your only child, too?'

This was spoken in a tone of respect and sorrow at once impressive and affectionate. His fine features

were touched with something beyond sadness or regret, and as the tears stood in his eyes, it was easy to see that he felt much more deeply for his father's way of principle than for any thing connected with his own hopes and prospects. In fact the tears that rolled silently down his cheeks were the tears of shame and sorrow, for a parent who could thus school him to an act of such unparalleled baseness. As it was, the genius of the miser, felt rebuked by the natural delicacy and honour of the son—the old man therefore shrunk back abashed, confused, and moved at the words which he had heard—simple and inoffensive though they were.

'Fardorougha,' said the wife, wiping her eyes, the tears were kindling into indignation, 'we're now married goin' an—'

'I think, mother,' said Connor, 'the less we say about it now the better—with my own good will I'll never spake on the subject.'

'You're right, avourneen,' replied the mother; 'you're right; I'll say nothing—God sees it's no use.'

'What would you have me do?' said the old man, rising and walking about in unusual distress and agitation; 'you don't know me—I can't do it—I can't do it. You say, Honor, I don't care about him—I'll give him my blood—I'd give him my blood to save a hair of his head. My life an' happiness depends on him; but who knows how he an' his wife might manage that money if they got it—both young an' foolish. It wasn't for nothing it came into my mind what I'm afeard will happen to me yet.'

'And what was that, Fardorougha?' asked the wife.

'Sich foreknowledge doesn't come for nothing, Honor. I've had it an' felt it hangin' over me this many a long day, that I'd come to starvation yet; an' I see if you force me to do as you wish, that it 'ill happen. I'm as sure of it as that I stand before you; I'm an unfortunate man wid sich a fate before me; an' yet I shed my blood for my boy—I would, an' he ought to know I would; but he wouldn't ax me to starve for him—would you, Connor, avick machree, would you ax your father to starve? I'm unhappy—unhappy—an' my heart's breakin'.'

The old man's voice failed him as he uttered his last words; for the conflict which he felt evidently convulsed his whole frame. He wiped his eyes, and again sitting down he wept bitterly and in silence, for many minutes.

A look of surprise, compassion, and deep distress passed between Connor and his mother. The latter also was very much affected, and said,

'Fardorougha dear, maybe I spake sometimes too cross to you; but if I do, God above knows it's not that I bear you ill will, but bekase I'm throubled about poor Connor. But I hope I won't spake ang

to you agin; at all evints if I do, remimber it's only the mother pladin' for her son—the only son an' child that God was plased to sind her.'

'Father,' added Connor, also deeply moved, 'don't distress yourself about me—don't, father dear. Let things take their chance, but come or go what will, my good fortune that might happen me wouldn't be sweet if it came by givin' you a sore heart.'

At this moment the barking of the dog gave notice of approaching footsteps; and in a few moments the careless whistle of Bartle Flanagan was heard within a few yards of the door.

'This is Bartle,' said Connor; 'maybe, father, his answer may throw some light upon the business. At any rate, as there's no secret in it, we'll all hear what news he brings us.'

He had scarcely concluded when the latch was lifted, but Bartle could not enter.

'It's locked and bouted,' said Fardorougha; 'as he sleeps in the barn I forgot that he was to come in here any more to-night—open it, Connor.'

'For the sake of all the money you keep in the house, father,' said Connor, smiling, 'it's hardly worth your while to be so timorous; but God help the County Treasurer if he forgot to bar his door—Asy, Bartle, I'm openin' it.'

Flanagan immediately entered; and, with all the importance of a confidant, took his seat at the fire.

'Well, Bartle,' said Connor, 'what news?'

'Let the boy get his supper first,' said Honor; 'Bartle, you must be starved wid the hunger.'

'Faith I'm middlin' well I thank you that same way,' replied Bartle; 'divil a one o' me but's as ripe for my supper as a July cherry; an' wid the blessin' o' heaven upon my endayvours I'll soon show you what good execution is.'

A deep groan from Fardorougha gave back a fearful echo to the truth of this formidable annunciation.

'Aren't you well, Fardorougha,' asked Bartle.

'Throth I'm not, Bartle; never was more uncomfortable in my life.'

Flanagan immediately commenced his supper, which consisted of flummery and new milk—a luxury among the lower ranks which might create envy in an epicure. As he advanced in the work of destruction, the grey eye of Fardorougha, which followed every spoonful that entered his mouth, scintillated like that of a cat when rubbed down the back, though from a directly opposite feeling. He turned and twisted on the chair, and looked from his wife to his son, then turned up his eyes, and appeared to feel as if a dagger entered his heart with every additional dig of Bartle's spoon into the flummery. The son and wife smiled at each other; for they could enjoy those petty sufferings of Fardorougha with a great deal of good humour.

'Bartle,' said Connor, 'what's the news?'

'Divil a word worth telling; at laste that I can hear.' 'I mane from Bodagh Buie's.'

Bartle stared at him; 'Bodagh Buie's!—what do I know about Bodagh Buie? are you ravin'?

'Bartle,' said Connor, smiling, 'my father and mother knows all about it—an' about your going to Una with the letter. I have no secrets from them.'

'Hoot toot! That's a horse of another colour; but you wouldn't have me, widout knowin' as much, to go to betray trust. In the mane time I may as well finish my supper before I begin to tell you what-som-ever I happen to know about it.'

Another deep groan from Fardorougha followed the last observation.

At length the work of demolition ceased, and after Honor had put past the empty dish, Bartle, having wiped his mouth, and uttered a hiccup or two, thus commenced to dole out his intelligence:—

'Whin I wint to the Bodagh's,' said Bartle, 'it was wid great schamin' an' throuble I got a sight of Miss Una at all, in regard of—(hiccup)—in regard of her not knowin' that there was any sich message for her—(hiccup). But happenin' to know Sally Laffan, I made bould to go into the kitchen to ax, you know, how was her aunt's family up in Skelgy, when who should I find before me in it but Sally an' Miss Una—(hiccup). (Saver of earth this night! *from Fardorougha*). Of coorse I shuck hands wid her—wid Sally I mane; an' Sally,' says I, 'I was sent in wid a message from the master to you; he's in the haggard an' wants you.' So, begad, ou—(hiccup) out she goes, an' the coast bein' clear, 'Miss Una,' says I, 'here's a scrape of a letter from Misther Connor O'Donovan; read it, and if you can write him an answer, do; if you haven't time say whatever you have to say by me.' She go—(hiccup) she got all colours when I handed it to her; an' run away, sayin' to me, 'wait for awhile, an' don't go till I see you.' In a minute or two Sally comes in agin as mad as the dickens wid me; the curse o' the crows an' you,' says she, 'why did you make me run a fool's erran' for no rason. The masther wasn't in the haggard, an' didn't want me good or bad.'

'Bartle,' said the impatient lover, 'pass all that over for the present, an' let us know the answer if she sent any.'

'Sent any! be my sowl she did so; after readin' your letter an' findin' that she could depind on me, she said that for fear of any remarks bein' made about my waitin', espishially as I live at present in this family, it would be better she thought to answer it by word o' mouth. 'Tell him,' said she, 'that I didn't think he wa—(hiccup) (Queen o' heaven)! was so dull an' ignorant o' the customs of the country, as not to know that whin young people want to see one another they stay from mass wid an expectation that'—begad I dis-

remember exactly her own words; but it was as much as to say that she staid at home on last Sunday expectin' to see you.'

'Well, but Bartle, what else?—short an' sweet, man.'

'Why, she'll meet you on next Thursday night, God willin', in the same place; an' whin I axed her where, she said you knew it yourself.'

'An' is that all?'

'No, it's not all; she sed it 'ud better to mention the thing to her father. Aftther thinkin' it over she says, 'as your father has the na—(hiccup) (Saints above!) name of bein' so rich, she doesn't know if a friend 'ud interfere but his consint might be got; an' that's all I have to say about it, barrin' that she's a very purty girl, an' I'd advise you not to be *too sure of her yet*, Bartle. So now I'm for the barn—Good night Far—(hiccup) (at my cost, you do it!) Fardorougha.'

He rose and proceeded to his sleeping place in the barn, whither Connor, who was struck by his manner, accompanied him.

'Bartle,' said O'Donovan, 'did you take any thing since I saw you last?'

'Only share of two naggins wid my brother Antony at Peggy Finigan's.'

'I noticed it upon you,' observed Connor; 'but I don't think they did.'

'An' if they did, too, it's not high thrason I hope.'

'No; but Bartle, I'm obliged to you. You've acted as a friend to me, an' I won't forget it to you.'

'*Dar Deah*, an' I'm so much obliged to you, Connor, that I'll remimber your employin' me in this the longest day I have to live. But Connor?'

'Well, Bartle.'

'I'd take the sacrament, that aftther all, a ring you'll never put on her.'

'And what makes you think so, Bartle?'

'I don't—I do—(hiccup) don't know; but somehow something or another tells it to me that you won't; others is fond of her I suppose as well as yourself; and of course they'll stand betune you.'

'Ay, but I'm sure of her.'

'*Der Chriastha*, but you're not; wait till I see you man and wife, an' thin I'll say so. Here's myself, Bartle, is in love, an' dthough I don't expect ever the girl will or would marry me, be the crass of heaven no other man will have her. Now, how do you know but you may have some one like me—like me, Connor, to stand against you?'

'Bartle,' said Connor, laughing, 'your head's a little moidher'd; give me your hand; wish! the devil take you, man, don't wring my fingers off. Say your prayers, Bartle, an' go to sleep. I say agin I wont forget your kindness to me this night.'

Flanagan had now deposited himself upon his straw bed, and after having tugged the bed clothes about

him, said, in the relaxed indolent voice of a man about to sleep,

'Good night Connor; throth my head's a little soft to-night—good night.'

'Good night, Bartle.'

'Connor?'

'Well?'

'Didn't I stand to you to-night? Very well—goo—(hiccup) good night!'

On Connor's return, a serious conclave was held upon the best mode of procedure in a matter which presented difficulties that appeared to be insurmountable. The father seizing upon the advice transmitted by Una herself, as that which he had already suggested, insisted that the most judicious course was to propose for her openly, and without appearing to feel that there was any inferiority on the part of Connor.

'If they talk about wealth, Connor,' said he, 'say that you are my son, an' that—that—no—no—I'm too poor for such a boast, but say that you will be able to take good care of any thing you get.'

At this moment the door, which Connor had not bolted, as his father would have done, opened, and Bartle, wrapped in the treble folds of a winnow-cloth, made a distant appearance.'

'Beg pardon, Connor; I forgot to say that Una's brother, the young priest out o' Maynooth, will be at home from his uncle's where it appears he is at present; an' Miss Una would wish that the proposal 'ud be made while he's at his father's. She says he'll stand her friend, come or go what will. I forgot begad, to mention it before—so beg pardon, an' wishes you all good night!'

This information tended to confirm them in the course recommended by Fardorougha. It was accordingly resolved upon that he (Fardorougha) himself should wait upon Bodagh Buie, and in the name of his son formally propose for the hand of his daughter.

To effect this, however, was a matter of no ordinary difficulty, as they apprehended that the Bodagh and his wife would recoil with indignation at the bare mention of even condescending to discuss a topic which in all probability they would consider as an insult. Not, after all, that there existed, according to the opinion of their neighbours, such a vast disparity in the wealth of each; on the contrary, many were heard to assert, that of the two Fardorougha had the heavier purse. His character, however, was held in such a horror by all who knew him, and he ranked in point of personal respectability and style of living, so low beneath the Bodagh, that we question if any ordinary occurrence could be supposed to fall upon the people with greater amazement than a marriage, or the repudiation of a marriage, between any member of the two families. The O'Donovans felt, however, that it was better to make the experiment already agreed on, than longer



Mr. Bumble degraded in the eyes of the Paupers.



Nicholas astonishes Mr. Squeers and his Family.

remain in a state of uncertainty about it. Should it fail, the position of the lovers, though perhaps rendered somewhat less secure, would be such as to suggest, so far as they themselves were concerned, the necessity of a more prompt and effectual course of action. Fardorougha expressed his intention of opening the matter on the following day; but his wife, with a better knowledge of female character, deemed it more judicious to defer it until after the interview which was to take place between Connor and Una on the succeeding Thursday. It might be better, for instance, to make the proposal first to Mrs. O'Brien herself, or on the other hand to the Bodagh, but touching that and other matters relating to what was proposed to be done, Una's opinion and advice might be necessary.

Little passed, therefore, worthy of note, during the intermediate time, except a short conversation between Bartle and Connor on the following day, as they returned to the field from dinner.

'Bartle,' said the other, 'you wor a little soft last night: or rather a good dale so.'

'Faith, no doubt o' that—but when a man meets an ould acquaintance or two, they don't like to refuse a thrate. I fell in wid three or four boys—all friends o' mine, an' we had a sup on account o' what's expected.'

As he uttered these words, he looked at Connor with an eye which seemed to say—you are not in a certain secret with which I am acquainted.

'Why,' replied Connor, 'what do you mane, Bartle? I thought you wor with your brother—at laste you tould me so.'

Flanagan started on hearing this.

'Wid my brother,' said he—why, I—I—what else could I tell you? he was along wid the boys when I met them.'

'Took a sup on account o' what's expected!—an' what's the manin' o' that, Bartle?'

'Why, what would it mane—but—but—your marriage?'

'An' thundher an' fury,' exclaimed Connor, his eye gleaming; 'did you go to betray trust, an' mintion Una's name an' mine, afther what I tould you.'

'Don't be foolish, Connor,' replied Flanagan; 'is it mad you'd have me to be? I said there was something expected soon, that 'ad surprise them; and when they axed me what it was—honour bright! I gave them a knowin' wink, but said nothin'. Eh! was that breakin' trust? Arrah, be my sowl, Connor, you don't trate me well by the words you spoke this blessed minute.'

'An' how does it come, Bartle, my boy, that you had one story last night, an' another to-day.'

'Faix, very aasily, bekase I forget what I sed last night—for sure enough I was more cut than you thought—but didn't I keep it well in before the ould couple?'

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'You did fairly enough; I grant that—but the moment you got into the barn a blind man could see it.'

'Bekase I didn't care a button wanst I escaped from the eye of your fater; any how, bad luck to it for whiskey; I have a murderin big heddick all day afther it.'

'It's a bad weed, Bartle, and the less a man has to do with it, the less he'll be throubled aither wid a sore head or a sore conscience.'

'Connor, divil a one, but you're the moral of a good boy; I dunna a fault you have but one.'

'Come let us hear it.'

'I'll tell you some day, but not now, not now—but I will tell you—an' I'll let you know the rason thin that I don't mintion it now; in the mane time I'll sit down an' take a smoke.'

'A smoke! why, I never knew you smoked.'

'Nor I, myself, till last night. This tindher-box I was made a present of to light my pipe, when not near a coal. Begad, now that I think of it, I suppose it was smokin' that knocked me up so much last night, an' made my head so sick to-day.'

'It help'd it, I'll engage; if you take my advice, it's a custom you won't larn.'

'I have a good dale to throuble me, Connor; you know I have; an' what we are brought down to now; I have more nor you'd believe to think of; as much, any way, as 'ill make this box an' steel useful, I hope, when I'm frettin.'

Flanagan spoke truth, in assuring Connor that the apology given for his intoxication on the preceding night had escaped his memory. It was fortunate for him, indeed, that O'Donovan, like all candid and ingenuous persons, was utterly devoid of suspicion, otherwise he might have perceived by the discrepancy in the two accounts, as well as by Flanagan's confusion, that he was a person in whom it might not be prudent to entrust much confidence.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Containing the unsatisfactory result of Oliver's adventure, and a conversation of some importance between Harry Maylie and Rose.

When the inmates of the house, attracted by Oliver's cries, hurried to the spot from which they proceeded, they found him, pale and agitated, pointing in the direction of the meadows behind the house, and

scarcely able to articulate the words 'The Jew! the Jew!'

Mr. Giles was at a loss to comprehend what this outcry meant; but Harry Maylie, whose perceptions were something quicker, and who had heard Oliver's history from his mother, understood it at once.

'What direction did he take?' he asked, catching up a heavy stick which was standing in a corner.

'That,' replied Oliver, pointing out the course the men had taken. 'I missed them all in an instant.'

'Then they are in the ditch!' said Harry. 'Follow, and keep as near me as you can.' So saying he sprang over the hedge, and darted off with a speed which rendered it matter of exceeding difficulty for the others to keep near him.

Giles followed as well as he could, and Oliver followed too, and in the course of a minute or two, Mr. Losberne, who had been out walking, and just then returned, tumbled over the hedge after them, and picking himself up with more agility than he could have been supposed to possess, struck into the same course at no contemptible speed, shouting all the while most prodigiously to know what was the matter.

On they all went; nor stopped they once to breathe until the leader, striking off into an angle of the field indicated by Oliver, began to search narrowly the ditch and hedge adjoining, which afforded time for the remainder of the party to come up, and for Oliver to communicate to Mr. Losberne the circumstances that had led to so vigorous a pursuit.

The search was all in vain. There were not even the traces of recent footsteps to be seen. They stood now on the summit of a little hill, commanding the open fields in every direction for three or four miles. There was the village in the hollow on the left; but, in order to gain that, after pursuing the track Oliver had pointed out, the men must have made a circuit of open ground which it was impossible they could have accomplished in so short a time. A thick wood skirted the meadow-land in another direction; but they could not have gained that covert for the same reason.

'It must have been a dream, Oliver!' said Harry Maylie, taking him aside.

'Oh no, indeed, sir,' replied Oliver, shuddering at the very recollection of the old wretch's countenance; 'I saw him too plainly for that. I saw them both as plainly as I see you now.'

'Who was the other?' inquired Harry and Mr. Losberne together.

'The very same man that I told you of, who came upon me so suddenly at the inn,' said Oliver. 'We had our eyes fixed full upon each other, and I could swear to him.'

'They took this way!' demanded Harry; 'are you certain of that?'

'As I am that the men were at the window,' replied

Oliver, pointing down as he spoke to the hedge which divided the cottage-garden from the meadow. 'The tall man leaped over just there; and the Jew, running a few paces to the right, crept through that gap.'

The two gentlemen watched Oliver's earnest face as he spoke, and looking from him to each other, seemed to feel satisfied of the accuracy of what he said. Still, in no direction were there any appearances of the trampling of men in hurried flight. The grass was long, but it was trodden down nowhere save where their own feet had crushed it. The sides and brinks of the ditches were of damp clay, but in no one place could they discern the print of men's shoes, or the slightest mark which would indicate that any feet had pressed the ground for hours before.

'This is strange!' said Harry.

'Strange!' echoed the doctor. 'Blathers and Duff themselves could make nothing of it.'

Notwithstanding the evidently inefficacious nature of their search, however, they did not desist until the coming on of night rendered its further prosecution hopeless, and even then they gave it up with reluctance. Giles was despatched to the different alehouses in the village, furnished with the best description Oliver could give of the appearance and dress of the strangers; of whom the Jew was at all events sufficiently remarkable to be remembered supposing he had been seen drinking, or loitering about; but he returned without any intelligence calculated to dispel or lessen the mystery.

On the next day further search was made, and the enquiries renewed, but with no better success. On the day following, Oliver and Mr. Maylie repaired to the market-town, in the hope of seeing or hearing something of the men there; but this effort was equally fruitless; and, after a few days the affair began to be forgotten, as most affairs are, when wonder, having no fresh food to support it, dies away of itself.

Meanwhile Rose was rapidly recovering. She had left her room, was able to go out, and, mixing once more with the family, carried joy with the hearts of all.

But although this happy change had a visible effect on the little circle, and although cheerful voices and merry laughter were once more heard in the cottage, there was at times an unwonted restraint upon some there—even upon Rose herself—which Oliver could not fail to remark. Mrs. Maylie and her son were often closeted together for a long time, and more than once Rose appeared with traces of tears upon her face. After Mr. Losberne had fixed a day for his departure to Chertsey, these symptoms increased, and it became evident that something was in progress which affected the peace of the young lady and of somebody else besides.

At length one morning, when Rose was alone in the

breakfast parlour, Harry Maylie entered, and with some hesitation begged permission to speak with her for a few moments.

'A few—a very few—will suffice, Rose,' said the young man, drawing his chair towards her. 'What I shall have to say has already presented itself to your mind; the most cherished hopes of my heart are not unknown to you, though from my lips you have not yet heard them stated.'

Rose had been very pale from the moment of his entrance, although that might have been the effect of her recent illness. She merely bowed, and bending over some plants that stood near, waited in silence for him to proceed.

'I—I ought to have left here before,' said Harry.

'You should indeed,' replied Rose. 'Forgive me for saying so, but I wish you had.'

'I was brought here by the most dreadful and agonizing of all apprehensions,' said the young man, 'the fear of losing the one dear being on whom my every wish and hope are centred. You had been dying—trembling between earth and heaven. We know that when the young, the beautiful, and good, are visited with sickness, their pure spirits insensibly turn towards their bright home of lasting rest, and hence it is that the best and fairest of our kind so often fade in blooming.'

There were tears in the eyes of the gentle girl as these words were spoken, and when one fell upon the flower over which she bent, and glistened brightly in its cup, making it more beautiful, it seemed as though the outpourings of a fresh young heart claimed common kindred with the loveliest things in nature.

'An angel,' continued the young man passionately, 'a creature as fair and innocent of guile as one of God's own angels, fluttered between life and death. Oh! who could hope, when the distant world to which she was akin half opened to her view, that she would return to the sorrow and calamity of this! Rose, Rose, to know that you were passing away like some soft shadow, which a light from above casts upon the earth—to have no hope that you would be spared to those who linger here, and to know no reason why you should—to feel that you belonged to that bright sphere whither so many gifted creatures in infancy and youth have winged their early flight—and yet to pray, amid all these consolations, that you might be restored to those who loved you—these are distractions almost too great to bear. They were mine by day and night, and with them came such a rushing torrent of fears and apprehensions, and selfish regrets lest you should die and never know how devotedly I loved you, as almost bore down sense and reason in its course. You recovered—day by day, and almost hour by hour, some drop of health came back, and mingling with the spent and feeble stream of life which circulated lan-

guidly within you, swelled it again to a high and rushing tide. I have watched you change almost from death to life, with eyes that moistened with their own eagerness and deep affection. Do not tell me that you wish I had lost this; for it has softened my heart to all mankind.'

'I did not mean that,' said Rose weeping; 'I only wished you had left here, that you might have turned to high and noble pursuits again—to pursuits well worthy of you.'

'There is no pursuit more worthy of me—more worthy of the highest nature that exists—than the struggle to win such a heart as yours,' said the young man, taking her hand. 'Rose, my own dear Rose, for years—for years I have loved you, hoping to win my way to fame, and then come proudly home in my day dreams how I would remind you in that happy moment and tell you it had been sought, only for you to share; thinking of the many silent tokens I had given of a boy's attachment, and rally you who had blushed to mark them, and then claim your hand, as if in redemption of some old mute contract that had been sealed between us. That time has not arrived; but here, with no fame won and no young vision realized, I give to you the heart so long your own, and stake my all upon the words with which you greet the offer.'

'Your behaviour has ever been kind and noble,' said Rose, mastering the emotions by which she was agitated. 'As you believe that I am not insensible or ungrateful, so hear my answer.'

'It is that I may endeavour to deserve you—is it, dear Rose?'

'It is,' replied Rose, 'that you must endeavour to forget me—not as your old and dearly-attached companion, for that would wound me deeply, but as the object of your love. Look into the world, think how many hearts you would be equally proud to gain are there. Confide some other passion to me, if you will, and I will be the truest, warmest, most faithful friend you have.'

There was a pause, during which, Rose, who had covered her face with one hand, gave free vent to her tears. Harry still retained the other.

'And your reasons, Rose,' he said at length in a low voice, 'your reasons for this decision—may I ask them?'

'You have a right to know them,' rejoined Rose. 'You can say nothing to alter my resolution. It is a duty that I must perform. I owe it alike to others, and to myself.'

'To yourself?'

'Yes, Harry, I owe it to myself that I, a friendless, portionless girl, with a blight upon my name, should not give the world reason to suspect that I had sordidly yielded to your first passion, and fastened myself, a clog, upon all your hopes and projects. I owe it to

you and yours to prevent you from opposing, in the warmth of your generous nature, this great obstacle to your progress in the world.'

'If your inclinations chime with your sense of duty——' Harry began.

'They do not,' replied Rose, colouring deeply.

'Then you return my love?' said Harry. 'Say but that, Rose; say but that, and soften the bitterness of this hard disappointment.'

'If I could have done so without doing heavy wrong to him I loved,' rejoined Rose, 'I could have——'

'Have received this declaration very differently?' said Harry with great eagerness. 'Do not conceal that from me at least, Rose.'

'I could,' said Rose. 'Stay,' she added, disengaging her hand. 'Why should we prolong this painful interview; most painful to me, and yet productive of lasting happiness notwithstanding; for it *will* be happiness to know that I once held the high place in your regard which I now occupy, and every triumph you achieve in life will animate me with new fortitude and firmness. Farewell, Harry! for as we have met to-day, we meet no more: but in other relations than those in which this conversation would have placed us, may we be long and happily entwined; and may every blessing that the prayers of a true and earnest heart can call down from where all is truth and sincerity, cheer and prosper you.'

'Another word, Rose,' said Harry. 'Your reason in your own words. From your own lips let me hear it.'

'The prospect before you,' answered Rose firmly, 'is a brilliant one; all the honours to which great talents and powerful connexions can help men in public life are in store for you. But those connexions are proud, and I will neither mingle with such as hold in scorn the mother who gave me life, nor bring disgrace or failure upon the son of her who has so well supplied that mother's place. In a word,' said the young lady, turning away as her temporary firmness forsook her, 'there is a stain upon my name which the world visits on innocent heads; I will carry it into no blood but my own, and the reproach shall rest alone on me.'

'One word more, Rose—dear Rose, one more,' cried Harry throwing himself before her. 'If I had been less, less fortunate, as the world would call it,—if some obscure and peaceful life had been my destiny,—if I had been poor, sick, helpless,—would you have turned from me then? or has my probable advancement to riches and honour given this scruple birth?'

'Do not press me to reply,' answered Rose. 'The question does not arise, and never will. It is unfair, unkind, to urge it.'

'If your answer be what I almost dare to hope it is,' retorted Harry, 'it will shed a gleam of happiness upon my lonely way, and light the dreary path before me. It is not an idle thing to do so much, by the utterance

of a few brief words, for one who loves us beyond all else. Oh, Rose, in the name of my ardent and enduring attachment,—in the name of all I have suffered for you, and all you doom me to undergo,—answer me that one question.'

'Then if your lot had been differently cast,' rejoined Rose; 'if you had been even a little, but not so far above me; if I could have been a help and comfort to you in some humble scene of peace and retirement, and not a blot and drawback in ambitious and distinguished crowds; I should have been spared this trial. I have every reason to be happy, very happy, now; but then, Harry, I owe I should have been happier.'

Busy recollections of old hopes, cherished as a girl long ago, crowded into the mind of Rose while making this avowal; but they brought tears with them, as old hopes will when they come back withered, and they relieved her.

'I cannot help this weakness, and it makes my purpose stronger,' said Rose extending her hand. 'I must leave you now, indeed.'

'I ask one promise,' said Harry. 'Once, and only once more,—say within a year, but it may be much sooner,—let me speak to you again on this subject for the last time.'

'Not to press me to alter my right determination,' replied Rose with a melancholy smile: 'it will be useless.'

'No,' said Harry; 'to hear you repeat it, if you will; finally repeat it. I will lay at your feet whatever of station or fortune I may possess, and if you still adhere to your present resolution, will not seek by word or act to change it.'

'Then let it be so,' rejoined Rose. 'It is but one pang the more, and by that time I may be enabled to bear it better.'

She extended her hand again, but the young man caught her to his bosom, and, imprinting one kiss upon her beautiful forehead, hurried from the room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH,

Is a very short one, and may appear of no great importance in its place, but it should be read notwithstanding, as a sequel to the last, and a key to one that will follow when its time arrives.

'And so you are resolved to be my travelling-companion this morning—eh?' said the doctor, as Harry Maylie joined him and Oliver at the breakfast-table. 'Why, you are not in the same mind or intention two half hours together.'

'You will tell me a different tale one of these days,' said Harry, colouring without any perceptible reason.

'I hope I may have good cause to do so,' replied Mr. Losberne; 'though I confess I don't think I shall. But yesterday morning you had made up your mind

in a great hurry to stay here, and accompany your mother, like a dutiful son, to the sea-side; before noon you announce that you are going to do me the honour of accompanying me as far as I go on your road to London; and at night you urge me with great mystery to start before the ladies are stirring, the consequence of which is, that young Oliver here is pinned down to his breakfast when he ought to be ranging the meadows after botanical phenomena of all kinds. Too bad, isn't it, Oliver?

'I should have been very sorry not to have been at home when you and Mr. Maylie went away, sir,' rejoined Oliver.

'That's a fine fellow,' said the doctor; 'you shall come and see me when you return. But, to speak seriously, Harry, has any communication from the great nobs produced this sudden anxiety on your part to be gone?'

'The great nobs,' replied Harry, 'under which designation, I presume, you include my most stately uncle, have not communicated with me at all since I have been here, nor, at this time of the year, is it likely that anything would occur to render necessary my immediate attendance among them.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'you are a queer fellow. But of course they will get you into Parliament at the election before Christmas, and these sudden shiftings and changes are no bad preparation for political life. There's something in that; good training is always desirable, whether the race be for place, cup or sweepstakes.'

Harry Maylie looked as if he could have followed up this short dialogue by one or two remarks that would have staggered the doctor not a little, but he contented himself with saying, 'We shall see,' and pursued the subject no further. The post-chaise drove up to the door shortly afterwards, and Giles coming in for the luggage, the good doctor bustled out to see it packed away.

'Oliver,' said Harry Maylie in a low voice, 'let me speak a word with you.'

Oliver walked into the window-recess to which Mr. Maylie beckoned him; much surprised at the mixture of sadness and boisterous spirits, which his whole behaviour displayed.

'You can write well now,' said Harry, laying his hand upon his arm.

'I hope so, sir,' replied Oliver.

'I shall not be at home again, perhaps for some time; I wish you would write to me—say once a fortnight, every alternate Monday, to the General Post Office in London: will you?' said Mr. Maylie.

'Oh! certainly sir; I shall be proud to do it,' exclaimed Oliver, greatly delighted with the commission.

'I should like to know how—how my mother and

Miss Maylie are,' said the young man; 'and you can fill up a sheet by telling me what walks you take, and what you talk about, and whether she—they, I mean, seem happy and quite well. You understand me?'

'Oh! quite sir, quite,' replied Oliver.

'I would rather you did not mention it to them,' said Harry, hurrying over his words. Because it might make my mother anxious to write to me often-er, and it is a trouble and worry to her. Let it be a secret between you and me, and mind you tell me everything; I depend upon you.'

Oliver, quite elated and honoured by a sense of his importance, faithfully promised to be secret and explicit in his communications, and Mr. Maylie took leave of him with many warm assurances of his regard and protection.

The doctor was in the chaise; Giles (who, it had been arranged, should be left behind,) held the door open in his hand; and the women servants were in the garden looking on. Harry cast one slight glance at the latticed window, and jumped into the carriage.

'Drive on!' he cried, 'hard, fast, full gallop. Nothing short of flying will keep pace with me to-day.'

'Halloa!' cried the doctor, letting down the front glass in a great hurry, and shouting to the postilion, 'something very far short of flying will keep pace with me. Do you hear?'

Jingling and clattering till distance rendered its noise inaudible, and its rapid progress only perceptible to the eye, the vehicle wound its way along the road almost hidden in a cloud of dust, now wholly disappearing, and now becoming visible again, as intervening objects or the intricacies of the way permitted. It was not until even the dusty cloud was no longer to be seen, that the gazers dispersed.

And there was one looker-on, who remained with eyes fixed upon the spot where the carriage had disappeared, long after it was many miles away; for behind the white curtain which had shrouded her from view, when Harry raised his eyes towards the window, sat Rose herself.

'He seems in high spirits and happy,' she said at length. 'I feared for a time he might be otherwise. I was mistaken. I am very, very glad.'

Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief, but those which coursed down Rose's face as she sat pensively at the window, still gazing in the same direction, seemed to tell more of sorrow than of joy.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

In which the reader, if he or she resort to the fifth chapter of the second book, will perceive a contrast not uncommon in matrimonial cases.

Mr. Bumble sat in the workhouse parlour, with his eyes moodily fixed on the cheerless grate, whence, as

it was summer time, no brighter gleam proceeded than the reflection of certain sickly rays of the sun, which were sent back from its cold and shining surface. A paper fly-cage dangled from the ceiling, to which he occasionally raised his eyes in gloomy thought; and, as the heedless insects hovered round the gaudy network, Mr. Bumble would heave a deep sigh, while a more gloomy shadow overspread his countenance. Mr. Bumble was meditating, and it might be that the insects brought to mind some painful passage in his own past life.

Nor was Mr. Bumble's gloom the only thing calculated to awaken a pleasing melancholy in the bosom of a spectator. There were not wanting other appearances, and those closely connected with his own person, which announced that a great change had taken place in the position of his affairs. The laced coat and the cocked hat, where were they? He still wore knee-breeches and dark cotton stockings on his nether limbs, but they were not *the* breeches. The coat was wide-skirted, and in that respect like *the* coat, but, oh, how different! The mighty cocked-hat was replaced by a modest round one. Mr. Bumble was no longer a beadle.

There are some promotions in life which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshal has his uniform, a bishop his silk apron, a counsellor his silk gown, a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his cocked hat and gold lace, what are they? Men,—mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney, and was master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come into power, and on him the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

'And to-morrow two months it was done!' said Mr. Bumble with a sigh. 'It seems a age.'

Mr. Bumble might have meant that he had concentrated a whole existence of happiness into the short space of eight weeks; but the sigh—there was a vast deal of meaning in the sigh.

'I sold myself,' said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of reflection, 'for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable—cheap, dirt cheap.'

'Cheap!' cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble's ear: 'You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that.'

Mr. Bumble turned and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

'Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!' said Mr. Bumble, with sentimental sternness.

'Well,' cried the lady.

'Have the goodness to look at me,' said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her.

'If she stands such a eye as that,' said Mr. Bumble to himself, 'she can stand anything. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers, and if it fails with her my power is gone.'

Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye is sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition, or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances, are matters of opinion. The matter of fact is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine.

On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked first incredulous, and afterwards amazed. He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

'Are you going to sit snoring there all day?' inquired Mrs. Bumble.

'I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, ma'am,' rejoined Mr. Bumble; 'and although I was *not* snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me, such being my prerogative.'

'Your prerogative!' sneered Mrs. Bumble with ineffable contempt.

'I said the word, ma'am,' observed Mr. Bumble. 'The prerogative of a man is to command.'

'And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of goodness?' cried the relict of Mr. Corney deceased.

'To obey, ma'am,' thundered Mr. Bumble. 'Your late unfort'nate husband should have taught it you, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!'

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and, with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a paroxysm of tears.

But tears were not the things to find their way to Mr. Bumble's soul; his heart was waterproof. Like washable beaver hats, that improve with rain, his nerves were rendered stouter and more vigorous by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness, and so far tacit admissions of his own power, pleased and exalted him. He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged in an encouraging manner that she would cry her hardest, the exercise

being looked upon by the faculty as strongly conducive to health.

'It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper,' said Mr. Bumble; 'so cry away.'

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on rather rakishly on one side, as a man might do who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

Now Mrs. Corney, that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but she was quite prepared to make trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

The first proof he experienced of the fact was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tight round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face and tearing his hair off, and having by this time inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose, and defied him to talk about his prerogative again if he dared.

'Get up,' said Mrs. Bumble in a voice of command, 'and take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate.'

Mr. Bumble rose with a very rueful countenance, wondering much what something desperate might be, and picking up his hat, looked towards the door.

'Are you going?' demanded Mrs. Bumble.

'Certainly, my dear, certainly,' rejoined Mr. Bumble, making a quicker motion towards the door. 'I didn't intend to—I'm going, my dear—you are so very violent, that really I—'

At this instant Mrs. Bumble stepped hastily forward to replace the carpet, which had been kicked up in the scuffle, and Mr. Bumble immediately darted out of the room without bestowing another thought on his unfinished sentence, leaving the late Mrs. Corney in full possession of the field.

Mr. Bumble was fairly taken by surprise, and fairly beaten. He had a decided bullying propensity, derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty, and consequently was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities. The remark is made, indeed, rather

in his favour than otherwise, and with the view of impressing the reader with a just sense of his qualifications for office.

But the measure of his degradation was not yet full. After making a tour of the house, and thinking for the first time that the poor laws really were too hard upon people, and that men who ran away from their wives, leaving them chargeable to the parish, ought in justice to be visited with no punishment at all, but rather rewarded as meritorious individuals who had suffered much, Mr. Bumble came to a room where some of the female paupers were usually employed in washing the parish linen, and whence the sound of voices in conversation now proceeded.

'Hem!' said Mr. Bumble, summoning up all his native dignity. 'These women at least shall continue to respect the prerogative. Hallo! hallo there!—what do you mean by this noise, you hussies?'

With these words Mr. Bumble opened the door, and walked in with a very fierce and angry manner, which was at once exchanged for a most humiliated and cowering air as his eyes unexpectedly rested on the form of his lady wife.

'My dear,' said Mr. Bumble, 'I didn't know you were here.'

'Didn't know I was here!' repeated Mrs. Bumble. 'What do you do here?'

'I thought they were talking rather too much to be doing their work properly, my dear,' replied Mr. Bumble, glancing distractedly at a couple of old women at the wash-tub, who were comparing notes of admiration at the workhouse-master's humility.

'You thought they were talking too much!' said Mrs. Bumble. 'What business is it of yours?'

'Why, my dear—' urged Mr. Bumble submissively. 'What business is it of yours?' demanded Mrs. Bumble again.

'It's very true you're matron here, my dear,' submitted Mr. Bumble; 'but I thought you mightn't be in the way just then.'

'I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumble,' returned his lady, 'we don't want any of your interference, and you're a great deal too fond of poking your nose into things that don't concern you, making everybody in the house laugh the moment your back is turned, and making yourself look like a fool every hour in the day. Be off; come!'

Mr. Bumble, seeing with excruciating feelings the delight of the two old paupers who were tittering together most rapturously, hesitated for an instant. Mrs. Bumble, whose patience brooked no delay, caught up a bowl of soap-suds, and motioning him towards the door, ordered him instantly to depart, on pain of receiving the contents upon his portly person.

What could Mr. Bumble do? He looked dejectedly round, and slunk away; and as he reached the door

the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed hen-peckery.

'All in two months!' said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. 'Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!—'

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

He walked up one street and down another until exercise had abated the first passion of his grief, and then the revulsion of feeling made him thirsty. He passed a great many public-houses, and at length paused before one in a bye-way, whose parlour, as he gathered from a hasty peep over the blinds, was deserted save by one solitary customer. It began to rain heavily at the moment, and this determined him; Mr. Bumble stepped in, and ordering something to drink as he passed the bar, entered the apartment into which he had looked from the street.

The man who was seated there was tall and dark, and wore a large cloak. He had the air of a stranger, and seemed, by a certain haggardness in his look, as well as by the dusty soils on his dress, to have travelled some distance. He eyed Bumble askance as he entered, but scarcely deigned to nod his head in acknowledgment of his salutation.

Mr. Bumble had quite dignity enough for two, supposing even that the stranger had been more familiar, so he drank his gin-and-water in silence, and read the paper with great show of pomp and importance.

It so happened, however,—as it will happen very often when men fall into company under such circumstances,—that Mr. Bumble felt every now and then a powerful inducement, which he could not resist, to steal a look at the stranger, and that whenever he did so he withdrew his eyes in some confusion, to find that the stranger was at that moment stealing a look at him. Mr. Bumble's awkwardness was enhanced by the very remarkable expression of the stranger's eye, which was keen and bright, but shadowed by a scowl of distrust and suspicion unlike anything he had ever observed before, and most repulsive to behold.

When they had encountered each other's glance several times in this way, the stranger, in a harsh, deep voice, broke silence.

'Were you looking for me,' he said, 'when you peered in at the window?'

'Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr. —.'

Here Mr. Bumble stopped short, for he was curious to know the stranger's name, and thought in his impatience he might supply the blank.

'I see you were not,' said the stranger, an expression of quiet sarcasm playing about his mouth, 'or you would have known my name. You don't know it, and I should recommend you not to inquire.'

'I meant no harm, young man,' observed Mr. Bumble majestically.

'And have done none,' said the stranger.

Another silence succeeded this short dialogue, which was again broken by the stranger.

'I have seen you before, I think,' said he. 'You were differently dressed at that time, and I only passed you in the street, but I should know you again. You were beadle here once, were you not?'

'I was,' said Mr. Bumble in some surprise. 'Parochial beadle.'

'Just so,' rejoined the other, nodding his head. 'It was in that character I saw you. What are you now?'

'Master of the workhouse,' rejoined Mr. Bumble slowly and impressively, to check any undue familiarity the stranger might otherwise assume. 'Master of the workhouse, young man!'

'You have the same eye to your own interest that you always have had, I doubt not!' resumed the stranger, looking keenly into Mr. Bumble's eyes as he raised them in astonishment at the question. 'Don't scruple to answer freely, man. I know you pretty well, you see.'

'I suppose a married man,' replied Mr. Bumble, shading his eyes with his hand, and surveying the stranger from head to foot in evident perplexity, 'is not more averse to turning an honest penny when he can than a single one. Parochial officers are not so well paid that they can afford to refuse any little extra fee, when it comes to them in a civil and proper manner.'

The stranger smiled, and nodded his head again, as much as to say he found he had not mistaken his man, then rang the bell.

'Fill this glass again,' he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty tumbler to the landlord. 'Let it be strong and hot. You like it so, I suppose?'

'Not too strong,' replied Mr. Bumble, with a delicate cough.

'You understand what that means, landlord!' said the stranger drily.

The host smiled, disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned with a steaming jorum, of which the first gulp brought the water into Mr. Bumble's eyes.

'Now listen to me,' said the stranger, after closing the door and window. 'I came down to this place to-day, to find you out, and, by one of those chances which the devil throws in the way of his friends sometimes, you walked into the very room I was sitting in while you were uppermost in my mind. I want some information

from you, and don't ask you to give it for nothing, slight as it is. Put up that to begin with.'

As he spoke he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion carefully, as though unwilling that the chinking of money should be heard without; and when Mr. Bumble had scrupulously examined the coins to see that they were genuine, and put them up with much satisfaction in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on.

'Carry your memory back—let me see—twelve years last winter.'

'It's a long time,' said Mr. Bumble. 'Very good. I've done it.'

'The scene the workhouse.'

'Good!'

'And the time night.'

'Yes.'

'And the place the crazy hole, wherever it was, in which miserable drabs brought forth the life and health so often denied to themselves—gave birth to pining children for the parish to rear, and hid their shame, rot 'em, in the grave.'

'The lying-in room, I suppose that means?' said Mr. Bumble, not quite following the stranger's excited description.

'Yes,' said the stranger. 'A boy was born there.'

'A many boys,' observed Mr. Bumble, shaking his head despondingly.

'A murrain on the young devils!' cried the stranger impatiently; 'I speak of one, a meek-looking pale-faced bound, who was apprenticed, down here, to a coffin-maker, (I wish he had made his coffin, and screwed his body in it,) and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed.'

'Why, you mean Oliver—young Twist?' said Mr. Bumble; 'I remember him of course. There wasn't a obstinate young rascal—'

'It's not of him I want to hear; I've heard enough of him,' said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble in the very outset of a tirade on the subject of poor Oliver's vices. 'It's of a woman, the hag that nursed his mother. Where is she?'

'Where is she?' said Mr. Bumble, whom the gin and water had rendered facetious. 'It would be hard to tell. There's no midwifery there, whichever place she's gone to; so I suppose she's out of employment any way.'

'What do you mean?' demanded the stranger, sternly.

'That she died last winter,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

The man looked fixedly at him when he had given this information, and although he did not withdraw his eyes for some time afterwards, his gaze gradually became vacant and abstracted, and he seemed lost in thought. For some time he appeared doubtful whether he ought to be relieved or disappointed by the intelligence, but at length he breathed more freely, and withdrew.

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drawing his eyes, observed that it was no great matter, and rose as if to depart.

Mr. Bumble was cunning enough, and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened for the lucrative disposal of some secret in the possession of his better half. He well remembered the night of old Sally's death, which the occurrences of that day had given him good reason to recollect as the occasion on which he had proposed to Mrs. Corney, and although that lady had never confided to him the disclosure of which she had been the solitary witness, he had heard enough to know that it related to something that had occurred in the old woman's attendance as workhouse nurse, upon the young mother of Oliver Twist. Hastily calling this circumstance to mind, he informed the stranger with an air of mystery, that one woman had been closeted with the old harridan shortly before she died, and that she could, as he had reason to believe, throw some light on the subject of his inquiry.

'How can I find her?' said the stranger, thrown off his guard, and plainly showing that all his fears (whatever they were) were aroused afresh by the intelligence.

'Only through me,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

'When?' cried the stranger, hastily.

'To-morrow,' rejoined Bumble.

'At nine in the evening,' said the stranger, producing a scrap of paper, and writing down an obscure address, by the water-side, upon it, in characters that betrayed his agitation, 'at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to be secret, for it's your interest.'

With these words he led the way to the door, after stopping to pay for the liquor that had been drunk; and shortly remarking that their roads were different, departed without more ceremony than an emphatic repetition of the hour of appointment for the following night.

On glancing at the address, the parochial functionary observed that it contained no name. The stranger had not gone far, so he made after him to ask it.

'Who's that?' cried the man turning quickly round as Bumble touched him on the arm. 'Following me!'

'Only to ask a question,' said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. 'What name am I to ask for?'

'Monks!' rejoined the man, and strode hastily away.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

Z I C C I.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

It was the first faint and gradual break of the summer dawn; and two men stood in a balcony overhanging a garden fragrant with the scents of the awakening flowers. The stars had not yet left the sky—the birds

were yet silent on the boughs; all was still, hushed, and tranquil: but how different the tranquillity of reviving day from the solemn repose of night! In the music of silence there are a thousand variations. These men, who alone seemed awake in Naples, were Zicci and the mysterious stranger, who had but an hour or two ago startled the Prince di ——— in his voluptuous palace.

'No,' said the latter, 'hadst thou delayed the acceptance of the Arch Gift until thou hadst attained to the years, and passed through all the desolate bereavements, that chilled and seared myself, ere my researches had made it mine, thou wouldst have escaped the curse of which thou complainest now. Thou wouldst not have mourned over the brevity of human affection as compared to the duration of thine own existence; for thou wouldst have survived the very desire and dream of the love of woman. Brightest, and, but for that error, perhaps the loftiest, of the secret and solemn race that fills up the interval in creation between mankind and the demons, age after age wilt thou rue the splendid folly which made thee ask to carry the beauty and the passions of youth into the dreary grandeur of earthly immortality.'

'I do not repent, nor shall I,' answered Zicci coldly. 'The transport and the sorrow, so wildly blended, which diversify my doom, are better than the calm and bloodless tenor of thy solitary way. Thou, who lovest nothing, hatest nothing—feelest nothing; and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of a dream!'

'You mistake,' replied he who had owned the name of Mejnour, 'though I care not for love, and am dead to every *passion* that agitates the sons of clay, I am not dead to their more serene enjoyments. I have still left to me the sublime pleasures of wisdom and of friendship. I carry down the stream of the countless years, not the turbulent desires of youth—but the calm and spiritual delights of age. Wisely and deliberately I abandoned youth for ever when I separated my lot from men. Let us not envy or reproach each other. I would have saved this Neapolitan, Zicci (since so it now pleases thee to be called,) partly because his grandsire was but divided by the last airy barrier from our own brotherhood—partly because I know that in the man himself lurk the elements of ancestral courage and power, which in earlier life would have fitted him for one of us. Earth holds but few to whom nature has given the qualities that can bear the ordeal! But time and excess, that have thickened the grosser senses, have blunted the imagination. I relinquish him to his doom.'

'And still, then, Mejnour, you cherish the desire to increase our scanty and scattered host by new converts and allies; surely—surely—thy experience might have

taught thee, that scarcely once in a thousand years is born the being that can pass through the horrible gates that lead into the worlds without. Is not thy path already strewn with thy victims? Do not their ghastly faces of agony and fear—the bloodstained suicide, the raving maniac—rise before thee, and warn what is yet left to thee of human sympathy from thy insane ambition?'

'Nay,' answered Mejnour, 'have I not had success to counterbalance failure? And can I forego this lofty and august hope, worthy alone of our high condition—the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance, of others,—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded,—a race that may proceed, in their deathless destinies, from stage to stage of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones! What matter a thousand victims for one convert to our band? And you, Zicci, (continued Mejnour, after a pause)—you, even you, should this affection for a mortal beauty that you have dared, despite yourself, to cherish, be more than a passing fancy—should it, once admitted into your inmost nature, partake of its bright and enduring essence—even you may brave all things to raise the beloved one into your equal. Nay, interrupt me not. Can you see sickness menace her—danger hover around—years creep on—the eyes grow dim—the beauty fade—while the heart, youthful still, clings and fastens round your own,—can you see this, and know it is yours to——'

'Cease,' cried Zicci, freely. 'What is all other fate as compared to the death of terror? What! when the coldest sage—the most heated enthusiast—the hardest warrior, with his nerves of iron—have been found dead in their beds, with straining eyeballs and horrent hair, at the first step of the Dread Progress,—thinkest thou that this weak woman—from whose cheek a sound at the window, the screech of the night-owl, the sight of a drop of blood on a man's sword, would start the colour—could brave the glance of ——— Away!—the very thought of such sights for her makes even myself a coward!'

'When you told her you loved her—when you clasped her to your breast, you renounced all power to prophesy her future lot, or protect her from harm. Henceforth to her you are human, and human only. How know you, then, to what you may be tempted?—how know you what her curiosity may learn and her courage brave? But enough of this—you are bent on your pursuit!'

'The fiat has gone forth.'

'And to-morrow!'

'To-morrow at this hour our bark will be bounding over yonder ocean, and the weight of ages will have fallen from my heart! Fool, *thou* hast given up *thy* youth!'

CHAPTER XVI.

The Prince di — was not a man whom Naples could suppose to be addicted to superstitious fancies; neither was the age one in which the belief of sorcery was prevalent. Still, in the south of Italy, there was then, and there still lingers, a certain spirit of credulity, which may, ever and anon, be visible amidst the boldest dogmas of their philosophers and sceptics. In his childhood the Prince had learned strange tales of the ambition, the genius, and the career of his grandsire,—and, secretly, perhaps influenced by ancestral example, in earlier youth he himself had followed science, not only through her legitimate course, but her antiquated and erratic windings. I have, indeed, been shown in Naples a little volume, blazoned with the arms of the Visconti, and ascribed to the nobleman I refer to, which treats of alchemy in a spirit half mocking and half reverential.

Pleasure soon distracted him from such speculations, and his talents, which were unquestionably great, were wholly perverted to extravagant intrigues, or to the embellishment of a gorgeous ostentation with something of classic grace. His immense wealth, his imperious pride, his unscrupulous and daring character, made him an object of no inconsiderable fear to a feeble and timid court: and the ministers of the indolent government willingly connived at excesses which allured him at least from ambition. The strange visit, and yet more strange departure, of Mejnour, filled the breast of the Neapolitan with awe and wonder, against which all the haughty arrogance and learned scepticism of his maturer manhood combated in vain. The apparition of Mejnour served, indeed, to invest Zicci with a character in which the Prince had not hitherto regarded him. He felt a strange alarm at the rival he had braved—at the foe he had provoked. His night was sleepless, and the next morning he came to the resolution of leaving Isabel in peace until after the banquet of that day, to which he had invited Zicci. He felt as if the death of the mysterious Corsican were necessary for the preservation of his own life; and if at an earlier period of their rivalry he had determined on the fate of Zicci, the warnings of Mejnour only served to confirm his resolve.

'We will try if his magic can invent an antidote to the bane,' said he, half aloud, and with a gloomy smile, as he summoned Mascari to his presence. The poison which the Prince, with his own hands, mixed into the wine intended for his guest, was compounded from ma-

terials, the secret of which had been one of the proudest heirlooms of that able and evil race, which gave to Italy her wisest and fellest tyrants. Its operation was quick, yet not sudden—it produced no pain—it left on the form no grim convulsion, on the skin no purpling spot, to arouse suspicion,—you might have cut and carved every membrane and fibre of the corpse, but the sharpest eyes of the leech would not have detected the presence of the subtle life-queller. For twelve hours the victim felt nothing, save a joyous and elated exhilaration of the blood—a delicious languor followed, the sure forerunner of apoplexy. No lancet then could save! Apoplexy had run much in the families of the enemies of the Visconti!

The hour of the feast arrived—the guests assembled. There were the flower of the Neapolitan *seignorie*—the descendants of the Norman, the Teuton, the Goth; for Naples had then a nobility, but derived it from the North, which has indeed been the *Nutrix Leonum*, the nurse of the lion-hearted chivalry of the world.

Last of the guests came Zicci; and the crowd gave way as the dazzling foreigner moved along to the lord of the palace. The Prince greeted him with a meaning smile, to which Zicci answered by a whisper,—'He who plays with loaded dice does not always win.'

The Prince bit his lip; and Zicci, passing on, seemed deep in conversation with the fawning Mascari.

'Who is the Prince's heir?' asked the Corsican.

'A distant relation on the mother's side; with his excellency dies the male line.'

'Is the heir present at our host's banquet?'

'No; they are not friends.'

'No matter; he will be here to-morrow!'

Mascari stared in surprise; but the signal for the banquet was given, and the guests were marshalled to the board. As was the custom, the feast took place at midday. It was a long oval hall, the whole of one side opening by a marble colonnade upon a court or garden, in which the eye rested gratefully upon cool fountains and statues of whitest marble, half sheltered by orange trees. Every art that luxury could invent to give freshness and coolness to the languid and breezeless heat of the day without (a day on which the breath of the sirocco was abroad) had been called into existence. Artificial currents of air through invisible tubes, silken blinds waving to and fro as if to cheat the senses into the belief of an April wind, and miniature *jets d'eau* in each corner of the apartment, gave to the Italians the same sense of exhilaration and *comfort* (if I may use the word) which the well-drawn curtains and the blazing hearth afford to the children of colder climes.

The conversation was somewhat more lively and intellectual than is common amongst the languid pleasure-hunters of the South; for the Prince, himself accomplished, sought his acquaintance not only amongst the

beaux esprits of his own country, but amongst the gay foreigners who adorned and relieved the monotony of the Neapolitan circles. There were present two or three of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old regime, and their peculiar turn of thought and wit was calculated for the meridian of a society that made the *Dolce far niente* at once its philosophy and its faith. The Prince, however, was more silent than usual; and when he sought to rouse himself, his spirits were forced and exaggerated. To the manners of his host, those of Zicci afforded a striking contrast. The bearing of this singular person was at all times characterized by a calm and polished ease, which was attributed by the courtiers to the long habit of society. He could scarcely be called gay; yet few persons more tended to animate the general spirits of a convivial circle. He seemed, by a kind of intuition, to elicit from each companion the qualities in which he most excelled; and a certain tone of latent mockery that characterized his remarks upon the topics on which the conversation fell, seemed to men who took nothing in earnest to be the language both of wit and wisdom. To the Frenchmen in particular there was something startling in his intimate knowledge of the minutest events in their own capital and country, and his profound penetration (evinced but in epigrams and sarcasms) into the eminent characters who were then playing a part upon the great stage of Continental intrigue. It was while this conversation grew animated, and the feast was at its height, that Glyndon (who, as the reader will recollect, had resolved, on learning from Cetoxa the capture of the actress, to seek the Prince himself,) arrived at the palace. The porter, perceiving by his dress that he was not one of the invited guests, told him that his excellency was engaged, and on no account could be disturbed; and Glyndon then, for the first time, became aware of how strange and embarrassing was the duty he had taken on himself. To force an entrance into the banquet hall of a great and powerful noble, surrounded by the rank of Naples, and to arraign him for what to his boon companions would appear but an act of gallantry, was an exploit that could not fail to be at once ludicrous and impotent. He mused a moment; and remembering that Zicci was among the guests, determined to apply himself to the Corsican. He therefore, slipping a few crowns into the porter's hand, said that he was commissioned to seek the Signior Zicci upon an errand of life and death; and easily won his way across the court, and into the interior building. He passed up the broad staircase, and the voices and merriment of the revellers smote his ear at a distance. At the entrance of the reception room he found a page, whom he despatched with a message to Zicci. The page did the errand; and the Corsican, on hearing the whispered name of Glyndon, turned to his host.

'Pardon me, my lord: an English friend of mine,

the Signior Glyndon (not unknown by name to your excellency) waits without—the business must indeed be urgent on which he has sought me in such an hour. You will forgive my momentary absence.'

'Nay, Signior,' answered the Prince, courteously, but with a sinister smile on his countenance, 'would it not be better for your friend to join us? An Englishman is welcome every where; and even were he a Dutchman, your friendship would invest his presence with attraction. Pray his attendance,—we would not spare you even for a moment.'

Zicci bowed—the page was despatched with all flattering messages to Glyndon—a seat next to Zicci was placed for him, and the Englishman entered.

'You are most welcome, sir. I trust your business to our illustrious guest is of good omen and pleasant import. If you bring evil news, defer it, I pray you.'

Glyndon's brow was sullen; and he was about to startle the guests by his reply, when Zicci, touching his arm significantly, whispered in English—'I know why you have sought me. Be silent, and witness what ensues.'

'You know, then, that Isabel, whom you boasted you had the power to save from danger—'

'Is in this house?—yes. I know also that murder sits at the right hand of our host. Be still, and learn the fate that awaits the foes of Zicci.'

'My lord,' said the Corsican, speaking aloud, 'the Signior Glyndon has indeed brought me tidings which, though not unexpected, are unwelcome. I learn that which will oblige me to leave Naples to-morrow, though I trust but for a short time. I have now a new motive to make the most of the present hour.'

'And what, if I may venture to ask, may be the cause that brings such affliction on the fair dames of Naples?'

It is the approaching death of one who honoured me with most loyal friendship,' replied Zicci, gravely. 'Let us not speak of it—grief cannot put back the dial. As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendships those that fade from our path.'

'True philosophy,' exclaimed the Prince. 'Not to admire' was the Roman's maxim; never to mourn is mine. There is nothing in life to grieve for, save, indeed, Signior Zicci, when some young beauty on whom we have set our heart slips from our grasp. In such a moment we have need of all our wisdom, not to succumb to despair and shake hands with death. You smile. Such never could be your lot. Pledge me in a sentiment—'Long life to the fortunate lover—a quick release to the baffled suitor!'

'I pledge you,' said Zicci. And as the fatal wine was poured into his glass, he repeated, fixing his eyes on the Prince, I pledge you, even in this wine!'

He lifted the glass to his lips. The Prince seemed ghastly pale while the gaze of the Corsican, bent upon him with an intent and stern brightness that the conscience-stricken host cowered and quailed beneath. Not till he had drained the draught and replaced the glass upon the board, did Zicci turn his eyes from the Prince; and he then said, 'Your wine has been kept too long—it has lost its virtues. It might disagree with many; but do not fear,—it will not harm me, Prince. Signior Mascari, you are a judge of the grape; will you favour us with your opinion?'

'Nay,' answered Mascari, with well-affected composure, 'I like not the wines of Cyprus: they are heating. Perhaps Signior Glyndon may not have the same distaste. The English are said to love their potations warm and pungent.'

'Do you wish my friend also to taste the wine, Prince?' said Zicci. 'Recollect all cannot drink it with the same impunity as myself.'

'No,' said the Prince, hastily; 'if you do not recommend the wine, Heaven forbid that we should constrain our guests! My Lord Duke,' turning to one of the Frenchmen, 'yours is the true soil of Bacchus. What think you of this cask from Burgundy? has it borne the journey?'

'Ah!' said Zicci, 'let us change both the wine and the theme.'

With that the Corsican grew yet more animated and brilliant. Never did wit more sparkling, airy, exhilarating, flash from the lips of reveller. His spirits fascinated all present—even the Prince himself—even Glyndon—with a strange and wild contagion. The former, indeed, whom the words and gaze of Zicci when he drained the poison had filled with fearful misgivings, now hailed in the brilliant eloquence of his wit a certain sign of the operation of the bane. The wine circulated fast; but none seemed conscious of its effects. One by one the rest of the party fell into a charmed and spellbound silence, as Zicci continued to pour forth sally upon sally, tale upon tale. They hung on his words—they almost held their breath to listen. Yet how bitter was his mirth—how full of contempt for all things—how deeply steeped in the coldness of the derision that makes sport of life itself!

Night came on: the room grew dim, and the feast had lasted several hours longer than was the customary duration of similar entertainments at that day. Still the guests stirred not, and still Zicci continued, with glittering eye and mocking lip, to lavish his stores of intellect and anecdote; when suddenly the moon rose, and shed its rays over the flowers and fountains in the court without, leaving the room itself half in shadow and half tinged by a quiet and ghostly light.

It was then that Zicci rose. 'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'we have not yet wearied our host, I hope, and his

garden offers a new temptation to protract our stay. Have you no musicians among your train, Prince, that might regale our ears while we inhale the fragrance of your orange trees?'

'An excellent thought!' said the Prince. 'Mascari, see to the music.'

The party rose simultaneously to adjourn to the garden; and then, for the first time, the effect of the wine they had drunk seemed to make itself felt.

With flushed cheeks and unsteady steps they came into the open air, which teaded yet more to stimulate that glowing fever of the grape. As if to make up for the silence with which the guests had hitherto listened to Zicci, every tongue was now loosened—every man talked, no man listened. In the serene beauty of the night and scene, there was something wild and fearful in the contrast of the hubbub and Babel of these disorderly roysters. One of the Frenchmen, in especial, young Duc de R——,—a nobleman of the highest rank, and of all the quick, vivacious, and irascible temperament of his countrymen,—was particularly noisy and excited. And as circumstances, the remembrance of which is still preserved among certain circles of Naples, rendered it afterwards necessary that the Duc should himself give evidence of what occurred, I will here translate the short account he drew up, and which was kindly submitted to me some few years ago by my accomplished and lively friend, il Cavaliere di B——.

'I never remember,' writes the Duc, 'to have felt my spirits so excited as on that evening; we were like so many boys released from school, jostling each other as we reeled or ran down the flight of seven or eight stairs that led from the colonnade into the garden,—some laughing, some whooping, some scolding, some babbling. The wine had brought out, as it were, each man's inmost character. Some were loud and quarrelsome, others sentimental and whining; some whom we had hitherto thought dull, most mirthful; some whom we had ever regarded as discreet and taciturn, most garrulous and uproarious. I remember that in the midst of our most clamorous gaiety my eye fell upon the foreign cavalier, Signior Zicci, whose conversation had so enchanted us all; and I felt a certain chill come over me to perceive that he bore the same calm and unsympathising smile upon his countenance which had characterized it in his singular and curious stories of the court of Louis XV. I felt, indeed, half inclined to seek a quarrel with one whose composure was almost an insult to our disorder. Nor was such an effect of this irritating and mocking tranquillity confined to myself alone. Several of the party have told me since that on looking at Zicci they felt their blood rise and their hands wander to their sword hilts. There seemed in the icy smile a very charm to wound vanity and provoke rage. It was at this moment that the

Prince came up to me, and, passing his arm into mine, led me a little apart from the rest. He had certainly indulged in the same excess as ourselves, but it did not produce the same effect of noisy excitement. There was, on the contrary, a certain cold arrogance and supercilious scorn in his bearing and language, which, even while affecting so much caressing courtesy towards me, roused my self-love against him. He seemed as if Zicci had infected him, and that in imitating the manner of his guest he surpassed the original. He rallied me on some court gossip which had honoured my name by associating it with a certain beautiful and distinguished Sicilian lady, and affected to treat with contempt that which, had it been true, I should have regarded as a boast. He spoke, indeed, as if he himself had gathered all the flowers of Naples, and left us foreigners only the gleanings he had scorned; at this my natural and national gallantry was piqued, and I retorted by some sarcasms that I should certainly have spared had my blood been cooler. He laughed heartily, and left me in a strange fit of resentment and anger. Perhaps (I must own the truth) the wine had produced in me a wild disposition to take offence and provoke quarrel. As the Prince left me, I turned, and saw Zicci at my side.

‘The Prince is a braggart,’ said he, with the same smile that displeased me before. ‘He would monopolise all fortune and all love. Let us take our revenge.’

‘And how?’

‘He has, at this moment, in his house the most enchanting singer in Naples—the celebrated Isabel di Pisani. She is here, it is true, not by her own choice; he carried her thither by force, but he will pretend to swear that she adores him. Let us insist on his producing this secret treasure, and, when she enters, the Duc de R—— can have no doubt that his flatteries and attentions will charm the lady, and provoke all the jealous fears of our host. It would be a fair revenge upon his imperious self-conceit.’

‘This suggestion delighted me. I hastened to the Prince. At that instant the musicians had just commenced. I waved my hand, ordered the music to stop, and addressing the Prince, who was standing in the centre of one of the gayest groups, complained of his want of hospitality in affording to us, such poor proficients in the art, while he reserved for his own solace the lute and voice of the first performer in Naples. I demanded, half laughingly, half seriously, that he should produce the Pisani. My demand was received with shouts of applause by the rest. We drowned the replies of our host with uproar, and would hear no denial. ‘Gentlemen,’ at last said the Prince, when he could obtain an audience, ‘even were I to assent to your proposal, I could not induce the Signora to present herself before an assemblage as riotous as they are noble.

You have too much chivalry to use compulsion with her, though the Duc de R—— forgets himself sufficiently to administer it to me.’

‘I was stung by this taunt, however well deserved. ‘Prince,’ said I, ‘I have for the indelicacy of compulsion so illustrious an example, that I cannot hesitate to pursue the path honoured by your own footsteps. All Naples knows that the Pisani despises at once your gold and your love,—that force alone could have brought her under your roof; and that you refuse to produce her, because you fear her complaints, and know enough of the chivalry your vanity sneers at to feel assured that the gentlemen of France are not more disposed to worship beauty than to defend it from wrong.’

‘You speak well, sir,’ said Zicci gravely. ‘The Prince dare not produce his prize!’

‘The Prince remained speechless for a few moments, as if with indignation. At last he broke out into expressions the most injurious and insulting against Signior Zicci and myself. Zicci replied not—I was more hot and hasty. The guests appeared to delight in our dispute. None except Mascari, whom we pushed aside and disdained to hear, strove to conciliate; some took one side, some another—the issue may be well foreseen. Swords were drawn. I had left mine in the ante-room—Zicci offered me his own—I seized it eagerly. There might be some six or eight persons engaged in a strange and confused kind of *mêlée*, but the Prince and myself only sought each other. The noise around us—the confusion of the guests—the cries of the musicians—the clash of our own swords, only served to stimulate our unhappy fury. We feared to be interrupted by the attendants, and fought like madmen, without skill or method. I thrust and parried mechanically, blind and frantic as if a demon had entered into me, till I saw the Prince stretched at my feet, bathed in his blood, and Zicci bending over him, and whispering in his ear. That sight cooled us all—the strife ceased. We gathered in shame, remorse, and horror round our ill-fated host; but it was too late—his eyes rolled fearfully in his head, and still he struggled to release himself from Zicci’s arms, who continued to whisper (I trust divine comfort) in his ear. I have seen men die, but never one who wore such horror on his countenance. At last all was over; Zicci rose from the corpse, and, taking, with great composure, his sword from my hand,—‘Ye are witnesses, gentlemen,’ said he, calmly, ‘that the Prince brought his fate upon himself. The last of that illustrious house has perished in a brawl.’

‘I saw no more of Zicci—I hastened to the French ambassador to narrate the event, and abide the issue. I am grateful to the Neapolitan government, and to the illustrious heir of the unfortunate nobleman, for the lenient and generous, yet just, interpretation put upon

a misfortune, the memory of which will afflict me to the last hour of my life.

(Signed) 'LOUIS VICTOR, Duc de R.'

In the above memorial, the reader will find the most exact and minute account yet given of an event which created the most lively sensation at Naples in that day, and the narration of which first induced me to collect the materials of this history—which the reader will perceive, as it advances, is altogether different in its nature, its agencies, and its aims, from those tales of external terror, whether derived from ingenious imposture or supernatural mystery, that have given life to French melodrama or German romance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Glyndon had taken no part in the affray—neither had he participated largely in the excesses of the revel. For his exemption from both, he was perhaps indebted to the whispered exhortations of Zicci. When the last rose from the corpse and withdrew from that scene of confusion, Glyndon remarked, that in passing the crowd he touched Mascari on the shoulder, and said something which the Englishman did not overhear. Glyndon followed Zicci into the banquet room—which, save where the moonlight slept on the marble floor, was wrapt in the sad and gloomy shadows of the advancing night.

'How could you foretell this fearful event!—he fell not by your arm!' said Glyndon in a tremulous and hollow tone.

'The general who calculates on the victory does not fight in person,' answered Zicci; 'but enough of this—meet me at midnight by the sea-shore—half a mile to the left of your hotel,—you will know the spot, by a rude pillar, the only one near—to which a broken chain is attached.—There and then will be the crisis of your fate—go—I have business here yet—remember, Isabel is still in the house of the dead man.'

As Glyndon yet hesitated, strange thoughts, doubts, and fears, that longed for speech, crowding within him, Mascari approached, and Zicci, turning to the Italian, and waving his hand to Glyndon, drew the former aside. Glyndon slowly departed.

'Mascari,' said Zicci, your patron is no more—your services will be valueless to his heir—a sober man, whom poverty has preserved from vice. For yourself, thank me that I do not give you up to the executioner—recollect the wine of Cyprus. Well, never tremble, man, it could not act on me, though it might re-act on others;—in that it is a common type of crime. I forgive you; and if the wine should kill me, I promise you that my ghost shall not haunt so worshipful a peasant. Enough of this; conduct me to the chamber of Isabel di Pisani. You have no farther need of her. The death of the jailer opens the cell of the captive. Be quick—I would be gone.' Mascari mut-

tered some inaudible words, bowed low, and led the way to the chamber in which Isabel was confined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It wanted several minutes of midnight, and Glyndon repaired to the appointed spot. The mysterious empire which Zicci had acquired over him, was still more solemnly confirmed by the events of the last few hours,—the sudden fate of the Prince, so deliberately foreshadowed, and yet so seemingly accidental—brought out by causes the most commonplace, and yet associated with words the most prophetic—impressed him with the deepest sentiments of admiration and awe. It was as if this dark and wondrous being would convert the most ordinary events and the meanest instruments into the agencies of his inscrutable will—yet if so, why have permitted the capture of Isabel? Why not have prevented the crime rather than punished the criminal? And did Zicci really feel love for Isabel? Love, and yet offer to resign her to himself—to a rival whom his arts could not have failed to baffle. He no longer reverted to the belief that Zicci or Isabel had sought to dupe him into marriage. His fear and reverence for the former now forbade the notion of so poor an imposture. Did he any longer love Isabel himself? No—when that morning he had heard of her danger—he had, it is true, returned to the sympathies and the fears of affection; but with the death of the Prince her image faded again from his heart—and he felt no jealous pang at the thought that she had been saved by Zicci—that at that moment, she was perhaps beneath his roof. Whoever has, in the course of his life, indulged the absorbing passion of the gamester, will remember how all other pursuits and objects vanished from his mind; how solely he was wrapped in the one wild delusion; with what a sceptre of magic power the despot demon ruled every feeling and every thought. Far more intense than the passion of the gamester was the frantic, yet sublime desire that mastered the breast of Glyndon. He would be the rival of Zicci not in human and perishable affections, but in preternatural and eternal lore. He would have laid down life with content, nay rapture, as the price of learning those solemn secrets which separated the stranger from mankind. Such fools are we when we aspire to be overwise! To be enamoured too madly of the goddess of goddesses is only to embrace a cloud, and to forfeit alike heaven and earth.

The night was most lovely and serene—and the waves scarcely rippled at his feet as the Englishman glided on by the cool and starry beach. At length he arrived at the spot—and there leaning against the broken pillar—he beheld a man wrapped in a long mantle—and in an attitude of profound repose. He ap-

proached and uttered the name of Zicci. The figure turned, and he saw the face of a stranger; a face not stamped by the glorious beauty of the Corsican—but equally majestic in its aspect—and perhaps still more impressive from the mature age and the passionless depth of thought that characterized the expanded forehead—and deep-set but piercing eyes.

'You seek Zicci,' said the stranger; 'he will be here anon;' but, perhaps, he whom you see before you, is more connected with your destiny, and more disposed to realize your dreams.'

'Hath the earth then another Zicci?'

'If not,' replied the stranger, 'why do you cherish the hope and the wild faith to be yourself a Zicci?—Think you that none others have burned with the same godlike dream?—Who, indeed, in his first youth—youth when the soul is nearer to the heaven from which it sprang—and its divine and primal longings are not all effaced by the sordid passions and petty cares that are begot in time?—who is there in youth that has not nourished the belief that the universe has secrets not known to the common herd, and panted, as the heart for the water-springs, for the fountains that lie hid and far away amidst the broad wilderness of trackless science? The music of the fountain is heard in the soul within, till the steps, deceived and erring, rove away from its waters, and the wanderer dies in the mighty desert. Think you that none who have cherished the hope have found the truth? or that the yearning after the Ineffable Knowledge was given to us utterly in vain? No. Every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist—alike distant and divine. No! in the world there have been, from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have won to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe. Zicci, great though he be, stands not alone. He has his predecessors, his contemporary rivals, and long lines of successors are yet to come?'

'And will you tell me,' said Glyndon, 'that in yourself I behold one of that mighty few over whom Zicci has no superiority in power and wisdom?'

'In me,' answered the stranger, 'you see one from whom Zicci himself learned many of his loftiest secrets. Before his birth my wisdom was! On these shores—on this spot—have I stood in ages that your chronicles but feebly reach. The Phœnician—the Greek—the Oscan—the Roman—the Lombard—I have seen them all!—leaves gay and glittering on the trunk of the universal life—scattered in due season and again renewed; till, indeed, the same race that gave its glory to the ancient world bestowed a second youth upon the new. For the pure Greeks—the Hellenes—whose origin has bewildered your dreaming scholars—were of the same great family as the Norman tribe, born to be the lords of the universe, and in no land on earth destined to be the hewers of wood. Even the dim

traditions of the learned that bring the sons of Hellas from the vast and undetermined territories of northern Thrace, to be the victors of the pastoral Pelasgi, and the founders of the line of demi-gods, might serve you to trace back their primeval settlements to the same region whence, in later times, the Norman warriors broke on the dull and savage hordes of the Celt, and became the Greeks of the Christian world. But this interests you not, and you are wise in your indifference. Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than men.'

'And what books contain that science—from what laboratory is it wrought?'

'Nature supplies the materials: they are around you in your daily walks. In the herbs that the beast devours and the chemist disdains to cull;—in the elements, from which matter in its meanest and its mightiest shapes is deduced;—in the wide bosom of the air;—in the black abysses of the earth;—everywhere are given to mortals the resources and libraries of immortal lore. But as the simplest problems in the simplest of all studies are obscure to one who braces not his mind to their comprehension,—as the rower in yonder vessel cannot tell you why two circles can touch each other only in one point,—so, though all earth were carved over and inscribed with the letters of diviner knowledge, the characters would be valueless to him who does not pause to inquire the language, and meditate the truth. Young man, if thy imagination is vivid—if thy heart is daring—if thy curiosity is insatiate, I will accept thee as my pupil. But the first lessons are stern and dread.'

'If thou hast mastered them, why not I?' answered Glyndon, boldly. 'I have felt from my boyhood that strange mysteries were reserved for my career; and from the proudest ends of ordinary ambition, I have carried my gaze into the cloud and darkness that stretch beyond. The instant I beheld Zicci, I felt as if I had discovered the guide and the tutor for which my youth had idly languished and vainly burned.'

'And to me his duty can be transferred,' replied the stranger. 'Yonder lies, anchored in the bay, the vessel in which Zicci seeks a fairer home: a little while and the breeze will rise, the sail will swell, and the stranger will have passed like a wind away. Still, like the wind, he leaves in thy heart the seeds that may bear the blossom and the fruit. Zicci hath performed his task, he is wanted no more; the perfecter of his work is at thy side. He comes;—I hear the dash of the oar. You will have your choice submitted to you. According as you decide—we shall meet again.' With these words the stranger moved slowly away, and disappeared beneath the shadows of the cliffs. A boat glided rapidly across the waters—it touched land; a man leapt on shore, and Glyndon recognised Zicci.

'I give thee, Glyndon, I give thee no more the option of happy love and serene enjoyment. That hour is past, and fate has linked the hand that might have been thine own, to mine. But I have ample gifts to bestow upon thee, if thou wilt abandon the hope that gnaws thy heart, and the realization of which, even I have not the power to foresee. Be thine ambition human, and I can gratify it to the full. Men desire four things in life,—love, wealth, fame, power. The first I cannot give thee—no matter why! the rest are at my disposal. Select which of them thou wilt, and let us part in peace.'

'Such are not the gifts I covet: I choose knowledge (which, indeed, as the Schoolman said, *is* power, and the loftiest,)—that knowledge must be thine own. For this, and for this alone, I surrendered the love of Isabel; this, and this alone, must be my recompense.'

'I cannot gainsay thee, though I can warn. The desire to learn does not always contain the faculty to acquire. I can give thee, it is true, the teacher, the rest must depend on thee. Be wise in time, and take that which I can assure to thee.'

'Answer me but these questions, and according to your answer I will decide. Is it in the power of man to attain intercourse with the beings of other worlds? Is it in the power of man to read the past and the future? and to insure life against the sword and against disease?'

'All this may be possible,' answered Zicci, evasively, 'to the few. But for one who attains such secrets, millions may perish in the attempt.'

'One question more. Thou'—

'Beware! Of myself, as I have said before, I render no account.'

'Well, then, the stranger I have met this night—are his boasts to be believed? Is he in truth one of the chosen seers whom you allow to have mastered the mysteries I yearn to fathom?'

'Rash man,' said Zicci, in a tone of compassion, 'thy crisis is past, and thy choice made. I can only bid thee be bold and prosper:—yes, I resign thee to a master who has the power and the will to open to thee the gates of an awful world. Thy weal or woe are as naught in the eyes of his relentless wisdom. I would bid him spare thee, but he will heed me not. Mejnour, receive thy pupil!' Glyndon turned, and his heart beat when he perceived that the stranger, whose footsteps he had not heard upon the pebbles, whose approach he had not beheld in the moonlight, was once more by his side!

'Farewell'—resumed Zicci—'thy trial commences. When next we meet—thou wilt be the victim or the victor.'

Glyndon's eyes followed the receding form of the mysterious Cornican. He saw him enter the boat—

and he then for the first time noticed that besides the rowers there was a female—who stood up as Zicci gained the boat. Even at this distance he recognised the once-adored form of Isabel. She waved her hand to him—and across the still and shining air—came her voice, mournfully and sweetly in her native tongue—'Farewell, Clarence—Farewell—Farewell.'

He strove to answer—but the voice touched a chord at his heart, and the words failed him. Isabel was then lost for ever—gone with this dread stranger—darkness was round her lot. And he himself had decided her fate and his own! The boat bounded on—the soft waves flashed and sparkled beneath the oars, and it was along one sapphire track of moonlight that the frail vessel bore away the lovers. Farther—and farther from his gaze sped the boat—till at last—the speck, scarcely visible,—touched the side of the ship—that lay lifeless in the glorious bay. At that instant—as if by magic—up sprang—with a glad murmur—the playful and freshening wind. And Glyndon turned to Mejnour and broke the silence.

'Tell me—(if thou canst read the future)—tell me that *her* lot will be fair—and that *her* choice at least is wise?'

'My pupil,'—answered Mejnour, in a voice the calmness of which well accorded with the chilling words, 'thy first task must be to withdraw all thought—feeling—sympathy from others. The elementary stage of knowledge is to make self and self alone thy study and thy world. Thou hast decided thine own career—thou hast renounced love—thou hast rejected wealth—fame—and the vulgar pomps of power. What then are all mankind to thee? To perfect thy faculties and concentrate thy emotions is henceforth thy only aim!'

'And will happiness be the end?'

'If happiness exist'—answered Mejnour—'it must be centred in a *SELF* to which all passion is unknown. But happiness is the last state of being; and as yet thou art on the threshold of the first!'

'As Mejnour spoke—the distant vessel spread its sails to the wind—and moved slowly along the deep. Glyndon sighed—and the pupil and the master retraced their steps towards the city.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Newman Noggs inducts Mrs. and Miss Nickleby into their new dwelling in the city.

Miss Nickleby's reflections as she wended her way homewards, were of that desponding nature which the occurrences of the morning had been sufficiently calcu-

the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed hen-peckery.

'All in two months!' said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. 'Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!—'

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

He walked up one street and down another until exercise had abated the first passion of his grief, and then the revulsion of feeling made him thirsty. He passed a great many public-houses, and at length paused before one in a bye-way, whose parlour, as he gathered from a hasty peep over the blinds, was deserted save by one solitary customer. It began to rain heavily at the moment, and this determined him; Mr. Bumble stepped in, and ordering something to drink as he passed the bar, entered the apartment into which he had looked from the street.

The man who was seated there was tall and dark, and wore a large cloak. He had the air of a stranger, and seemed, by a certain haggardness in his look, as well as by the dusty soils on his dress, to have travelled some distance. He eyed Bumble askance as he entered, but scarcely deigned to nod his head in acknowledgment of his salutation.

Mr. Bumble had quite dignity enough for two, supposing even that the stranger had been more familiar, so he drank his gin-and-water in silence, and read the paper with great show of pomp and importance.

It so happened, however,—as it will happen very often when men fall into company under such circumstances,—that Mr. Bumble felt every now and then a powerful inducement, which he could not resist, to steal a look at the stranger, and that whenever he did so he withdrew his eyes in some confusion, to find that the stranger was at that moment stealing a look at him. Mr. Bumble's awkwardness was enhanced by the very remarkable expression of the stranger's eye, which was keen and bright, but shadowed by a scowl of distrust and suspicion unlike anything he had ever observed before, and most repulsive to behold.

When they had encountered each other's glance several times in this way, the stranger, in a harsh, deep voice, broke silence.

'Were you looking for me,' he said, 'when you peered in at the window?'

'Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr. ——'

Here Mr. Bumble stopped short, for he was curious to know the stranger's name, and thought in his impatience he might supply the blank.

'I see you were not,' said the stranger, an expression of quiet sarcasm playing about his mouth, 'or you would have known my name. You don't know it, and I should recommend you not to inquire.'

'I meant no harm, young man,' observed Mr. Bumble majestically.

'And have done none,' said the stranger.

Another silence succeeded this short dialogue, which was again broken by the stranger.

'I have seen you before, I think,' said he. 'You were differently dressed at that time, and I only passed you in the street, but I should know you again. You were beadle here once, were you not?'

'I was,' said Mr. Bumble in some surprise. 'Parochial beadle.'

'Just so,' rejoined the other, nodding his head. 'It was in that character I saw you. What are you now?'

'Master of the workhouse,' rejoined Mr. Bumble slowly and impressively, to check any undue familiarity the stranger might otherwise assume. 'Master of the workhouse, young man!'

'You have the same eye to your own interest that you always have had, I doubt not?' resumed the stranger, looking keenly into Mr. Bumble's eyes as he raised them in astonishment at the question. 'Don't scruple to answer freely, man. I know you pretty well, you see.'

'I suppose a married man,' replied Mr. Bumble, shading his eyes with his hand, and surveying the stranger from head to foot in evident perplexity, 'is not more averse to turning an honest penny when he can than a single one. Parochial officers are not so well paid that they can afford to refuse any little extra fee, when it comes to them in a civil and proper manner.'

The stranger smiled, and nodded his head again, as much as to say he found he had not mistaken his man, then rang the bell.

'Fill this glass again,' he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty tumbler to the landlord. 'Let it be strong and hot. You like it so, I suppose?'

'Not too strong,' replied Mr. Bumble, with a delicate cough.

'You understand what that means, landlord!' said the stranger drily.

The host smiled, disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned with a steaming jorum, of which the first gulp brought the water into Mr. Bumble's eyes.

'Now listen to me,' said the stranger, after closing the door and window. 'I came down to this place to-day, to find you out, and, by one of those chances which the devil throws in the way of his friends sometimes, you walked into the very room I was sitting in while you were uppermost in my mind. I want some information

from you, and don't ask you to give it for nothing, slight as it is. Put up that to begin with.'

As he spoke he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion carefully, as though unwilling that the chinking of money should be heard without; and when Mr. Bumble had scrupulously examined the coins to see that they were genuine, and put them up with much satisfaction in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on.

'Carry your memory back—let me see—twelve years last winter.'

'It's a long time,' said Mr. Bumble. 'Very good. I've done it.'

'The scene the workhouse.'

'Good!'

'And the time night.'

'Yes.'

'And the place the crazy hole, wherever it was, in which miserable drabs brought forth the life and health so often denied to themselves—gave birth to paling children for the parish to rear, and hid their shame, rot 'em, in the grave.'

'The lying-in room, I suppose that means?' said Mr. Bumble, not quite following the stranger's excited description.

'Yes,' said the stranger. 'A boy was born there.'

'A many boys,' observed Mr. Bumble, shaking his head despondingly.

'A murrain on the young devils!' cried the stranger impatiently; 'I speak of one, a meek-looking pale-faced bound, who was apprenticed, down here, to a coffin-maker, (I wish he had made his coffin, and screwed his body in it,) and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed.'

'Why, you mean Oliver—young Twist?' said Mr. Bumble; 'I remember him of course. There wasn't a obstinate young rascal—'

'It's not of him I want to hear; I've heard enough of him,' said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble in the very outset of a tirade on the subject of poor Oliver's vices. 'It's of a woman, the hag that nursed his mother. Where is she?'

'Where is she?' said Mr. Bumble, whom the gin and water had rendered facetious. 'It would be hard to tell. There's no midwifery there, whichever place she's gone to; so I suppose she's out of employment any way.'

'What do you mean?' demanded the stranger, sternly.

'That she died last winter,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

The man looked fixedly at him when he had given this information, and although he did not withdraw his eyes for some time afterwards, his gaze gradually became vacant and abstracted, and he seemed lost in thought. For some time he appeared doubtful whether he ought to be relieved or disappointed by the intelligence, but at length he breathed more freely, and with-

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drawing his eyes, observed that it was no great matter, and rose as if to depart.

Mr. Bumble was cunning enough, and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened for the lucrative disposal of some secret in the possession of his better half. He well remembered the night of old Sally's death, which the occurrences of that day had given him good reason to recollect as the occasion on which he had proposed to Mrs. Corney, and although that lady had never confided to him the disclosure of which she had been the solitary witness, he had heard enough to know that it related to something that had occurred in the old woman's attendance as workhouse nurse, upon the young mother of Oliver Twist. Hastily calling this circumstance to mind, he informed the stranger with an air of mystery, that one woman had been closeted with the old harridan shortly before she died, and that she could, as he had reason to believe, throw some light on the subject of his inquiry.

'How can I find her?' said the stranger, thrown off his guard, and plainly showing that all his fears (whatever they were) were aroused afresh by the intelligence.

'Only through me,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

'When?' cried the stranger, hastily.

'To-morrow,' rejoined Bumble.

'At nine in the evening,' said the stranger, producing a scrap of paper, and writing down an obscure address, by the water-side, upon it, in characters that betrayed his agitation, 'at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to be secret, for it's your interest.'

With these words he led the way to the door, after stopping to pay for the liquor that had been drunk; and shortly remarking that their roads were different, departed without more ceremony than an emphatic repetition of the hour of appointment for the following night.

On glancing at the address, the parochial functionary observed that it contained no name. The stranger had not gone far, so he made after him to ask it.

'Who's that?' cried the man turning quickly round as Bumble touched him on the arm. 'Following me!'

'Only to ask a question,' said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. 'What name am I to ask for?'

'Monks!' rejoined the man, and strode hastily away.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

Z I C C I.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

It was the first faint and gradual break of the summer dawn; and two men stood in a balcony overhanging a garden fragrant with the scents of the awakening flowers. The stars had not yet left the sky—the birds

beaux esprits of his own country, but amongst the gay foreigners who adorned and relieved the monotony of the Neapolitan circles. There were present two or three of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old regime, and their peculiar turn of thought and wit was calculated for the meridian of a society that made the *Dolce far niente* at once its philosophy and its faith. The Prince, however, was more silent than usual; and when he sought to rouse himself, his spirits were forced and exaggerated. To the manners of his host, those of Zicci afforded a striking contrast. The bearing of this singular person was at all times characterized by a calm and polished ease, which was attributed by the courtiers to the long habit of society. He could scarcely be called gay; yet few persons more tended to animate the general spirits of a convivial circle. He seemed, by a kind of intuition, to elicit from each companion the qualities in which he most excelled; and a certain tone of latent mockery that characterized his remarks upon the topics on which the conversation fell, seemed to men who took nothing in earnest to be the language both of wit and wisdom. To the Frenchmen in particular there was something startling in his intimate knowledge of the minutest events in their own capital and country, and his profound penetration (evinced but in epigrams and sarcasms) into the eminent characters who were then playing a part upon the great stage of Continental intrigue. It was while this conversation grew animated, and the feast was at its height, that Glyndon (who, as the reader will recollect, had resolved, on learning from Cetoxa the capture of the actress, to seek the Prince himself,) arrived at the palace. The porter, perceiving by his dress that he was not one of the invited guests, told him that his excellency was engaged, and on no account could be disturbed; and Glyndon then, for the first time, became aware of how strange and embarrassing was the duty he had taken on himself. To force an entrance into the banquet hall of a great and powerful noble, surrounded by the rank of Naples, and to arraign him for what to his boon companions would appear but an act of gallantry, was an exploit that could not fail to be at once ludicrous and impotent. He mused a moment; and remembering that Zicci was among the guests, determined to apply himself to the Corsican. He therefore, slipping a few crowns into the porter's hand, said that he was commissioned to seek the Signior Zicci upon an errand of life and death; and easily won his way across the court, and into the interior building. He passed up the broad staircase, and the voices and merriment of the revellers smote his ear at a distance. At the entrance of the reception rooms he found a page, whom he despatched with a message to Zicci. The page did the errand; and the Corsican, on hearing the whispered name of Glyndon, turned to his host.

'Pardon me, my lord: an English friend of mine,

the Signior Glyndon (not unknown by name to your excellency) waits without—the business must indeed be urgent on which he has sought me in such an hour. You will forgive my momentary absence.'

'Nay, Signior,' answered the Prince, courteously, but with a sinister smile on his countenance, 'would it not be better for your friend to join us? An Englishman is welcome every where; and even were he a Dutchman, your friendship would invest his presence with attraction. Pray his attendance,—we would not spare you even for a moment.'

Zicci bowed—the page was despatched with all flattering messages to Glyndon—a seat next to Zicci was placed for him, and the Englishman entered.

'You are most welcome, sir. I trust your business to our illustrious guest is of good omen and pleasant import. If you bring evil news, defer it, I pray you.'

Glyndon's brow was sullen; and he was about to startle the guests by his reply, when Zicci, touching his arm significantly, whispered in English—'I know why you have sought me. Be silent, and witness what ensues.'

'You know, then, that Isabel, whom you boasted you had the power to save from danger—'

'Is in this house!—yes. I know also that murder sits at the right hand of our host. Be still, and learn the fate that awaits the foes of Zicci.'

'My lord,' said the Corsican, speaking aloud, 'the Signior Glyndon has indeed brought me tidings which, though not unexpected, are unwelcome. I learn that which will oblige me to leave Naples to-morrow, though I trust but for a short time. I have now a new motive to make the most of the present hour.'

'And what, if I may venture to ask, may be the cause that brings such affliction on the fair dames of Naples?'

It is the approaching death of one who honoured me with most loyal friendship,' replied Zicci, gravely. 'Let us not speak of it—grief cannot put back the dial. As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendships those that fade from our path.'

'True philosophy,' exclaimed the Prince. 'Not to admire' was the Roman's maxim; never to mourn is mine. There is nothing in life to grieve for, save, indeed, Signior Zicci, when some young beauty on whom we have set our heart slips from our grasp. In such a moment we have need of all our wisdom, not to succumb to despair and shake hands with death. You smile. Such never could be your lot. Pledge me in a sentiment—'Long life to the fortunate lover—a quick release to the baffled suitor!'

'I pledge you,' said Zicci. And as the fatal wine was poured into his glass, he repeated, fixing his eyes on the Prince, I pledge you, even in this wine!

He lifted the glass to his lips. The Prince seemed ghastly pale while the gaze of the Corsican, bent upon him with an intent and stern brightness that the conscience-stricken host cowered and quailed beneath. Not till he had drained the draught and replaced the glass upon the board, did Zicci turn his eyes from the Prince; and he then said, 'Your wine has been kept too long—it has lost its virtues. It might disagree with many; but do not fear,—it will not harm me, Prince. Signior Mascari, you are a judge of the grape; will you favour us with your opinion?'

'Nay,' answered Mascari, with well-affected composure, 'I like not the wines of Cyprus: they are heating. Perhaps Signior Glyndon may not have the same distaste. The English are said to love their potations warm and pungent.'

'Do you wish my friend also to taste the wine, Prince?' said Zicci. 'Recollect all cannot drink it with the same impunity as myself.'

'No,' said the Prince, hastily; 'if you do not recommend the wine, Heaven forbid that we should constrain our guests! My Lord Duke,' turning to one of the Frenchmen, 'yours is the true soil of Bacchus. What think you of this cask from Burgundy? has it borne the journey?'

'Ah!' said Zicci, 'let us change both the wine and the theme.'

With that the Corsican grew yet more animated and brilliant. Never did wit more sparkling, airy, exhilarating, flash from the lips of reveller. His spirits fascinated all present—even the Prince himself—even Glyndon—with a strange and wild contagion. The former, indeed, whom the words and gaze of Zicci when he drained the poison had filled with fearful misgivings, now hailed in the brilliant eloquence of his wit a certain sign of the operation of the bane. The wine circulated fast; but none seemed conscious of its effects. One by one the rest of the party fell into a charmed and spellbound silence, as Zicci continued to pour forth sally upon sally, tale upon tale. They hung on his words—they almost held their breath to listen. Yet how bitter was his mirth—how full of contempt for all things—how deeply steeped in the coldness of the derision that makes sport of life itself!

Night came on: the room grew dim, and the feast had lasted several hours longer than was the customary duration of similar entertainments at that day. Still the guests stirred not, and still Zicci continued, with glittering eye and mocking lip, to lavish his stores of intellect and anecdote; when suddenly the moon rose, and shed its rays over the flowers and fountains in the court without, leaving the room itself half in shadow and half tinged by a quiet and ghostly light.

It was then that Zicci rose. 'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'we have not yet wearied our host, I hope, and his

garden offers a new temptation to protract our stay. Have you no musicians among your train, Prince, that might regale our ears while we inhale the fragrance of your orange trees?'

'An excellent thought!' said the Prince. 'Mascari, see to the music.'

The party rose simultaneously to adjourn to the garden; and then, for the first time, the effect of the wine they had drunk seemed to make itself felt.

With flushed cheeks and unsteady steps they came into the open air, which tended yet more to stimulate that glowing fever of the grape. As if to make up for the silence with which the guests had hitherto listened to Zicci, every tongue was now loosened—every man talked, no man listened. In the serene beauty of the night and scene, there was something wild and fearful in the contrast of the hubbub and Babel of these disorderly roysters. One of the Frenchmen, in especial, young Duc de R——,—a nobleman of the highest rank, and of all the quick, vivacious, and irascible temperament of his countrymen,—was particularly noisy and excited. And as circumstances, the remembrance of which is still preserved among certain circles of Naples, rendered it afterwards necessary that the Duc should himself give evidence of what occurred, I will here translate the short account he drew up, and which was kindly submitted to me some few years ago by my accomplished and lively friend, il Cavaliere di B——.

'I never remember,' writes the Duc, 'to have felt my spirits so excited as on that evening; we were like so many boys released from school, jostling each other as we reeled or ran down the flight of seven or eight stairs that led from the colonnade into the garden,—some laughing, some whooping, some scolding, some babbling. The wine had brought out, as it were, each man's inmost character. Some were loud and quarrelsome, others sentimental and whining; some whom we had hitherto thought dull, most mirthful; some whom we had ever regarded as discreet and taciturn, most garrulous and uproarious. I remember that in the midst of our most clamorous gaiety my eye fell upon the foreign cavalier, Signior Zicci, whose conversation had so enchanted us all; and I felt a certain chill come over me to perceive that he bore the same calm and unsympathising smile upon his countenance which had characterized it in his singular and curious stories of the court of Louis XV. I felt, indeed, half inclined to seek a quarrel with one whose composure was almost an insult to our disorder. Nor was such an effect of this irritating and mocking tranquillity confined to myself alone. Several of the party have told me since that on looking at Zicci they felt their blood rise and their hands wander to their sword hilts. There seemed in the icy smile a very charm to wound vanity and provoke rage. It was at this moment that the

Prince came up to me, and, passing his arm into mine, led me a little apart from the rest. He had certainly indulged in the same excess as ourselves, but it did not produce the same effect of noisy excitement. There was, on the contrary, a certain cold arrogance and supercilious scorn in his bearing and language, which, even while affecting so much caressing courtesy towards me, roused my self-love against him. He seemed as if Zicci had infected him, and that in imitating the manner of his guest he surpassed the original. He rallied me on some court gossip which had honoured my name by associating it with a certain beautiful and distinguished Sicilian lady, and affected to treat with contempt that which, had it been true, I should have regarded as a boast. He spoke, indeed, as if he himself had gathered all the flowers of Naples, and left us foreigners only the gleanings he had scorned; at this my natural and national gallantry was piqued, and I retorted by some sarcasms that I should certainly have spared had my blood been cooler. He laughed heartily, and left me in a strange fit of resentment and anger. Perhaps (I must own the truth) the wine had produced in me a wild disposition to take offence and provoke quarrel. As the Prince left me, I turned, and saw Zicci at my side.

‘The Prince is a braggart,’ said he, with the same smile that displeased me before. ‘He would monopolise all fortune and all love. Let us take our revenge.’

‘And how?’

‘He has, at this moment, in his house the most enchanting singer in Naples—the celebrated Isabel di Pisani. She is here, it is true, not by her own choice; he carried her thither by force, but he will pretend to swear that she adores him. Let us insist on his producing this secret treasure, and, when she enters, the Duc de R—— can have no doubt that his flatteries and attentions will charm the lady, and provoke all the jealous fears of our host. It would be a fair revenge upon his imperious self-conceit.’

‘This suggestion delighted me. I hastened to the Prince. At that instant the musicians had just commenced. I waved my hand, ordered the music to stop, and addressing the Prince, who was standing in the centre of one of the gayest groups, complained of his want of hospitality in affording to us, such poor proficients in the art, while he reserved for his own solace the lute and voice of the first performer in Naples. I demanded, half laughingly, half seriously, that he should produce the Pisani. My demand was received with shouts of applause by the rest. We drowned the replies of our host with uproar, and would hear no denial. ‘Gentlemen,’ at last said the Prince, when he could obtain an audience, ‘even were I to assent to your proposal, I could not induce the Signora to present herself before an assemblage as riotous as they are noble.

You have too much chivalry to use compulsion with her, though the Duc de R—— forgets himself sufficiently to administer it to me.’

‘I was stung by this taunt, however well deserved. ‘Prince,’ said I, ‘I have for the indelicacy of compulsion so illustrious an example, that I cannot hesitate to pursue the path honoured by your own footsteps. All Naples knows that the Pisani despises at once your gold and your love,—that force alone could have brought her under your roof; and that you refuse to produce her, because you fear her complaints, and know enough of the chivalry your vanity sneers at to feel assured that the gentlemen of France are not more disposed to worship beauty than to defend it from wrong.’

‘You speak well, sir,’ said Zicci gravely. ‘The Prince dare not produce his prize!’

‘The Prince remained speechless for a few moments, as if with indignation. At last he broke out into expressions the most injurious and insulting against Signior Zicci and myself. Zicci replied not—I was more hot and hasty. The guests appeared to delight in our dispute. None except Mascari, whom we pushed aside and disdained to hear, strove to conciliate; some took one side, some another—the issue may be well foreseen. Swords were drawn. I had left mine in the ante-room—Zicci offered me his own—I seized it eagerly. There might be some six or eight persons engaged in a strange and confused kind of *melée*, but the Prince and myself only sought each other. The noise around us—the confusion of the guests—the cries of the musicians—the clash of our own swords, only served to stimulate our unhappy fury. We feared to be interrupted by the attendants, and fought like madmen, without skill or method. I thrust and parried mechanically, blind and frantic as if a demon had entered into me, till I saw the Prince stretched at my feet, bathed in his blood, and Zicci bending over him, and whispering in his ear. That sight cooled us all—the strife ceased. We gathered in shame, remorse, and horror round our ill-fated host; but it was too late—his eyes rolled fearfully in his head, and still he struggled to release himself from Zicci’s arms, who continued to whisper (I trust divine comfort) in his ear. I have seen men die, but never one who wore such horror on his countenance. At last all was over; Zicci rose from the corpse, and, taking, with great composure, his sword from my hand,—‘Ye are witnesses, gentlemen,’ said he, calmly, ‘that the Prince brought his fate upon himself. The last of that illustrious house has perished in a brawl.’

‘I saw no more of Zicci—I hastened to the French ambassador to narrate the event, and abide the issue. I am grateful to the Neapolitan government, and to the illustrious heir of the unfortunate nobleman, for the lenient and generous, yet just, interpretation put upon

a misfortune, the memory of which will afflict me to the last hour of my life.

(Signed) 'LOUIS VICTOR, Duc de R.'

In the above memorial, the reader will find the most exact and minute account yet given of an event which created the most lively sensation at Naples in that day, and the narration of which first induced me to collect the materials of this history—which the reader will perceive, as it advances, is altogether different in its nature, its agencies, and its aims, from those tales of external terror, whether derived from ingenious imposture or supernatural mystery, that have given life to French melodrama or German romance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Glyndon had taken no part in the affray—neither had he participated largely in the excesses of the revel. For his exemption from both, he was perhaps indebted to the whispered exhortations of Zicci. When the last rose from the corpse and withdrew from that scene of confusion, Glyndon remarked, that in passing the crowd he touched Mascari on the shoulder, and said something which the Englishman did not overhear. Glyndon followed Zicci into the banquet room—which, save where the moonlight slept on the marble floor, was wrapt in the sad and gloomy shadows of the advancing night.

'How could you foretell this fearful event!—he fell not by your arm!' said Glyndon in a tremulous and hollow tone.

'The general who calculates on the victory does not fight in person,' answered Zicci; 'but enough of this—meet me at midnight by the sea-shore—half a mile to the left of your hotel,—you will know the spot, by a rude pillar, the only one near—to which a broken chain is attached.—There and then will be the crisis of your fate—go—I have business here yet—remember, Isabel is still in the house of the dead man.'

As Glyndon yet hesitated, strange thoughts, doubts, and fears, that longed for speech, crowding within him, Mascari approached, and Zicci, turning to the Italian, and waving his hand to Glyndon, drew the former aside. Glyndon slowly departed.

'Mascari,' said Zicci, your patron is no more—your services will be valueless to his heir—a sober man, whom poverty has preserved from vice. For yourself, thank me that I do not give you up to the executioner—recollect the wine of Cyprus. Well, never tremble, man, it could not act on me, though it might re-act on others;—in that it is a common type of crime. I forgive you; and if the wine should kill me, I promise you that my ghost shall not haunt so worshipful a penitent. Enough of this; conduct me to the chamber of Isabel di Pisani. You have no farther need of me. The death of the jailer opens the cell of the captive. Be quick—I would be gone.' Mascari mut-

tered some inaudible words, bowed low, and led the way to the chamber in which Isabel was confined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It wanted several minutes of midnight, and Glyndon repaired to the appointed spot. The mysterious empire which Zicci had acquired over him, was still more solemnly confirmed by the events of the last few hours,—the sudden fate of the Prince, so deliberately foreshadowed, and yet so seemingly accidental—brought out by causes the most commonplace, and yet associated with words the most prophetic—impressed him with the deepest sentiments of admiration and awe. It was as if this dark and wondrous being would convert the most ordinary events and the meanest instruments into the agencies of his inscrutable will—yet if so, why have permitted the capture of Isabel? Why not have prevented the crime rather than punished the criminal? And did Zicci really feel love for Isabel? Love, and yet offer to resign her to himself—to a rival whom his arts could not have failed to baffle. He no longer reverted to the belief that Zicci or Isabel had sought to dupe him into marriage. His fear and reverence for the former now forbade the notion of so poor an imposture. Did he any longer love Isabel himself? No—when that morning he had heard of her danger—he had, it is true, returned to the sympathies and the fears of affection; but with the death of the Prince her image faded again from his heart—and he felt no jealous pang at the thought that she had been saved by Zicci—that at that moment, she was perhaps beneath his roof. Whoever has, in the course of his life, indulged the absorbing passion of the gamester, will remember how all other pursuits and objects vanished from his mind; how solely he was wrapped in the one wild delusion; with what a sceptre of magic power the despot demon ruled every feeling and every thought. Far more intense than the passion of the gamester was the frantic, yet sublime desire that mastered the breast of Glyndon. He would be the rival of Zicci not in human and perishable affections, but in preternatural and eternal lore. He would have laid down life with content, nay rapture, as the price of learning those solemn secrets which separated the stranger from mankind. Such fools are we when we aspire to be overwise! To be enamoured too madly of the goddess of goddesses is only to embrace a cloud, and to forfeit alike heaven and earth.

The night was most lovely and serene—and the waves scarcely rippled at his feet as the Englishman glided on by the cool and starry beach. At length he arrived at the spot—and there leaning against the broken pillar—he beheld a man wrapped in a long mantle—and in an attitude of profound repose. He ap-

proached and uttered the name of Zicci. The figure turned, and he saw the face of a stranger; a face not stamped by the glorious beauty of the Corsican—but equally majestic in its aspect—and perhaps still more impressive from the mature age and the passionless depth of thought that characterized the expanded forehead—and deep-set but piercing eyes.

‘You seek Zicci,’ said the stranger; ‘he will be here anon;’ but, perhaps, he whom you see before you, is more connected with your destiny, and more disposed to realize your dreams.’

‘Hath the earth then another Zicci?’

‘If not,’ replied the stranger, ‘why do you cherish the hope and the wild faith to be yourself a Zicci?—Think you that none others have burned with the same godlike dream?—Who, indeed, in his first youth—youth when the soul is nearer to the heaven from which it sprung—and its divine and primal longings are not all effaced by the sordid passions and petty cares that are begot in time?—who is there in youth that has not nourished the belief that the universe has secrets not known to the common herd, and panted, as the heart for the water-springs, for the fountains that lie hid and far away amidst the broad wilderness of trackless science? The music of the fountain is heard in the soul within, till the steps, deceived and erring, rove away from its waters, and the wanderer dies in the mighty desert. Think you that none who have cherished the hope have found the truth? or that the yearning after the Ineffable Knowledge was given to us utterly in vain? No. Every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist—alike distant and divine. No! in the world there have been, from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have won to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe. Zicci, great though he be, stands not alone. He has his predecessors, his contemporary rivals, and long lines of successors are yet to come!’

‘And will you tell me,’ said Glyndon, ‘that in yourself I behold one of that mighty few over whom Zicci has no superiority in power and wisdom?’

‘In me,’ answered the stranger, ‘you see one from whom Zicci himself learned many of his loftiest secrets. Before his birth my wisdom was! On these shores—on this spot—have I stood in ages that your chronicles but feebly reach. The Phœnician—the Greek—the Oscan—the Roman—the Lombard—I have seen them all!—leaves gay and glittering on the trunk of the universal life—scattered in due season and again renewed; till, indeed, the same race that gave its glory to the ancient world bestowed a second youth upon the new. For the pure Greeks—the Hellenes—whose origin has bewildered your dreaming scholars—were of the same great family as the Norman tribe, born to be the lords of the universe, and in no land on earth destined to be the hewers of wood. Even the dim

traditions of the learned that bring the sons of Hellas from the vast and undetermined territories of northern Thrace, to be the victors of the pastoral Pelasgi, and the founders of the line of demi-gods, might serve you to trace back their primeval settlements to the same region whence, in later times, the Norman warriors broke on the dull and savage hordes of the Celt, and became the Greeks of the Christian world. But this interests you not, and you are wise in your indifference. Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than men.’

‘And what books contain that science—from what laboratory is it wrought?’

‘Nature supplies the materials: they are around you in your daily walks. In the herbs that the beast devours and the chemist disdains to cull;—in the elements, from which matter in its meanest and its mightiest shapes is deduced;—in the wide bosom of the air;—in the black abysses of the earth;—everywhere are given to mortals the resources and libraries of immortal lore. But as the simplest problems in the simplest of all studies are obscure to one who braces not his mind to their comprehension,—as the rower in yonder vessel cannot tell you why two circles can touch each other only in one point,—so, though all earth were carved over and inscribed with the letters of diviner knowledge, the characters would be valueless to him who does not pause to inquire the language, and meditate the truth. Young man, if thy imagination is vivid—if thy heart is daring—if thy curiosity is insatiate, I will accept thee as my pupil. But the first lessons are stern and dread.’

‘If thou hast mastered them, why not I?’ answered Glyndon, boldly. ‘I have felt from my boyhood that strange mysteries were reserved for my career; and from the proudest ends of ordinary ambition, I have carried my gaze into the cloud and darkness that stretch beyond. The instant I beheld Zicci, I felt as if I had discovered the guide and the tutor for which my youth had idly languished and vainly burned.’

‘And to me his duty can be transferred,’ replied the stranger. ‘Yonder lies, anchored in the bay, the vessel in which Zicci seeks a fairer home: a little while and the breeze will rise, the sail will swell, and the stranger will have passed like a wind away. Still, like the wind, he leaves in thy heart the seeds that may bear the blossom and the fruit. Zicci hath performed his task, he is wanted no more; the perfecter of his work is at thy side. He comes;—I hear the dash of the oar. You will have your choice submitted to you. According as you decide—we shall meet again.’ With these words the stranger moved slowly away, and disappeared beneath the shadows of the cliffs. A boat glided rapidly across the waters—it touched land; a man leapt on shore, and Glyndon recognised Zicci.

'I give thee, Glyndon, I give thee no more the option of happy love and serene enjoyment. That hour is past, and fate has linked the hand that might have been thine own, to mine. But I have ample gifts to bestow upon thee, if thou wilt abandon the hope that gnaws thy heart, and the realization of which, even I have not the power to foresee. Be thine ambition human, and I can gratify it to the full. Men desire four things in life,—love, wealth, fame, power. The first I cannot give thee—no matter why! the rest are at my disposal. Select which of them thou wilt, and let us part in peace.'

'Such are not the gifts I covet: I choose knowledge (which, indeed, as the Schoolman said, *is* power, and the loftiest,)—that knowledge must be thine own. For this, and for this alone, I surrendered the love of Isabel; this, and this alone, must be my recompense.'

'I cannot gainsay thee, though I can warn. The desire to learn does not always contain the faculty to acquire. I can give thee, it is true, the teacher, the rest must depend on thee. Be wise in time, and take that which I can assure to thee.'

'Answer me but these questions, and according to your answer I will decide. Is it in the power of man to attain intercourse with the beings of other worlds? Is it in the power of man to read the past and the future? and to insure life against the sword and against disease?'

'All this may be possible,' answered Zicci, evasively, 'to the few. But for one who attains such secrets, millions may perish in the attempt.'

'One question more. Thou'—

'Beware! Of myself, as I have said before, I render no account.'

'Well, then, the stranger I have met this night—are his boasts to be believed? Is he in truth one of the chosen seers whom you allow to have mastered the mysteries I yearn to fathom?'

'Rash man,' said Zicci, in a tone of compassion, 'thy crisis is past, and thy choice made. I can only bid thee be bold and prosper:—yes, I resign thee to a master who *has* the power and the will to open to thee the gates of an awful world. Thy weal or woe are as naught in the eyes of his relentless wisdom. I would bid him spare thee, but he will heed me not. Mejnour, receive thy pupil!' Glyndon turned, and his heart beat when he perceived that the stranger, whose footsteps he had not heard upon the pebbles, whose approach he had not beheld in the moonlight, was once more by his side!

'Farewell'—resumed Zicci—'thy trial commences. When next we meet—thou wilt be the victim or the victor.'

Glyndon's eyes followed the receding form of the mysterious Corsican. He saw him enter the boat—

and he then for the first time noticed that besides the rowers there was a female—who stood up as Zicci gained the boat. Even at this distance he recognised the once-adored form of Isabel. She waved her hand to him—and across the still and shining air—came her voice, mournfully and sweetly in her native tongue—'Farewell, Clarence—Farewell—Farewell.'

He strove to answer—but the voice touched a chord at his heart, and the words failed him. Isabel was then lost for ever—gone with this dread stranger—darkness was round her lot. And he himself had decided her fate and his own! The boat bounded on—the soft waves flashed and sparkled beneath the oars, and it was along one sapphire track of moonlight that the frail vessel bore away the lovers. Farther—and farther from his gaze sped the boat—till at last—the speck, scarcely visible,—touched the side of the ship—that lay lifeless in the glorious bay. At that instant—as if by magic—up sprang—with a glad murmur—the playful and freshening wind. And Glyndon turned to Mejnour and broke the silence.

'Tell me—(if thou canst read the future)—tell me that *her* lot will be fair—and that *her* choice at least is wise!'

'My pupil,'—answered Mejnour, in a voice the calmness of which well accorded with the chilling words, 'thy first task must be to withdraw all thought—feeling—sympathy from others. The elementary stage of knowledge is to make self and self alone thy study and thy world. Thou hast decided thine own career—thou hast renounced love—thou hast rejected wealth—fame—and the vulgar pomps of power. What then are all mankind to thee? To perfect thy faculties and concentrate thy emotions is henceforth thy only aim!'

'And will happiness be the end?'

'If happiness exist'—answered Mejnour—'it must be centred in a *SELF* to which all passion is unknown. But happiness is the last state of being; and as yet thou art on the threshold of the first!'

'As Mejnour spoke—the distant vessel spread its sails to the wind—and moved slowly along the deep. Glyndon sighed—and the pupil and the master retraced their steps towards the city.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Newman Noggs inducts Mrs. and Miss Nickleby into their new dwelling in the city.

Miss Nickleby's reflections as she wended her way homewards, were of that desponding nature which the occurrences of the morning had been sufficiently calcu-

lated to awaken. Her uncle's was not a manner likely to dispel any doubts or apprehensions she might have formed in the outset, neither was the glimpse she had had of Madame Mantalini's establishment by any means encouraging. It was with many gloomy forebodings and misgivings, therefore, that she looked forward with a heavy heart to the opening of her new career.

If her mother's consolations could have restored her to a pleasanter and more enviable state of mind, there were abundance of them to produce the effect. By the time Kate reached home, the good lady had called to mind two authentic cases of milliners who had been possessed of considerable property, though whether they had acquired it all in business, or had had a capital to start with, or had been lucky and married to advantage, she could not exactly remember. However, as she very logically remarked, there must have been *some* young person in the way of business who had made a fortune without having anything to begin with, and that being taken for granted, why should not Kate do the same? Miss La Creevy, who was a member of the little council, ventured to insinuate some doubts relative to the probability of Miss Nickleby's arriving at this happy consummation in the compass of an ordinary lifetime; but the good lady set that question entirely at rest, by informing them that she had a presentiment on the subject—a species of second-sight with which she had been in the habit of clenching every argument with the deceased Mr. Nickleby, and in nine cases and three-quarters out of every ten, determining it the wrong way.

'I am afraid it is an unhealthy occupation,' said Miss La Creevy. 'I recollect getting three young milliners to sit to me when I first began to paint, and I remember that they were all very pale and sickly.'

'Oh! that's not a general rule, by any means,' observed Mrs. Nickleby; 'for I remember as well as if it was only yesterday, employing one that I was particularly recommended to, to make me a scarlet cloak at the time when scarlet cloaks were fashionable, and she had a very red face—a very red face, indeed.'

'Perhaps she drank,' suggested Miss La Creevy.

'I don't know how that may have been,' returned Mrs. Nickleby; 'but I know she had a very red face, so your argument goes for nothing.'

In this manner, and with like powerful reasoning, did the worthy matron meet every little objection that presented itself to the new scheme of the morning. Happy Mrs. Nickleby! A project had but to be new, and it came home to her mind brightly varnished and gilded as a glittering toy.

This question disposed of, Kate communicated her uncle's desire about the empty house, to which Mrs. Nickleby assented with equal readiness, characteristic-

ally remarking, that on the fine evenings it would be a pleasant amusement for her to walk to the west-end to fetch her daughter home; and no less characteristically forgetting, that there were such things as wet nights and bad weather to be encountered in almost every week of the year.

'I shall be sorry—truly sorry to leave you, my kind friend,' said Kate, on whom the good feeling of the poor miniature-painter had made a deep impression.

'You shall not shake me off, for all that,' replied Miss La Creevy, with as much sprightliness as she could assume. 'I shall see you very often, and come and hear how you get on: and if in all London, or all the wide world besides, there is no other heart that takes an interest in your welfare, there will be one little lonely woman that prays for it night and day.'

With this the poor soul, who had a heart big enough for Gog, the guardian genius of London, and enough to spare for Magog to boot, after making a great many extraordinary faces which would have secured her an ample fortune, could she have transferred them to ivory or canvass, sat down in a corner, and had what she termed 'a real good cry.'

'But no crying, or talking, or hoping, or fearing, could keep off the dreaded Saturday afternoon, or Newman Noggs either; who, punctual to his time, limped up to the door and breathed a whiff of cordial gin through the keyhole, exactly as such of the church clocks in the neighbourhood as agreed among themselves about the time, struck five. Newman waited for the last stroke, and then knocked.

'From Mr. Ralph Nickleby,' said Newman, announcing his errand when he got up stairs with all possible brevity.

'We shall be ready directly,' said Kate. 'We have not much to carry, but I fear we must have a coach.'

'I'll get one,' replied Newman.

'Indeed you shall not trouble yourself,' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'I will,' said Newman.

'I can't suffer you to think of such a thing,' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'You can't help it,' said Newman.

'Not help it!'

'No. I thought of it as I came along; but didn't get one, thinking you mightn't be ready. I think of a great many things. Nobody can prevent that.'

'Oh yes, I understand you, Mr. Noggs,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'Our thoughts are free, of course. Everybody's thoughts are their own, clearly.'

'They wouldn't be if some people had their way,' muttered Newman.

'Well, no more they would, Mr. Noggs, and that's very true,' rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. 'Some people, to be sure, are such—how's your master?'

Newman darted a meaning glance at Kate, and replied with a strong emphasis on the last word of his answer, that Mr. Ralph Nickleby was well, and sent his—*love*.

'I am sure we are very much obliged to him,' observed Mrs. Nickleby.

'Very,' said Newman. 'I'll tell him so.'

It was no very easy matter to mistake Newman Noggs after having once seen him, and as Kate, attracted by the singularity of his manner (in which on this occasion, however, there was something respectful and even delicate, notwithstanding the abruptness of his speech,) looked at him more closely, she recollected having caught a passing glimpse of that strange figure before.

'Excuse my curiosity,' she said, 'but did I not see you in the coach-yard on the morning my brother went away to Yorkshire?'

Newman cast a wistful glance on Mrs. Nickleby, and said 'No,' most unblushingly.

'No!' exclaimed Kate, 'I should have said so anywhere.'

'You'd have said wrong,' rejoined Newman. 'It's the first time I've been out for three weeks. I've had the gout.'

Newman was very, very far from having the appearance of a gouty subject, and so Kate could not help thinking; but the conference was cut short by Mrs. Nickleby's insisting on having the door shut lest Mr. Noggs should take cold, and further persisting in sending the servant girl for a coach, for fear he should bring on another attack of his disorder. To both conditions Newman was compelled to yield. Presently the coach came; and, after many sorrowful farewells, and a great deal of running backwards and forwards across the pavement on the part of Miss La Creevy, in the course of which the yellow turban came into violent contact with sundry foot passengers, it (that is to say the coach, not the turban) went away again with the two ladies and their luggage inside; and Newman—despite all Mrs. Nickleby's assurances that it would be his death—on the box beside the driver.

They went into the City, turning down by the river side; and after a long and very slow drive, the streets being crowded at that hour with vehicles of every kind, stopped in front of a large old dingy house in Thames Street, the door and windows of which were so bespattered with mud, that it would have appeared to have been uninhabited for years.

The door of this deserted mansion Newman opened with a key which he took out of his hat—in which, by-the-by, in consequence of the dilapidated state of his pockets he deposited everything, and would most likely have carried his money if he had had any—and the

coach being discharged, he led the way into the interior of the mansion.

Old and gloomy and black in truth it was, and sullen and dark were the rooms once so bustling with life and enterprise. There was a wharf behind, opening on the Thames. An empty dog-kennel, some bones of animals, fragments of iron hoops and staves of old casks, lay strewn about, but no life was stirring there. It was a picture of cold, silent decay.

'This house depresses and chills one,' said Kate, 'and seems as if some blight had fallen on it. If I were superstitious, I should be almost inclined to believe that some dreadful crime had been perpetrated within these old walls, and that the place had never prospered since. How frowning and dark it looks!'

'Lord, my dear,' replied Mrs. Nickleby, 'don't talk in that way, or you'll frighten me to death.'

'It was only my foolish fancy, mama,' said Kate forcing a smile.

'Well, then, my love, I wish you would keep your foolish fancy to yourself, and not wake up *my* foolish fancy to keep it company,' retorted Mrs. Nickleby. 'Why didn't you think of all this before—you are so careless—we might have asked Miss La Creevy to keep us company, or borrowed a dog, or a thousand things—but it always was the way, and was just the same with your poor dear father. Unless I thought of everything—' This was Mrs. Nickleby's usual commencement of a general lamentation, running through a dozen or so of complicated sentences addressed to nobody in particular, and into which she now launched until her breath was exhausted.

Newman appeared not to hear these remarks, but preceded them to a couple of rooms on the first floor, which some kind of attempt had been made to render habitable. In one were a few chairs, a table, an old hearth-rug, and some faded baize; and a fire was ready laid in the grate. In the other stood an old tent bedstead, and a few scanty articles of chamber furniture.

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby, trying to be pleased, 'now isn't this thoughtful and considerate of your uncle? Why, we should not have had anything but the bed we bought yesterday to lie down upon, if it hadn't been his thoughtfulness.'

'Very kind, indeed,' replied Kate, looking round.

Newman Noggs did not say that he had hunted up the old furniture they saw, from attic or cellar; or that he had taken in the halfpenny-worth of milk for tea that stood upon a shelf, or filled the rusty kettle on the hob, or collected the wood-chips from the wharf, or begged the coals. But the notion of Ralph Nickleby having directed it to be done tickled his fancy so much, that he could not refrain from cracking all his ten fingers in succession, at which performance Mrs. Nickle-

the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed hen-peckery.

'All in two months!' said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. 'Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!—'

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

He walked up one street and down another until exercise had abated the first passion of his grief, and then the revulsion of feeling made him thirsty. He passed a great many public-houses, and at length paused before one in a bye-way, whose parlour, as he gathered from a hasty peep over the blinds, was deserted save by one solitary customer. It began to rain heavily at the moment, and this determined him; Mr. Bumble stepped in, and ordering something to drink as he passed the bar, entered the apartment into which he had looked from the street.

The man who was seated there was tall and dark, and wore a large cloak. He had the air of a stranger, and seemed, by a certain haggardness in his look, as well as by the dusty soils on his dress, to have travelled some distance. He eyed Bumble askance as he entered, but scarcely deigned to nod his head in acknowledgment of his salutation.

Mr. Bumble had quite dignity enough for two, supposing even that the stranger had been more familiar, so he drank his gin-and-water in silence, and read the paper with great show of pomp and importance.

It so happened, however,—as it will happen very often when men fall into company under such circumstances,—that Mr. Bumble felt every now and then a powerful inducement, which he could not resist, to steal a look at the stranger, and that whenever he did so he withdrew his eyes in some confusion, to find that the stranger was at that moment stealing a look at him. Mr. Bumble's awkwardness was enhanced by the very remarkable expression of the stranger's eye, which was keen and bright, but shadowed by a scowl of distrust and suspicion unlike anything he had ever observed before, and most repulsive to behold.

When they had encountered each other's glance several times in this way, the stranger, in a harsh, deep voice, broke silence.

'Were you looking for me,' he said, 'when you peered in at the window?'

'Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr. ——.'

Here Mr. Bumble stopped short, for he was curious to know the stranger's name, and thought in his impatience he might supply the blank.

'I see you were not,' said the stranger, an expression of quiet sarcasm playing about his mouth, 'or you would have known my name. You don't know it, and I should recommend you not to inquire.'

'I meant no harm, young man,' observed Mr. Bumble majestically.

'And have done none,' said the stranger.

Another silence succeeded this short dialogue, which was again broken by the stranger.

'I have seen you before, I think,' said he. 'You were differently dressed at that time, and I only passed you in the street, but I should know you again. You were beadle here once, were you not?'

'I was,' said Mr. Bumble in some surprise. 'Parochial beadle.'

'Just so,' rejoined the other, nodding his head. 'It was in that character I saw you. What are you now?'

'Master of the workhouse,' rejoined Mr. Bumble slowly and impressively, to check any undue familiarity the stranger might otherwise assume. 'Master of the workhouse, young man!'

'You have the same eye to your own interest that you always have had, I doubt not?' resumed the stranger, looking keenly into Mr. Bumble's eyes as he raised them in astonishment at the question. 'Don't scruple to answer freely, man. I know you pretty well, you see.'

'I suppose a married man,' replied Mr. Bumble, shading his eyes with his hand, and surveying the stranger from head to foot in evident perplexity, 'is not more averse to turning an honest penny when he can than a single one. Parochial officers are not so well paid that they can afford to refuse any little extra fee, when it comes to them in a civil and proper manner.'

The stranger smiled, and nodded his head again, as much as to say he found he had not mistaken his man, then rang the bell.

'Fill this glass again,' he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty tumbler to the landlord. 'Let it be strong and hot. You like it so, I suppose?'

'Not too strong,' replied Mr. Bumble, with a delicate cough.

'You understand what that means, landlord?' said the stranger drily.

The host smiled, disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned with a steaming jorum, of which the first gulp brought the water into Mr. Bumble's eyes.

'Now listen to me,' said the stranger, after closing the door and window. 'I came down to this place to-day, to find you out, and, by one of those chances which the devil throws in the way of his friends sometimes, you walked into the very room I was sitting in while you were uppermost in my mind. I want some information

from you, and don't ask you to give it for nothing, slight as it is. Put up that to begin with.'

As he spoke he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion carefully, as though unwilling that the chinking of money should be heard without; and when Mr. Bumble had scrupulously examined the coins to see that they were genuine, and put them up with much satisfaction in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on.

'Carry your memory back—let me see—twelve years last winter.'

'It's a long time,' said Mr. Bumble. 'Very good. I've done it.'

'The scene the workhouse.'

'Good!'

'And the time night.'

'Yes.'

'And the place the crazy hole, wherever it was, in which miserable drabs brought forth the life and health so often denied to themselves—gave birth to puling children for the parish to rear, and hid their shame, rot 'em, in the grave.'

'The lying-in room, I suppose that means?' said Mr. Bumble, not quite following the stranger's excited description.

'Yes,' said the stranger. 'A boy was born there.'

'A many boys,' observed Mr. Bumble, shaking his head despondingly.

'A murrain on the young devils!' cried the stranger impatiently; 'I speak of one, a meek-looking pale-faced hound, who was apprenticed, down here, to a coffin-maker, (I wish he had made his coffin, and screwed his body in it,) and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed.'

'Why, you mean Oliver—young Twist?' said Mr. Bumble; 'I remember him of course. There wasn't a obstinater young rascal—'

'It's not of him I want to hear; I've heard enough of him,' said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble in the very outset of a tirade on the subject of poor Oliver's vices. 'It's of a woman, the hag that nursed his mother. Where is she?'

'Where is she?' said Mr. Bumble, whom the gin and water had rendered facetious. 'It would be hard to tell. There's no midwifery there, whichever place she's gone to; so I suppose she's out of employment any way.'

'What do you mean?' demanded the stranger, sternly.

'That she died last winter,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

The man looked fixedly at him when he had given this information, and although he did not withdraw his eyes for some time afterwards, his gaze gradually became vacant and abstracted, and he seemed lost in thought. For some time he appeared doubtful whether he ought to be relieved or disappointed by the intelligence, but at length he breathed more freely, and with-

drawing his eyes, observed that it was no great matter, and rose as if to depart.

Mr. Bumble was cunning enough, and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened for the lucrative disposal of some secret in the possession of his better half. He well remembered the night of old Sally's death, which the occurrences of that day had given him good reason to recollect as the occasion on which he had proposed to Mrs. Corney, and although that lady had never confided to him the disclosure of which she had been the solitary witness, he had heard enough to know that it related to something that had occurred in the old woman's attendance as workhouse nurse, upon the young mother of Oliver Twist. Hastily calling this circumstance to mind, he informed the stranger with an air of mystery, that one woman had been closeted with the old harridan shortly before she died, and that she could, as he had reason to believe, throw some light on the subject of his inquiry.

'How can I find her?' said the stranger, thrown off his guard, and plainly showing that all his fears (whatever they were) were aroused afresh by the intelligence.

'Only through me,' rejoined Mr. Bumble.

'When?' cried the stranger, hastily.

'To-morrow,' rejoined Bumble.

'At nine in the evening,' said the stranger, producing a scrap of paper, and writing down an obscure address, by the water-side, upon it, in characters that betrayed his agitation, 'at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to be secret, for it's your interest.'

With these words he led the way to the door, after stopping to pay for the liquor that had been drunk; and shortly remarking that their roads were different, departed without more ceremony than an emphatic repetition of the hour of appointment for the following night.

On glancing at the address, the parochial functionary observed that it contained no name. The stranger had not gone far, so he made after him to ask it.

'Who's that?' cried the man turning quickly round as Bumble touched him on the arm. 'Following me!'

'Only to ask a question,' said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. 'What name am I to ask for?'

'Monks!' rejoined the man, and strode hastily away.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

Z I C C I.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

It was the first faint and gradual break of the summer dawn; and two men stood in a balcony overhanging a garden fragrant with the scents of the awakening flowers. The stars had not yet left the sky—the birds

beaux esprits of his own country, but amongst the gay foreigners who adorned and relieved the monotony of the Neapolitan circles. There were present two or three of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old regime, and their peculiar turn of thought and wit was calculated for the meridian of a society that made the *Dolce far niente* at once its philosophy and its faith. The Prince, however, was more silent than usual; and when he sought to rouse himself, his spirits were forced and exaggerated. To the manners of his host, those of Zicci afforded a striking contrast. The bearing of this singular person was at all times characterized by a calm and polished ease, which was attributed by the courtiers to the long habit of society. He could scarcely be called gay; yet few persons more tended to animate the general spirits of a convivial circle. He seemed, by a kind of intuition, to elicit from each companion the qualities in which he most excelled; and a certain tone of latent mockery that characterized his remarks upon the topics on which the conversation fell, seemed to men who took nothing in earnest to be the language both of wit and wisdom. To the Frenchmen in particular there was something startling in his intimate knowledge of the minutest events in their own capital and country, and his profound penetration (evinced but in epigrams and sarcasms) into the eminent characters who were then playing a part upon the great stage of Continental intrigue. It was while this conversation grew animated, and the feast was at its height, that Glyndon (who, as the reader will recollect, had resolved, on learning from Cetoxa the capture of the actress, to seek the Prince himself,) arrived at the palace. The porter, perceiving by his dress that he was not one of the invited guests, told him that his excellency was engaged, and on no account could be disturbed; and Glyndon then, for the first time, became aware of how strange and embarrassing was the duty he had taken on himself. To force an entrance into the banquet hall of a great and powerful noble, surrounded by the rank of Naples, and to arraign him for what to his boon companions would appear but an act of gallantry, was an exploit that could not fail to be at once ludicrous and impotent. He mused a moment; and remembering that Zicci was among the guests, determined to apply himself to the Corsican. He therefore, slipping a few crowns into the porter's hand, said that he was commissioned to seek the Signior Zicci upon an errand of life and death; and easily won his way across the court, and into the interior building. He passed up the broad staircase, and the voices and merriment of the revellers smote his ear at a distance. At the entrance of the reception rooms he found a page, whom he despatched with a message to Zicci. The page did the errand; and the Corsican, on hearing the whispered name of Glyndon, turned to his host.

'Pardon me, my lord: an English friend of mine,

the Signior Glyndon (not unknown by name to your excellency) waits without—the business must indeed be urgent on which he has sought me in such an hour. You will forgive my momentary absence.'

'Nay, Signior,' answered the Prince, courteously, but with a sinister smile on his countenance, 'would it not be better for your friend to join us? An Englishman is welcome every where; and even were he a Dutchman, your friendship would invest his presence with attraction. Pray his attendance,—we would not spare you even for a moment.'

Zicci bowed—the page was despatched with all flattering messages to Glyndon—a seat next to Zicci was placed for him, and the Englishman entered.

'You are most welcome, sir. I trust your business to our illustrious guest is of good omen and pleasant import. If you bring evil news, defer it, I pray you.'

Glyndon's brow was sullen; and he was about to startle the guests by his reply, when Zicci, touching his arm significantly, whispered in English—'I know why you have sought me. Be silent, and witness what ensues.'

'You know, then, that Isabel, whom you boasted you had the power to save from danger—'

'Is in this house?—yes. I know also that murder sits at the right hand of our host. Be still, and learn the fate that awaits the foes of Zicci.'

'My lord,' said the Corsican, speaking aloud, 'the Signior Glyndon has indeed brought me tidings which, though not unexpected, are unwelcome. I learn that which will oblige me to leave Naples to-morrow, though I trust but for a short time. I have now a new motive to make the most of the present hour.'

'And what, if I may venture to ask, may be the cause that brings such affliction on the fair dames of Naples?'

It is the approaching death of one who honoured me with most loyal friendship,' replied Zicci, gravely. 'Let us not speak of it—grief cannot put back the dial. As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendships those that fade from our path.'

'True philosophy,' exclaimed the Prince. '“Not to admire” was the Roman's maxim; never to mourn is mine. There is nothing in life to grieve for, save, indeed, Signior Zicci, when some young beauty on whom we have set our heart slips from our grasp. In such a moment we have need of all our wisdom, not to succumb to despair and shake hands with death. You smile. Such never could be your lot. Pledge me in a sentiment—“Long life to the fortunate lover—a quick release to the baffled suitor!”'

'I pledge you,' said Zicci. And as the fatal wine was poured into his glass, he repeated, fixing his eyes on the Prince, I pledge you, even in this wine!'

He lifted the glass to his lips. The Prince seemed ghastly pale while the gaze of the Corsican, bent upon him with an intent and stern brightness that the conscience-stricken host cowered and quailed beneath. Not till he had drained the draught and replaced the glass upon the board, did Zicci turn his eyes from the Prince; and he then said, 'Your wine has been kept too long—it has lost its virtues. It might disagree with many; but do not fear,—it will not harm me, Prince. Signior Mascari, you are a judge of the grape; will you favour us with your opinion?'

'Nay,' answered Mascari, with well-affected composure, 'I like not the wines of Cyprus: they are heating. Perhaps Signior Glyndon may not have the same distaste. The English are said to love their potations warm and pungent.'

'Do you wish my friend also to taste the wine, Prince?' said Zicci. 'Recollect all cannot drink it with the same impunity as myself.'

'No,' said the Prince, hastily; 'if you do not recommend the wine, Heaven forbid that we should constrain our guests! My Lord Duke,' turning to one of the Frenchmen, 'yours is the true soil of Bacchus. What think you of this cask from Burgundy? has it borne the journey?'

'Ah!' said Zicci, 'let us change both the wine and the theme.'

With that the Corsican grew yet more animated and brilliant. Never did wit more sparkling, airy, exhilarating, flash from the lips of reveller. His spirits fascinated all present—even the Prince himself—even Glyndon—with a strange and wild contagion. The former, indeed, whom the words and gaze of Zicci when he drained the poison had filled with fearful misgivings, now hailed in the brilliant eloquence of his wit a certain sign of the operation of the bane. The wine circulated fast; but none seemed conscious of its effects. One by one the rest of the party fell into a charmed and spellbound silence, as Zicci continued to pour forth sally upon sally, tale upon tale. They hung on his words—they almost held their breath to listen. Yet how bitter was his mirth—how full of contempt for all things—how deeply steeped in the coldness of the derision that makes sport of life itself!

Night came on: the room grew dim, and the feast had lasted several hours longer than was the customary duration of similar entertainments at that day. Still the guests stirred not, and still Zicci continued, with glittering eye and mocking lip, to lavish his stores of intellect and anecdote; when suddenly the moon rose, and shed its rays over the flowers and fountains in the court without, leaving the room itself half in shadow and half tinged by a quiet and ghostly light.

It was then that Zicci rose. 'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'we have not yet wearied our host, I hope, and his

garden offers a new temptation to protract our stay. Have you no musicians among your train, Prince, that might regale our ears while we inhale the fragrance of your orange trees?'

'An excellent thought!' said the Prince. 'Mascari, see to the music.'

The party rose simultaneously to adjourn to the garden; and then, for the first time, the effect of the wine they had drunk seemed to make itself felt.

With flushed cheeks and unsteady steps they came into the open air, which tended yet more to stimulate that glowing fever of the grape. As if to make up for the silence with which the guests had hitherto listened to Zicci, every tongue was now loosened—every man talked, no man listened. In the serene beauty of the night and scene, there was something wild and fearful in the contrast of the hubbub and Babel of these disorderly roysters. One of the Frenchmen, in especial, young Duc de R——,—a nobleman of the highest rank, and of all the quick, vivacious, and irascible temperament of his countrymen,—was particularly noisy and excited. And as circumstances, the remembrance of which is still preserved among certain circles of Naples, rendered it afterwards necessary that the Duc should himself give evidence of what occurred, I will here translate the short account he drew up, and which was kindly submitted to me some few years ago by my accomplished and lively friend, *il Cavaliere di B——*.

'I never remember,' writes the Duc, 'to have felt my spirits so excited as on that evening; we were like so many boys released from school, jostling each other as we reeled or ran down the flight of seven or eight stairs that led from the colonnade into the garden,—some laughing, some whooping, some scolding, some babbling. The wine had brought out, as it were, each man's inmost character. Some were loud and quarrelsome, others sentimental and whining; some whom we had hitherto thought dull, most mirthful; some whom we had ever regarded as discreet and taciturn, most garrulous and uproarious. I remember that in the midst of our most clamorous gaiety my eye fell upon the foreign cavalier, Signior Zicci, whose conversation had so enchanted us all; and I felt a certain chill come over me to perceive that he bore the same calm and unsympathising smile upon his countenance which had characterized it in his singular and curious stories of the court of Louis XV. I felt, indeed, half inclined to seek a quarrel with one whose composure was almost an insult to our disorder. Nor was such an effect of this irritating and mocking tranquillity confined to myself alone. Several of the party have told me since that on looking at Zicci they felt their blood rise and their hands wander to their sword hilts. There seemed in the icy smile a very charm to wound vanity and provoke rage. It was at this moment that the

Prince came up to me, and, passing his arm into mine, led me a little apart from the rest. He had certainly indulged in the same excess as ourselves, but it did not produce the same effect of noisy excitement. There was, on the contrary, a certain cold arrogance and supercilious scorn in his bearing and language, which, even while affecting so much caressing courtesy towards me, roused my self-love against him. He seemed as if Zicci had infected him, and that in imitating the manner of his guest he surpassed the original. He rallied me on some court gossip which had honoured my name by associating it with a certain beautiful and distinguished Sicilian lady, and affected to treat with contempt that which, had it been true, I should have regarded as a boast. He spoke, indeed, as if he himself had gathered all the flowers of Naples, and left us foreigners only the gleanings he had scorned; at this my natural and national gallantry was piqued, and I retorted by some sarcasms that I should certainly have spared had my blood been cooler. He laughed heartily, and left me in a strange fit of resentment and anger. Perhaps (I must own the truth) the wine had produced in me a wild disposition to take offence and provoke quarrel. As the Prince left me, I turned, and saw Zicci at my side.

‘The Prince is a braggart,’ said he, with the same smile that displeased me before. ‘He would monopolise all fortune and all love. Let us take our revenge.’

‘And how?’

‘He has, at this moment, in his house the most enchanting singer in Naples—the celebrated Isabel di Pisani. She is here, it is true, not by her own choice; he carried her thither by force, but he will pretend to swear that she adores him. Let us insist on his producing this secret treasure, and, when she enters, the Duc de R—— can have no doubt that his flatteries and attentions will charm the lady, and provoke all the jealous fears of our host. It would be a fair revenge upon his imperious self-conceit.’

‘This suggestion delighted me. I hastened to the Prince. At that instant the musicians had just commenced. I waved my hand, ordered the music to stop, and addressing the Prince, who was standing in the centre of one of the gayest groups, complained of his want of hospitality in affording to us, such poor proficients in the art, while he reserved for his own solace the lute and voice of the first performer in Naples. I demanded, half laughingly, half seriously, that he should produce the Pisani. My demand was received with shouts of applause by the rest. We drowned the replies of our host with uproar, and would hear no denial. ‘Gentlemen,’ at last said the Prince, when he could obtain an audience, ‘even were I to assent to your proposal, I could not induce the Signora to present herself before an assemblage as riotous as they are noble.

You have too much chivalry to use compulsion with her, though the Duc de R—— forgets himself sufficiently to administer it to me.’

‘I was stung by this taunt, however well deserved. ‘Prince,’ said I, ‘I have for the indelicacy of compulsion so illustrious an example, that I cannot hesitate to pursue the path honoured by your own footsteps. All Naples knows that the Pisani despises at once your gold and your love,—that force alone could have brought her under your roof; and that you refuse to produce her, because you fear her complaints, and know enough of the chivalry your vanity sneers at to feel assured that the gentlemen of France are not more disposed to worship beauty than to defend it from wrong.’

‘You speak well, sir,’ said Zicci gravely. ‘The Prince dare not produce his prize!’

‘The Prince remained speechless for a few moments, as if with indignation. At last he broke out into expressions the most injurious and insulting against Signior Zicci and myself. Zicci replied not—I was more hot and hasty. The guests appeared to delight in our dispute. None except Mascari, whom we pushed aside and disdained to hear, strove to conciliate; some took ‘one side, some another—the issue may be well foreseen. Swords were drawn. I had left mine in the ante-room—Zicci offered me his own—I seized it eagerly. There might be some six or eight persons engaged in a strange and confused kind of *melee*, but the Prince and myself only sought each other. The noise around us—the confusion of the guests—the cries of the musicians—the clash of our own swords, only served to stimulate our unhappy fury. We feared to be interrupted by the attendants, and fought like madmen, without skill or method. I thrust and parried mechanically, blind and frantic as if a demon had entered into me, till I saw the Prince stretched at my feet, bathed in his blood, and Zicci bending over him, and whispering in his ear. That sight cooled us all—the strife ceased. We gathered in shame, remorse, and horror round our ill-fated host; but it was too late—his eyes rolled fearfully in his head, and still he struggled to release himself from Zicci’s arms, who continued to whisper (I trust divine comfort) in his ear. I have seen men die, but never one who wore such horror on his countenance. At last all was over; Zicci rose from the corpse, and, taking, with great composure, his sword from my hand,—‘Ye are witnesses, gentlemen,’ said he, calmly, ‘that the Prince brought his fate upon himself. The last of that illustrious house has perished in a brawl.’

‘I saw no more of Zicci—I hastened to the French ambassador to narrate the event, and abide the issue. I am grateful to the Neapolitan government, and to the illustrious heir of the unfortunate nobleman, for the lenient and generous, yet just, interpretation put upon

a misfortune, the memory of which will afflict me to the last hour of my life.

(Signed) 'LOUIS VICTOR, DUC DE R.'

In the above memorial, the reader will find the most exact and minute account yet given of an event which created the most lively sensation at Naples in that day, and the narration of which first induced me to collect the materials of this history—which the reader will perceive, as it advances, is altogether different in its nature, its agencies, and its aims, from those tales of external terror, whether derived from ingenious imposture or supernatural mystery, that have given life to French melodrame or German romance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Glyndon had taken no part in the affray—neither had he participated largely in the excesses of the revel. For his exemption from both, he was perhaps indebted to the whispered exhortations of Zicci. When the last rose from the corpse and withdrew from that scene of confusion, Glyndon remarked, that in passing the crowd he touched Mascari on the shoulder, and said something which the Englishman did not overhear. Glyndon followed Zicci into the banquet room—which, save where the moonlight slept on the marble floor, was wrapt in the sad and gloomy shadows of the advancing night.

'How could you foretell this fearful event?—he fell not by your arm!' said Glyndon in a tremulous and hollow tone.

'The general who calculates on the victory does not fight in person,' answered Zicci; 'but enough of this—meet me at midnight by the sea-shore—half a mile to the left of your hotel,—you will know the spot, by a rude pillar, the only one near—to which a broken chain is attached.—There and then will be the crisis of your fate—go—I have business here yet—remember, Isabel is still in the house of the dead man.'

As Glyndon yet hesitated, strange thoughts, doubts, and fears, that longed for speech, crowding within him, Mascari approached, and Zicci, turning to the Italian, and waving his hand to Glyndon, drew the former aside. Glyndon slowly departed.

'Mascari,' said Zicci, your patron is no more—your services will be valueless to his heir—a sober man, whom poverty has preserved from vice. For yourself, thank me that I do not give you up to the executioner—recollect the wine of Cyprus. Well, never tremble, man, it could not act on me, though it might re-act on others;—in that it is a common type of crime. I forgive you; and if the wine should kill me, I promise you that my ghost shall not haunt so worshipful a penitent. Enough of this; conduct me to the chamber of Isabel di Pisani. You have no farther need of her. The death of the jailer opens the cell of the captive. Be quick—I would be gone.' Mascari mut-

tered some inaudible words, bowed low, and led the way to the chamber in which Isabel was confined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It wanted several minutes of midnight, and Glyndon repaired to the appointed spot. The mysterious empire which Zicci had acquired over him, was still more solemnly confirmed by the events of the last few hours,—the sudden fate of the Prince, so deliberately foreshadowed, and yet so seemingly accidental—brought out by causes the most commonplace, and yet associated with words the most prophetic—impressed him with the deepest sentiments of admiration and awe. It was as if this dark and wondrous being would convert the most ordinary events and the meanest instruments into the agencies of his inscrutable will—yet if so, why have permitted the capture of Isabel? Why not have prevented the crime rather than punished the criminal? And did Zicci really feel love for Isabel? Love, and yet offer to resign her to himself—to a rival whom his arts could not have failed to baffle. He no longer reverted to the belief that Zicci or Isabel had sought to dupe him into marriage. His fear and reverence for the former now forbade the notion of so poor an imposture. Did he any longer love Isabel himself? No—when that morning he had heard of her danger—he had, it is true, returned to the sympathies and the fears of affection; but with the death of the Prince her image faded again from his heart—and he felt no jealous pang at the thought that she had been saved by Zicci—that at that moment, she was perhaps beneath his roof. Whoever has, in the course of his life, indulged the absorbing passion of the gamester, will remember how all other pursuits and objects vanished from his mind; how solely he was wrapped in the one wild delusion; with what a sceptre of magic power the despot demon ruled every feeling and every thought. Far more intense than the passion of the gamester was the frantic, yet sublime desire that mastered the breast of Glyndon. He would be the rival of Zicci not in human and perishable affections, but in preternatural and eternal lore. He would have laid down life with content, nay rapture, as the price of learning those solemn secrets which separated the stranger from mankind. Such fools are we when we aspire to be otherwise! To be enamoured too madly of the goddess of goddesses is only to embrace a cloud, and to forfeit alike heaven and earth.

The night was most lovely and serene—and the waves scarcely rippled at his feet as the Englishman glided on by the cool and starry beach. At length he arrived at the spot—and there leaning against the broken pillar—he beheld a man wrapped in a long mantle—and in an attitude of profound repose. He ap-

proached and uttered the name of Zicci. The figure turned, and he saw the face of a stranger; a face not stamped by the glorious beauty of the Corsican—but equally majestic in its aspect—and perhaps still more impressive from the mature age and the passionless depth of thought that characterized the expanded forehead—and deep-set but piercing eyes.

‘You seek Zicci,’ said the stranger; ‘he will be here anon;’ but, perhaps, he whom you see before you, is more connected with your destiny, and more disposed to realize your dreams.’

‘Hath the earth then another Zicci?’

‘If not,’ replied the stranger, ‘why do you cherish the hope and the wild faith to be yourself a Zicci?—Think you that none others have burned with the same godlike dream?—Who, indeed, in his first youth—youth when the soul is nearer to the heaven from which it sprung—and its divine and primal longings are not all effaced by the sordid passions and petty cares that are begot in time?—who is there in youth that has not nourished the belief that the universe has secrets not known to the common herd, and panted, as the heart for the water-springs, for the fountains that lie hid and far away amidst the broad wilderness of trackless science? The music of the fountain is heard in the soul within, till the steps, deceived and erring, rove away from its waters, and the wanderer dies in the mighty desert. Think you that none who have cherished the hope have found the truth? or that the yearning after the Ineffable Knowledge was given to us utterly in vain? No. Every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist—alike distant and divine. No! in the world there have been, from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have won to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe. Zicci, great though he be, stands not alone. He has his predecessors, his contemporary rivals, and long lines of successors are yet to come!’

‘And will you tell me,’ said Glyndon, ‘that in yourself I behold one of that mighty few over whom Zicci has no superiority in power and wisdom?’

‘In me,’ answered the stranger, ‘you see one from whom Zicci himself learned many of his loftiest secrets. Before his birth my wisdom was! On these shores—on this spot—have I stood in ages that your chronicles but feebly reach. The Phœnician—the Greek—the Oscan—the Roman—the Lombard—I have seen them all!—leaves gay and glittering on the trunk of the universal life—scattered in due season and again renewed; till, indeed, the same race that gave its glory to the ancient world bestowed a second youth upon the new. For the pure Greeks—the Hellenes—whose origin has bewildered your dreaming scholars—were of the same great family as the Norman tribe, born to be the lords of the universe, and in no land on earth destined to be the hewers of wood. Even the dim

traditions of the learned that bring the sons of Hellas from the vast and undetermined territories of northern Thrace, to be the victors of the pastoral Pelasgi, and the founders of the line of demi-gods, might serve you to trace back their primeval settlements to the same region whence, in later times, the Norman warriors broke on the dull and savage hordes of the Celt, and became the Greeks of the Christian world. But this interests you not, and you are wise in your indifference. Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than men.’

‘And what books contain that science—from what laboratory is it wrought?’

‘Nature supplies the materials: they are around you in your daily walks. In the herbs that the beast devours and the chemist disdains to cull;—in the elements, from which matter in its meanest and its mightiest shapes is deduced;—in the wide bosom of the air;—in the black abysses of the earth;—everywhere are given to mortals the resources and libraries of immortal lore. But as the simplest problems in the simplest of all studies are obscure to one who braces not his mind to their comprehension,—as the rower in yonder vessel cannot tell you why two circles can touch each other only in one point,—so, though all earth were carved over and inscribed with the letters of diviner knowledge, the characters would be valueless to him who does not pause to inquire the language, and meditate the truth. Young man, if thy imagination is vivid—if thy heart is daring—if thy curiosity is insatiate, I will accept thee as my pupil. But the first lessons are stern and dread.’

‘If thou hast mastered them, why not I?’ answered Glyndon, boldly. ‘I have felt from my boyhood that strange mysteries were reserved for my career; and from the proudest ends of ordinary ambition, I have carried my gaze into the cloud and darkness that stretch beyond. The instant I beheld Zicci, I felt as if I had discovered the guide and the tutor for which my youth had idly languished and vainly burned.’

‘And to me his duty can be transferred,’ replied the stranger. ‘Yonder lies, anchored in the bay, the vessel in which Zicci seeks a fairer home: a little while and the breeze will rise, the sail will swell, and the stranger will have passed like a wind away. Still, like the wind, he leaves in thy heart the seeds that may bear the blossom and the fruit. Zicci hath performed his task, he is wanted no more; the perfecter of his work is at thy side. He comes;—I hear the dash of the oar. You will have your choice submitted to you. According as you decide—we shall meet again.’ With these words the stranger moved slowly away, and disappeared beneath the shadows of the cliffs. A boat glided rapidly across the waters—it touched land; a man leapt on shore, and Glyndon recognised Zicci.

'I give thee, Glyndon, I give thee no more the option of happy love and serene enjoyment. That hour is past, and fate has linked the hand that might have been thine own, to mine. But I have ample gifts to bestow upon thee, if thou wilt abandon the hope that gnaws thy heart, and the realization of which, even I have not the power to foresee. Be thine ambition human, and I can gratify it to the full. Men desire four things in life,—love, wealth, fame, power. The first I cannot give thee—no matter why! the rest are at my disposal. Select which of them thou wilt, and let us part in peace.'

'Such are not the gifts I covet: I choose knowledge (which, indeed, as the Schoolman said, is power, and the loftiest),—that knowledge must be thine own. For this, and for this alone, I surrendered the love of Isabel; this, and this alone, must be my recompense.'

'I cannot gainsay thee, though I can warn. The desire to learn does not always contain the faculty to acquire. I can give thee, it is true, the teacher, the rest must depend on thee. Be wise in time, and take that which I can assure to thee.'

'Answer me but these questions, and according to your answer I will decide. Is it in the power of man to attain intercourse with the beings of other worlds? Is it in the power of man to read the past and the future? and to insure life against the sword and against disease?'

'All this may be possible,' answered Zicci, evasively, 'to the few. But for one who attains such secrets, millions may perish in the attempt.'

'One question more. Thou'—

'Beware! Of myself, as I have said before, I render no account.'

'Well, then, the stranger I have met this night—are his boasts to be believed? Is he in truth one of the chosen seers whom you allow to have mastered the mysteries I yearn to fathom?'

'Rash man,' said Zicci, in a tone of compassion, 'thy crisis is past, and thy choice made. I can only bid thee be bold and prosper:—yes, I resign thee to a master who *has* the power and the will to open to thee the gates of an awful world. Thy weal or woe are as naught in the eyes of his relentless wisdom. I would bid him spare thee, but he will heed me not. Mejnour, receive thy pupil!' Glyndon turned, and his heart beat when he perceived that the stranger, whose footsteps he had not heard upon the pebbles, whose approach he had not beheld in the moonlight, was once more by his side!

'Farewell'—resumed Zicci—'thy trial commences. When next we meet—thou wilt be the victim or the victor.'

Glyndon's eyes followed the receding form of the mysterious Cornican. He saw him enter the boat—

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and he then for the first time noticed that besides the rowers there was a female—who stood up as Zicci gained the boat. Even at this distance he recognised the once-adored form of Isabel. She waved her hand to him—and across the still and shining air—came her voice, mournfully and sweetly in her native tongue—'Farewell, Clarence—Farewell—Farewell.'

He strove to answer—but the voice touched a chord at his heart, and the words failed him. Isabel was then lost for ever—gone with this dread stranger—darkness was round her lot. And he himself had decided her fate and his own! The boat bounded on—the soft waves flashed and sparkled beneath the oars, and it was along one sapphire track of moonlight that the frail vessel bore away the lovers. Farther—and farther from his gaze sped the boat—till at last—the speck, scarcely visible,—touched the side of the ship—that lay lifeless in the glorious bay. At that instant—as if by magic—up sprang—with a glad murmur—the playful and freshening wind. And Glyndon turned to Mejnour and broke the silence.

'Tell me—(if thou canst read the future)—tell me that *her* lot will be fair—and that *her* choice at least is wise?'

'My pupil,'—answered Mejnour, in a voice the calmness of which well accorded with the chilling words, 'thy first task must be to withdraw all thought—feeling—sympathy from others. The elementary stage of knowledge is to make self and self alone thy study and thy world. Thou hast decided thine own career—thou hast renounced love—thou hast rejected wealth—fame—and the vulgar pomps of power. What then are all mankind to thee? To perfect thy faculties and concentrate thy emotions is henceforth thy only aim!'

'And will happiness be the end?'

'If happiness exist'—answered Mejnour—'it must be centred in A SELF to which all passion is unknown. But happiness is the last state of being; and as yet thou art on the threshold of the first!'

'As Mejnour spoke—the distant vessel spread its sails to the wind—and moved slowly along the deep. Glyndon sighed—and the pupil and the master retraced their steps towards the city.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Newman Noggs inducts Mrs. and Miss Nickleby into their new dwelling in the city.

Miss Nickleby's reflections as she wended her way homewards, were of that desponding nature which the occurrences of the morning had been sufficiently calcu-

lated to awaken. Her uncle's was not a manner likely to dispel any doubts or apprehensions she might have formed in the outset, neither was the glimpse she had had of Madame Mantalini's establishment by any means encouraging. It was with many gloomy forebodings and misgivings, therefore, that she looked forward with a heavy heart to the opening of her new career.

If her mother's consolations could have restored her to a pleasanter and more enviable state of mind, there were abundance of them to produce the effect. By the time Kate reached home, the good lady had called to mind two authentic cases of milliners who had been possessed of considerable property, though whether they had acquired it all in business, or had had a capital to start with, or had been lucky and married to advantage, she could not exactly remember. However, as she very logically remarked, there must have been *some* young person in the way of business who had made a fortune without having anything to begin with, and that being taken for granted, why should not Kate do the same? Miss La Creevy, who was a member of the little council, ventured to insinuate some doubts relative to the probability of Miss Nickleby's arriving at this happy consummation in the compass of an ordinary lifetime; but the good lady set that question entirely at rest, by informing them that she had a presentiment on the subject—a species of second-sight with which she had been in the habit of clenching every argument with the deceased Mr. Nickleby, and in nine cases and three-quarters out of every ten, determining it the wrong way.

'I am afraid it is an unhealthy occupation,' said Miss La Creevy. 'I recollect getting three young milliners to sit to me when I first began to paint, and I remember that they were all very pale and sickly.'

'Oh! that's not a general rule, by any means,' observed Mrs. Nickleby; 'for I remember as well as if it was only yesterday, employing one that I was particularly recommended to, to make me a scarlet cloak at the time when scarlet cloaks were fashionable, and she had a very red face—a very red face, indeed.'

'Perhaps she drank,' suggested Miss La Creevy.

'I don't know how that may have been,' returned Mrs. Nickleby; 'but I know she had a very red face, so your argument goes for nothing.'

In this manner, and with like powerful reasoning, did the worthy matron meet every little objection that presented itself to the new scheme of the morning. Happy Mrs. Nickleby! A project had but to be new, and it came home to her mind brightly varnished and gilded as a glittering toy.

This question disposed of, Kate communicated her uncle's desire about the empty house, to which Mrs. Nickleby assented with equal readiness, characteristic-

ally remarking, that on the fine evenings it would be a pleasant amusement for her to walk to the west-end to fetch her daughter home; and no less characteristically forgetting, that there were such things as wet nights and bad weather to be encountered in almost every week of the year.

'I shall be sorry—truly sorry to leave you, my kind friend,' said Kate, on whom the good feeling of the poor miniature-painter had made a deep impression.

'You shall not shake me off, for all that,' replied Miss La Creevy, with as much sprightliness as she could assume. 'I shall see you very often, and come and hear how you get on: and if in all London, or all the wide world besides, there is no other heart that takes an interest in your welfare, there will be one little lonely woman that prays for it night and day.'

With this the poor soul, who had a heart big enough for Gog, the guardian genius of London, and enough to spare for Magog to boot, after making a great many extraordinary faces which would have secured her an ample fortune, could she have transferred them to ivory or canvass, sat down in a corner, and had what she termed 'a real good cry.'

'But no crying, or talking, or hoping, or fearing, could keep off the dreaded Saturday afternoon, or Newman Noggs either; who, punctual to his time, limped up to the door and breathed a whiff of cordial gin through the heyhole, exactly as such of the church clocks in the neighbourhood as agreed among themselves about the time, struck five. Newman waited for the last stroke, and then knocked.

'From Mr. Ralph Nickleby,' said Newman, announcing his errand when he got up stairs with all possible brevity.

'We shall be ready directly,' said Kate. 'We have not much to carry, but I fear we must have a coach.'

'I'll get one,' replied Newman.

'Indeed you shall not trouble yourself,' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'I will,' said Newman.

'I can't suffer you to think of such a thing,' said Mrs. Nickleby.

'You can't help it,' said Newman.

'Not help it!'

'No. I thought of it as I came along; but didn't get one, thinking you mightn't be ready. I think of a great many things. Nobody can prevent that.'

'Oh yes, I understand you, Mr. Noggs,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'Our thoughts are free, of course. Everybody's thoughts are their own, clearly.'

'They wouldn't be if some people had their way,' muttered Newman.

'Well, no more they would, Mr. Noggs, and that's very true,' rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. 'Some people, to be sure, are such—how's your master?'

Newman darted a meaning glance at Kate, and replied with a strong emphasis on the last word of his answer, that Mr. Ralph Nickleby was well, and sent his—*love*.

'I am sure we are very much obliged to him,' observed Mrs. Nickleby.

'Very,' said Newman. 'I'll tell him so.'

It was no very easy matter to mistake Newman Noggs after having once seen him, and as Kate, attracted by the singularity of his manner (in which on this occasion, however, there was something respectful and even delicate, notwithstanding the abruptness of his speech,) looked at him more closely, she recollected having caught a passing glimpse of that strange figure before.

'Excuse my curiosity,' she said, 'but did I not see you in the coach-yard on the morning my brother went away to Yorkshire?'

Newman cast a wistful glance on Mrs. Nickleby, and said 'No,' most unblushingly.

'No!' exclaimed Kate, 'I should have said so anywhere.'

'You'd have said wrong,' rejoined Newman. 'It's the first time I've been out for three weeks. I've had the gout.'

Newman was very, very far from having the appearance of a gouty subject, and so Kate could not help thinking; but the conference was cut short by Mrs. Nickleby's insisting on having the door shut lest Mr. Noggs should take cold, and further persisting in sending the servant girl for a coach, for fear he should bring on another attack of his disorder. To both conditions Newman was compelled to yield. Presently the coach came; and, after many sorrowful farewells, and a great deal of running backwards and forwards across the pavement on the part of Miss La Creevy, in the course of which the yellow turban came into violent contact with sundry foot passengers, it (that is to say the coach, not the turban) went away again with the two ladies and their luggage inside; and Newman—despite all Mrs. Nickleby's assurances that it would be his death—on the box beside the driver.

They went into the City, turning down by the river side; and after a long and very slow drive, the streets being crowded at that hour with vehicles of every kind, stopped in front of a large old dingy house in Thames Street, the door and windows of which were so bespattered with mud, that it would have appeared to have been uninhabited for years.

The door of this deserted mansion Newman opened with a key which he took out of his hat—in which, by-the-by, in consequence of the dilapidated state of his pockets he deposited everything, and would most likely have carried his money if he had had any—and the

coach being discharged, he led the way into the interior of the mansion.

Old and gloomy and black in truth it was, and sullen and dark were the rooms once so bustling with life and enterprise. There was a wharf behind, opening on the Thames. An empty dog-kennel, some bones of animals, fragments of iron hoops and staves of old casks, lay strewn about, but no life was stirring there. It was a picture of cold, silent decay.

'This house depresses and chills one,' said Kate, 'and seems as if some blight had fallen on it. If I were superstitious, I should be almost inclined to believe that some dreadful crime had been perpetrated within these old walls, and that the place had never prospered since. How frowning and dark it looks!'

'Lord, my dear,' replied Mrs. Nickleby, 'don't talk in that way, or you'll frighten me to death.'

'It was only my foolish fancy, mama,' said Kate forcing a smile.

'Well, then, my love, I wish you would keep your foolish fancy to yourself, and not wake up *my* foolish fancy to keep it company,' retorted Mrs. Nickleby. 'Why didn't you think of all this before—you are so careless—we might have asked Miss La Creevy to keep us company, or borrowed a dog, or a thousand things—but it always was the way, and was just the same with your poor dear father. Unless I thought of everything——' This was Mrs. Nickleby's usual commencement of a general lamentation, running through a dozen or so of complicated sentences addressed to nobody in particular, and into which she now launched until her breath was exhausted.

Newman appeared not to hear these remarks, but preceded them to a couple of rooms on the first floor, which some kind of attempt had been made to render habitable. In one were a few chairs, a table, an old hearth-rug, and some faded baize; and a fire was ready laid in the grate. In the other stood an old tent bedstead, and a few scanty articles of chamber furniture.

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby, trying to be pleased, 'now isn't this thoughtful and considerate of your uncle? Why, we should not have had anything but the bed we bought yesterday to lie down upon, if it hadn't been his thoughtfulness.'

'Very kind, indeed,' replied Kate, looking round.

Newman Noggs did not say that he had hunted up the old furniture they saw, from attic or cellar; or that he had taken in the halfpenny-worth of milk for tea that stood upon a shelf, or filled the rusty kettle on the hob, or collected the wood-chips from the wharf, or begged the coals. But the notion of Ralph Nickleby having directed it to be done tickled his fancy so much, that he could not refrain from cracking all his ten fingers in succession, at which performance Mrs. Nickle-

by was rather startled at first, but supposing it to be in some remote manner connected with the gout, did not remark upon.

'We need detain you no longer, I think,' said Kate.

'Is there nothing I can do?' asked Newman.

'Nothing, thank you,' rejoined Miss Nickleby.

'Perhaps my dear, Mr. Noggs would like to drink our healths,' said Mrs. Nickleby, fumbling in her reticule for some small coin.

'I think, mama,' said Kate hesitating, and remarking Newman's averted face, 'you would hurt his feelings if you offered it.'

Newman Noggs, bowing to the young lady more like a gentleman than the miserable wretch he seemed, placed his hand upon his breast, and, pausing for a moment, with the air of a man who struggles to speak but is uncertain what to say, quitted the room.

As the jarring echoes of the heavy house-door closing on its latch reverberated dismally through the building, Kate felt half tempted to call him back, and beg him to remain a little while; but she was ashamed to own her fears, and Newman Noggs was on his road homewards.

CHAPTER XII.

Whereby the reader will be enabled to trace the further course of Miss Fanny Squeers's love, and to ascertain whether it ran smoothly or otherwise.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Miss Fanny Squeers, that when her worthy papa returned home on the night of the small tea-party, he was what the initiated term 'too far gone' to observe the numerous tokens of extreme vexation of spirit which were plainly visible in her countenance. Being, however, of a rather violent and quarrelsome mood in his cups, it is not impossible that he might have fallen out with her, either on this or some imaginary topic, if the young lady had not, with a foresight and prudence highly commendable, kept a boy up on purpose to bear the first brunt of the good gentleman's anger; which having vented itself in a variety of kicks and cuffs, subsided sufficiently to admit of his being persuaded to go to bed; which he did with his boots on, and an umbrella under his arm.

The hungry servant attended Miss Squeers in her own room according to custom, to curl her hair, perform the other little offices of her toilet, and administer as much flattery as she could get up for the purpose; for Miss Squeers was quite lazy enough (and sufficiently vain and frivolous withal) to have been a fine lady, and it was only the arbitrary distinctions of rank and station which prevented her from being one.

'How lovely your hair do curl to-night, Miss!' said the handmaiden. 'I declare if it isn't a pity and a shame to brush it out!'

'Hold your tongue,' replied Miss Squeers wrathfully.

Some considerable experience prevented the girl from being at all surprised at any outbreak of ill-temper on the part of Miss Squeers. Having a half perception of what had occurred in the course of the evening, she changed her mode of making herself agreeable, and proceeded on the indirect tack.

'Well, I couldn't help saying, miss, if you was to kill me for it,' said the attendant, 'that I never see anybody look so vulgar as Miss Price this night.'

Miss Squeers sighed, and composed herself to listen.

'I know it's very wrong in me to say so, miss,' continued the girl, delighted to see the impression she was making, 'Miss Price being a friend of yours and all; but she do dress herself out so, and go in such a manner to get noticed, that—oh—well, if people only saw themselves.'

'What do you mean, Phib?' asked Miss Squeers, looking in her own little glass, where, like most of us, she saw—not herself, but the reflection of some pleasant image in her own brain. 'How you talk!'

'Talk, miss! It's enough to make a Tom cat talk French grammar, only to see how she tosses her head,' replied the handmaid.

'She *does* toss her head,' observed Miss Squeers, with an air of abstraction.

'So vain, and so very—very plain,' said the girl.

'Poor "Tilda!" sighed Miss Squeers, compassionately.

'And always laying herself out to get to be admired,' pursued the servant. 'Oh dear! It's positive indelicate.'

'I can't allow you to talk in that way, Phib,' said Miss Squeers. 'Tilda's friends are low people, and if she don't know any better, it's their fault, and not hers.'

'Well, but you know, miss,' said Phoebe, for which name 'Phib' was used as a patronising abbreviation, 'if she was only to take copy by a friend—Oh! if she only knew how wrong she was, and would but set herself right by you, what a nice young woman she might be in time!'

'Phib,' rejoined Miss Squeers, with a stately air, 'it's not proper for me to hear these comparisons drawn; they make "Tilda" look a coarse improper sort of person, and it seems unfriendly in me to listen to them. I would rather you dropped the subject, Phib; at the same time I must say, that if "Tilda" Price would take pattern by somebody—not me particularly—'

'Oh yes; you miss,' interposed Phib.

'Well, me Phib, if you will have it so,' said Miss Squeers. 'I must say that if she would, she would be all the better for it.'

'So somebody else thinks, or I am much mistaken,' said the girl mysteriously.

'What do you mean?' demanded Miss Squeers.

'Never mind, miss,' replied the girl; 'I know what I know, that's all.'

'Phib,' said Miss Squeers dramatically, 'I insist upon your explaining yourself. What is this dark mystery? Speak.'

Why, if you will have it, miss, it's this,' said the servant girl. 'Mr. John Browdie thinks as you think; and if he wasn't too far gone to do it creditable, he'd be very glad to be off with Miss Price, and on with Miss Squeers.'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed Miss Squeers, clapping her hands with great dignity. 'What is this?'

'Truth, ma'am, and nothing but truth,' replied the artful Phib.

'What a situation!' cried Miss Squeers; 'on the brink of unconsciously destroying the peace and happiness of my own Tilda. What is the reason that men fall in love with me, whether I like it or not, and desert their chosen intendeds for my sake?'

'Because they can't help it, miss,' replied the girl; 'the reason's plain.' (If Miss Squeers were the reason, it was very plain.)

'Never let me hear of it again,' retorted Miss Squeers. 'Never; do you hear? Tilda Price has faults—many faults—but I wish her well, and above all I wish her married; for I think it highly desirable—most desirable from the very nature of her failings—that she should be married as soon as possible. No, Phib. Let her have Mr. Browdie. I may pity *him*, poor fellow; but I have a great regard for Tilda, and only hope she may make a better wife than I think she will.'

With this effusion of feeling Miss Squeers went to bed.

Spite is a little word; but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language. Miss Squeers knew as well in her heart of hearts, that what the miserable serving girl had said was sheer coarse lying flattery, as did the girl herself; yet the mere opportunity of venting a little ill-nature against the offending Miss Price, and affecting to compassionate her weaknesses and foibles, though only in the presence of a solitary dependant, was almost as great a relief to her spleen as if the whole had been gospel truth. Nay more. We have such extraordinary powers of persuasion when they are excited over ourselves, that Miss Squeers felt quite high-minded and great after her noble renunciation of John Browdie's hand, and looked down upon her rival with a kind of holy calmness and tranquillity, that had a mighty effect in soothing her ruffled feelings.

This happy state of mind had some influence in bringing about a reconciliation; for when a knock came at the front door next day, and the miller's daughter was announced, Miss Squeers betook herself to the

parlour in a Christian frame of spirit perfectly beautiful to behold.

'Well Fanny,' said the miller's daughter, 'you see I have come to see you, although we *had* some words last night.'

'I pity your bad passions, Tilda,' replied Miss Squeers; 'but I bear no malice. I am above it.'

'Don't be cross, Fanny,' said Miss Price. 'I have come to tell you something that I know will please you.'

'What may that be, Tilda?' demanded Miss Squeers; screwing up her lips, and looking as if nothing in earth, air, fire, or water, could afford her the slightest gleam of satisfaction.

'This,' rejoined Miss Price. 'After we left here last night, John and I had a dreadful quarrel.'

'That doesn't please me,' said Miss Squeers—relaxing into a smile though.

'Lor! I wouldn't think so bad of you as to suppose it did,' rejoined her companion. 'That's not it.'

'Oh!' said Miss Squeers, relapsing into melancholy. 'Go on.'

'After a great deal of wrangling and saying we would never see each other any more,' continued Miss Price, 'we made it up, and this morning John went and wrote our names down to be put up for the first time next Sunday, so we shall be married in three weeks, and I give you notice to get your frock made.'

There was mingled gall and honey in this intelligence. The prospect of the friend's being married so soon was the gall, and the certainty of her not entertaining serious designs upon Nicholas was the honey. Upon the whole the sweet greatly preponderated over the bitter, so Miss Squeers said she would get the frock made, and that she hoped Tilda might be happy, though at the same time she didn't know, and would not have her build too much upon it, for men were strange creatures, and a great many married women were very miserable, and wished themselves single again with all their hearts; to which condolences Miss Squeers added others equally calculated to raise her friend's spirits and promote her cheerfulness of mind.

'But come now, Fanny,' said Miss Price, 'I want to have a word or two with you about young Mr. Nickleby.'

'He is nothing to me,' interrupted Miss Squeers, with hysterical symptoms. 'I despise him too much!'

'Oh, you don't mean that, I am sure?' replied her friend. 'Confess, Fanny, don't you like him now?'

Without returning any direct reply Miss Squeers all at once fell into a paroxysm of spiteful tears, and exclaimed that she was a wretched, neglected, miserable, castaway.

'I hate everybody,' said Miss Squeers, 'and I wish that everybody was dead—that I do.'

'Dear, dear,' said Miss Price, quite moved by this avowal of misanthropical sentiments. 'You are not serious, I am sure.'

'Yes, I am,' rejoined Miss Squeers, tying tight knots in her pocket-handkerchief and clenching her teeth. 'And I wish I was dead too. There.'

'Oh! you'll think very differently in another five minutes,' said Matilda. 'How much better to take him into favour again, than to hurt yourself by going on in that way; wouldn't it be much nicer now to have him all to yourself on good terms, in a company-keeping, love-making, pleasant sort of manner?'

'I don't know but what it would,' sobbed Miss Squeers. 'Oh! Tilda, how could you have acted so mean and dishonourable! I wouldn't have believed it of you if anybody had told me.'

'Heyday!' exclaimed Miss Price, giggling. 'One would suppose I had been murdering somebody at least.'

'Very nigh as bad,' said Miss Squeers passionately.

'And all this because I happen to have enough of good looks to make people civil to me,' cried Miss Price. 'Persons don't make their own faces, and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one than it is other people's fault if theirs is a bad one.'

'Hold your tongue,' shrieked Miss Squeers, in her shrillest tone; 'or you'll make me slap you,' Tilda, and afterwards I should be sorry for it.'

It is needless to say that by this time the temper of each young lady was in some slight degree affected by the tone of the conversation, and that a dash of personality was infused into the altercation in consequence. Indeed the quarrel, from slight beginnings, rose to a considerable height, and was assuming a very violent complexion, when both parties, falling into a great passion of tears, exclaimed simultaneously, that they had never thought of being spoken to in that way, which exclamation, leading to a remonstrance, gradually brought on an explanation, and the upshot was that they fell into each other's arms and vowed eternal friendship; the occasion in question, making the fifty-second time of repeating the same impressive ceremony within a twelvemonth.

Perfect amicability being thus restored, a dialogue naturally ensued upon the number and nature of the garments which would be indispensable for Miss Price's entrance into the holy state of matrimony, when Miss Squeers clearly showed that a great many more than the miller could, or would, afford were absolutely necessary, and could not decently be dispensed with. The young lady then, by an easy digression, led the discourse to her own wardrobe, and after recounting its principal beauties at some length, took her friend up stairs to make inspection thereof. The treasures of two drawers and a closet having been displayed, and

all the smaller articles tried on, it was time for Miss Price to return home, and as she had been in raptures with all the frocks, and had been stricken quite dumb with admiration of a new pink scarf, Miss Squeers said in high good humour, that she would walk part of the way with her for the pleasure of her company, and off they went together, Miss Squeers dilating, as they walked along, upon her father's accomplishments, and multiplying his income by ten, to give her friend some faint notion of the vast importance and superiority of her family.

It happened that that particular time, comprising the short daily interval which was suffered to elapse between what was pleasantly called the dinner of Mr. Squeers's pupils and their return to the pursuit of useful knowledge, was precisely the hour when Nicholas was accustomed to issue forth for a melancholy walk, and to brood, as he sauntered listlessly through the village, upon his miserable lot. Miss Squeers knew this perfectly well, but had perhaps forgotten it, for when she caught sight of that young gentleman advancing towards them, she evinced many symptoms of surprise and consternation, and assured her friend that she 'felt fit to drop into the earth.'

'Shall we turn back, or run into a cottage?' asked Miss Price. 'He don't see us yet.'

'No, Tilda,' replied Miss Squeers, 'it is my duty to go through with it, and I will.'

As Miss Squeers said this in the tone of one who has made a high moral resolution, and was besides taken with one or two chokes and catchings of breath, indicative of feelings at a high pressure, her friend made no farther remark, and they bore straight down upon Nicholas, who, walking with his eyes bent upon the ground, was not aware of their approach until they were close upon him; otherwise he might perhaps have taken shelter himself.

'Good morning,' said Nicholas, bowing and passing by.

'He is going,' murmured Miss Squeers. 'I shall choke, Tilda.'

'Come back, Mr. Nickleby, do,' cried Miss Price, affecting alarm at her friend's threat, but really actuated by a malicious wish to hear what Nicholas would say; 'come back, Mr. Nickleby.'

Mr. Nickleby came back, and looked as confused as might be, as he inquired whether the ladies had any commands for him.

'Don't stop to talk,' urged Miss Price, hastily; 'but support her on the other side. How do you feel now, dear?'

'Better,' sighed Miss Squeers, laying a beaver bonnet of reddish brown with a green veil attached, on Mr. Nickleby's shoulder. 'This foolish faintness!'

'Don't call it foolish, dear,' said Miss Price, her

bright eye dancing with merriment as she saw the perplexity of Nicholas; 'you have no reason to be ashamed of it. It's those who are too proud to come round again without all this to-do, that ought to be ashamed.'

'You are resolved to fix it upon me, I see,' said Nicholas, smiling, 'although I told you last night it was not my fault.'

'There; he says it was not his fault, my dear,' remarked the wicked Miss Price. 'Perhaps you were too jealous or too hasty with him? He says it was not his fault, you hear; I think that's apology enough.'

'You will not understand me,' said Nicholas. 'Pray dispense with this jesting, for I have no time, and really no inclination, to be the subject or promoter of mirth just now.'

'What do you mean?' asked Miss Price, affecting amazement.

'Don't ask him, Tilda,' cried Miss Squeers; 'I forgive him.'

'Dear me,' said Nicholas, as the brown bonnet went down on his shoulder again, 'this is more serious than I supposed; allow me. Will you have the goodness to hear me speak?'

Here he raised up the brown bonnet, and regarding with most unfeigned astonishment a look of tender reproach from Miss Squeers, shrunk back a few paces to be out of reach of the fair burden, and went on to say—

'I am very sorry—truly and sincerely sorry—for having been the cause of any difference among you last night. I reproach myself most bitterly for having been so unfortunate as to cause the dissension that occurred, although I did so, I assure you, most unwittingly and heedlessly.'

'Well; that's not all you have got to say surely,' exclaimed Miss Price as Nicholas paused.

'I fear there is something more,' stammered Nicholas with a half smile, and looking towards Miss Squeers, 'it is a most awkward thing to say—but—the very mention of such a supposition makes one look like a puppy—still—may I ask if that lady supposes that I entertain any—in short does she think that I am in love with her?'

'Delightful embarrassment,' thought Miss Squeers, 'I have brought him to it at last. Answer for me, dear,' she whispered to her friend.

'Does she think so?' rejoined Miss Price; 'of course she does.'

'She does!' exclaimed Nicholas with such energy of utterance as might have been for the moment mistaken for rapture.

'Certainly,' replied Miss Price.

'If Mr. Nickleby has doubted that, Tilda,' said the blushing Miss Squeers in soft accents, 'he may set his mind at rest. His sentiments are reciproc—'

'Stop,' cried Nicholas hurriedly; 'pray hear me. This is the grossest and wildest delusion, the completest and most signal mistake, that ever human being laboured under or committed. I have scarcely seen the young lady half a dozen times, but if I had seen her sixty times, or am destined to see her sixty thousand, it would be and will be precisely the same. I have not one thought, wish, or hope, connected with her unless it be—and I say this, not to hurt her feelings, but to impress her with the real state of my own—unless it be the one object dear to my heart as life itself, of being one day able to turn my back upon this accursed place, never to set foot in it again or to think of it—even think of it—but with loathing and disgust.'

With this particularly plain and straight-forward declaration, which he made with all the vehemence that his indignant and excited feelings could bring to bear upon it, Nicholas slightly bowed, and waiting to hear no more, retreated.

But poor Miss Squeers! Her anger, rage, and vexation; the rapid succession of bitter and passionate feelings that whirled through her mind, are not to be described. Refused! refused by a teacher picked up by advertisement at an annual salary of five pounds payable at indefinite periods, and 'found' in food and lodging like the very boys themselves; and this too in the presence of a little chit of a miller's daughter of eighteen, who was going to be married in three weeks' time to a man who had gone down on his very knees to ask her! She could have choked in right good earnest at the thought of being so humbled.

But there was one thing clear in the midst of her mortification, and that was that she hated and detested Nicholas with all the narrowness of mind and littleness of purpose worthy a descendant of the house of Squeers. And there was one comfort too; and that was, that every hour in every day she could wound his pride and goad him with the infliction of some slight, or insult, or deprivation, which could not but have some effect on the most insensible person, and must be acutely felt by one so sensitive as Nicholas. With these two reflections uppermost in her mind, Miss Squeers made the best of the matter to her friend by observing, that Mr. Nickleby was such an odd creature, and of such a violent temper, that she feared she should be obliged to give him up; and parted from her.

'And here it may be remarked, that Miss Squeers having bestowed her affections (or whatever it might be that in the absence of anything better represented them) on Nicholas Nickleby, had never once seriously contemplated the possibility of his being of a different opinion from herself in the business. Miss Squeers reasoned that she was prepossessing and beautiful, and that her father was master and Nicholas man, and that

her father had saved money and Nicholas had none, all of which seemed to her conclusive arguments why the young man should feel only too much honoured by her preference. She had not failed to recollect, either, how much more agreeable she could render his situation if she were his friend, and how much more disagreeable if she were his enemy; and doubtless, many less scrupulous young gentlemen than Nicholas would have encouraged her extravagance had it been only for this very obvious and intelligible reason. However, he had thought proper to do otherwise, and Miss Squeers was outrageous.

'Let him see,' said the irritated young lady when she had regained her own room, and eased her mind by committing an assault on Phib, 'if I don't set mother against him a little more when she comes back.'

It was scarcely necessary to do this, but Miss Squeers was as good as her word; and poor Nicholas, in addition to bad food, dirty lodgment, and the being compelled to witness one dull unvarying round of squalid misery, was treated with every special indignity that malice could suggest, or the most grasping cupidity put upon him.

Nor was this all. There was another and deeper system of annoyance which made his heart sink, and nearly drove him wild by its injustice and cruelty.

The wretched creature, Smike, since the night Nicholas had spoken kindly to him in the school-room, had followed him to and fro with an ever restless desire to serve or help him, anticipating such little wants as his humble ability could supply, and content only to be near him. He would sit beside him for hours looking patiently into his face, and a word would brighten up his care-worn visage, and call into it a passing gleam even of happiness. He was an altered being; he had an object now, and that object was to show his attachment to the only person—that person a stranger—who had treated him, not to say with kindness, but like a human creature.

Upon this poor being all the spleen and ill-humour that could not be vented on Nicholas were unceasingly bestowed. Drudgery would have been nothing—he was well used to that. Buffetings inflicted without cause would have been equally a matter of course, for to them also he had served a long and weary apprenticeship; but it was no sooner observed that he had become attached to Nicholas, than stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his only portion. Squeers was jealous of the influence which his man had so soon acquired, and his family hated him, and Smike paid for both. Nicholas saw it, and ground his teeth at every repetition of the savage and cowardly attack.

He had arranged a few regular lessons for the boys, and one night as he paced up and down the dismal

school-room, his swollen heart almost bursting to think that his protection and countenance should have increased the misery of the wretched being whose peculiar destitution had awakened his pity, he paused mechanically in a dark corner where sat the object of his thoughts.

The poor soul was pouring hard over a tattered book with the traces of recent tears still upon his face, vainly endeavouring to master some task which a child of nine years old, possessed of ordinary powers, could have conquered with ease, but which to the addled brain of the crushed boy of nineteen was a sealed and hopeless mystery. Yet there he sat, patiently conning the page again and again, stimulated by no boyish ambition, for he was the common jest and scoff even of the uncouth objects that congregated about him, but inspired by the one eager desire to please his solitary friend.

Nicholas laid his hand upon his shoulder.

'I can't do it,' said the dejected creature, looking up with bitter disappointment in every feature. 'No, no.'

'Do not try,' replied Nicholas.

The boy shook his head, and closing the book with a sigh, looked vacantly round, and laid his head upon his arm. He was weeping.

'Do not for God's sake,' said Nicholas, in an agitated voice; 'I cannot bear to see you.'

'They are more hard with me than ever,' sobbed the boy.

'I know it,' rejoined Nicholas. 'They are.'

'But for you,' said the outcast, 'I should die. They would kill me; they would, I know they would.'

'You will do better, poor fellow,' replied Nicholas, shaking his head mournfully, 'when I am gone.'

'Gone!' cried the other, looking intently in his face.

'Softly!' rejoined Nicholas. 'Yes.'

'Are you going?' demanded the boy, in an earnest whisper.

'I cannot say,' replied Nicholas, 'I was speaking more to my own thoughts than to you.'

'Tell me, said the boy imploringly, 'Oh do tell me, will you go—will you?'

'I shall be driven to that at last!' said Nicholas. 'The world is before me, after all.'

'Tell me,' urged Smike, 'is the world as bad and dismal as this place?'

'Heaven forbid,' replied Nicholas, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, 'its hardest, coarsest toil, were happiness to this.'

'Should I ever meet you there?' demanded the boy, speaking with unusual wildness and volubility.

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, willing to soothe him.

'No, no!' said the other, clasping him by the hand. 'Should I—should I—tell me that again. Say I should be sure to find you.'

'You would,' replied Nicholas, with the same humane intention, 'and I would help and aid you, and not bring fresh sorrow on you as I have done here.'

The boy caught both the young man's hands passionately in his, and hugging them to his breast, uttered a few broken sounds which were unintelligible. Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nicholas varies the monotony of Dotheboys Hall by a most vigorous and remarkable proceeding, which leads to consequences of some importance.

The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-room, when Nicholas, raising himself upon his arm, looked among the prostrate forms which on every side surrounded him, as though in search of some particular object.

It needed a quick eye to detect from among the huddled mass of sleepers, the form of any given individual. As they lay closely packed together, covered, for warmth's sake, with their patched and ragged clothes, little could be distinguished but the sharp outlines of pale faces, over which the sombre light shed the same dull heavy colour, with here and there a gaunt arm thrust forth: its thinness hidden by no covering, but fully exposed to view in all its shrunken ugliness. There were some who, lying on their backs with upturned faces and clenched hands, just visible in the leaden light, bore more the aspect of dead bodies than of living creatures, and there were others coiled up into strange and fantastic postures, such as might have been taken for the uneasy efforts of pain to gain some temporary relief, rather than the freaks of slumber. A few—and these were among the youngest of the children—slept peacefully on with smiles upon their faces, dreaming perhaps of home; but ever and again a deep and heavy sigh, breaking the stillness of the room, announced that some new sleeper had awakened to the misery of another day, and, as morning took the place of night, the smiles gradually faded away with the friendly darkness which had given them birth.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on earth in the night season, and melt away in the first beam of the sun, which lights grim ear and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.

Nicholas looked upon the sleepers, at first with the air of one who gazes upon a scene which, though familiar to him, has lost none of its sorrowful effect in consequence, and afterwards, with a more intense and

searching scrutiny, as a man would who missed something his eye was accustomed to meet, and had expected to rest upon. He was still occupied in this search, and had half risen from his bed in the eagerness of his quest, when the voice of Squeers was heard calling from the bottom of the stairs.

'Now then,' cried that gentleman, 'are you going to sleep all day up there—'

'You lazy hounds!' added Mrs. Squeers, finishing the sentence, and producing at the same time a sharp sound like that which is occasioned by the lacing of stays.

'We shall be down directly, Sir,' replied Nicholas.

'Down directly!' said Squeers. 'Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less. Where's that Smike?'

Nicholas looked hurriedly round again, but made no answer.

'Smike!' shouted Squeers.

'Do you want your head broke in a fresh place, Smike?' demanded his amiable lady in the same key.

Still there was no reply, and still Nicholas stared about him, as did the greater part of the boys who were by this time roused.

'Confound his impudence,' muttered Squeers, rapping the stair-rail impatiently with his cane. 'Nickleby.'

'Well, Sir.'

'Send that obstinate scoundrel down; don't you hear me calling?'

'He is not here, Sir?' replied Nicholas.

'Don't tell me a lie,' retorted the schoolmaster. 'He is.'

'He is not,' retorted Nicholas angrily, 'don't tell me one.'

'We shall soon see that,' said Mr. Squeers, rushing up stairs. 'I'll find him I warrant you.'

With which assurance Mr. Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where the lean body of the drudge was usually stretched at night. The cane descended harmlessly upon the ground. There was nobody there.

'What does this mean?' said Squeers, turning round with a very pale face. 'Where have you hid him?'

'I have seen nothing of him since last night,' replied Nicholas.

'Come,' said Squeers, evidently frightened, though he endeavoured to look otherwise, 'you won't save him this way. Where is he?'

'At the bottom of the nearest pond for aught I know,' rejoined Nicholas in a low voice, and fixing his eyes full on the master's face.

'D—n you, what do you mean by that!' retorted Squeers in great perturbation. And without waiting

for a reply, he inquired of the boys whether any one among them knew anything of their missing school-mate.

There was a general hum of anxious denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say (as, indeed, everybody thought)—

‘Please, Sir, I think Smike’s run away, Sir.’

‘Ha!’ cried Squeers, turning sharp round; ‘Who said that?’

‘Tomkins, please Sir,’ rejoined a chorus of voices. Mr. Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and at one dive caught a very little boy habited still in his night gear, and the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was as yet uncertain whether he was about to be punished or rewarded for the suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

‘You think he has run away, do you, Sir?’ demanded Squeers.

‘Yes, please Sir,’ replied the little boy.

‘And what, Sir,’ said Squeers, catching the little boy suddenly by the arms and whisking up his drapery in a most dexterous manner, ‘what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment? Eh, Sir?’

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers, throwing himself into the most favourable attitude for exercising his strength, beat him till the little urchin in his writhings actually rolled out of his hands, when he mercifully allowed him to roll away as he best could.

‘There,’ said Squeers. ‘Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him.’

There was of course a profound silence, during which Nicholas showed his disgust as plainly as looks could show it.

‘Well, Nickleby,’ said Squeers, eyeing him maliciously. ‘You think he has run away, I suppose?’

‘I think it extremely likely,’ replied Nicholas, in a very quiet manner.

‘Oh, you do, do you?’ sneered Squeers. ‘Maybe you know he has?’

‘I know nothing of the kind.’

‘He didn’t tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?’ sneered Squeers.

‘He did not,’ replied Nicholas; ‘I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have warned you in time.’

‘Which no doubt you would have been devilish sorry to do,’ said Squeers in a taunting fashion.

‘I should, indeed,’ replied Nicholas. ‘You interpret my feelings with great accuracy.’

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs, but now losing all patience,

she hastily assumed her night-jacket and made her way to the scene of action.

‘What’s all this here to do?’ said the lady, as the boys fell off right and left to save her the trouble of clearing a passage with her brawny arms. ‘What on earth are you a talking to him for, Squeery!’

‘Why, my dear,’ said Squeers, ‘the fact is, that Smike is not to be found.’

‘Well, I know that,’ said the lady, ‘and where’s the wonder? If you get a parcel of proud-stomached teachers that set the young dogs a rebelling, what else can you look for? Now, young man, you just have the kindness to take yourself off to the school-room, and take the boys off with you, and don’t you stir out of there ’till you have leave given you, or you and I may fall out in a way that’ll spoil your beauty, handsome as you think yourself, and so I tell you.’

‘Indeed!’ said Nicholas, smiling.

‘Yes; and indeed and indeed again, Mister Jack-anapes,’ said the excited lady; and I wouldn’t keep such as you in the house another hour if I had my way.’

‘Nor would you, if I had mine,’ replied Nicholas. ‘Now boys.’

‘Ah! Now boys,’ said Mr. Squeers, mimicking, as nearly as she could, the voice and manner of the usher. ‘Follow your leader, boys, and take pattern by Smike if you dare. See what he’ll get for himself when he is brought back, and mind I tell you that you shall have as bad, and twice as bad, if you so much as open your mouths about him.’

‘If I catch him,’ said Squeers, ‘I’ll only stop short of flaying him alive, I give you notice, boys.’

‘If you catch him,’ retorted Mrs. Squeers contemptuously, ‘you are sure to; you can’t help it, if you go the right way to work. Come, away with you!’

With these words, Mrs. Squeers dismissed the boys, and after a little light skirmishing with those in the rear who were pressing forward to get out of the way, but were detained for a few moments by the throng in front, succeeded in clearing the room, when she confronted her spouse alone.

‘He is off,’ said Mrs. Squeers. ‘The cow-house and stable are locked up, so he can’t be there; and he’s not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road too.’

‘Why must he?’ inquired Squeers.

‘Stupid!’ said Mrs. Squeers angrily. ‘He hadn’t any money, had he?’

‘Never had a penny of his own in his whole life, that I know of,’ replied Squeers.

‘To be sure,’ rejoined Mrs. Squeers, ‘and he didn’t take any thing to eat with him, that I’ll answer for. Ha! ha! ha!’

'Ha! ha! ha!' cried Squeers.

'Then of course,' said Mrs. S., 'he must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road.'

'That's true,' exclaimed Squeers, clapping his hands.

'True! Yes; but you would never have thought of it for all that, if I hadn't said so,' replied his wife. 'Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallows's chaise, and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open and asking questions, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him.'

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay. After a very hasty breakfast, and the prosecution of some inquiries in the village, the result of which seemed to show that he was on the right track, Squeers started forth in the pony-chaise, intent upon discovery and vengeance. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Squeers, arrayed in the white top-coat, and tied up in various shawls and handkerchiefs, issued forth in another chaise and another direction, taking with her a good-sized bludgeon, several odd pieces of strong cord, and a stout labouring man: all provided and carried upon the expedition with the sole object of assisting in the capture, and (once caught) ensuring the safe custody of the unfortunate Smike.

Nicholas remained behind in a tumult of feeling, sensible that whatever might be the upshot of the boy's flight, nothing but painful and deplorable consequences were likely to ensue from it. Death from want and exposure to the weather was the best that could be expected from the protracted wandering of so poor and helpless a creature, alone and unfriended, through a country of which he was wholly ignorant. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this fate and a return to the tender mercies of the Yorkshire school, but the unhappy being had established a hold upon his sympathy and compassion, which made his heart ache at the prospect of the suffering he was destined to undergo. He lingered on in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of next day, when Squeers returned alone and unsuccessful.

'No news of the scamp,' said the schoolmaster, who had evidently been stretching his legs, on the old principle, not a few times during the journey. 'I'll have consolation for this out of somebody, Nickleby, if Mrs. Squeers don't hunt him down, so I give you warning.'

'It is not in my power to console you, Sir,' said Nicholas. 'It is nothing to me.'

'Isn't it?' said Squeers in a threatening manner. 'We shall see!'

'We shall,' rejoined Nicholas.

'Here's the pony run right off his legs, and me obliged to come home with a hack cob, that'll cost fifteen shillings besides other expenses,' said Squeers; 'who's to pay for that, do you hear?'

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders and remained silent.

'I'll have it out of somebody I tell you,' said Squeers, his usual harsh crafty manner changed to open bullying. 'None of your whining vapourings here, Mr. Puppy, but be off to your kennel, for it's past your bed-time. Come. Get out.'

Nicholas bit his lip and knit his hands involuntarily, for his fingerends tingled to avenge the insult, but remembering that the man was drunk, and that it could come to little but a noisy brawl, he contented himself with darting a contemptuous look at the tyrant, and walked as majestically as he could up stairs, not a little nettled however to observe that Miss Squeers and Master Squeers, and the servant girl, were enjoying the scene from a snug corner; the two former indulging in many edifying remarks about the presumption of poor upstarts; which occasioned a vast deal of laughter, in which even the most miserable of all miserable servant girls joined, while Nicholas, stung to the quick, drew over his head such bedclothes as he had, and sternly resolved that the out-standing account between himself and Mr. Squeers should be settled rather more speedily than the latter anticipated.

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, and in exultation, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike; so bedabbled with mud and rain, so haggard and worn, and wild, that, but for his garments being such as no scarecrow was ever seen to wear, he might have been doubtful, even then, of his identity.

'Lift him out,' said Squeers, after he had literally feasted his eyes in silence upon the culprit. 'Bring him in; bring him in.'

'Take care,' cried Mrs. Squeers, as her husband proffered his assistance. 'We tied his legs under the apron and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again.'

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord, and Smike, to all appearance more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him in presence of the assembled school.

Upon a hasty consideration of the circumstances, it may be matter of surprise to some persons, that Mr. and Mrs. Squeers should have taken so much trouble to repossess themselves of an incumbrance of which it was their wont to complain so loudly; but their surprise will cease when they are informed that the manifold services of the drudge, if performed by anybody else, would have cost the establishment some ten or twelve shillings per week in the shape of wages; and

furthermore, that all runaways were, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of at Dotheboys Hall, inasmuch as in consequence of the limited extent of its attractions there was but little inducement, beyond the powerful impulse of fear, for any pupil provided with the usual number of legs and the power of using them, to remain.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph, ran like wild-fire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner, and further strengthened himself by an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a countenance of portentous import, and a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new—in short, purchased that morning expressly for the occasion.

'Is every boy here?' asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice.

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself, and every eye dropped and every head cowered down as he did so.

'Each boy keep his place,' said Squeers, administering his favourite blow to the desk, and regarding with gloomy satisfaction the universal start which it never failed to occasion. 'Nickleby, to your desk, Sir.'

It was remarked by more than one small observer, that there was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face, but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply; and Squeers casting a triumphant glance at his assistant and a look of most comprehensive despotism on the boys, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been, had he boasted such a decoration.

In any other place the appearance of the wretched, jaded, spiritless object would have occasioned a murmur of compassion and remonstrance. It had some effect even there; for the lookers-on moved uneasily in their seats, and a few of the boldest ventured to steal looks at each other, expressive of indignation and pity.

They were lost on Squeers, however, whose gaze was fastened on the luckless Smike as he inquired, according to custom in such cases, whether he had anything to say for himself.

'Nothing, I suppose?' said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Smike glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

'Have you anything to say?' demanded Squeers

again: giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. 'Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.'

'Spare me, Sir,' cried Smike.

'Oh! that's all, is it?' said Squeers. 'Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.'

'Ha, ha, ha,' laughed Mrs. Squeers, 'that's a good 'un.'

'I was driven to do it,' said Smike faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

'Driven to do it, were you?' said Squeers. 'Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose—eh?'

'A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog,' exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; 'what does he mean by that?'

'Stand aside, my dear,' replied Squeers. 'We'll try and find out.'

Mrs. Squeers being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body—he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain—it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

'Who cried stop?' said Squeers, turning savagely round.

'I,' said Nicholas, stepping forward. 'This must not go on.'

'Must not go on!' cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

'No!' thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupified by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

'I say must not,' repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; 'shall not. I will prevent it.'

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.

'You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf,' said Nicholas; 'returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I.'

'Sit down, beggar!' screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

'Wretch,' rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, 'touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on.'

'Stand back,' cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

'I have a long series of insults to avenge,' said Nicholas, flushed with passion; 'and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head.'

He had scarcely spoken when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys—with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear—moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat and endeavoured to drag him from his infuriated adversary; while Miss Squeers, who had been peeping through the keyhole in expectation of a very different scene, darted in at the very beginning of the attack, and after launching a shower of inkstands at the usher's head, beat Nicholas to her heart's content, animating herself at every blow with the recollection of his having refused her proffered love, and thus imparting additional strength to an arm which (as she took after her mother in this respect) was at no time one of the weakest.

Nicholas, in the full torrent of his violence, felt the blows no more than if they had been dealt with feathers; but becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak besides, he threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained to his thorough satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas left his family to restore him, and retired to consider what course he had better adopt. He looked anxiously round for Smike as he left the room, but he was nowhere to be seen.

After a brief consideration he packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front-door, and shortly afterwards struck into the road which led to Greta Bridge.

When he had cooled sufficiently to be enabled to

give his present circumstances some little reflection, they did not appear in a very encouraging light, for he had only four shillings and a few pence in his pocket, and was something more than two hundred and fifty miles from London, whither he resolved to direct his steps, that he might ascertain, among other things, what account of the morning's proceedings Mr. Squeers transmitted to his most affectionate uncle.

Lifting up his eyes, as he arrived at the conclusion that there was no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, he beheld a horseman coming towards him, whom, on his nearer approach, he discovered, to his infinite chagrin, to be no other than Mr. John Browdie, who, clad in cords and leather leggings, was urging his animal forward by means of a thick ash stick, which seemed to have been recently cut from some stout sapling.

'I am in no mood for more noise and riot,' thought Nicholas, 'and yet, do what I will, I shall have an altercation with this honest blockhead, and perhaps a blow or two from yonder staff.'

In truth there appeared some reason to expect that such a result would follow from the encounter, for John Browdie no sooner saw Nicholas advancing, than he reined in his horse by the footpath, and waited until such time as he should come up; looking meanwhile very sternly between the horse's ears at Nicholas, as he came on at his leisure.

'Servant, young genelman,' said John.

'Yours,' said Nicholas.

'Weel; we ha' met at last,' observed John, making the stirrup ring under a smart touch of the ash stick.

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, hesitating. 'Come,' he said, frankly, after a moment's pause, 'we parted on no very good terms the last time we met; it was my fault, I believe; but I had no intention of offending you, and no idea that I was doing so. I was very sorry for it afterwards. Will you shake hands?'

'Shake bonds!' cried the good-humoured Yorkshireman; 'ah! that I weel;' at the same time he bent down from the saddle, and gave Nicholas's fist a huge wrench; 'but wa'at be the matther wi' thy feace, mun? it be all brokken loike.'

'It is a cut,' said Nicholas, turning scarlet as he spoke,—'a blow; but I returned it to the giver, and with good interest too.'

'Noa, did'ee though!' exclaimed John Browdie. 'Weel deane, I loike 'un for thot.'

'The fact is,' said Nicholas, not very well knowing how to make the avowal, 'the fact is, that I have been ill-treated.'

'Noa!' interposed John Browdie, in a tone of compassion; for he was a giant in strength and stature, and Nicholas very likely in his eyes seemed a mere dwarf; 'dean't say thot.'

'Yes, I have,' replied Nicholas, 'by that man

Squeers, and I have beaten him soundly, and am leaving this place in consequence.'

'What!' cried John Browdie, with such an ecstatic shout, that the horse quite shyed at it. 'Beaten the schoolmaester! Ho! ho! ho! Beaten the schoolmaester! who ever heard o' the loike o' that noo! Giv' us thee hond agean, yoongster. Beaten a schoolmaester! Dang it, I loove thee for't.'

With these expressions of delight, John Browdie laughed and laughed again—so loud that the echoes far and wide sent back nothing but jovial peals of merriment—and shook Nicholas by the hand meanwhile no less heartily. When his mirth had subsided, he inquired what Nicholas meant to do; on his informing him, to go straight to London, he shook his head doubtfully, and inquired if he knew how much the coaches charged to carry passengers so far.

'No, I do not,' said Nicholas; 'but it is of no great consequence to me, for I intend walking.'

'Gang awa' t' Lunnun afoot!' cried John, in amazement.

'Every step of the way,' replied Nicholas. 'I should be many steps further on by this time, and so good bye.'

'Nay noo,' replied the honest countryman, reining in his impatient horse, 'stan' still, tellae. Hoo much cash hast thee gotten?'

'Not much,' said Nicholas, colouring, 'but I can make it enough. Where there's a will there's a way, you know.'

John Browdie made no verbal answer to this remark, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out an old purse of soiled leather, and insisted that Nicholas should borrow from him whatever he required for his present necessities.

'Dean't be afeard, mun,' he said; 'tak' eneaf to carry thee whoam. Thee'll pay me yan day, a' warrant.'

Nicholas could by no means be prevailed upon to borrow more than a sovereign, with which loan Mr. Browdie, after many entreaties that he would accept of more (observing, with a touch of Yorkshire caution, that if he didn't spend it all he could put the surplus by, till he had an opportunity of remitting it carriage free), was fain to content himself.

'Tak' that bit o' timber to help thee on wi', mun,' he added, pressing his stick on Nicholas, and giving his hand another squeeze; 'keep a good heart, and bless thee. Beaten a schoolmaester! 'Cod its the best thing av'e heerd this twonty year!'

So saying, and indulging, with more delicacy than could have been expected from him, in another series of loud laughs, for the purpose of avoiding the thanks which Nicholas poured forth, John Browdie set spurs to his horse, and went off at a smart canter, looking back from time to time as Nicholas stood gazing after him; and waving his hand cheerily, as if to encour-

age him on his way. Nicholas watched the horse and rider until they disappeared over the brow of a distant hill, and then set forward on his journey.

He did not travel far that afternoon, for by this time it was nearly dark, and there had been a heavy fall of snow, which not only rendered the way toilsome, but the track uncertain and difficult to find after daylight, save by experienced wayfarers. He lay that night at a cottage, where beds were let at a cheap rate to the more humble class of travellers, and rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. Passing through that town in search of some resting-place, he stumbled upon an empty barn within a couple of hundred yards of the road side; in a warm corner of which he stretched his weary limbs, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, and tried to recollect his dreams, which had been all connected with his recent sojourn at Dotheboys Hall, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared—not with the most composed countenance possible—at some motionless object which seemed to be stationed within a few yards in front of him.

'Strange!' cried Nicholas; 'can this be some lingering creation of the visions that have scarcely left me! It cannot be real—and yet I—I am awake. Smike!'

The form moved, rose, advanced, and dropped upon its knees at his feet. It was Smike indeed.

'Why do you kneel to me?' said Nicholas, hastily raising him.

'To go with you—anywhere—everywhere—to the world's end—to the churchyard grave,' replied Smike, clinging to his hand. 'Let me, oh do let me. You are my home—my kind friend—take me with you, pray.'

'I am a friend who can do little for you,' said Nicholas, kindly. 'How came you here?'

He had followed him it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halted for refreshment; and had feared to appear before, lest he should be sent back. He had not intended to appear now, but Nicholas had awakened more suddenly than he looked for, and he had no time to conceal himself.

'Poor fellow!' said Nicholas, 'your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself.'

'May I—may I go with you?' asked Smike, timidly. 'I will be your faithful hard-working servant, I will, indeed. I want no clothes,' added the poor creature, drawing his rags together; 'these will do very well. I only want to be near you.'

'And you shall,' cried Nicholas. 'And the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come.'

With these words he strapped his burden on his

shoulders, and taking his stick in his hand, extended the other to his delighted charge, and so they passed out of the old barn together.

CHAPTER XIV.

Having the misfortune to treat of none but common people, is necessarily of a mean and vulgar character.

In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a by-gone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath.

The fowls who peck about the kennels, jerking their bodies hither and thither with a gait which none but town fowls are ever seen to adopt, and which any country cock or hen would be puzzled to understand, are perfectly in keeping with the crazy habitations of their owners. Dingy, ill-plumed, drowy flutterers, sent, like many of the neighbouring children, to get a livelihood in the streets, they hop from stone to stone in forlorn search of some hidden eatable in the mud, and can scarcely raise a crow among them. The only one with anything approaching to a voice is an aged bantam at the baker's, and even he is hoarse in consequence of bad living in his last place.

To judge from the size of the houses, they have been at one time tenanted by persons of better condition than their present occupants, but they are now let off by the week in floors or rooms, and every door has almost as many plates or bell-handles as there are apartments within. The windows are for the same reason sufficiently diversified in appearance, being ornamented with every variety of common blind and curtain that can easily be imagined, while every doorway is blocked up and rendered nearly impassable by a motley collection of children and porter pots of all sizes, from the baby in arms and the half-pint pot, to the full-grown girl and half-gallon can.

In the parlour of one of these houses, which was perhaps a thought dirtier than any of its neighbours; which exhibited more bell-handles, children, and porter pots, and caught in all its freshness the first gust of the thick black smoke that poured forth night and day from a large brewery hard by, hung a bill announcing that there was yet one room to let within its walls, although on what story the vacant room could

be—regard being had to the outward tokens of many lodgers which the whole front displayed, from the mangle in the kitchen-window to the flower-pots on the parapet—it would have been beyond the power of a calculating boy to discover.

The common stairs of this mansion were bare and carpetless; but a curious visiter who had to climb his way to the top, might have observed that there were not wanting indications of the progressive poverty of the inmates, although their rooms were shut. Thus the first-floor lodgers, being flush of furniture, kept an old mahogany table—real mahogany—on the landing-place outside, which was only taken in when occasion required. On the second story the spare furniture dwindled down to a couple of old deal chairs, of which one, belonging to the back room, was shorn of a leg and bottomless. The story above boasted no greater excess than a worm-eaten wash-tub: and the garret landing-place displayed no costlier articles than two crippled pitchers, and some broken blacking-bottles.

It was on this garret landing-place that a hard-featured square-faced man, elderly and shabby, stopped to unlock the door of the front attic, into which, having surmounted the task of turning the rusty key in its still more rusty wards, he walked with the air of its legal owner.

This person wore a wig of short, coarse, red hair, which he took off with his hat, and hung upon a nail. Having adopted in its place a dirty cotton nightcap, and groped about in the dark till he found a remnant of candle, he knocked at the partition which divided the two garrets, and inquired in a loud voice whether Mr. Noggs had got a light.

The sounds that came back were stifled by the lath and plaster, and it seemed moreover as though the speaker had uttered them from the interior of a mug or other drinking vessel; but they were in the voice of Newman, and conveyed a reply in the affirmative.

'A nasty night, Mr. Noggs,' said the man in the nightcap, stepping in to light his candle.

'Does it rain?' asked Newman.

'Does it?' replied the other pettishly. 'I am wet through.'

'It doesn't take much to wet you and me through, Mr. Crawl,' said Newman, laying his hand upon the lapel of his threadbare coat.

'Well; and that makes it the more vexatious,' observed Mr. Crawl, in the same pettish tone.

Uttering a low querulous growl, the speaker, whose harsh countenance was the very epitome of selfishness, raked the scanty fire nearly out of the grate, and, emptying the glass which Noggs had pushed towards him, inquired where he kept his coals.

Newman Noggs pointed to the bottom of a cup-

board, and Mr. Crawl, seizing the shovel, threw on half the stock, which Noggs very deliberately took off again without saying a word.

'You have not turned saving at this time of day, I hope?' said Crawl.

Newman pointed to the empty glass, as though it were a sufficient refutation of the charge, and briefly said he was going down stairs to supper.

'To the Kenwigses?' asked Crawl.

Newman nodded assent.

'Think of that now!' said Crawl. 'If I didn't—thinking that you were certain not to go, because you said you wouldn't—tell Kenwigs I couldn't come, and made up my mind to spend the evening with you.'

'I was obliged to go,' said Newman. 'They would have me.'

'Well; but what's to become of me?' urged the selfish man, who never thought of anybody else. 'It's all your fault. I'll tell you what—I'll sit by your fire till you come back again.'

Newman cast a despairing glance at his small store of fuel, but not having the courage to say no, a word which in all his life he never could say at the right time, either to himself or any one else, gave way to the proposed arrangement, and Mr. Crawl immediately went about making himself as comfortable with Newman Noggs's means, as circumstances would admit of his being.

The lodgers to whom Crawl had made allusion under the designation of 'the Kenwigses,' were the wife and olive branches of one Mr. Kenwigs, a turner in ivory, who was looked upon as a person of some consideration on the premises, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms. Mrs. Kenwigs, too, was quite a lady in her manners, and of a very genteel family, having an uncle who collected a water-rate; besides which distinction, the two eldest of her little girls went twice a week to a dancing school in the neighbourhood, and had flaxen hair tied with blue ribands hanging in luxuriant pig-tails down their backs, and wore little white trousers with frills round the ancles—for all of which reasons and many more, equally valid but too numerous to mention, Mrs. Kenwigs was considered a very desirable person to know, and was the constant theme of all the gossips in the street, and even three or four doors round the corner at both ends.

It was the anniversary of that happy day on which the church of England as by law established, had bestowed Mrs. Kenwigs upon Mr. Kenwigs, and in grateful commemoration of the same, Mrs. Kenwigs had invited a few select friends to cards and supper in the first floor, and put on a new gown to receive them in, which gown, being of a flaming colour and made upon a juvenile principle, was so successful that Mr. Kenwigs said the eight years of matrimony and the

five children seemed all a dream, and Mrs. Kenwigs younger and more blooming than the very first Sunday he kept company with her.

Beautiful as Mrs. Kenwigs looked when she was dressed though, and so stately that you would have supposed she had a cook and housemaid at least, and nothing to do but order them about, she had had a world of trouble with the preparations; more indeed than she, being of a delicate and genteel constitution, could have sustained, had not the pride of housewifery upheld her. At last, however, all the things that had to be got together were got together, and all the things that had to be got out of the way were got out of the way, and everything was ready, and the collector himself having promised to come, fortune smiled upon the occasion.

The party was admirably selected. There were first of all Mr. Kenwigs and Mrs. Kenwigs, and four olive Kenwigses who sat up to supper, firstly, because it was but right that they should have a treat on such a day; and secondly, because their going to bed in presence of the company, would have been inconvenient, not to say improper. Then there was the young lady who had made Mrs. Kenwigs's dress, and who—it was the most convenient thing in the world—living in the two-pair back, gave up her bed to the baby, and got a little girl to watch it. Then, to match this young lady, was a young man, who had known Mr. Kenwigs when he was a bachelor, and was much esteemed by the ladies, as bearing the reputation of a rake. To these were added a newly-married couple, who had visited Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs in their courtship, and a sister of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who was quite a beauty; besides whom, there was another young man supposed to entertain honourable designs upon the lady last mentioned, and Mr. Noggs, who was a genteel person to ask, because he had been a gentleman once. There were also an elderly lady from the back parlour, and one more young lady, who, next to the collector, perhaps was the great lion of the party, being the daughter of a theatrical fireman, who 'went on' in the pantomime, and had the greatest turn for the stage that was ever known, being able to sing and recite in a manner that brought the tears into Mrs. Kenwigs's eyes. There was only one drawback upon the pleasure of seeing such friends, and that was, that the lady in the back parlour, who was very fat, and turned of sixty, came in a low book-muslin dress and short kid gloves, which so exasperated Mrs. Kenwigs, that that lady assured her visitor in private, that if it hadn't happened that the supper was cooking at the back-parlour grate at that moment, she certainly would have requested its representative to withdraw.

'My dear,' said Mr. Kenwigs, 'wouldn't it be better to begin a round game!'

'Kenwigs, my dear,' returned his wife, 'I am sur-

prised at you. Would you begin without my uncle?' 'I forgot the collector,' said Kenwigs; 'oh no, that would never do.'

'He's so particular,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, turning to the other married lady, 'that if we began without him, I should be out of his will for ever.'

'Dear!' cried the married lady.

'You've no idea what he is,' replied Mrs. Kenwigs; 'and yet as good a creature as ever breathed.'

'The kindest-hearted man that ever was,' said Kenwigs.

'It goes to his heart, I believe, to be forced to cut the water off when the people don't pay,' observed the bachelor friend, intending a joke.

'George,' said Mr. Kenwigs, solemnly, 'none of that, if you please.'

'It was only my joke,' said the friend, abashed.

'George,' rejoined Mr. Kenwigs, 'a joke is a very good thing—a very good thing—but when that joke is made at the expense of Mrs. Kenwigs's feelings, I set my face against it. A man in public life expects to be sneered at—it is the fault of his elevated situation, not of himself. Mrs. Kenwigs's relation is a public man, and that he knows, George, and that he can bear; but putting Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question (if I *could* put Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question on such an occasion as this), I have the honour to be connected with the collector by marriage; and I cannot allow these remarks in my—' Mr. Kenwigs was going to say 'house,' but he rounded the sentence with 'apartments.'

At the conclusion of these observations, which drew forth evidences of acute feeling from Mrs. Kenwigs, and had the intended effect of impressing the company with a deep sense of the collector's dignity, a ring was heard at the bell.

'That's him,' whispered Mr. Kenwigs, greatly excited, 'Morleena, my dear, run down and let your uncle in, and kiss him directly you get the door open. Hem! Let's be talking.'

Adopting Mr. Kenwigs's suggestion, the company spoke very loudly, to look easy and unembarrassed; and almost as soon as they had begun to do so, a short old gentleman, in drabs and gaiters, with a face that might have been carved out of *lignum vitae*, for anything that appeared to the contrary, was led playfully in by Miss Morleena Kenwigs, regarding whose uncommon Christian name it may be here remarked that it was invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs previous to her first lying-in, for the special distinction of her eldest child, in case it should prove a daughter.

'Oh uncle, I am so glad to see you,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, kissing the collector affectionately on both cheeks. 'So glad.'

'Many happy returns of the day, my dear,' replied the collector, returning the compliment.

Now this was an interesting thing. Here was a collector of water-rates without his book, without his pen and ink, without his double knock, without his intimidation, kissing—actually kissing—an agreeable female, and leaving taxes, summonses, notices that he had called, or announcements that he would never call again for two quarters' due, wholly out of the question. It was pleasant to see how the company looked on, quite absorbed in the sight, and to behold the nods and winks with which they expressed their gratification at finding so much humanity in a tax-gatherer.

'Where will you sit, uncle?' said Mrs. Kenwigs, in the full glow of family pride, which the appearance of her distinguished relation occasioned.

'Anywheres, my dear,' said the collector, 'I am not particular.'

Not particular! What a meek collector. If he had been an author, who knew his place, he couldn't have been more humble.

'Mr. Lillyvick,' said Kenwigs, addressing the collector, 'some friends here, sir, are very anxious for the honour of—thank you—Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, Mr. Lillyvick.'

'Proud to know you Sir,' said Mr. Cutler, 'I've heard of you very often.' These were not mere words of ceremony; for Mr. Cutler, having kept house in Mr. Lillyvick's parish, had heard of him very often indeed. His attention in calling had been quite extraordinary.

'George, you know, I think, Mr. Lillyvick,' said Kenwigs; 'lady from down stairs—Mr. Lillyvick, Mr. Snewkes—Mr. Lillyvick. Miss Green—Mr. Lillyvick. Mr. Lillyvick. Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Very glad to make two public characters acquainted. Mrs. Kenwigs, my dear, will you sort the counters?'

Mrs. Kenwigs, with the assistance of Newman Noggs, (who, as he performed sundry little acts of kindness for the children at all times and seasons, was humoured in his request to be taken no notice of, and was merely spoken about in a whisper as the decayed gentleman), did as he was desired, and the greater part of the guests sat down to speculation, while Newman himself, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, looked after the supper-table.

While the ladies were thus busying themselves, Mr. Lillyvick was intent upon the game in progress, and as all should be fish that comes to a water-collector's net, the dear old gentleman was by no means scrupulous in appropriating to himself the property of his neighbours, which, on the contrary, he abstracted whenever an opportunity presented itself, smiling good-humouredly all the while, and making so many condescending speeches to the owners, that they were

delighted with his amiability, and thought in their hearts that he deserved to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at least.

After a great deal of trouble, and the administration of many slaps on the head to the infant Kenwigs, whereof two of the most rebellious were summarily banished, the cloth was laid with great elegance, and a pair of boiled fowls, a large piece of pork, apple-pie, potatoes and greens, were served; at sight of which the worthy Mr. Lillyvick vented a great many witticisms, and plucked up amazingly, to the immense delight and satisfaction of the whole body of admirers.

Very well and very fast the supper went off; no more serious difficulties occurring than those which arose from the incessant demand for clean knives and forks, which made poor Mrs. Kenwigs wish more than once that private society adopted the principle of schools, and required that every guest should bring his own knife, fork, and spoon, which doubtless would be a great accommodation in many cases, and to no one more so than to the lady and gentleman of the house, especially if the school principle were carried out to the full extent, and the articles were expected, as a matter of delicacy, not to be taken away again.

Everybody having eaten everything, the table was cleared in a most alarming hurry, and with great noise; and the spirits, whereat the eyes of Newman Noggs glistened, being arranged in order with water both hot and cold, the party composed themselves for conviviality, Mr. Lillyvick being stationed in a large arm-chair by the fire-side, and the four little Kenwigs disposed on a small form in front of the company with their flaxen tails towards them, and their faces to the fire; an arrangement which was no sooner perfected than Mrs. Kenwigs was overpowered by the feelings of a mother, and fell upon the left shoulder of Mr. Kenwigs dissolved in tears.

'They are so beautiful,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, sobbing.

'Oh, dear,' said all the ladies, 'so they are, it's very natural you should feel proud of that; but don't give way, don't.'

'I can—not help it, and it don't signify,' sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs; 'oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful.'

On hearing this alarming presentiment of their being doomed to an early death in the flower of their infancy, all four little girls raised a hideous cry, and, burying their heads in their mother's lap simultaneously, screamed until the eight flaxen tails vibrated again: Mrs. Kenwigs meanwhile clasping them alternately to her bosom with attitudes expressive of distraction, which Mrs. Petowker herself might have copied.

At length the anxious mother permitted herself to be soothed into a more tranquil state, and the little Kenwigs being also composed, were distributed among the company, to prevent the possibility of Mrs. Kenwigs being again overcome by the blaze of

their combined beauty. Which done, the ladies and gentlemen united in prophesying that they would live for many, many years, and that there was no occasion at all for Mrs. Kenwigs to distress herself: which in good truth there did not appear to be, the loveliness of the children by no means justifying her apprehensions.

'This day eight year,' said Mr. Kenwigs, after a pause. 'Dear me—ah!'

This reflection was echoed by all present, who said 'Ah!' first, and 'dear me' afterwards.

'I was younger then,' tittered Mrs. Kenwigs.

'No,' said the collector.

'Certainly not,' added everybody.

'I remember my niece,' said Mr. Lillyvick, surveying his audience with a grave air; 'I remember her, on that very afternoon when she first acknowledged to her mother a partiality for Kenwigs. 'Mother,' she says, 'I love him.'

'Adore him,' I said, uncle,' interposed Mrs. Kenwigs.

'Love him,' I think, my dear,' said the collector, firmly.

'Perhaps you are right, uncle,' replied Mrs. Kenwigs, submissively. 'I thought it was 'adore.''

'Love,' my dear,' retorted Mr. Lillyvick. 'Mother,' she says, 'I love him.' 'What do I hear?' cries her mother; and instantly falls into strong convulsions.'

A general exclamation of astonishment burst from the company.

'Into strong convulsions,' repeated Mr. Lillyvick, regarding them with a rigid look. 'Kenwigs will excuse my saying, in the presence of friends, that there was a very great objection to him, on the ground that he was beneath the family, and would disgrace it. You remember that, Kenwigs?'

'Certainly,' replied that gentleman, in no way displeased at the reminiscence, inasmuch as it proved beyond all doubt what a high family Mrs. Kenwigs came of.

'I shared in that feeling,' said Mr. Lillyvick: 'perhaps it was natural; perhaps it wasn't.'

A gentle murmur seemed to say, that in one of Mr. Lillyvick's station the objection was not only natural, but highly praiseworthy.

'I came round to him in time,' said Mr. Lillyvick. 'After they were married, and there was no help for it, I was one of the first to say that Kenwigs must be taken notice of. The family *did* take notice of him in consequence, and on my representation; and I am bound to say—and proud to say—that I have always found him a very honest, well-behaved, upright, respectable sort of man. Kenwigs, shake hands.'

'I am proud to do it, Sir,' said Mr. Kenwigs.

'So am I, Kenwigs,' rejoined Mr. Lillyvick.

'A very happy life I have led with your niece, Sir,' said Kenwigs.

'It would have been your own fault if you had not, Sir,' remarked Mr. Lillyvick.

'Morleena Kenwigs,' cried her mother, at this crisis, much affected, 'kiss your dear uncle.'

The young lady did as she was requested, and the three other little girls were successively hoisted up to the collector's countenance, and subjected to the same process, which was afterwards repeated by the majority of those present.

'Oh dear, Mrs. Kenwigs,' said Miss Petowker, 'while Mr. Noggs is making that punch to drink happy returns in, do let Morleena go through that figure dance before Mr. Lillyvick.'

'No, no, my dear,' replied Mrs. Kenwigs, 'it will only worry my uncle.'

'It can't worry him, I am sure,' said Miss Petowker.

'You will be very much pleased, won't you, Sir?'

'That I am sure I shall,' replied the collector, glancing at the punch mixer.

'Well then, I'll tell you what,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, 'Morleena shall do the steps, if uncle can persuade Miss Petowker to recite us the Blood-Drinker's Burial afterwards.'

There was a great clapping of hands and stamping of feet at this proposition, the subject whereof gently inclined her head several times, in acknowledgment of the reception.

'You know,' said Miss Petowker, reproachfully, 'that I dislike doing anything professional in private parties.'

'Oh, but not here!' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'We are all so very friendly and pleasant, that you might as well be going through it in your own room; besides, the occasion—'

'I can't resist that,' interrupted Miss Petowker, 'anything in my humble power I shall be delighted to do.'

Mrs. Kenwigs and Miss Petowker had arranged a small *programme* of the entertainments between them, of which this was the prescribed order, but they had settled to have a little pressing on both sides, because it looked more natural. The company being all ready, Miss Petowker hummed a tune, and Morleena danced a dance, having previously had the soles of her shoes chalked with as much care as if she were going on the tight-rope. It was a very beautiful figure, comprising a great deal of work for the arms, and was received with unbounded applause.

'If I was blessed with a—a child—' said Miss Petowker, blushing, 'of such genius as that, I would have her out at the Opera instantly.'

Mrs. Kenwigs sighed and looked at Mr. Kenwigs, who shook his head, and observed that he was doubtful about it.

'Kenwigs is afraid,' said Mrs. K.

'What of?' enquired Miss Petowker, 'not of her failing?'

'Oh no,' replied Mrs. Kenwigs, 'but if she grew up what she is now,—only think of the young dukes and marquises.'

'Very right,' said the collector.

'Still,' submitted Miss Petowker, 'if she has a proper pride in herself, you know—'

'There's a good deal in that,' observed Mrs. Kenwigs, looking at her husband.

'I only know—' faltered Miss Petowker,—'it may be no rule to be sure—but I have never found any inconvenience or unpleasantness of that sort.'

Mr. Kenwigs, with becoming gallantry, said that settled the question at once, and that he would take the subject into his serious consideration: this being resolved upon, Miss Petowker was entreated to begin the Blood-Drinker's Burial, to which end, that young lady let down her black hair, and taking up her position at the other end of the room, with the bachelor friend posted in a corner, to rush out at the cue 'in death expire,' and catch her in his arms when she died raving mad, went through the performance with extraordinary spirit, and to the great terror of the little Kenwigses, who were all but frightened into fits.

The ecstasies consequent upon the effort had not yet subsided, and Newman (who had not been thoroughly sober at so late an hour for a long long time,) had not yet been able to put in a word of announcement that the punch was ready, when a hasty knock was heard at the room-door, which elicited a shriek from Mrs. Kenwigs, who immediately divined that the baby had fallen out of bed.

'Who is that?' demanded Mr. Kenwigs, sharply.

'Don't be alarmed, it's only me,' said Crowl, looking in, in his nightcap. 'The baby is very comfortable, for I peeped into the room as I came down, and it's fast asleep, and so is the girl; and I don't think the candle will set fire to the bed-curtain, unless a draught gets into the room—it's Mr. Noggs that's wanted.'

'Me!' cried Newman, much astonished.

'Why it is a queer hour, isn't it?' replied Crowl, who was not best pleased at the prospect of losing his fire; 'and they are queer-looking people, too, all covered with rain and mud. Shall I tell them to go away?'

'No,' said Newman, rising. 'People? How many?'

'Two,' rejoined Crowl.

'Want me? By name?' asked Newman.

'By name,' replied Crowl. 'Mr. Newman Noggs, as pat as need be.'

Newman reflected for a few seconds, and then hurried away, muttering that he would be back directly. He was as good as his word; for in an exceedingly short time he burst into the room, and seizing, without a word of apology or explanation, a lighted candle and tumbler of hot punch from the table, darted away like a madman.

'What the deuce is the matter with him!' exclaimed Crowl, throwing the door open. 'Hark! Is there any noise above?'

The guests rose in great confusion, and, looking in each other's faces with much perplexity and some fear, stretched their necks forward, and listened attentively.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RUSSIAN POLICE AND ENGLISH PRISONS.

It has been so frequently remarked that the romance of real life is more romantic than the romance of fiction, that it might be considered useless to add another word upon the subject, but it so happens that two cases have recently come under my knowledge which (each in its way) afford the most striking illustration of the axiom. Both these cases are genuine and authenticated, and, while considered as regards the romantic in real life, will at the same time exhibit to the reader traits of human nature in the present day, the existence of which the generality of readers would not believe. The first is derived from the official reports of the Russian criminal court of the district of Zarsk in the government of Kazan.

It appears that for many months the district of Zarsk had been infested by a formidable band of robbers, who, not satisfied with attacking travellers and relieving them of their property, were in the habit of carrying on their depredations in villages and even towns, where they committed the most horrible excesses; and to such an extent was this system carried, that the name of their chief, Kara Aly—meaning Aly the Black—had become the terror of all the inhabitants of that large and wealthy country.

For more than eight months this horde of brigands evaded the activity of the Russian police, and eluded the vigilance of the troops who were sent in pursuit of them in every direction. Nor did the promised reward of a thousand roubles for the capture of any one of the band, or the whole of them at the same rate, nor the still greater premium of five thousand roubles for the head of Kara Aly himself, produce any more satisfactory result; until at length, upon the earnest solicitations of the people, and with a view to dissipate their apprehensions, which were hourly increasing, the Russian government resolved to employ more efficient means to exterminate a system of plunder and terror which had so long existed.

In consequence of these extended arrangements and increased means, Theodore Trazoff, the Assessor of the district, succeeded in capturing the formidable chief on the 1st of November, 1837, together with five of his accomplices, and a young woman, who, in the report to the Minister of Justice, dated January 18, 1839, is stated to be either his wife or his concubine.

In Russia criminal cases are always investigated on

the spot by a commission specially appointed for the purpose, empowered to examine the prisoners and the witnesses, and report thereupon to the higher authorities. The examination in the present instance was confided to one of the chiefs of the district police, with an assessor, and a secretary of the town-courts, whose official designation in the Russian language is '*Sekretarnijnohozienakohosouda*,' (how to be pronounced is not our affair,) to which tribunal the following order, signed by the Imperial Attorney-General, was directed:—

'Order of the Imperial Attorney-General.

'In the name of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas Pawlowitch, Autocrat of all the Russias: We, Imperial Attorney-General, direct and command the commissioners herein named to make due and diligent inquiry into the case of Kara Aly and his accomplices.

'Kara Aly, a Tartar, native of Kazan, is accused of having three times deserted from the army, of having, for the last eleven months, been guilty of heinous crimes, during which period he has committed fifteen murders, thirty-two robberies by main force, besides an immense number of ordinary thefts and pilferings.

'Kazan, Nov. 30, 1837.'

After a month's labour the commissioners made their report, which consists of the following documents. We follow the Russian order of proceeding, merely abridging the digressions and avoiding needless repetitions:—

'Report of the Assessor, Theodore Trazoff, on the apprehension of the Brigands.

'On the 1st of August, 1837, I received instructions and authority from the government to discover if possible the retreat of the brigands composing the band of Kara Aly, and to secure their persons. Fifty Cossacks, commanded by Ensign Djurilof, and twenty gendarmes, under the orders of Lieutenant Newmann, were employed jointly upon this service, but all our efforts to discover them were fruitless.

'On the 2nd of October, having made my official tour of the district for the purpose of collecting the tax (*neidoimka*) from the inhabitants, I returned to Zarsk, having in my possession seventeen thousand roubles of paper-money, the produce of this levy; but, as it was growing dark before I reached the town, and it being too late for me to hand over the amount to the receiver-general of the district (*Kaznatchy njerdny*,) I was obliged to postpone making the payment till the next day.

'At midnight, as I was writing alone in my room, the door was opened suddenly, and I beheld before me a man of gigantic stature, dressed in a *cajouck* of a kind of fur made from sheep-skin, commonly worn by the Russian peasantry, and wearing on his head a cap of the same material. His face was nearly covered with large moustachios. His black beard, his long hair hanging dishevelled, and the wild lightning that seemed to flash from his eyes, gave to this sudden and unexpected apparition an indescribably horrid character: before I had time to call for help, the man had advanced close upon me, and, pointing with one hand to his pistols and dagger, he laid the forefinger of the other upon his lips in an authoritative manner to command silence.

'I remained motionless with surprise and anxiety.

He seated himself by my side, and, fixing his eyes upon me, said, in a low, but firm and almost solemn voice—

“You are Theodore Trazoff, commissioned to apprehend Kara Aly. Look at me—I am Kara Aly. Look at me well, for it is necessary you should know my personal appearance.”

“After a short silence, which I found myself incapable of breaking, he added—

“Well, you have examined me sufficiently. Now I will tell you what has brought me hither. You have got here seventeen thousand roubles.”

“At these words I made an effort to rise from my seat and call for assistance, but the attempt was vain; for, seizing me with an iron grasp, he threw me on the floor, and while he kept me down, he, with inconceivable dexterity, contrived to gag me with a piece of cloth: having done which, he proceeded to tie my arms and legs. Thus secured, he searched my clothes, and, taking out my keys, opened a chest of drawers which was in the room, and after a brief search, which, of course, I was incapable of hindering, found the seventeen thousand dollars in a box which I had placed in one of the drawers for security.

“Having achieved his purpose he came back to me, and, showing me his dagger, said—‘I could have purchased your silence at the price of your life, but I despise you too much to fear you. If your Emperor had as many soldiers as there are stars in the firmament, Kara Aly would defy them all, and enjoy his liberty free and uncontrolled.’

“He then ungagged me and quitted the room hastily. Left alone, I called to my servants, who came instantly and liberated me, and I rushed out of the house with some of my Cossacks in pursuit of the fobber; but all in vain. At some distance from the town we discovered the marks of horses’ feet, which we traced to the direction of the mountains, but they disappeared at a point where three or four rocky tracks diverge.

“On my return to Zariaisk I ascertained that the door of my house had not been forced, but had been opened by means of a key: this circumstance, taken in connection with the fact of Kara Aly’s knowledge of my having seventeen thousand dollars in my possession, led me to suspect that my servants were somehow concerned in the affair: however, they all protested their innocence, although I adopted every means of arriving at the truth—‘that is to say,’ adds the reporter, ‘the whip and bastinado.’

“On the first of November I went to the fair of Rjarsk, and while there, I saw wandering about amongst the booths two men in the dress of Tchermises, a people who inhabit the semi-Asiatic provinces of Russia. Kara Aly’s features were too deeply impressed upon my memory to be for a moment mistaken:—he was one of the two. The next minute they were surrounded by ten of my Cossacks, who accompanied me. The resistance they made was terrible. The people would not lend us the slightest aid, and the two brigands defended themselves furiously with their yatagans.

“One of my Cossacks was killed, and three were wounded. I succeeded, however, in eventually making Kara Aly my prisoner—for him it was. He threw his yatagan on the ground, and said, ‘God’s will be done! Take me—do what you will with me; I am conquered by some strange fatality.’ Then, turning to his companion, who was a short distance behind, still strug-

gling with my men, ‘Moussoum,’ said he, in a loud voice, ‘save yourself! I name you leader of the troop!’—(to this my men replied, with a shout of triumph)—‘where, if you ever yield, may your tongue become as silent as a stone!’ Fortunately, Moussoum surrendered without farther resistance, and we proceeded to bind them together.

“When they were in prison they both observed a strict silence, and nothing could induce either of them to afford the slightest information with regard to their associates. At length Moussoum, after undergoing the torture with great fortitude, permitted these words to escape him:—

“‘Search on the Krym al (mountain of Krym,) and you will find the cavern of Mustapha Iblis (Mustapha the Devil).’

“Having obtained this information, slight as it appeared, I forthwith set off for the mountain, at the head of two hundred foot soldiers and fifty Cossacks. Having arrived at the path which leads to its summit, I placed the Cossacks, and one hundred of the foot soldiers, there, in order to prevent any escape by that route, and, taking the other hundred with me, I took the straight road which leads direct to the cavern that Moussoum had mentioned.

“We had advanced but a few paces, when we saw a man running away; we instantly afterwards heard a musket-shot, followed almost immediately by several others:—three of my men were shot dead, and several others were wounded. This, however, did not check our advance; and in less than an hour we reached the cave.

“The firing suddenly ceased. A large and heavy stone secured the entrance of the cave. This we contrived to remove, and, with our bayonets at the charge, entered in perfect darkness. Its inmates, however, had fled:—before the fire we found their victuals all ready for eating, but not a human being was left behind. When we listened, we could hear the heavy tramp of horses, and cries which seemed to come from under the ground on which we stood.

“The soldiers, in their superstitious ignorance, hesitated as to proceeding farther, fancying that the cries were those of infernal spirits, who were angry with us for disturbing them. Luckily, however, we discovered an opening in the opposite side of the cavern, which, although narrow at first, widened in its length, and brought us again into day-light, which showed us the marks of the horses’ feet which we had previously heard: by this route we reached the position where I had left the Cossacks, whom we found in possession of four of the brigands, slightly wounded—and a female, who, in their company, had attempted to escape on horseback.

“We afterwards returned and searched the cavern, but could discover nothing except arms of different sorts, dresses of different descriptions, rich stuffs, and provisions in plenty, but no money; and, when I questioned the brigands as to the place where the treasure was deposited, they uniformly answered that God and the Khan alone knew where the money was concealed—they having given the title of Khan to Kara Aly. I immediately had the prisoners conveyed to Zariaisk.

“When Kara Aly was informed of the result of my expedition, and the capture of his accomplices, he implored me to permit him to see his beloved Fazry—the young female who had fallen into our hands. Being anxious, if possible, to ascertain where the treasure, of

which he was unquestionably master, had been hidden, I told him that, if he would give me information upon that point, Fazry should be brought to him. But all the answer I could obtain was a shake of his head, and the words—again uttered with a deep sigh—‘God’s will be done!’ I could procure no other reply.

‘Zaraisk, Nov. 3, 1837.

(Signed)

‘TIEDOR TRAZOFF,

‘Assessor of the District of Zaraisk.’

The next document is the report of the examination of Kara Aly himself, by the Captain Isprawnnik, which is given in detail.

‘Q. Tell me your name, your surname, and the place of your birth?

‘A. As God is the only God, and Mahomet his prophet, so am I the sole and only descendant of the Sultan of Kazan. My father is the Sultan Kerdy, and my mother Fatima, sister of Noussiram Bey. The 15th of December, 1803, was the day on which the people of Kazan heard of the birth of the offspring of their sovereigns.

‘Q. You are endeavouring to impose upon me—you know that Noussiram Bey has proved that you are the son of the nurse to whom he had confided his little nephew, and who died in his infancy.

‘A. Noussiram Bey, when he said so, lied like an infidel dog. He has robbed me of my wealth, as *your* Czar has robbed me of my kingdom. Might is great against right: I, at the head of my brave followers, was always in the right when I fell in with a traveller.

‘Q. How were you treated in the house of Noussiram Bey?

‘A. Like the lowest animal that crawls. Noussiram Bey, and Ismail and Edigy, *his* sons and *my* cousins, made my life one of misery and wretchedness. One being only existed there, who sowed the roses of consolation amidst the nettles which stung me—that was Fazry, the beloved daughter of my oppressor—still young, still lovely, still innocent: she said to me, ‘Aly, you are unhappy—you are here like a flower in the desert—but I love you.

‘And here *Kara Aly* shed tears.

‘Q. At what age did you enter the army? and why did your master make a common soldier of you?

‘A. *My* master!—he was *my* master as the wolf is master of the helpless lamb yet unable to run—he was a tyrant! Fazry, dear Fazry, was but fourteen—I was twenty-five: he saw that our hearts beat in unison, and that we were formed for each other. By dint of his influence and his money, which he disbursed right and left for the purpose, I became tled, shackled, like a wild beast, and at last he forced me to become a private soldier, as you say. I—I who am his lawful sovereign!

‘Q. In what regiment have you served?

‘A. In the regiment of Dragoons de Nijny Novogorod. For five years I dealt death amongst the Circassians—my sword has felled more of them than you have hairs on your head, and they were the enemies of your Czar. There should I have remained if peace had not come: for to me war is as delightful as gold is to the miser—I cannot bear the restraint of civil life, and so I went back to see Fazry, the star of my destiny.’

The Captain then read to him the following report, which had been transmitted to him from the headquarters of the regiment in which he stated that he had served:—

‘Kara Aly, a Mahometan—private in the regiment of Dragoons of Nijny Novogorod. Whenever he was in action, or before the enemy, he conducted himself bravely, and with credit to his character as a Russian soldier; but, in garrison, he was always insubordinate and habitually a drunkard. On the 16th of March, 1833, upon the arrival of the regiment at Tiflis, he was punished by order of Lieutenant Kryltsof for disobedience. The next day he deserted: he was taken at Wladicaucas, and punished again for desertion. He was subsequently taken to the hospital, from which he escaped, in the presence of the inspector, by jumping from a window: he was, however, some time after again taken at Astracan.

‘When he was brought back, and after he had been again flogged, Prince Boralynski, major of the regiment, came into the room where he was, and questioned him as to the manner in which he contrived to effect his escape—the soldiers still guarding the gate. Kara Aly told the Prince how it occurred, pointed out the position of the inspector of the room, and, in suiting his action to his words—or, as the report says, ‘adding pantomime to recitation’—he again jumped from the window into the street. The first moment of surprise over, a hue and cry was raised, and a pursuit set on foot; but in vain—he was not to be overtaken. The same night one of the Prince Boralynski’s horses was stolen, and two of his orderlies were found murdered.

‘Q. Kara Aly, is this report correct?

‘A. Yes; I stole the horse and killed the men.

‘Q. What could have induced you to commit this triple crime?—speak the truth.

‘A. The truth! my lips are as free from falsehood as the sun is from the blackness of the clouds which momentarily hide his face from us. The reporter of my crime speaks truth—but not all the truth. He does not tell you that, at the moment when I took the horrid resolution to commit the crime with which I am justly charged, my back was reeking with blood from the lashes I had unjustly received. When I escaped from my quarters I hid myself in the stables of Prince Boralynski. I felt sure that nobody would look for me there, and there I remained under the manger.—Night came: Iwan and Havrilo, two of the Prince’s orderlies, slept in the stable. I hated them both—they were cowards—they had denounced me often to my officers—the night was dark—there was no witness by—there lay a yatagan—I said to myself these are two Giaours—Mahomet will bless me—and I killed them both! Well, then, I took the Prince’s horse, saddled him, mounted him, and in another hour again breathed the pure air of freedom!

‘Q. Where have you been since this event?

‘A. In a country that does not belong to your Czar.

‘Q. What have you been doing from that time to the present?

‘A. That does not concern you. Spare your threats—they will be useless—I shall answer no more questions.’

At this period of the examination the Captain Isprawnnik states that he felt himself compelled, in the hope of extracting more information from the prisoner, which might lead to important discoveries, to change the tone and manner of his examination, and that his anxiety to ascertain further particulars induced him to adopt this course rather than that of punishing the

brigand for his insolence. He therefore resumed his questions by asking him how long he had been in Kazan?

'A. I arrived in Kazan in the month of October, 1836. I have plenty of gold and diamonds—there is not a sultan in the world who has finer jewels.

'Q. How did you become possessed of them?

'A. That does not concern you—I did not get them in Russia. If you choose to listen you shall hear my history, for it will be a relief to me to unburthen my mind.

'Noussiram Bey, when I went to his house, was in his room with my beautiful Fazry.—Have you seen her eyes, black as jet, and brighter than the sun? have you seen her raven locks? have you heard the blessed sound of her sweet voice?—If you have, you know that she is worthy of adoration—as a Hour, as the daughter of Mahomet himself!—I have told you I love her; she loves me in return—am I not happier than your Czar!—When I came into the room Noussiram Bey did not recognise me—Fazry did—yes, she remembered me, although my countenance was changed, and my person altered. I was driven from the house in the spring-time of my life, an unfortunate slave—a victim; I returned in the bright summer of my existence—rich and bold as a Khan of the Tartars should be. 'Kara Aly,' cried Fazry, rushing into my arms, 'my plighted faith is still your own—I am yours eternally!' Noussiram started up. 'Noussiram Bey,' said I, looking steadfastly at him, 'prostrate yourself before your master—prostrate yourself before your sovereign. Here, then, is wealth for you;' and I threw him a handful of gold and diamonds. 'There,' said I, 'keep my money, and I will take Fazry: we are quits.' By way of answer, he whistled at me in derision, seized his sabre, and attacked me. Anxious to spare his life, I contented myself with parrying his blows, but, his two hateful sons rushing in to his assistance, life was set against life. Mahomet favoured me, and the three measured their length upon the floor before me. Fazry had fainted the moment her father began the conflict: when they lay dead at my feet, I lifted her in my arms to bear her from the scene of bloodshed. In leaving the house I met two of the Bey's servants; one Moussoum, an old comrade and a friend; the other Nadir, my bitter enemy. To the first I said, 'Moussoum, to horse—come with me!' Into the heart of the other I thrust my yatagan, and he fell dead without a groan. Thence did I bear my precious burthen, and, accompanied by Moussoum, fled to the cave of Mustapha Iblis. Ask Fazry if she has been happy there!

In pronouncing these words, and, indeed, whenever he referred to Fazry, he shed tears.

'Q. What have you done since?

'A. I accumulated a force, and I made war on your Czar.

'Q. You have assassinated three officers, two civilians of the government, and ten soldiers?

'A. Yes—that is true—I killed them all with my own hand—your Czar employed his soldiers to murder mine—he is the strongest and triumphs—and I am dethroned.

'Q. You rob, you pillage, and levy contributions on the people?

'A. That is true, too. I pillage, because I want

clothes, and money, and provisions; the inhabitants have all these, and I have not. But as to theft, you speak falsely if you charge me with theft—Kara Aly knows not how to thieve—he knows how to pillage, and to kill—that is the business of a warrior, of a Khan!

The Captain then read over to Kara Aly a list of the crimes which had been committed by his people, the catalogue of which is omitted, as not being interesting to the general reader. They consisted of housebreakings, highway robberies, &c. &c. Kara Aly acknowledged the correctness of the statement, and declared himself the sole author of all the crimes therein enumerated. When the Captain came to the report of Tiedor Trazoff, which I have already submitted to the reader, he smiled.

'Yes,' said he, 'I have amused myself for the last four months with the proceedings of that hero. I have been close to him—talked to him fifty times—and it was he himself who one day in a tavern boasted that he had collected seventeen thousand dollars. I laughed at the cowardly fellow; but I see him here now. The proverb says despise not even a caterpillar; the time may come when even such a reptile as that may do you harm. Trazoff triumphs to-day—he has his revenge, and we are quits. I never bear malice.

'Q. What was the number of men of whom your band was composed?

'A. Besides the five whom you have arrested, I am the sixth.

'Q. Were you in correspondence with the inhabitants?

'A. No.

'Q. Where have you hidden your treasures?

'A. That is a question which I shall not answer. The day will come when you will be satisfied that my heir will well employ the inheritance he will derive from me.

'Here ended the examination; and the Captain Ispraunnik adds, by way of note, that neither threats nor persuasions, nor privations, nor punishments, could obtain any other results.

(Signed) 'JOUTKOF, Secretary.'

We next come to the examination of Moussoum; but, as it leads to no very important results, it has been thought only necessary to give a summary of it.

Moussoum is a Tartar, two years older than Kara Aly, and has been in the service of Noussiram Bey. He admits that he followed Kara Aly, and that he has participated in the robberies and pillagings with which he is charged; but he positively denies that he has ever been guilty of murder. He affirms that the banditti always considered Kara Aly to be the true and legitimate Khan, and Fazry to be his wife. The devotion of Fazry for Kara Aly was unqualified; she loved him sincerely and entirely, and, as he states, never was aware that her father and brothers fell by his hand; nor did she know in what country she was actually living. Kara Aly told her that her father and brothers were still living in Kazan, and that she was in the midst of the mountains of Kirgis Taj. Not one of the brigands dared venture to undeceive her, 'for,'

says Moussoum, 'Kara Aly had a good yatagan, and a hand ever ready for punishment.' Moussoum agrees with Kara Aly as to the number of the band, and equally declares that no sort of understanding existed between him and the inhabitants, and that nobody, except their chief, knew where the treasure was concealed. To this statement he has constantly adhered.

Three of the brigands taken on the day of the attack upon the cavern—Kendjibeck, aged 76; Mumag, 24; De Saharin, 20—were natives of Kajsak Kirgis, deserters from the 16th regiment of Oural Cossacks. They state that, having been sent in search of Kara Aly, they had been made prisoners by him, and under those circumstances had consented to serve under him. In all other particulars their depositions are extremely like those of Moussoum.

Ywan Rubtchenko, aged 23 years, Oural Cossack of the 16th regiment, is questioned in a similar manner to the previous prisoners, and gives precisely similar answers; but he states, in addition, that from time to time the Kara Kirgis—that is, the independent Black Kirgis—came to see Kara Aly, and that he was sometimes absent from the cavern ten days. Kara Aly was confronted with Ywan Rubtchenko, denied the whole of the statement, which so alarmed him, that he dared not repeat what he had said, the truth of which, it must be confessed, none of the others who were accused in any degree confirmed.

We now come to, perhaps, the most interesting part of this most curious case, and that is the examination of the beautiful Fazry herself.

'Fazry,' says the reporter, 'is lovely beyond description: her eyes are full of intellect and expression, her features are somewhat strongly developed, which, with her dark complexion, give an additional expression of grief and depression to her fine countenance. She is now about twenty years of age, and professes the Mahometan religion.'

The Captain Isprawnnik commenced his examination:—

'Q. Fazry, why have you thus followed the fortunes of the murderer of your father and your brothers?

Fazry replied, bathed in tears, that she was up to the time of her capture ignorant of their fate; but then, raising her beautiful countenance with an air of decision and resolution, she added, 'If I had known that they were dead, I should still have remained with Kara Aly; he is so noble, so handsome, and I love him so much. I love him still:—father—brothers forgive me!' and she again burst into tears.

'Q. And where have you been since you left your father's house?

'A. In the subterranean castle, inherited by Kara Aly from his royal ancestors. It did not contain splendid rooms, like those in my father's house, but Kara Aly was there.

'Q. Are you aware of the robberies which have been committed by Kara Aly?

'A. Robberies!—you speak falsely—Kara Aly is no robber; he made war upon his enemies.

'Q. Did you ever see his subjects?

'A. The wife of a Khan does not degrade herself by looking at his subjects. I saw only five servants, who are now your prisoners of war.

'Q. Do you know where the treasures of Kara Aly are concealed?

'A. The wife of a Khan does not trouble herself with such matters. He never knew what want was. Let me see him!—my husband—my master!—and you will see me happy.'

'No further discovery was made by Fazry. The interview which she requested with Kara Aly was refused.

'From the examinations of the country people nothing more was elicited calculated to throw any further light upon the subject; but it is generally believed that Kara Aly had no accomplices, and that the Mahometan inhabitants of the district of Zarazek and the Government of Kazan were in no degree implicated in the crimes committed by him or his followers.

(Signed) 'SZATOR, Captain Isprawnnik,
'TRAZOF, Assessor,
'JOUTKOF, Secretary.

'Dated Dec. 10, 1837,
in the town of Zarajek.'

The examinations having been completed, a commission from the criminal tribunal at Kazan was sent to verify them, after which the tribunal, on the 21st of December, 1837, pronounced the sentence, which condemned Kara Aly to one hundred lashes of the knout, Moussoum, Kendjibeck, Mumag, Saharin, and Ywan Rubtchenko, twenty-five lashes each, and subsequently to be banished for life to hard labour in the mines of Siberia.

Fazry declared innocent, and immediately set at liberty.

On the fourth of January, 1838, the post or horse (kobilitza) to which the criminals are fastened who are destined to receive the punishment of the knout, was early in the morning erected in the *grande place* of Kazan, and all the people of the town, of the neighbouring villages, and even from the mountains, crowded to this immense square, on the scaffold in the midst of which stood the executioner armed with his knout, and attended by his three assistants, who were selected from amongst the degraded class of dog-killers (*hitzel*).

At ten o'clock, amidst the murmur of anxiety and impatience which always precedes a melancholy spectacle, the six culprits were brought out.

Kara Aly walked first—his head erect, his eyes bright and fierce, his step firm:—the executioner having taken off his clothes, he permitted him, without a word, without a look, or the slightest demonstration of feeling, to fasten him to the dreadful kobilitza, and when he struck him the first blow with the terrible instrument of punishment, formed of lashes of leather, each lash having at its end an iron hook, Kara Aly flinched not—neither groan nor sigh escaped him, although the exe-

cutioner continued his horrid duty, interrupted only by periodically taking large bumpers of brandy. The number of blows was anxiously counted by the crowds who surrounded the scaffold, and who were absolutely terrified at what appeared the superhuman fortitude of the suffering victim.

The hundredth blow having plashed into his bleeding back, Kara Aly was loosened from the kobiliza—but the executioner held in his arms only a corpse—Kara Aly was dead!

His five accomplices received their twenty-five lashes each—and, following the example of their leader, uttered no murmur of complaint—after the punishment their mangled bodies were removed to the hospital, whence, if they recover from the effects of the discipline, they will be, according to their sentence, transported to the government mines at Nertchynsk.

The search after the treasures which were unquestionably in Kara Aly's possession in the cavern, has been renewed, but without success. Fazry has remained ever since the execution in a state of stupor, which the faculty are of opinion will settle into melancholy madness; and the Assessor, Trazoff, has been rewarded for his zeal and success by receiving the decoration of the order of St. Anne.

This, perhaps, is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever occurred, or could be expected to occur in times like the present. The whole of the circumstances connected with it—the wholesale murder—the cavern—the concealment—the savage ferocity of the leader—the extraordinary infatuation of the beautiful Fazry—are all characteristics of other and long gone-by days, and all this has happened within the last few months.

Turn we then from this official report of the Russian police, to an official report of the state of English prisons—and, although totally different in its character, we shall there find an instance of callous hardihood and irreclaimable roguery, which we take to be quite as extraordinary in its way as even the more romantic history of Kara Aly.

In the Third Report of Captain Williams, inspector of prisons in the northern and eastern districts, printed and presented by order of Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament, we find the following:—

In reporting upon the state of Nottingham borough jail, Captain Williams says:—

'As a proof of the total want of discipline and the mischief of unchecked association, I annex a copy of a paper taken from a most notorious character lying there under sentence of transportation: it was composed by himself, another prisoner acting as his amanuensis, and it is said to contain a real account of his life and depre-dations.

"My name is Isaac Holden, you very well do know, And when I was ten years of age a robbing I did go; It was out of my mother's box, as you the truth shall hear. Seven spade-ace guineas I did take, I solemnly declare.

Then to the brick-yards I did go all for to earn my bread, I had not been there many months before a thought came in my head—

James Gregg he had two ducks, as I very well did know, Resolved I was to steal them, and have a glorious doo.

The next to Sison I did go in company with three more, To Sir John Thurrold's orchard, where there was apples galore Seven strike of these apples we stole I do declare, And for to bring these apples home we stole Abraham Clark's black mare.

It was not long after when a thought came in my head, That we could rob Bill Barneses shop, so to my pail said, Theyres a great deal of money all in that shop I know, I've got a key that will it fit, so come and let us go.

Then when we got into that shop, O how he did but stare, To see so many halfpence, a bag full I declare; The amount of them was £50, and the weight was great you know, We carried them unto the Whitham, and in we did them throw.

Besides ten pounds in silver my boys we took away, Which lasted us to spend my boys for many a good day; And when it was all gone my lads we went unto our store, For we knew when that was gone my lads we had got plenty more.

It was about three months after we went into his barn, There we stole sixteen fine souls, and thought it was no harm, One couple of these souls we eat, the rest we gave away, And we thought God would reward us all in a future day.

To Bucknminster the next I went apprentice to be bound, And before I had been there six months I began to look around; It was all at the publick house where I oftentimes used to go, The landlord he had three fine geese, as you the truth shall know.

These geese I did condemn to die without the least fear, And the very first opportunity I shifted them from there; Me and my master cooked them, and of them we all did share, And my master said I was the best lad that ever had been there.

O then unto the butcher's shop my master did me send To fetch a leg of mutton to dine him and a friend; And when that I had brought it he sent me back again With the bill and the money to pay all for the same.

She put it in the cupboard where there was plenty more, O then thinks I unto myself that will add to my store; So when she went a milking I was on the look out, And alyly went into the shop and fetched the booty out.

I rob'd my master of two pounds and then I ran away, To Leicester town I did set off without any more delay. 'Twas there I saw a mariene and with him I did list, I thought I would a soldgier bee, for fear they should me twist.

And when that I was sworn in my boys twas on that very day I rob'd Mrs. Shipman of five pounds, that was a glorious day; We stopt there and spent it and then we marched away, It was to Woolwich that we went, for there the regiment lay.

I had not joind the regiment long before I was on the look out, Then I spied a drunken sargent with his pocket book half out, I made free for to take it and thought it was no harm, And it contained 7l. 10s. and he made a great alarm.

Me and my palls to Greenwich went, being as it was the fair, There we picked up a sailor bold that was a sporting there, We robd him of his bit of blunt, the truth I will declare, It was but 1l. 5s., but it helpt to keep the fair.

I now had left the regiment twelve months or rather more, Then we robd lady Morgan, as you have heard before, Of fifty pounds in money, and fifty more in plate, It was enough I'm sure to buy a small estate.

William Longland he got hanged, and G. Hurst he went for life, And I have remained a robber all the days of my life; Jack Whittaker and Will Fielding from Yorkshire they came, And whith me and Tom Kirkham did carry on the game.

O then to Grantham Church we went where there was blunt
galore,
Three hundred pounds in money we got, and plate value of
two more;
O what a row the next morning when the parson found it out,
O yes there was a pretty row, how the parson run about.

Then next we robd a horse-dealer, from Buckminster he came,
He was a swaggering horse-dealer, Bob Burtrum was his name,
We robd him of 100 pounds as from a fair he came,
And put a ball right through his hat when going down the lane.

O then to Cotgrave town I went without any more delay,
I am sure this is a roving blade the natives they did say;
From William Hill of Cotgrave two game fowls I did steal.
And fought the cock all for 5 pounds in a pair of silver heels.

This cock he fought at Suiston, an excellent battle to,
He was as black as jet, which a many people knew;
This cock had not fought long my boys before he won the prize,
But then I fought this cock again and he lost both his eyes.

Then I went to Cotgrave back again without either fear or
doubt,
And when sitting in a publick house the constable fetched me
out;
They said you have stole two fowls my man we very well do
know,
And for the same offence six months to Southwell I did go.

So then I thought unto myself here I will not stay,
Then I steered my course to Nottingham on an unhappy day;
I now had been in Nottingham about nine months, or rather
more,
When I went to the horse and trumpet for to pay of a score.

Then as I was a sitting there getting a can of ale,
Who should come in but William Ward and offer two shirts for
sale;

He asked me for to buy one, I said it was to good,
He said if it will not suit you, you perhaps know who it would.

It was on the forest these shirts were hung to dry,
Some scamping blade there came that way and on them cast
his eye;

One of these shirts I sold Ralph Brough as you do know,
And they belonged to Mr. Mills that lived on the Long Row.

It was a short time after Ralph Brough he pawned the shirt,
And through that very action we both got in the dirt;
William Ward he got transported for seven long years,
And I went to the house of correction, that put away my fears.

Then about five years after for murder I got tried,
For murdering William Greendale the people they did say
Some base man and woman tried to swear my life away,
And since they have not prospered up to the present day.

When I was ranged at the bar along with Adam Wagg,
Some sayd they will get hanged, and some they will get lagd;
But after all this, my boys, nothing could they doo,
There was a flaw in the inditement, and they had to let us go.

And now I am tried again for a trifling thing you know,
But for it across the erren pond for seven years must go;
It is for an old jacket that is nearly worn out,
But if ever I come back again I will that devil clout."

This *poem* seems *unique*; the spirit in which it is conceived is much the same as that in which Kara Aly's confessions were delivered to the Captain Iaprawnik—and in some parts there is even a similarity of adventure. To find such a document to relieve the ordinary dullness of a parliamentary report is, of itself, quite refreshing; and, as affording an authentic *pendant* to the official statements of the Russian police, will, as an illustration of the state of English prisons, be considered I think at once amusing and instructive.

From the United Service Journal.

A VOYAGE IN A CONVICT SHIP.

The wayward goddess who presides over the destinies of mortals, in one of her capricious moods, lately cast me upon 'the deep blue sea' as passenger in a male convict-ship, chartered for Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.

A freight of criminal humanity, made up of the refuse of jails and houses of correction, was both novel and appalling. The clanking of irons, the prison-like appearance of the vessel, the military guard, and the numerous *et ceteras* to insure the prisoners' safety, created a feeling of disgust, and I more than once wished myself 'far away' ere the voyage commenced; yet was the scene fraught with interest—three hundred criminals on a voyage of expatriation is a humiliating sight, before which the lofty pretensions of poor human nature sink very low.

So much, and most justly, has been said in favour of prison classification that one cannot but be astonished at its entire omission on board. Striplings of twelve, and even their juniors, were jumbled together with the aged and hoary-headed, and the remorse-stricken culprit herded with the hardened and shameless. One is almost attempted to arraign the wisdom of the law in the distribution of justice. Here were many boys under fifteen for comparatively trifling offences; one for shooting a pigeon upon a gentleman's estate; the law presumed his intent was to shoot game, and therefore banished him to Van Diemen's Land in company with villains of the first order in profligacy and experience. Whatever good effects the prison-discipline system may be expected to produce upon young minds whilst under its influence at home, they are utterly obliterated on board, where there are greater facilities and better opportunities of acquiring a thorough knowledge of vice in all its grades and branches, during a four months' voyage, than in any other place whatever. The passions and imaginations of men will not suffer them to be idle, and such indiscriminate associations enlighten the young, confirm the more experienced in the arts of infamy, and expose the Government to the charges of unpardonable apathy and inconsistency. A portion of the prison is, indeed, set apart for the youthful convicts, where during the hours of instruction, they are separated from the others; but these over, all mingle together on deck in tumultuous confusion.

As so many ships are yearly chartered for the transportation of convicts, it surely would be no difficult matter to classify their respective cargoes; and if ever the services of a pious clergyman were requisite amongst the vicious, they become essentially necessary here, during the long passage to the place of transportation in absolute idleness; but once on board,

the political good to be effected by the removal of criminals supersedes *la morale*—to render them during the voyage healthy, strong, and in other respects as prepossessing as possible upon arriving at their destination, like saleable commodities, becomes a *sine quâ non*.

Leaving their native country, some for ever, and all for long periods, I was struck with the general air of carelessness that pervaded these men. A few amongst them appeared to feel and lament their condition, but the majority were reckless of either soul or body. 'The ruling passion strong in death' was strikingly demonstrated in their amusements, one of which consisted in forming little parties, hustling each other, and picking pockets; and he who displayed the greatest dexterity in that art which had probably brought many of them into their actual predicament, was pronounced worthy the title of 'Captain,' and treated with correspondent respect.

The cuddy party, besides the Commander and his officers, consisted of the Surgeon-Superintendent (an officer on half-pay in the Navy) and a Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign of the guard—the latter, specimens of the rose, shamrock, and thistle—the senior in rank was junior by some years to his Lieutenant, and the Ensign, a half-fledged young soldier from 'the land o' cakes,' about to join his regiment for the first time in New South Wales—'all honourable men'—but somewhat *fâdés* as companions. 'A snug little party,' methinks I hear some good-natured uninitiated one exclaim, 'of naval, military, and civil gentlemen, all participating in common 'the perils and dangers of the deep,' the only strife amongst whom must be for the largest exhibition of social virtues.' Alas! ye of tender hearts, I grieve to undeceive you; if you are ever doomed to 'plough the watery main,' go not with such expectations. Creation's lord is less amiable, nor anywhere more selfish than upon the ocean; some are absolutely hateful, and few barely endurable.

A strong breeze, and fair, is pleasant enough, because you know it is wafting you to your destined port; but this same strong breeze knocks the ship about so unmercifully that you have no earthly comfort; then stomachic freaks and qualms, and attendant splenetic humours, engendering ill-tempers and ill-manners, produce such an overflow of disgust, 'hatred, and all uncharitableness,' that if vent were not given, the consequences would inevitably be fatal.

On earth there is neither place nor opportunity so admirably adapted for the display of unlovely tempers as a ship at sea, which possesses the additional merit of constancy; surcharged with bile, to be peevish and spiteful, as far as the decencies of society will permit (and these are dreadfully infringed upon some occasions), are privileges all claim, and they are exercised so generally that none can justly complain of

their practice, however sharp may be their attacks. The atmospheric squalls and human squabbles of an India voyage would have put the good breeding of even my Lord Chesterfield himself to the test, and have tried his patience. Now, if this episode make not my readers afraid of contamination—for I am one of the pleasant persons just described—we will proceed on our way rejoicing, and if their agreeable company inspire me not with at least the desire of becoming '*tout à fait aimable, je les permet de m'appeller bête fort ingrate*' for the rest of my life.

We took in our cargo of crime at the Cove of Cork—the loveliest harbour in the world—whence we were to sail on the following day, but were ultimately detained five weeks by the sudden appearance of the cholera amongst the convicts, with whom the grim king made such terrific havoc that three and four persons sewn in hammocks were to be seen in a morning ranged upon the fore-castle awaiting interment, who had died in the short space of six and seven hours. Orders were received to disembark them at Hawlbowl-line island; there the disease raged with exceeding virulence for some time, and many deaths were the consequence.

In process of time the vessel was again ordered for sea, the convicts re-embarked, with others from a hulk lying in the cove, to replace those whom disease had disabled, or death carried away. The anchor weighed, we departed with a fair wind, and in a few hours the receding cliffs of old England were lost in obscurity.

Our first Sunday at sea was extremely interesting. At five bells A. M. (half-past ten o'clock) all hands were summoned to the performance of Divine worship on the quarter-deck—the officers, guard, and children stationed upon the poop, the prisoners on the long-boat and waist of the ship, and the crew around the capstan, the latter serving as reading-desk. A convict-ship at prayers is an impressive sight. Here Christianity shines resplendently glorious. Although debarred from intercourse with his fellow-men, the wretched, convicted criminal is not debased too low for the reach of Divine mercy; and the place and circumstances under which such a congregation assembles, and in large numbers, greatly heighten the sublimity of the exercise. All persons appeared to be impressed with devotional feelings; but the benedictory 'Amen' was scarcely pronounced ere the spell was broken, and the transition from solemn silence to noise and laughter was sudden as it was painful.

Upon each Sunday, and previous to the service, 'the Doctor' (as he was reverentially styled by those under his charge) made a personal inspection of the prison and its inmates, and woe to the delinquent that should be 'found wanting' in cleanliness; for upon his shoulders would descend, and in no gentle measure, the

weight of a certain '*bâton d'office*' (a large broomstick,) with which the doctor was armed upon all occasions, preparatory to confinement, without food, in the 'black hole,' a small wooden apartment resembling in appearance, but less capacious than a watchman's box.

The discipline was severe; but amongst so large an assemblage of unprincipled ruffians, it was absolutely necessary, and no talismanic wand ever produced more exciting effects than 'the doctor's' simple broomstick.

Amidst this horde of furtive gentry was a practised disciple of the 'swell mob,' who appeared to derive a sort of Satanic satisfaction in imparting to the young the dangerous information he had acquired during a long experience in his 'profession.' His appearance and address were in his favour, so that he never failed of listeners. He had been transported two years previously, but escaping from New South Wales, he arrived in London within twelve months from the period of his first sentence, and returned to his old haunts and former habits, but was retaken in Long Acre. Aware that no favour would be shown him in the colony, he meditated an escape from the ship, and formed one or two plans, which were discovered before he had the opportunity of carrying them into effect.

Whilst at Hawlbowl he, in conjunction with two others, succeeded in cutting asunder the irons upon his legs, and the window-bars of the prison, but concealed them with threads until the moment for escape arrived. The island being strongly guarded, this could not be effected without assistance. Amongst the soldiers of the detachment was a ponderous-headed, heavy-eyed, thick-lipped, stupid-looking young Scotchman, and he was fixed upon to be their ally, whom they made sure of gaining, through the seldom-failing medium, money. They imparted their plan, and promised him fifty pounds, if he would effectually aid their escape, and actually gave him three sovereigns as earnest of what they were able and willing to do. The wily Scot received the money in silence, and the next time he was to be on sentry was that appointed for their departure; but the face is not always an 'index of the mind.' Jock looked like a fool, but did not prove one. He immediately gave information to the authorities, by whom his statement was found to be correct. The convicts were placed in greater security, and a commendatory notice of the soldier forwarded to headquarters, who in the meantime was directed to appropriate the sovereigns to his own use. Foiled in this project, the 'swell gentleman' formed another. During the extreme heat in the warm latitudes it was contemplated to permit a given number of the convicts alternately to keep watch at night with the ship's crew, for the purpose of preserving their health, which was no sooner rumoured than advantage taken of it by this man, who, in an incredible short space of time, con-

certed a plan to take possession of the ship. He beat up for recruits and quickly found them. The four sentries were first to be secured, the keys of the prison obtained, and their comrades released, when all were to make a rush into the cuddy, and its inmates secured, by death or otherwise, as might be most expedient. These intentions were overheard by a fellow-convict in the doctor's confidence (whom they dared not trust,) and were made known by him on the morning of the day this indulgence was to have been carried into effect.

Thus a catastrophe, replete with horror, was prevented by this man's fidelity. The ringleaders were examined and doubly ironed; but, tutored by their daring chief, they preserved a sullen silence. It was, however, found necessary to place the informant in another part of the ship by himself.

Two quarrelsome fellows, named Stevens and Thompson, gave the superintendent infinite trouble; they were young, both under eighteen, but experienced in the business of street robberies and pocket picking. It is said that 'honour exists among thieves,' Stevens, however, was an exception to the rule; they started as partners, robbed in couples, and agreed to share the spoils; but this fellow was covetous and dealt unfairly; frequent altercations were the consequence, often succeeded by blows. Thompson, the younger, contrived upon one occasion after a good day's haul, to overpower the other in a combat, and possess himself of the whole booty; this event closed their partnership. Stevens, enraged at being beaten by a junior rogue, and losing the property too, swore to be revenged, and to this end closely watched the motions of his *ci-devant* friend. Very few days elapsed ere his passion was gratified, by betraying him to a 'Peeler,' (as the policemen are called by pickpockets,) in the act of abstracting the contents of a lady's reticule, as she was passing through the Quadrant. Taken in the fact, the perpetrator was speedily convicted, principally on the evidence of Stevens, and sentenced to transportation.

Months passed away, and the latter had the field to himself; but in due course his turn arrived: he was taken for 'an affair' at Ascot races, convicted, and awarded the same punishment as his former friend. Neither had seen or heard of the other since Thompson's trial, until amongst 'the changes and chances of this mortal life,' they found themselves placed side by side in the same vessel appointed to convey them from the land of their iniquitous labours for ever. They met with the fierceness of bull-dogs, and were flogged no less than five times during the passage, for its display in fighting, without subduing their rancour.

The *soi-disant* Hon. Charles Talbot composed part of our freight. He had been a military officer, and it was said had distinguished himself honourably upon

two or three occasions; but his Majesty's 'half-pay' not being sufficient for his honourable rapacity, he turned swindler upon an extensive scale, and made many dupes ere he was discovered; but an affair *d'amour* with a wealthy virgin, no longer in her teens, whom he had nearly inveigled into a promise of marriage, some way or other produced an *éclaircissement*, which put an end to his vocation just in time to save the lady's honour and delicacy, and caused him to be sent on a voyage of rustication to the wilds of New Holland, for the term of his natural life. His manners were specious, offensively presuming, and disagreeable; how he carried himself in days of prosperity I know not, but in those of 'durance' I never saw one with less of the bearings of gentle life attached to him than this same *honourable Charles*; to have mistaken him, at any period, for a man of rank and fashion, proves the marvellous ignorance of his numerous victims, who almost deserved their fate for such an exhibition of stupidity.

Young Poole was a North country villain of the first order; he had not attained majority, although rendered notorious as a housebreaker; disdaining common robberies, and petty thefts, he embarked on a grander scale, and became infamous in some of the most flagrant burglaries with which the annals of police have abounded for some years. He was the natural son of a wealthy gentleman, well known in that part of the country, by an inferior mother; his features were handsome, and his manners singularly pleasing and prepossessing. Up to the age of fifteen, the father spared no expense on his education, when he abandoned him to the indulgence of a silly, ignorant mother, who, vain of her son's appearance and understanding, suffered him to range in idleness and profligacy, supplying his wants at a rate considerably beyond what the limits of her income prudently permitted: but all was insufficient for his inordinate desires, which nearly ruined her, and this was ultimately effected, by persuading her to dispose of the few trinkets and better articles of furniture, which, together with an annuity, she possessed in right of her lost honour, under the pretence of supporting her son as a gentleman. She was now reduced to the necessity of using her needle to obtain a livelihood; by this time Poole was seventeen years of age, when impatient of the privations of the poverty he had occasioned, he forsook his mother, and soon after joined a band of thieves, with whom he became the most hardened; and as he for a long period escaped detection, was also the most daring. For the offence which caused him to fall under my notice, he was condemned, and but for Sir Robert Peel's Revision Acts of the Criminal Code, would have been executed.

Conversing with him upon his condition, he betrayed no emotion, save regret at the loss of liberty; he cursed his father for begetting, educating, and then

abandoning him, without a trade, or other means of gaining a subsistence; and held his mother in utter contempt: of neither had he heard for three years, and desired never *even* to *think* of them again. The recollection of them excited none but the worst feelings; he appeared to hold them responsible for his abominations, and attributed all his vices to his birth and breeding; he was the slave of impetuous passions, that were never controlled by the reins of self-government. His general course of life gave him no uneasiness, on the contrary, in proportion as his deeds had been bold and dangerous, rose his excitement in recounting them. One action only caused a compunctious feeling. An aged woman, living almost alone in a retired village, who bore the reputation of being a wealthy miser, was marked by Poole and his gang for robbery; they entered her house at midnight, and were so much alarmed by her cries at seeing her idol in danger of vanishing for ever, they deemed it necessary for their own safety to secure her. They bound her hands and feet, placed a gag in her mouth, and immersed her in a pond in her own garden, whence she was extricated some hours after the event, which realized her fears. Poole and an accomplice were soon in the hands of justice, from the circumstance of the former offering for sale a curious old-fashioned watch, which had been an heirloom in the old lady's family for many generations, and was known to be her property by the person to whom it was about to be sold. She appeared and identified them at their trial, in a state of great bodily weakness and mental agitation, and died three weeks afterwards; an event Poole believed to have been hastened by their cruelty, which, joined to the loss of all she held most dear, is not improbable. Poole was a very singular character, some events in his life were marked with great atrocity, but his manners and conduct were so gentle and docile, that it was impossible not to feel interested in his welfare—his person and bearing were those of a young gentleman.

Punishments were frequent, but indispensable;—a bold, iron-faced fellow, upon whom the small-pox had made desperate and indelible ravages, was brought to the grating six or seven times for thieving and fighting; he was a thorough villain—a thief in grain: his parents were such before him; he was brought up in infamy, and in good truth did justice to his training; he had more knowledge of the prisons of England than any of his fellows; with most of those of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Middlesex, he boasted an intimate and frequent acquaintance, and discussed the merits of each, according to the degrees of vigilance adopted therein, with the sang-froid of a philosopher. Reckless of either soul or body, upon life he set no value, unless it could be enjoyed in his own way; punishments had no effect upon him. Upon one occasion, when threatened with flogging, he insolently

told the superintendent that he would 'find back as long as the other would find cats,' and was never once heard to utter a groan during the disgusting and painful infliction.

Upon arrival in Hobart Town, and previous to being landed, convicts undergo an examination before a magistrate, prior to which constables are sent on board to measure the heights, note the complexions, features, and distinguishing marks of each prisoner, in a book, which is laid before the magistrate at his judicial visit. Each prisoner is then examined separately, as to his parents, their place of abode, his and their calling, whether he be married, have any and what number of children, how frequently convicted and for what offences, in what prisons incarcerated, or punishments received? and the answers are registered by clerks (they having been convicts), for the information of the different departments of the government.

The first person called was a young man named Payne, a barber by trade, and a generally useful fellow, particularly during the rage of the cholera, when he was appointed head nurse of the hospital, and by his attention acquired the good-will of the superintendent. 'A watch' (in prison cant) brought him to this winding up, about which he had told so many falsehoods that at last he deceived himself; it was supposed to be his first offence, and that its commission arose from real want and distress. But the examination enlightened us wonderfully; after the usual preliminary questions, that of 'How often have you been convicted?' was answered boldly, 'Never before, Sir.' The magistrate shook his head, and turning over a heap of papers said, 'I fear you are incorrigible; seven times you have been convicted, and some of your offences have been of a very grave nature, for which you have received four public whippings, and have been many times in prison.'

These documents contained a long list of charges against him for six years previous to his transportation. Astounded at the accuracy of the magistrate's information, and abashed at the exposure, he retired in great wretchedness, but was recommended to the indulgence of the government by the surgeon on account of his general good conduct and usefulness to the sick.

An interesting lad, about nineteen, from Lancashire, was the next person called. His history excited a strong feeling of compassion; he was born of respectable parents, but his mother having been early left a widow, he remembered little of his father; the charge of bringing him up, therefore, devolved upon her, a duty which it appeared she tenderly and religiously performed. He received a decent plain education, which, with his natural abilities, might have rendered him an honourable and useful member of society; but (alas! that such things should be) he trod another and

more dangerous path. In due time he was articled to an attorney, where for a season he conducted himself well, but the principles of virtue instilled into his youth, had no deeply-rooted foundation. He discarded the precepts of his mother, and sinned wilfully; from bad company and evil habits, he became impatient of restraint, quitted his master, and abandoned his parent, for a set of itinerant actors; here his conduct grew daily more dissolute, and his means beginning to fail, the stage was deserted for a band of lawless men, who had long been the terror of the neighbourhood in the county of Lincoln and that adjoining, amongst whom for three years he distinguished himself before he was apprehended.

During this long period, all communication between the mother and son was cut off. Of his pursuits or his fate she was alike ignorant, but during the painful interregnum she was a prey to the keenest misery, and had awful forebodings regarding him. In an evil hour the tidings reached her that he in whom all her earthly happiness was centred, her only child, whom she had reared with such affectionate solicitude, was a robber in the hands of justice! This intelligence was soon followed by a letter from the lad himself, dated from his prison in London, whither his destiny had led him in the pursuit of crime, in order, as it afterwards proved, that his career might be terminated, at least in this country. Replete with expressions of repentance and self-accusation, he implored his parent to visit him. The rod of affliction had already fallen with accumulated heaviness upon her, and bowed her to the earth; her cup of misery was now full to overflowing; but the mother's affection overcame all obstacles—in a few short hours her peaceful cottage was deserted, and she on the road to the metropolis. She believed she had wrought herself to the pang of an interview with her lost and guilty child, and fondly hoped yet to lead him to repentance by her prayers and her presence. But she had overrated her powers. When arrived at Newgate, in a tremulous voice she requested to see her son, and was conducted to his cell. The sight of his pale visage, sunken eye, emaciated form, and his person heavily ironed, contrasted with the brilliancy of youth and innocence in which she last beheld him, was more than she could bear—she fell upon his neck in an agony of grief, known to mothers only, clasped him to her heart, uttered a piercingly mournful shriek, but spake not a word, and fell lifeless on the floor. Medical aid was promptly at hand, and restoratives administered, but all efforts were ineffectual: the awful circumstances under which she again saw her son were too much for her—the intensity of her great grief broke the barrier of life; it was soon ascertained that a blood-vessel had burst, and the vital spark flown for ever.

Thus was the wretched convict in an instant left a

miserable friendless orphan. The affecting manner in which he spake of his mother, as feminine, gentle, pious, and affectionate, and accused himself of being her murderer, was extremely touching. These details I had from Wilkinson himself at an early period of the voyage, and they were related in a manner so simple and artless that made an irresistible appeal to the heart. Much was elicited regarding him at the examination, of which no previous knowledge had transpired, and its exposure before the persons who had expressed an interest in his welfare afflicted him greatly. His face during the recital of former villainies alternately exhibiting the burning blush of shame and the icy paleness of death. Suffice it to say that he had been steeped in iniquity, and was a prey to remorse and the pangs of an accusing conscience. If his contrition be, as I hope, sincere, the Government, who will not lose sight of him, may in the course of time ameliorate his condition.

This inquisitorial court sat four days, during which many extraordinary facts were published respecting the prisoners, some of great atrocity. Four Newcastle young men, banished for burglary, upon the usual questions being put, declared the offence for which they were then suffering the penalty of the law was their first and only one—an assertion that proved to be grossly untrue: the huge pile of dreaded documents, which told of villainies, convictions, and punishments of several past years, lay upon the table, and of circumstances attending their last robbery of an aggravated nature, the knowledge of which they believed confined to the country whence they were banished. A hawker in a small town near their own, was known to have money generally in his house, and they resolved upon robbing it during his absence. With the exception of a deaf and dumb boy, about fifteen, whom he had brought up from infancy, he was a *solitaire*. They entered the house in the day-time, and compelled this boy by menaces to point out his guardian's depository, which they stripped, and then decamped—the amount of the booty exceeded 100*l.*—leaving the boy unhurt; fearing, however, that they might be recognised, and the boy make himself understood in the neighbourhood, one of the gang afterwards charged himself with a plan which was executed as soon as formed: a child was engaged to decoy the lad a little distance from his residence, where this man seized and conveyed him to a seaport town, and thence embarked for Waterford, passing for father and son. Here, after a night's lodging, supper, and breakfast, the boy was left at a small public house, the supposed father having absented himself upon the plea of business, and, under the pretext that the boy would be lost in a strange town, placed him in the care of the landlord until he should return in the evening. In the mean time he decamped, and 'mine host,' unable to obtain

information from the boy, took him before a magistrate, and related the circumstance which had brought him under his roof. The magistrate, equally puzzled with poor 'Boniface,' desired him to be taken care of at the public expense for the present, and forwarded a notice of the fact to the Government in Dublin. The four fellows who committed the robbery were apprehended in the course of a few weeks; at whose examination circumstances transpired regarding the abduction of the deaf and dumb lad, which implicated them so nearly that search was ordered to be made, and a reward offered for the discovery of the boy. Through this medium he was soon removed from Ireland, and taken back to the house of his patron, where he accidentally saw the child (a boy nine or ten years of age) who called him away, and who had already stated the circumstances under which he had done so: they appeared against the robbers, and recognised the particular person who carried the dumb boy away.

Of these four persons two were under twenty, one twenty-two, the other twenty-eight. The elder was the contriver and performer in the plot just related; they were all good-looking and well-behaved; and it was a striking fact that many of the most atrocious acts of villany had been committed by those convicts whose manners were the most prepossessing: it would have been difficult and have bewildered Lavater himself to trace lines of villany in the countenances of either of these young men, and yet they were desperately abandoned rogues.—So much for physiognomy!

When the returned convict was brought in, he refused to answer any of the magistrate's questions. The authorities were desirous of knowing by what means he had formerly escaped from Sidney; but they could not gain the least information from him. When told that his obstinacy might cost him much severe suffering, he replied that he was aware of it, but that no power on earth should induce him to say a word on the subject; he was therefore ordered to be double-ironed, and informed that he would be sent to Port Arthur immediately; this is a penal settlement, where the discipline is more severe, the labour more fatiguing, and the food more rigidly sparing, than upon any other; being without other inhabitants, it is designed only for the very worst amongst the bad. Unable to make anything of him, he bowed with an air of respect to the magistrate, and was removed.

The critical inquisition previously narrated was strikingly awful. The very appearance of the magistrate—a dignified old gentleman with flowing white hair—holding records of the details of each man's life, although at a distance of 17,000 miles from the scenes of their activity, was fearfully appalling; and what rendered it more terrible, they were records of the misdeeds of many past years, and it was surprising to see the accuracy with which they were compiled.

The moment Van Diemen's land was made, a new interest took possession of the minds of all persons on board. The Commander and officers rejoiced that they had arrived thus far on their voyage; the superintendent that his mission was near its fulfilment; the soldiers and their wives regarded it as the place of their temporary exile; and the convicts—how sad was the change with them! mirth and laughter gave place to silence and melancholy; now all was realized—they had actually arrived at the place which was destined to receive them as criminals and outcasts from their native land, to be worked upon public roads at penal settlements, or in household drudgery, according to their several gradations of crime and the pleasure of the Government: they gazed with painful intensity upon the shores, where they could see gangs of their fellow-men, in party-coloured dresses, working in irons upon the beach, whose numbers they had arrived to augment: tears rushed down many a cheek at the sad sight, and occasioned the most bitter reflections.

It has been supposed by the idle and profligate in England that transportation is merely a removal from one place to another: this is an egregious error—all convicts are under the strictest surveillance of the police; their slightest motions and actions watched and reported: nay, their very thoughts almost anticipated; and those with a long list of offences attached to their names are regarded with a severely scrutinizing eye, and worked in unsparing measure.

Many of the most dissipated amongst our cargo declared they never had worked and never would! Alas! long ere this they have proved the folly of such futile boastings. All are condemned to labour—hard labour—and labour they must; resistance would only increase their misery. A 'ticket of leave'—that is, permission to labour for his own benefit—is granted to the reformed industrious convict, after a certain number of years' bondage; but this can only be acquired by the strictest previous and subsequent good conduct, and, when obtained, is recallable at the pleasure of the Government for any impropriety, and the bearer liable to be worked in a chain-gang upon the public roads. It is not improbable that this lenity, being imperfectly understood, has occasioned such erroneous opinions being entertained respecting transportation. Strangers are little aware of the tremendous power of the authorities to which convicts are amenable in the colonies: the vigilance of the police knows no relaxation—its superintending, watching eye never slumbers. It is a dreadful punishment, scarcely bearable, in its best state; even there, the finger of scorn pursues the indulged convict; what it is in its severity is appalling to think of!

What strange incongruities appear in the arrangement of all mundane affairs!—the degradation of one class of men leading others to riches and honour. In the convict system, the ship-owner derives considerable

benefit from his charter with Government for their deportation; the superintendent-surgeon's interest is kept on the *qui vive*, from the knowledge that his ultimate reward depends upon the number of living convicts that he may disembark in the country whither their crimes have caused them to be banished, at the rate of half-a-guinea per head. One might pursue this reflection through all the ramifications of crime—from police-men, turnkeys, prison-keepers, and hangmen, even up to the judgment-seat of my Lord Chief Justice—to say nothing of the vast tribe of lawyers, who not only thrive but fatten prodigiously upon national delinquency.

Besides the Doctor's weekly inspection of the prison and prisoners, the *ladies* (soldiers' wives) were subjected to one of a less sombre character, by an officer of the guard. At eight o'clock every morning they were summoned by an orderly to parade on the quarter-deck, where their persons and apparel were rigidly scrutinized by one of the military gentlemen. To be tolerably clean was as much as could be expected, seeing that they, their husbands, and progeny, all dwelt together in one common sty, between decks. This important duty generally devolved upon the young Ensign, whose appearance, accoutred in full regimentals for the business, that was not a little amusing, was the signal for a universal titter. In vain did the young gentleman strain himself to his utmost height, bite his lips, assume an air of heroic gravity, as he passed their ranks, surveying them from side to side, and scrutinizing unwashed caps and dingy stockings. The ladies would laugh, and the gentleman, unable to subdue their mirth, and unused to female gibes and jeers, told by burning blushes how much at variance were his feelings with his assumed importance: his distress upon some occasions was exquisitely amusing.

A certain Mrs. Pearson, wife of one Private Pearson, was an incorrigible slattern, and fell under his displeasure more frequently than her neighbours, and consequently in a greater degree suffered the penalty adjudged to the wearers of filthy garments and undarned stockings, viz: deprivation of grog, for one, two, or more days, according to the pleasure of the officer, and the degree of dirt accumulated about the person and dress of the delinquent. Now, Dame Pearson, liking not water by itself—water, which had recently been assigned to her upon several mornings, resolved to try her powers at the pathetic upon a particular occasion, when the decree had gone forth that she was to be grog-minus for that and the following day. This fair daughter of Eve might be about three or four and thirty. She had bright red hair, redder face, more red nose, and dull reddish-blue eyes, in one of which was an irretrievable squint: into these she threw all the tenderness of which her nature was capable, and from a large and nearly toothless mouth, that rendered the

scene irresistibly comic, and produced roars of laughter from the whole female corps, seizing the young Ensign by the coat, thus addressed him:—

'Ah, Mr. —, yer honour would not be so cruel to refuse me a leetle grog to-day, wi' my three childer and one sucking at the breast. Think what yer own beautiful self would ha been if yer poor dear mither hadn't had summit to comfort her when you were suckled, you'd never ha been half the man as you shall be. Bless your tinder heart! the wather's too could for a famale's stomach. Ah! look now, bless his honour, he blushes—there now, Mr. —, ye look more like your own handsome self when ye'ar got a smile on yer darling face, than when ye scowl so. Oh, ye'll not be so cruel, Mr. —, I've got a pain in my inside, and wather makes bad milk, Sir. I know ye av'n't it in ye to do the likes.'

Whether the young gentleman's humanity or vanity was most wrought upon I know not, but this delicate *appeal* did the business; the sentence was reversed, and the fair one forgiven.

The military Captain came within that class of good-natured men with whom the adjective is synonymous with weakness and folly. Entering the Army early in life, his best days had been passed in regimental mess-rooms, beyond which his learning did not extend—nor did his breeding soar higher than that of garrison balls in country quarters. Although neither young, nor good looking, nor well informed, he was upon excellent terms with himself; and had withal a big Irish O prefixed to his name (the very meat and drink of Hibernian vanity), notifying his descent from Milesian royalty.

Mine ancient (the Lieutenant), at least ten years the senior of his commanding-officer, loved him not; and frequently exhibited his affection with caustic sarcasms upon the weak points of his superior, which the latter took no trouble to conceal. Envy and jealousy at the other's promotion, rendered the Lieutenant so disagreeable to his companions that for a season he was 'put in Coventry.' Upon a particularly wet day the Captain and Ensign were playing at chess, when, at a point of the game which interested the by-standers as much as the operators, silence was suddenly and ludicrously broken by the young Highlander—'I declare, Captain O—, you go about puffing and blowing like a great *por-poise* (strongly emphasizing the last syllable), which is very unlike a gentleman, and extremely disagreeable.' The Captain was asthmatic, and the only one of the three whose risible muscles were fixed in rigidity. The Lieutenant chuckled, pronounced the Ensign a witty youth, and dubbed the great 'O—' *por-poise* during the remainder of the voyage.

Some time afterwards we were summoned on deck at midnight to witness an extremely beautiful and singular phenomenon: the horizon appeared to be a vast

body of rolling flame. As the wind was blowing fresh, wave succeeded wave of the most brilliant light, and the vessel appeared to be sailing through a sea of liquid fire, which in her wake was sufficiently vivid to read by. At breakfast the next morning, the circumstance being the subject of conversation, the Captain, who was a great sight-seeker, hearing of it for the first time, was furious that he had missed it, as he had not risen; a circumstance he attributed to the negligence of his servant, who had a 'standing order' to call his master whenever *sea lions* were in view.

After sundry exclamatory oaths and curses, Fitzpatrick, the serving man (an Irish soldier of the guard), was sent for. This was one of the wheezing days which rage and vexation augmented so violently that the 'puffing and blowing' could be equalled only by a plurality of '*por-poises*.'

'What do you mean,' said the Captain, 'you scoundrel, by leaving me in bed last night, when there was the most beautiful phenomenon in the world to be seen, Sir? You know how fond I am of phenomena, Sir, and it was too much trouble for you to come to me, and be d—d to you.'

Fitz scratched his closely-cropped poll, elevated his little pug-nose, and strained his diminutive pig's-eyes in fear and astonishment, but remained silent.

'What do you stand staring at, you stupid brute?' vociferated his master.

'I'm sure I don't know, Captain. I never larnt any o' them hard words, but Betsey knows a vast on em; I'll go and ax her' (running off to his wife).

Earaged at the man's simplicity, and the amusement his disappointment occasioned to all at table, up jumped the Captain, and, seizing Pat by the collar, exclaimed in a loud thick voice—(this gentleman's 'unruly member' was at all times too large for its proper abode, and, when inflated by anger, extended so far beyond its precincts that it rendered articulation not only difficult, but the speaker's face so ludicrously droll, that to witness and to laugh were imperative and unavoidable)—

'Why you are a downright fool! Don't you know, Sir, what phenomena are?'

Pat looked unutterable things in silence, his fingers actively employed upon the short crop on his crown.

'Phenomena is, Sir,—

'When I told you to call me as we crossed the tropic, I desired to see Capricornus—that was phenomena, Sir; but then you did not awake me, and be d—d to you.'

'O, yer honour,' replied Pat, that was the night that I came to ye—'Captain,' says I, 'yer wanted to get up;' but yer honour only swore the more louder, so the louder I bawls, and yer honour turned over and swore again. At last I throws down yer honour's

great big box, which made a woundy noise. 'Captain,' says I; and jist at that minute out jumps the Docther, with his big broomstick. Thwack it comes across my shoulders (shrugging them at the bare remembrance), out I rins for the very life o' me, the Docther arter me. 'What d'ye mane?' says he; 'what d'ye mane, ye spalpane,' says he, 'by makin sich a disturbance in the middle o' the night?' and gies me another cut, that made me rin from the cuddy to the fore-hatch, as if the d—l was at my feet; and the blessed Virgin only knows what would ha become o' me, only the Docther, saving yer honour's presence (bowing to him), had jist rin out o' bed with no mortal thing o' life on him but his shirt. The noise brought all the guard up, who thought the prisoners had got out—so his honour goes back to his cabin; and Betsey says, 'Dennis,' says she, 'you jist owe yer life to that one thing—'case the Docther was naked: 'to be sure your honour he was in a terrible big passion.'

This story somewhat appeased the master, as the tables were turned upon the Doctor at Pat's ludicrous adventure with the sans culottes—so he was dismissed.

'I think,' said the little Scot, 'ye mak yerself vary redeecolous to be talking to yer servant about *phce-nomena* (the emphasis this time laid upon the first syllable). Pray, Captain O——, what can he know of *phce-nomena*?'

To which the Captain fiercely replied, 'I'll bet you twenty guineas you don't know the meaning of the word yourself.'

The Ensign blushed, and began to explain, but suddenly broke off and retired in disdain, declaring he would say no more, as the Captain only wanted to acquire information for himself.

Endless were the disputes of similar character; and Lempriere and Johnson were in constant daily requisition as referees.

Some persons, mistaking affectation for elegance, have a passion for superlatives and high-sounding words, which they press into conversation upon all occasions. With these gentlemen everything was 'splendid'—a piece of ship's pork was 'splendid meat'—a dose of calomel a 'splendid cathartic;' and it was endemial, for I lived to hear a saucy sailor styled a 'splendid scoundrel,' and an old couple's union of fifty years pronounced a 'splendid thing.' Surely an unhappy phrase for two poor wrinkled old creatures on the verge of eternity, one being eighty-four and the other three years older!

The Doctor was an intelligent, proud man, who did not hesitate to announce his pretensions to superiority by a certain tone and manner that sometimes bordered on the confines of rudeness. The ship Captain was a perfect 'gem of the ocean,' and a finished gentleman to boot (in his own opinion); and, alack a-day, might

have been so in reality, had he possessed the wherefores! He was young, well looking, and a first-rate model of sea dandyism and perfumery. These gentlemen, like all great rival powers, were ever at loggerheads. The charge of the first being over the spiritual as well as material part of the cargo, considered himself of higher importance than the master, whose responsibility extended only over so many tons of freight (which, however, he was bound to preserve in safety, and deliver over to the consignees in 'good condition'), and endeavoured to command the officers and servants of the vessel as he thought proper. But the other repudiating this doctrine, jealousy rankled deep, and mutual impatience of temper frequently rose to boiling heat, which sometimes excited apprehensions for the safety of their respective craniums; but they did ultimately reach Hobart Town with unbroken skulls; having, somehow or other, suddenly discovered that each would require the good word of the other upon arrival, at the period of settling accounts. After this enlightenment it was surprising to see how tender and affectionate they became.

Three days after the examination the convicts were landed in Hobart Town; about twenty soldiers remained, who were destined for Sidney. The first of these places is situated, like ancient Rome, upon seven hills. The streets are wide, and laid out with great judgment, and abundantly supplied with fine shops, and all things necessary for convenience and comfort. But the tradesman—'Angels and Ministers of Grace defend' me from such! A more thoroughly insolent and disgusting race than the Hobart dealers and chapmen I never met with. Colonel Arthur has done much for this settlement, and deserves great praise for the advances made in civilization; but this class is beyond his power.

The climate is delightful, and the hedges of geraniums, in full and abundant flower, to the lovers of horticulture are most beautiful.

In a few weeks we reached Sidney, a large and populous town, in which is an hotel called the 'Pulteney,' one that for magnificence, luxury, and comfort, might almost vie with its aristocratic namesake in Piccadilly. It is supported principally by the yellow-livered and affluent gentry of India, who resort thither in numbers, to cleanse the one and diffuse the other. Here the 'convict system' has done wonders! Some very extensive works have been effected by it: one, a pass over a high and rugged mountain on the road to Bathurst, opened a few years since by General Bourke, is comparable only to that formed by Napoleon across the Alps; of which a writer observes—'It is strictly in works like these that the traveller learns justly to appreciate the transportation system of Great Britain—works effected by the mere labour of her criminals for the civilization of this fifth continent.'

From New South Wales we proceeded northward to Batavia and Singapore. The latter, one of the East India Company's settlements, is extremely beautiful, in which are many English merchants, who reside in buildings that would elsewhere be styled 'mansions.' Thence we proceeded to China, where we arrived during the excessive heat of August—the most wretched spot on the globe for Europeans. Canton is the only town foreigners are permitted to penetrate, and after the first visit possesses no attractions for a second. The natives hold little intercourse with strangers, and that little is maintained by the Hong merchants only. Foreigners residing there for business are not permitted to take wives, daughters, or even domestics; and the absence of female influence in society causes an insupportable dullness and insipidity. We were, therefore, condemned to vegetate four months on board before the vessel was freighted—during which period, but for some of the young gentlemen who had quitted their homes in the guise of Midshipmen to learn the craft of sailors, we should have fallen a prey to that curse of idleness—ennui.

We did not long escape the sickness of this wretched place; fever and dysentery made rapid inroads amongst the crew—eight, ten, and twelve of whom were frequently ill at the same time. The yearly loss of life amongst Europeans in this pestilential harbour is very great. We had already lost two persons, when the malignant fever peculiar to this ill-fated country attacked one of the young gentlemen, which cast a general gloom over the ship. His manners were so amiable, and his bearing so gentle to all, that all loved him. I had a double interest in him—I loved him for himself, and for his parents' sake. He was the son of a physician in the Navy, whose professional assistance had been required at Hawlbowl, at the time the ship was delayed in Cork, during the prevalence of cholera amongst the convicts. I then made this gentleman's acquaintance, and it was then I first saw Melville—eighteen years of age, robust, handsome, and well informed: there he joined the ship, and the father recommended him to my care and friendship during the voyage.

In a few weeks we left Ireland. Never shall I forget the parting scene: the father's 'heart was nigh to break' as he placed his boy's hand within mine, and affectionately besought me to watch over, to guide, and reprove him, in his perilous progress amid profligate seamen. He loved his parent, and they were worthy each other. Tears checked utterance as they mutually embraced and took a long farewell. The vessel was under way, and the father was summoned to quit his son: tears of sorrow ran fast down his cheeks as he descended the ladder, waving his hand in silent token of enduring affection. Melville lingered at the gangway until the boat which conveyed away

his parent was no longer visible; and then it was he felt the full agony of grief—grief so intense, so holy, that it would have been cruel, almost profane, to have interrupted it by attempts at consolation: he suffered me to lead him away, but neither of us spoke a word. Time, the great soother of all human woe, in due course wrought its effect: he became calm, resigned, and melancholy. Naturally affectionate, he clung to me; and the more I knew of his disposition the more worthy of esteem I found him,—he grew upon one's love.

The moment he was taken ill he sent for me, and told me that he believed he was 'sick unto death.' I hoped not; but feared otherwise. For a season the fever yielded to the surgeon's care, but ultimately returned with increased vigour, and affected his brain. At first he was awfully alarmed at death; but as his certain approach became more evident, having sought and found consolation in the evidences of the Christian religion, he soon became resigned, and said he hoped he was prepared for the great change that awaited him; charged me with commissions of love and affection to his parents, brothers, and sisters,—regretting only that he should die without bidding them an everlasting farewell.

I did not quit him during his illness: from the moment the brain was affected he was almost constantly impressed with an indistinct idea of danger, and regarded me with an imploring look upon those occasions that would pierce one's very soul. After seven or eight days' suffering, he died in my arms; and so easy was his transition from this life, that he had slept the sleep of death many minutes before I could persuade myself that he was really and forever gone.

What an unwelcome visiter shall I be to his distressed family when I convey the mournful intelligence that he whom they loved so well is now no more! Methinks I see the afflicted father's grief as I communicate the last sad message from one so dearly and so justly loved—he that suffered so acutely at parting, in the full hope of embracing his boy again at the ship's return, what will not be the bitterness of his anguish when informed that that parting separated them for ever—that his farewell blessing was then an eternal one? How little did he think that he to whom he confided his son eighteen months before should be destined to attend that son in sickness, soothe him in the hour of death, and afterwards become the messenger of such heart-breaking sorrow! A few short weeks since Melville was in perfect health; none then imagined him fated for an early grave! He had exacted a promise from me that I would perform the last sad office by reading the burial-service over his body; and never have I had so painful a duty to perform; it was, indeed, one of no ordinary difficulty. I would not again endure the pangs I then felt for all the world.

Amidst infidels and scoffers in a far foreign land repose his ashes. He was buried upon Dane's Island, a place appropriated for the interment of Europeans—where, to the eternal disgrace of Christians, be it recorded, they will rest in peace, unmolested by zealous bigotry!—the dead of all countries, sects, and religions, are held sacred by the Chinese!

We quitted China with a sick crew; three were buried there, and five others died on the passage thence. Disease and death wear a peculiarly frightful aspect at sea, and there is not a more affecting duty than that of committing the bodies of fellow-shipmates to the deep. A funeral is always a melancholy and impressive ceremony, but is invested with singular solemnity at sea. The tolling of the bell of death excites a thrilling sensation; and the commencement of that sublime service, 'I am the resurrection and the life,'—then the pause which precedes the words, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep,'—the succeeding plunge and splash as the lifeless clay is launched into the ocean—are scenes of affecting interest which the stoutest heart cannot witness without emotion, and create an intensity of feeling little known at ordinary interments.

We called and remained four-and-twenty hours at St. Helena. Well might Napoleon exclaim—'This is, indeed, a prison!' for a more inhospitable rock cannot present itself in any part of the world. I have nothing to add to the much that has already been written about it, but to remark that I left it without regret, and in seven weeks was rejoiced to find the 'Convict-ship' had reached the port of London in safety; and if any of the 'incidents' relating to her shall but have served to beguile a leisure hour, the writer's labour will be abundantly repaid.

From the Spectator.

THE NEW SLAVE-TRADE IN THE EAST.

Under Lord Glenelg's patronage, the Eastern slave-trade prospers exceedingly. The traffic in Hill Coolies promises to become one of the most extensive under the British flag. A cargo arrived in Berbice about the beginning of May, in prime condition: and the Berbice Advertiser, one of the most respectable of the West India journals, states, that out of 289, conveyed in the *Whitby*, only eight died on the passage, and very few were ill. Only one circumstance was wanting to make them the happiest of human (!) beings—only eight women were sent as companions for the 280 men; and the deficiency of females was the more to be regretted because it was 'probable they would be shunned by the Negroes from jealousy and speaking a different language.'

The same newspaper contains a very curious docu-

ment respecting the Hill Cooly traffic. It is a circular letter, dated the 8th January 1838, from Henley, Dowson, and Bethel, of Calcutta, the agents most extensively engaged in the shipment of labourers from India to the Mauritius and British Guiana. These gentlemen thus state their claims to preference over other houses in the same business—

'We have within the last two years procured and shipped upwards of 5,000 free agricultural labourers for our friends at Mauritius; and from the circumstance of nearly 500 out of the number being employed on estates in which we possess a direct interest, we can assure you that a happier and more contented labouring population is seldom to be met with in any part of the world, than the Dhargas or mountain tribes, sent from this vast country.'

Five thousand within two years to the Mauritius alone! This is pretty well, considering that the trade is in its infancy. As to the statement of the happiness and contentment of the labourers, rather more impartial evidence than the good word of the exporters of the commodity advertised, would be desirable. If Englishmen could fancy themselves Hill Coolies for an instant—landed in Berbice, in the proportion of 280 men to 8 of the gentler sex, 'speaking a different language,' and shunned by the very Negroes—we are inclined to think they would not, even in that imaginary and momentary view, conceit themselves to be among the happiest of mankind.

We proceed with the Calcutta circular—

'The labourers hitherto procured by us have cost their employers, landed at the Mauritius, about one hundred rupees (or 10*l.* sterling) per man; which sum comprises six months' advance of wages, provisions and water for the voyage, clothing, commission, passage, insurance, and all incidental charges.'

'The expense attending the shipment of Indian labourers to the West India Colonies, would be necessarily augmented—firstly, by the higher rate of passage-money, and the increased quantity of provisions and water; and, secondly, from the necessity of making arrangements, indispensable to the health and comfort of native passengers, on a voyage of so long a duration, in the course of which they would be exposed to great vicissitude of climate.

'On making ample allowance for these charges, we do not apprehend that a labourer, sent direct from this country to Demerara, and engaged to work on your estates for a period of five consecutive years, would cost, landed there, above two hundred and ten rupees, or 21*l.* sterling.'

This sum of 210 rupees includes *six month's wages*—at what rate does the reader suppose? Why, five rupees, or ten shillings sterling a month—half-a-crown a week—in Demerara! The passage is 10*l.*, and the insurance 12*s.*; for they are insured at so much a head, like pigs or sheep.

It is manifest that after their arrival in Demerara, the Indians will not, unless on compulsion, work for five years at the rate of 10*s.* a month, while the

Negroes receive much higher wages. They are therefore placed under strict control, and are just as much slaves as the Redemptioners, whom the virtuous Quakers inveigled into Pennsylvania a century or more ago. The Indians bind themselves to work in town or country, wherever their consignee or master may choose to employ them. One of the articles of their agreement is this—

'In order that the undersigned natives of India may be fully aware of the engagement they undertake, it is hereby notified, that they will be required to do *all such work as the object for which they are engaged necessitates*; and that, as labourers attached to an estate, they will be required to clear forest and extract timber, carry manure, dig and prepare land for planting, also to take charge of horses, mules and cattle of every description; *in short, to do all such work as an estate for the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar demands*, or any branch of agriculture to which they may be destined.'

In case of disobedience or misconduct—that is, at the caprice of the master—they may be 'degraded,' and sent back at their own charge to Calcutta. They are to receive no wages during illness; and a rupee a month is to be deducted from their wages—thereby reducing them to 2s. a week—as an indemnity-fund for the cost of sending them back. What security there is for the kind treatment of the labourers does not appear: there is nothing in the contract but a promise to act equitably.

Now, in what respect do these men differ in condition from Negro slaves, except very much for the worse? They must be more helpless than the Negroes,—if for no other reason, because of their ignorance of the language their masters use. They will not, for a long period certainly, be formidable from their numbers. How easily may even the miserable terms of the contract with their employers be evaded! Suppose the Indian works steadily for four years, it may suit his master to describe him as refractory and idle during the fifth, and then he will be sent back at his own cost; and the whole of his earnings may be expended in paying for his passage to Calcutta,—where, after all, he is a long way from home.

It is impossible to contemplate without pain the inevitable lot of these helpless beings: but the conduct of the Government, which could sanction the infamous commerce of which the Hill Coolies will be the victims, while professing all the while such a holy horror of dealing in Negroes, should rouse general indignation.

Is it only a certain shade of black, and a peculiar physical conformation, which excites the compassion of the Anti-Slavery people? If it is cruelty, oppression, and fraud, which they abhor and desire to prevent, then let them renew their agitation in behalf of the kidnapped natives of India, now suffering, probably

more acutely, all that made the lot of the Negro a theme for eloquence and a field for Christian philanthropy.

From the Metropolitan.

SECOND SIGHT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

They tell me, thou pale and thoughtful sage,
That thine eye can glance o'er Life's coming page;
That the shadows in Time's dim glass concealed,
To thy piercing gaze are all revealed.

When the infant smiles on its mother's knee,
Thou dost not joy in its playful glee,
Thou canst tell the hour when the world shall win
That sportive spirit to guile and sin.

The maiden sits in her summer bower,
Brighter in bloom than its fairest flower;
But thy look is sad, for thou know'st her doom
Is a fading cheek and an early tomb.

The bride goes forth from the home of youth,
She trusts in her faithful lover's truth
But thy tears at the boding vision start
Of a broken vow, and a blighted heart.

Soldiers march on in their proud array,
Their drums are beating, their colours gay,
The crowd exults in their high career,
But their death-dirge sounds in thy shuddering ear.

These are the records that numbers tell
Of the force of thy wonder-working spell;
But for me, I cannot deem that Heaven
Has a boon so fatal to mortals given.

Oh! not for worlds would I own the power
To lift the veil of one distant hour,
And sadly on youth and joy to gaze,
Knowing the ills of their coming days.

On the past I love to turn my eyes,
My present blessings I fondly prize;
And when doomed misfortunes to deplore,
I trust I have better days in store.

But I would not wish on those days to look,
They are safely kept in God's secret book;
And my heart would grieve, were his wise design
Profaned by a feeble glance like mine.

From the same.

POETRY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Where find ye Poetry?"—Go look abroad
Fare forth and meet it in each blade of grass,
In every bell of dew that, on the sod,
Makes for the butterfly a looking-glass;
In every sunbeam, and in every shade,
In the stream's murmur, and the wild bird's song;
In merry cricket's chirp the weeds among,
In sunny meadow, and in gloomy glade!
"Where find ye Poetry!"—The fertile earth
Is one fair volume, filled with thoughts sublime;
And he who worships Nature, and looks forth
With pondering spirit on the course of time,
Shall in each page find sweetest poetry—
Religion, Beauty, Truth, Sublimity!"

From the Sunbeam.

THE INVITATION.

Doth thy spirit long to be
 'Neath the clear blue skies,
 Where the flow'rs are springing free,
 Of a thousand dyes?

In the forest wouldst thou stray,
 When the leaves are stirr'd,
 And there listen all the day
 To the singing bird?

Wouldst thou be afar, afar,
 Where the wild thyme blows,
 And the primrose, like a star,
 In its freshness grows?

Wouldst thou be by the murm'ring springs
 In the quiet dell,
 Where the violet perfume flings
 From its mossy cell?

Come hither! come hither at early dawn,
 To roam with me where the startled fawn
 Is bounding away o'er the dewy hill,
 When the air is calm and the earth is still.

Come hither! in gladness and joy we'll go,
 To the mossy banks where the wild-flowers grow,
 Where the violet lifteth its head of blue,
 And the grass is wet with the pearly dew.

Come hither! we'll stray at the twilight dim,
 When the birds are singing their evening hymn,
 And from every grove and from every tree
 Bursts forth a gush of rich melody.

Come hither! oh let me but hear thy tone,
 Sing me thy songs in the copses lone,
 Where we may list to the wild bee's hum,
 Why dost thou linger? yet come, oh come!

From the same.

OH! TOUGH FOR ME THY HARP AGAIN.

BY MRS. LATHAM.

Oh! touch for me thy harp again,
 And soothe my troubled breast;
 Oh! let me hear that plaintive strain,
 'Twill hush my griefs to rest.
 Then touch for me thy harp once more,
 To thee the gift is giv'n,
 O'er ills of life a balm to pour,
 And lift the soul to heav'n.

Those soft melodious notes of thine,
 Like heav'nly music flow,
 And each tumultuous thought of mine,
 Suspends its sense of woe.
 Then touch for me, &c.

Methinks I hear a seraph's voice,
 That bids my sorrow cease,
 Bids ev'ry throbbing pulse rejoice,
 And breathe the breath of peace.
 Then touch for me, &c.

From the same.

THE ANGEL'S WELCOME.

A spirit soar'd away
 To the portals of the blest!
 And there burst from the lips of an angel choir,
 Its welcome into rest!

Welcome, thou good and faithful one, thy earthly race
 is o'er,
 Welcome to thy eternal rest, where death shall be no
 more!
 Its pow'r for aye has pass'd away, thou hast lost the sting
 of sin,
 There's a heavenly crown prepar'd for thee, thou ran-
 som'd one come in!

Welcome, young spirit! thou art free'd from things that
 fade and die,
 Now wilt thou share the deathless light of immortality;
 Enter and join the dwellers here, the holy and the blest!
 Thou'lt find no tears in this bright home, come in and
 be at rest.

Why ling'rest thou? immortal soul! oh join the blissful
 throng,
 That before the unveiled face of God pour forth their
 glorious song,
 Yes, and come and mingle with their strains, and feast
 thy wond'ring eye,
 On things beyond conception bright, and which can never
 die.

The happy spirit knew
 It had found its rich reward;
 And with joy it enter'd in to dwell.
 For ever with the Lord.

From the same.

FAITH.

'There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there
 cannot be a rainbow without a cloud.'

My soul were dark,
 But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
 That, sweeping heaven with their triumphant arc,
 Break on the view.

Enough to feel
 That God, indeed, is good! Enough to know,
 Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal
 No beauteous bow.

From the Athenæum.

A FRAGMENT OF THE PESTILENCE.

"Bring forth the Dead!"—and the words came fast
 From the haggard lips of these men aghast;—
 "Bring forth the Dead! We wait not now
 For priestly prayer or virgin's vow!"
 —The crimson cross of the Pest was o'er
 The sculptured arch of that lofty door,
 But no menial hand unbarred the gate—
 No sound was heard from these halls of state,
 Save, aye and anon, the howl of a hound
 That moaned, as if struck with a mortal wound;
 And it was the only living thing
 'Neath the roof that had wont with joy to ring!

But the cry passed on,—"Bring out your Dead!"—
 And a tardy footfall's solemn tread,
 And a low, faint wail, were heard to come
 From the desolate gloom of that humble home.
 A little Babe!—And its Mother, there,
 Kissed the loved corse, in her mad despair!
 —Why should she weep that it first should rest,
 Since the purple spot is on her breast?—
 Why should she seek such leprous kiss?—
 —To-morrow will see her a thing like this!

"Bring out your Dead!"—and the Buryers stand
 Under the porch of a hostel grand;

And strange wild sounds from that gorgeous hall
 Their hardened courage of heart appal.
 Oh! dread is the echo of laughter, heard
 In the chamber where death has newly been!
 —Like a tranquil lake that is fiercely stirred
 By the monstrous wings of a fiend obscene.
 And ribald shouts and riot loud,
 And the jests and the oaths of a drunken crowd;
 And the crash of the glass and the goblet there,
 Mingle with songs in the sickening air.
 "Off! and away, ye fetid crew,
 Whose badge is the boil and the plague-spot blue!
 Off! and away!—We are merry here,
 Leave us to-night to our wassail cheer;
 To-morrow, perchance, ye may find us fit
 For a loathsome shroud and a yawning pit.
 More wine! fill high!—Away from hence!
 —Here's a health to the speckled Pestilence!"
 And thus, through many a scene of woe,
 Do these gloomy Buryers swiftly go;
 While their solemn cry sounds overhead
 Like the mock of a demon—"Bring forth the Dead!"

From the same.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Moments pass slowly on,
 Years fly apace,
 When shall the wearied One
 Rest from the Race?

Whether we smile or weep—
 Time keeps his flight—
 Hours, days, may seem to creep,
 Life speeds like Light!

Whether we laugh or groan,
 Seasons change fast;
 Oh! what hath ever flown
 Swift as the Past?

What though we chafe and chide,
 Time holds his pace;
 No step—no noiseless stride
 Doth he retrace!

Hastening, still hastening on,
 None may deem how;
 But when 'tis fled and gone—
 Then seems Time slow!

Time, while we chide thy pace,
 Reckless and proud,
 Oft doth thy shadowy face
 Laugh from our shroud!

From the Court Journal.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.—Colburn.

This is an exceedingly agreeable work; one of those light, chatty books, that afford us ample amusement, and help to relieve the mental lassitude and ennui with which most people are afflicted by the warmth of the weather. The author's style of writing is very lively and cannot fail to amuse. There are also several chapters devoted to the literature and literary men

of France, and containing observations regarding them full of originality, and discovering great power of appreciating the great minds, as well as the more imaginative, of those whom the author talks about. There are, withal, scattered throughout the volumes, some shrewd criticisms upon the Fine Arts. The style of the work is lively and pleasingly satirical.

A line of packet-ships between Liverpool and South Australia has been laid on; the first ship to sail hence on the first of August. We understand, that the emigrants from London to this new and flourishing colony are so numerous, that, though ships are despatched at stated periods, there are always parties who cannot be accommodated with passages in them. Mr. Waddell, the proprietor of the line, in order to prevent disappointment to persons intending to emigrate to South Australia, as well as to accommodate those who reside in the North of England, and particularly in Scotland and Ireland, has formed the Liverpool line of packets; and we have no doubt, from his well-known character, that the vessels will be first-rate and their despatch punctual. It is an unprecedented circumstance, that a line of packet-ships should be despatched to a colony so recently formed as South Australia, when many old colonies have no such mode of communication with the mother country.—*Liverpool Paper*.

From the Sunbeam.

THE WRONG LETTER-BOX.

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter-box of stores and offices in this vicinity, for that of the post-office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter-box, intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter into our box, and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the post-office. It was directed to Thomas ———, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the post-office, and gave the circumstance no further thought.

Busied some months afterward in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and inditing such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle tap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labours to open to the applicant, bade the one that knocked 'come in,' and continued our

labours without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring, 'Is there a letter here for me?'

We at once raised our eyes and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not, if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face, with nature's own blush, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper office, in reply to advertisements—so we bade the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give her the information.

So we inquired the name.

'Kitty M'Innes; but perhaps it will be *Catherine* on the letter,' said she, 'as that is my name.'

We looked on the letter-rack in the front office, among the 'A. B.'s' the 'X. W.'s,' the 'P. Q.'s etc., but saw none for Catherine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer.

'Advertisement!—to no advertisement—it would be in answer to my letter.'

'And from whom did you expect a letter?'

The young woman looked much confused—but apparently considering the question pertinent, she said, 'From Thomas ———.'

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the post-office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter-box to that of the post-office.

'He has not written, then,' said Catharine, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

'But——he may have written.'

'Then where's the letter?' said she, looking up.

'At the post-office perhaps.'

And we took Catharine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the post-office.

'You will ask at the window,' said we, 'but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter.'

'Not for the world,' said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in directing Catharine to the post-office, as quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change and the letter

from one of the clerks, and the impatience, shall we say, of woman or of love, induced Catharine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear among the passengers of the Liverpool packets, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, 'and two hundred in the steerage.'

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded that we should see the name with that of Catharine in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterward that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the papers. He was one of the passengers in the ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at its annunciation; and what must have been the feelings of Catharine, with her ardent, sanguine, Irish temperament? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings?

We paused a few weeks afterward, to mark the young grass shooting, green and thick, in Ronaldson's graveyard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound slowly round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended—and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the living, we saw engraved upon a simple plate, CATHARINE M'INNES.

The small sum of money which Catharine had deposited in the savings' fund, to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her 'decent burial.' *U. S. Gazette.*

ONE USE OF AFFLICTION.

Have you never seen a bird perched upon the lower branches of a tree, disturbed from his resting place by some noise or approaching peril, and tempted to fly a little higher; and again, by recurring alarm, a little higher, till he reaches the topmost bough, then spreads his wings and flies away? It is easy to apply all this to the troubles of the Christian, and the happy effect which they have in raising the grounds of his repose, or in making him near the safer resting place, till, having reached it, he only waits the final signal, to soar on high!

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

OCTOBER, 1838.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FRENCH NAVAL ROMANCES.

1. *Atar Gull* (Atar Gul,) par Eugène Sue.
2. *La Cucaracha, Roman maritime*, (The Cockroach, a Naval Romance,) par Eugène Sue.
3. *La Salamandre, Roman maritime*, (The Salamander, a Naval Romance,) 2 tom., par Eugène Sue.

It is singular that maritime novels should be of foreign origin, when the sea itself had been so long the favourite and boasted possession of Great Britain, and the members of the naval profession were so closely interwoven with our political existence and habits of thought as the great bulwark of national defence. To Englishmen, the service was a kind of embodied idealism, rough in its outline and peculiar failings perhaps, but exempted generally from the usual besetting sins of landmen, that is, of the larger portion of the human race: to say nothing of the lustre cast upon it by the universal sentiment of respect and admiration entertained for those who brave unwonted dangers. All these, and many more considerations, had united to produce among us so high an appreciation of maritime life, that it is not a little singular, we must repeat, that English literature, when the failing voice of fiction was infused with fresh energy by Scott, should have entirely overlooked, even amidst the very eagerness of search for novel phrases of life, the ample scope afforded by the boundless wastes of ocean. There, too, all the machinery of natural terrors, displayed constantly to the eye and physical apprehension, is heightened by the corresponding weight of superstition, and nourished by all that most forcibly appeals to imagination: and this little checked, or even modified, by that actuality which, however potent on land, but feebly opposes the hourly spells that seem to reign in supremacy over the world of waters.

It was with a wonder, therefore, scarcely inferior to that which attended the mortifying intelligence of our

first defeats on our favourite element, that the British public found our transatlantic brethren equally prompt and successful in their rivalry of our favourite branch of literature also: the *Hornet*, the *Constitution*, &c. were not, in their way, more productive of astounding disclosures of rival strength, than were, in another form, the *Spy*, the *Pilot*, and the *Last of the Mohicans*: and in both cases the national vanity, like that of Mrs. Primrose in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, at her daughter's dancing, comforted itself by whispering, with at least as much of jealousy as approbation, 'that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself.'

The allegation, probably true in either case, did not, however, lessen the merit of the thief; but the emulation awakened by these successes over ourselves, roused the national energy in every point of view; and to the portion of this development that regards our literary pursuits, we shall refer in its place, after a few preliminary observations.

In this question the name of Smollett has been naturally brought forward as the real originator of the sea-faring novel; and Mr. Cooper has been considered as only treading, to a certain degree, in his footsteps. We cannot hold with this opinion in the least.

The subject of Smollett was, strictly speaking, less the sea-faring life than sea-faring individuals. It was the manners of the man rather than the occupations of the class; it spoke of the sailor, not of the sea. The whims and eccentricities of nautical thought and language, as called forth incidentally and by collision; the steering of a chaise, the lee-shore of a road-post, the menage of a cock-pit, or the brutality and ignorance of a commander; all that could bring us close into intimacy with this amphibious variety of the genus *homo*, was traced by the pen of genius before our eyes, and mingled with our subsequent recollections by inimitable powers of comic extravagance and frolicsome humour. Humour too that at times led of necessity

to pathos, for humour itself is but the irony of affection. That this result, of pathos, occurs more seldom in Smollett than might have been imagined from the depth and richness of his humorous vein, is no argument against the consequence we have drawn; and may be easily accounted for by the circumstances of his life and habits, and the thence induced cynicism of his character. But his power in such scenes is unquestionable: and, as an instance of this, we refer to the passage immediately following that where the whimsical propensities and prejudices of the old commodore have closed with his life and the especial direction for his epitaph: namely, that it must be, not in your outlandish Latin lingo, but in good plain English, in order that the angel who is to pipe all hands from under hatches may be able to read it. The scene begins thus: 'Every thing being duly arranged, all the rest had left the room: Pipes stood over the body of his old commander.—"Well fare thy soul," (he said,) "old Hawser Trunion! Fifty years have I sailed with ye, man and boy, and a better seaman never broke a biscuit," &c. &c.

But if individual incident and portrait were thus sketched or worked out with singular power, the phenomena of nature, the dangers of the deep, and the triumphs of human skill and resolution,—all that form the real staple of the seaman's existence, were totally beyond the province of Smollett. Still less was he calculated for attempting to depict those yearnings of the heart that arise in the loneliness of dignity that invests the state-cabin and the quarter-deck; in the solitude and isolation of the night-watch, and in that stronger solitude of the heart itself, which feels in the long intervals of forced repose that those around, though united for a time in the same vessel, have no one point or capacity of sympathy with its private ties; and that it cannot, like the landsman's, seek out these when most desirable.

The very bustle and motion of the crowd that constantly surrounds the seaman, while it keeps up an incessant but moderate degree of excitement in his mental system, prevents him from the general leisure of a landsman's spirit, that can indulge the mood and give it vent. Checked and chilled on the contrary with the sailor, it sinks into the mind successively, if we may venture on a similitude, like the reiterated trace of frosts into the bosom of earth—unseen but ineffaceable;—and keeps like that, its deep, indelible register to mark, more strongly than externals can be expected to retain it, the impressions and effects of past states and feelings. But there are times when these feelings rise in concentrated strength; such as when called from society or the mess-room in all the flush of mirth and enjoyment to keep the midnight or morning watch, to see the gallant vessel hold her own and in due trim; to mark the

changes of the wind and the strength or slumber of the waters; to see the sun sink or rise, to gaze on the moveless track of the moon, and commune in loneliness with the stars that so often have lighted far other hours;—while the necessity of a vigilant but restrained attention, and the dignity of command, give a slight though certain elevation to the spirit. It is then that the light voice of the breeze, the murmuring sound of the waves, the motion, the serenity, the dreamy softness of night, all combine to fill the breast with unuttered emotion: all this the sailor feels, but the voice of his feeling is dumb.

Such a state might, and must necessarily have given a power of positive poetry to the seaman, but for the counteracting influence of those ruder and more stirring energies that every moment of change and vicissitude calls into play: these hourly calls of action fling emotion into the shade; and on glancing back he finds that he has outsailed them, like the ocean weed that a moment before was floating over the bow, drifting now with the current far behind the stern. The sailor thus, if he is prevented by the circumstances of his life from becoming actively imaginative, is always in proportion more susceptible of that power: sensitive beyond other men to the influence of the finer pulses, though less able, or less willing, at least, to attempt to sway them.

Who can wonder then that, imbued with the living energies of nature and the ocean; constantly in contact with powers whose recollection is the very poetry of existence, the navy were among the foremost to hail the genius that gave these their first tangible form, in the verse of the first of energetic poets. If the voice of passion had been restrained on land, that of the seaman had never existed at all, till Byron felt the stirring might of the waters and imagined the exciting inspiration of scenes and characters denied to his actual experience. With what delight seamen dwell upon his nautical descriptions and partialities the foregoing suggestions may aid us to imagine, and what pleasure too they derived from those effective delineations, which some writers absurdly characterize as picturesque not poetical; as though the mighty lord of the lyre had not been competent to detect that the picturesque was only the poetry of the eye. We need not refer more particularly to the gorgeous panorama of the archipelago in *Childe Harold*, or in the Letter to Bowles, but instance the following passage:

"The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought."—*Childe Harold*, Canto I.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.

Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and He will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth."—*Ibid.*

"He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

"And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

"White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

"Blow! swift blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

"The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand,
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measures featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove."
Ibid. Canto 2.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."
Ibid. Canto 4.

More imaginative and in a different vein, but not less magnificent and impressive, are the following:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way!
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feeble faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave;
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead."

Corsair, Canto 1.

"A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings:
The sails are furled; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!—
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!"—*Ibid.* Canto 1.

"Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;

Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
 A spot—a mast—an armed deck!
 Their little bark her men of watch descri,
 And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;
 She bears her down majestically near,
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
 'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—
 I am not all deserted on the main!
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
 'Tis Conrad! Conrad! shouting from the deck,
 Command nor duty could their transport check!
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
 Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
 And feels he yet can conquer and command."

Ibid. Canto 3.

In spite, however, of these magnificent lines from the Corsair, there is a limit which genius itself cannot pass, and where its utmost efforts must yield to the humbler power of experience. However admirably we may describe from a previous description, there is an artifice or feebleness about such labours that, if it does not absolutely betray its own origin, yet it always leaves upon the observant mind a sense of doubt, ineffectiveness, and insufficiency. It is not that the details furnished are incorrect or incomplete, but that the hand that borrowed, did not gather them itself: different objects strike different minds, according to their composition and nature, and the utmost art cannot use another's knowledge like its own. Thus the splendid shipwreck of Don Juan, though combined from both, yields to the simple narratives of the *Meduse* and the *Disasters at Sea*, recorded by witnesses of the events, and who have given their own real impressions, not imaginations, to the relation.

It was not till after the public mind had been thus led to nautical scenes, and prepared to enter into and enjoy them, that the full developement of their fascination met its eye. Bred in the American navy, and evidently no ordinary lover of his gallant profession, nor an ordinary observer of its details and vicissitudes, Mr. Cooper may be justly styled the creator of the maritime novel, the type of one phase of literature and human feeling. The general reluctance and ignorant dislike felt by the many for a mode of life so utterly distinct from all their ideas and habits, strengthened by total unacquaintance with the nautical vocabulary, all disappeared before the hand of the master. The storm, that before had, in every relation, been the object of fear and avoidance to the mind, now lost its terrors, and became rather the point of attraction and subject of our wishes, as affording an agreeable excitement;—a mere obstacle the more in the conduct of the story, and like all

the rest, to be surmounted by the personages of the tale—a foil to render human skill and courage more conspicuously triumphant at the end.

Perhaps none of those who have hitherto essayed their talents in this class of composition, were so fitted as Cooper to effectuate this diversion in public taste. With a thorough knowledge of the details, there is blended in him a power of acute observation and perception of external circumstances, and an unwearied fondness for displaying every variety of atmospheric change or marine difficulty, as met and obviated by a corresponding exertion of nautical science and firmness. As the wind shifts and chops, the reader learns in succession the power of every sail, the use of every rope, the object of every distinct manœuvre; the knowledge and experience of the pilot, lavishly called into action, bears the vessel in safety along the imminent edge of a reef or quicksand, over shallow or rocky bottoms, and through dangerous shoal-water, with every shift and risk of tides and currents into the safe soundings of a deep channel; a chase displays the vessels going large, off the wind, hoisting, reefing, or shaking out, under press of sail, or shifting; the engagement brings out all the nice points of wind, weathergauge, and lee-shores, hauling in, raking, broadsides, and boarding. The reader and the author go through all the manœuvres together, and share the toils, anxieties and success of the crews; nor is it the author's fault if we are not speedily as skilful as himself, for he has brought us, not only a new pleasure, but a new science to heighten it.

The very *forte* of Mr. Cooper is, however, too often his *foible*. He is too apt to forget that there must be an end to even excitement, that his readers are not familiar with his technicalities, and that we soon cease to feel an interest when we cease to understand. Farther, whilst that which is novel is unintelligible to the landsman, to the sailor, though intelligible, is not novel. With winds, waves, and vessels, Mr. Cooper has the might and sympathies of poetry, but beyond these he has, unfortunately, little power. His genius is for the tangible, both in action and sensation; of abstract feeling he has scarcely an idea in his works. Unrivalled in physical, he has little or no moral developement; his personages have no intellect, but what gets them into or out of danger. He has no wit, no probability of tale, no common sense of conduct, no pathos, and little humour. His romantic portions are generally bad in taste and tone, his land scenes ineffective; his heroines mawkish and monotonous, unreflecting and forward. His plots are impossible and thread-bare, the action never proceeds, but the characters are discussing to infinity matters of no consequence whatever. The author is unfortunate too, we think, in applying and shaping his narrative and conversations to certain and peculiar objects not absolutely within the scope of his story; and his benevo-

lent endeavours to improve his countrymen at home are brought too prominently forward, instead of being veiled by his satire: nor are his sneering attacks upon religious establishments and forms either in better taste or better managed. There is nothing like strength or condenseness of phrase in his works. Even on the sea, though we cannot profess to be equal judges with Mr. Cooper in their relative value in the American service, we doubt whether an English commander would risk and lose a vessel, like the *Ariel*, for the sake of a friend and lieutenant.

Long Tom Coffin is, perhaps, the only exception to our remarks upon the naval tales of Mr. Cooper; he is certainly a character, strictly speaking; and such, also, is Hawks-eye in the Indian novels. The merit and success of these two portraits render it obvious that the author's monotony and general failures on this head, arise, not from want of the power, but from neglect or inconsideration. A writer of such talent can scarcely fail where he wishes to succeed—yet his characters have no mental elevation—he makes them trivial instead of amiable, and extravagant, not energetic. Still it is but justice to confess, that Mr. Cooper's is the genius of inanimate nature: his strength is fear: his force is in anxious agony.

The English imitators or successors of Cooper cannot rival him on this ground: their merits are essentially different. The Tom Cringle, &c. of Basil Hall, is full of talent, power, and variety: his descriptions are as beautiful as his narrative is replete with intense, but always living interest—and to these his admirable and eloquent delineations of nature and the elements are always subservient: his humour is bold, varied, and in perfect keeping.

The humour of Marryatt is distinct from this. It is more simple, eccentric, and whimsical: the ridiculous is his forte, and carried often to excess, but always effectively. A strong bias for truth and reality, a plain manliness and simplicity of conception, composition, and conduct of story, distinguish him as the painter of the British navy: nor is this lessened by his extreme propensity to fun. The defects of Captain Marryatt are few, but really serious—his romantic characters are demoniacal; and his grossness, fortunately rare, is as uncalled for as unpardonable.

If the difference between Cooper and Marryatt may be considered as characteristic in some degree of the two countries; the former displaying more of physical and practical energy than abstract intellect, and the latter preserving, with some painful exceptions, a calmer and more general display of finished development, M. Eugène Sue may be considered to hold the same place in relation to the two, that his country maintains with respect to both theirs. This author's powers of composition are lighter, more various and

brilliant, with a more delicate and feminine, though not in the least effeminate, fancy. His love of fun is whimsical, with a touch of sarcasm; his sentiment is imaginative and tender, if not enthusiastic; his fancy is gay, but wandering and desultory, even to affectation; and his tendency towards the mystical of influential sympathy is extravagant though effective. His descriptive powers are considerable, but continually carried to excess in his living characters, while they seem curtailed in the severer scenes of nature, and elaborated in the softer and more gentle. Like the votaries of one school in France, he seems to delight in the savage and revolting, and reminds us of Voltaire, not certainly in his religious feelings, which are less devout than impassioned, but in the tendency to sneer at the usual objects of human interest and ambition, and also in his propensity to humiliate our nature by degrading the very persons he had at first seemed most inclined to honour.

With M. Sue and the personages of his tales, we are continually reminded of the restless and versatile susceptibility of the French character in general. Its passions and emotions lie on the surface, and are easily moved therefore by the lightest breath, and are more easy also, in the end, to divert than allay. Its impetuosity and vehemence is no less strongly distinguished from the rough phlegmatism of England or the frozen enthusiasm of the German, than from the southern nations, whose characteristics it appears at first sight most closely to resemble. The passions of these last, though at least as fierce, are of a more settled and sedate complexion. Their very might and force keeps each the other in check, so far as regards externals: their depths are more slowly roused also; and the motion of these is more furious perhaps, assuredly more lasting, and more uniform in developement; less easily excited, they are also diverted less easily. But we have dwelt too long on preliminary points that will require considerable extracts for their illustration, and these consequently we mean to give with no more of remark than shall make them conducive to our observations, and bringing out national differences and peculiarities of French maritime habits and character.

The merits of the writer require this introduction of his works at some length to our countrymen.

We take our first extract from *Atar-Gul*:

"The crew of the brig, overwhelmed by the heat, had doubtless retired below. All slept in the vessel except the helmsman, and three other sailors, who were lying at the foot of the mainmast.

"The steersman sounded eight times the little bell close to him, and cried aloud, "Now, relieve the watch."

"The noise this manœuvre occasioned awakened doubtless the inhabitants of the poop; for the curtain moved, coughing, grumbling, and motion followed, and a man came forth, rubbing his eyes twenty times over, and yawning desperately.

ed to fill. The considerable inheritance which then descended to him assisted the developement of the organ of accumulation. He was but twenty-six years old when he already began to add to his patrimonial estate. In his original book of 'Title Deeds,' he has noted against the first indenture—'This was the first purchase made by the aforesaid Sir Edward Coke.' This occurrence, the memory of which was so precious to him, took place in 1576—two years before his first Brief. He was so persevering an adder of field to field, that there is a tradition in the family that James I. became jealous of his purchases, and told him that he had as much land as a subject should possess. On which Coke, who was then treating for Castle Acre Priory, encountered his master with one of those pleasantries which James loved—'Then, please your Majesty, I will only add one acre more.' This was among the sacrilegious purchases to which Spelman, in his book on Sacrilege, attributes the canker which afterwards eat into Coke's prosperity. It was made in 1615, the year before he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship. Another specimen which Spelman mentions of this canker, is Coke's separation from his lady. Two evils which, one should have thought, even the logic of superstition might have connected with nearer causes.

It thus appears that Coke had taken early the great security which riches afford against dishonesty, in its vulgar forms. It had been well with him, were there only one form to the temptations of injustice. The extent to which the particular imputation of avarice went, will scarcely justify the way in which, upon his fall, Bacon undertook to tutor him upon his hardness in money matters. From his knowledge of human nature, he can scarcely have expected that the Ex-Chief-Justice would profit much by his advice. Bacon introduces himself, 'as a true friend, whose worthy office,' says he, 'I would perform; since I fear both yourself and all great men want such, being themselves true friends to few or none: Your too much love of the world is too much seen, when having the living of a thousand, you relieve few or none: The hand that has taken so much, can it give so little? Herein you show no bowels of compassion, as if you thought all too little for yourself; or that God hath given you all that you have (if you think wealth to be his gift, I mean that you get well, for I know sure the rest is not), only to that end you should still gather more, and never be satisfied, but try how much you would gather, to account for all at the great and general audit-day. We desire you to amend this, and let your poor tenants in Norfolk find some comfort; where nothing of your estate is spent towards their relief, but all brought up hither to the impoverishing of your country.' Bacon afterwards proceeds in a separate passage to point out a farther mode by which Coke

might usefully employ a portion of his superfluous riches. The artful wording of the paragraph can mean nothing else than bribing the Court. Lady Hatton told Archbishop Williams, that her husband might have returned to the seat of justice upon these terms. He answered that a Judge should neither give bribes nor take them. 'Learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous mammon; you cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got; think how much of that you never spake for, how much by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir, to hasten the wasting of so much of the rest, perhaps of all; for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many hasty gatherers; *you have enough to spare, being well laid to turn the tide, and fetch all things again.*' If Coke set too high a value upon money, he had the sense to part with it manfully and cheerfully upon what he considered adequate occasions. He gave Elizabeth jewels worth more than a thousand pounds, when she visited him at Stoke in a Progress; he subscribed two hundred pounds to one of James's loans, being as much as was subscribed by the greatest lord—some of the Bishops and other Judges giving only twenty pounds, which was refused. In 1626, rather than vote a subsidy under existing circumstances, he offered 1000*l.* towards the exigencies of the state. His hand could be equally free in the bounties of private life. He made liberal presents to the Officers of the Court upon being dismissed from the King's Bench; and when a friend sent to him three physicians in his last illness, though he refused to begin to do what he had never done before—take medicine—and that for a disorder which he knew to be incurable—old age—yet he handsomely rewarded them.

Among the expedients to which Coke had had recourse for bettering his condition, that of matrimony was not likely to be left out. In this Bacon was too wise a man to see any thing to blame. Such was the order of the day; and it was no fault of Bacon's that he had not profited to the same extent after the same fashion. In the narrative of his match-makings, we wish that the worst that could be said of Coke was, that he had not set up for himself or for his children a very romantic standard. Not to marry, out and out for love, is, as the world goes, no hanging matter. But legitimate mercenariness has some bounds. If we want to know Coke's real character, in his own home, so little is known of him in this important relation, that we must make the most of what incidents we have. Among these, his own marriage and that of his daughter are the most conspicuous. They are so completely decisive of the nature of the man, that they deserve on this account to be stated more at length than would otherwise be at all worth while.

made by too much credulity of your fair promises, which I have waited for performance of almost these five years, and now it was time to dissent, but that I hope you will one day be yourself, and be guided by your own noble thoughts, and then I am assured to obtain what I desire, since my desire be so reasonable, and but for my own.' By this account the fortune of the young heiress had already disappeared; Lady Hatton was impoverished—there can be no mystery how; while Coke had apparently discarded his child for having sided with her mother and with the husband to whom he had married her.

Lady Purbeck's application produced no effect. She was yet scarcely twenty, and had been for two years past deserted by her husband, and neglected by his family. A criminal friendship with Sir Robert Howard (the lover whom she and her mother had originally fancied) ensued soon afterwards. For this she was sentenced by the High Commission to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy Church, but escaped by flight. It is one of the few proofs her father ever gave that his conscience smote him, that he received her in her degradation. At the time of his death, she had been living with him for two years at Stoke. What shapes of shame and self-reproach must her presence have constantly called up! and how painfully must he have discovered that his ambition had overreached itself! He had bought dearly, at the age of forty-eight, his alliance with the Cecils, in the hopes of thereby strengthening a fortune sufficiently secure. This failure did not teach him wisdom or honour. But at the age of sixty-eight, he rushed anew upon a still more criminal experiment,—bargaining away the happiness and the virtue of a helpless daughter. To whom? to the men who had disgraced him—men with whom for the sake of his own self-respect he should have shrunk from the slightest intercourse. And for what? For the mere chance of getting back again into a station which he knew that he could not expect to keep a month, but at the cost of those very violations of his judicial oath and duty, which only a few months before he had risked that station rather than commit.

We have dwelt the longer upon this melancholy story, since the old man's dealings in it show his violence and meanness—his absence of all dignity, purity, and affection. It is evident that he can have regarded, with little elevation and steadiness of purpose, the seat of justice (his highest glory), when, in the hope of returning to it, he stooped his haughty nature to acts quite as base as, and much more cruel than, pecuniary bribes. Such is Coke's picture as a father. For the scandal of a home, made miserable by his wife and by his daughter, he was himself in the main responsible. Of his sons nothing is known, except of Clement. And he is only remembered for acts of violence. He was sent to the Tower by the House of

Commons for striking another member—and ended by killing an adversary in a duel. This looks too like his father's son. For, it is very certain, that Coke's ungovernable choler must have done infinitely more to ruin the tempers of his children, in the way both of suffering and of example, than could be ever set to rights by the lesson, 'Prudens qui patiens,' contained in his Sergeant's motto; or by his Star-Chamber Homily against duels, which the King desired him to set forth in print.

Temperament and habit made the possession and exercise of power almost necessary to Coke. It had been one of his darling objects to place his fortune on the proud foundation of superior merit, and to owe as little as possible to any body but himself. He must have been soon satisfied that he had nothing to fear from open competition in the profession which he had chosen. Accordingly, the faults which were natural to a man, of whom Bacon said, that he behaved as though he had been born Attorney-General, alone got head under the administration of a Queen famous for her wise selection of her servants. A different system unfortunately came in with James. There was henceforth no office, however grave, for which the recommendation of mere merit was enough. Burleigh himself, whom Elizabeth called her 'Spirit,' would have been expected to *purchase* the good graces of a Carr and of a Villiers, and to vest the greater part of his authority in their minion hands. The degradation of this unmanly favouritism was infinitely increased from the air of extravagant pretension, and ludicrous absurdity, which characterized both the government and person of this sloven King. His boasted state-craft profited nothing by the friendly hint of the House of Commons, who, in 1610, told him in an address, how much better Elizabeth had understood to manage her acts of power by preventing the scanning of them; while of all the indignities which he put upon them, that which the people of England resented most, was the attempts, which were now for the first time systematically made, against the honour and integrity of the Courts of Justice. Elizabeth had had always the skill to retreat in time from similar contentions. For information, how ill the Sages of the Law came out of this new ordeal, it is scarcely necessary to refer to Luders's treatise on the character of the Judges of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Coke made more bravados than the rest, at first; but in the end behaved very little better. In all other particulars, the turn of the die told infinitely to his disadvantage in the new side of him which adversity displayed.

James's declaration to Parliament in 1607, that the doing any 'act, which may procure less reverence to the Judges, cannot but breed a looseness in the Government, and a disgrace to the whole nation,' is only one, among many instances, of the little conformity

the latter's tongue into his cheek, and his finger to his nose:

"The pantomime was harmless, you perceive, but appeared an insult to the dignity of the gentleman. With one blow of his huge, black hand he stretched poor Benoit on the deck, and called out,

"Do you take old Blind-eye (*le Borgne*) for a lubber then—Here, you there, tie up this brute by the legs."

"This was done despite the reiterated exclamations of Benoit. The boat's crew did not interfere, from respect to *le Borgne* and his worthy friends.

"A huge, hideous, curly head now appeared above hatches, calling out, "*Le Borgne—Le Borgne—captain wants to know what's all this jaw on deck.*"

"'Tis this here old alligator that owns the brig; he is being kept quiet."

"Down went the great head,

"Up it came again—

"Here," said the cabin-boy, "here, *le Borgne*, captain says that 'ere gentleman is to come below.'"

He is transmitted accordingly down the hatches to the doorway of the cabin of the lord and master of the *Hyena*, and meets this gracious reception:

"A voice of thunder cried out,

"Cut him in two, the old blazes, if he a't quiet. Aha! he's here. Let him come in—we'll see the whites of his eyes."

"Claude Martial Borromée thought of Catherine and Thomas; buttoned his coat, passed his hand through his grey hair; coughed twice, blew his nose, and entered."

The old, half worn-out blue shirt, tied with a rope's-end round the waist, that formed the single equipment of M. Brulart, the commander of the *Hyena*, was not more ceremonious than his reception of the stranger; nevertheless

"Benoit, wishing to spare him the trouble of beginning, opened the conversation with dignity;

"I want to know what for"—but Brulart's loud voice interrupted him—

"What for, yourself;—dog! don't ask me questions, but answer them. Why have you been so long cooping up your tub?" * * *

"Where are you bound from?"

"I'm from the African coast; I have made a purchase; got my cargo on board, and am going to Jamaica to sell my blacks."

"I know that better than you: I only asked to see if you'd tell me a lie."

"You knew it!"

"I have been after you from Goree."

"It was you then that I saw before the storm—in the fog?"

"A glimpse—hold there, shipmate, your servant"—said Brulart, pulling a lock of his thick hair as if it had been a corner of a cocked hat:—"aye, aye! we make a treaty: and so will I:—I'm quite delighted."

"I was sure we should understand each other," answered Benoit, a little reassured by this parity of situation.

"But tell me, where did you get your blacks? for the hurricane parted us, and I have only found you again this evening."

"On the coast;—mouth of the Fish River; they were sold me by a chief of the Kraal of the Great

Namaquois: it is a party of Little Namaquois, taken in war.

"Indeed!"—

"Oh yes: I had some thoughts of descending to the Red River * * to make up my cargo with Grand Namaquois; for they take prisoners on both sides; and if the Great Namaquois sell the Little, these eat the Great. Now, if they eat them, they would sell them cheap; and I tell you of this place as a great secret."

"Oh, I get my cargoes of blacks in another way:—quite another thing—a kind of tontine—but I fund largely."

"But now you see I'm losing time: all I can do for you is to give you six casks of water and two barrels of biscuit; and considering I have twenty in crew and eighty blacks on board, it is a great deal: I am giving my blood for you!"

"That's the word"—observed Brulart, with a peculiar smile.

"I can't spare a particle more," said Benoit, with an air of decision.

"I swear nevertheless * * that you shall do more for me; you *Mister of the Grand Namaquois*."

"Will you betray me?" said Benoit, pale as death.

"I betray you?"

Offended by the laugh that followed, the choleric captain assaults the corsair.

"But Brulart, seizing his two arms in his iron fist, while with the other hand he untied the cord round his waist, Benoit was in a few moments doubled up and bound neck and heels, so that he could not stir; Brulart placed him across his great sea-chest, saying, "Bye and bye we'll have a laugh together,—*shipmate*."

"And he mounted the deck amidst all the imprecations, abuse, insult, and outcries of the unhappy Benoit, who moved by leaps upon the chest, just as a fish on a sand-bank."

The conference is shortly resumed on the return of Brulart to his prisoner.

"Ah, thief, rascal, blackguard," cried the latter the instant he saw him: "Ah! had I had guns, and my brave Simon, you should not have taken me as a beast in a trap."

"It's all one, father!"—

"No—rascal—no!"—

"As you like; * * but now, let us play at some game; at guessing;—come, guess, guess: come now, guess what I am going to do with you and your crew."

"Rascal, is it not infamy! to rob us, villain!"—

"No, go on—try again!"—

"To make us prisoners, monster!"—

"No, try again!"—

"Well then, to murder us; you are capable of anything!"—

"You burn—but that's not it exactly!"—

"Ten thousand thunders! to be here tied up, unable to move: like an anchor lashed to the bow!"—

"You give up guessing—well, listen!"—

He tossed off a large glass of rum, and Benoit closed his eyes.

"But, recollecting himself: "I'll not hear you, rascally vagabond," he exclaimed, "I'll stop your speaking—you shall see!"—

"And Claude Borromée Martial began to gabble, bawl, sing, and swear, to drown the voice of M. Brulart, and avoid hearing his atrocious jests.

"Two or three of the sailors, alarmed by this infernal uproar, ran to the cabin-door, thinking somebody was cutting his throat.

"Get on deck again, rascals," said Brulart, "don't you see it is only the gentleman amusing himself by singing Namaquois airs, ah! wretch of a musician."

Poor Benoit continued his cries in every variety of tone * * but he was speedily gagged: his eyes became blood-shot and seemed starting from his head.

The details he had given the corsair are now turned against the poor captive; for Brulart communicates his fate. He with his crew are to be surrendered to the little Namaquois, in exchange for the same number of captives these may have made; the inducement to the savages being, that they may eat the unhappy whites in revenge for the imputed murder of the little Namaquois captives they had bought of King Taroo: and to substantiate this charge, one of these last is to be drowned, and his body carried, as in evidence, by a detachment of the pirate crew, to the savages. By this Brulart disposes of his white prisoners, who are useless to him, and acquires twenty blacks more, whom he can sell.

The wretched man, on hearing this infernal resolution, bursts a vein and faints; but is restored by some drops of rum poured into his eyes: he petitions for mercy,—for death, if his crew be spared: but all in vain. The fatal sentence is executed to the letter.

We next proceed to give our readers some specimens from *La Salamandre*. The scene opens with a tobacco-shop in the Rue de Grammont, at Paris, in 1815. It was constantly full, for a crowd of Germans, Russians, Prussians, Bavarians, and English, desirous of charming away their leisure moments, always thronged M. de Formon's establishment.

Unhappily for M. de Formon's peace the day when the story commences he is absent from the shop; the customers are mystified by this unwonted event, but he is no farther off than in his own parlour, where he learns that his friends of the Restoration have procured for him, with the resumption of his old title of Marquis, an appointment as captain of a frigate, to which he is in every way incompetent. M. de Formon is anxious only to remain unknown and happy in his shop; but this base propensity receives small encouragement from his better half.

"The impatience of 'his faultless partner' (as he has just styled her) could bear no more. Rising suddenly from her chair she seized her husband by the arm and dragged him to the farther end of the room.

"Then drawing back a slight gauze curtain, she displayed to him the portrait of a naval officer whose costume denoted the last century. * *

"There," she said, pushing back poor Formon so violently that he fell upon the sofa; "there, look: and die with shame in comparing what you might have been and what you will be." * *

"I refuse the command," added he, throwing the despatch upon the table.

"You refuse it!" articulated slowly the marchioness, VOL. XXXIV.—OCTOBER, 1838.

making him sensible at the same time of the points of her sharp nails. "You refuse it!" repeated she. "No, no, I do not believe it;" and keeping her husband's arm compressed in her dry and bony hand, she smiled with an air truly diabolical.

A month after, the Marquis de Longtour set off for Toulon to assume his command. In his youth he had been once at sea; for he had gone from Toulon to Rochefort.

We have no room for a scene on board the frigate where the government commissary pays the seamen's wages, and proves to the astonishment of a sailor, that the latter, by receiving 160 franks less than his claim, is a gainer to that amount in excess. We cannot give the details, nor the scene of the crew, counting over their money and swearing to spend it at once. They are not permitted to leave the ship.

About midnight the officer of the watch, seeing the weather perfectly calm, and the sea magnificent, quit the deck and went to his cabin, desiring the boatswain, La Joie, to keep a good look-out. Boatswain La Joie watched as long as he could; but the weather was superb; there was no fear for the ship, and he would be waked by the first noise.

A cabin-boy gives the signal to the crew: they were all dressed and ready, in their hammocks; the watch left the deck and eighty sailors got out of a port-hole into the three boats, and rowed to shore, leaving no means of sending after them. (Such tales are never told of British or American seamen.)

Boatswain La Joie, waking, pipes all hands in great dudgeon; but imagining the crew afraid to come up goes on gradually excusing them for a timidity that so magnifies his own importance; on discovering his blunder he rouses the officers by his furious calls. The boats are gone, and the crew: even the yawl has disappeared; but a strip of an officer's uniform, left on the rails, shows the lieutenant that this boat could not have been taken by the crew. His son is missing also.

A far less anxious scene was meantime going on at the auberge, or public-house, of St. Marcel; so far aloof from other habitations, that the police-regulations never included it in their visits.

The present guests had the advantage of being under the guardian care of 'M. Marius, a gentleman versed in the abstract sciences,' and who had established a scale of proportions that proved mathematically that a sailor's money went five times as far as others.' Accordingly he made them pay five times the value of all they took.

'There is nothing so delicious as a fine summer evening to prolong a gay repast under the doubtful gleam of the moon, and inhale the sea-breeze that cools the burning forehead, flushed with generous wine.

To judge by the cries and songs which then rang through the auberge of St. Marcel, it might be presumed the breeze would have plenty of foreheads to cool that night.'

The scene, it appears, was somewhat animated: 'a noise, an infernal uproar shook the few panes of glass that yet remained:'—'plates, full and empty bottles, glasses, chairs, and furniture, from time to time sallied forth from the three windows of the balcony and fell to earth like bombs.'—'Hats, garments of all kinds, shawls, shoes kicked off,' &c. followed in the same track. The party was under the control of reason, for, observes the author, 'neither man nor woman had yet been thrown from the window.' It seemed however that the last named kind of projectile was about to succeed the rest, for this way descended the proprietor Marius, pale, frightened, raving, and swearing.

One of the sailors, Giromon, appears at the balcony; his hair carefully powdered.

"We begged of you to descend, d'ye see old curmudgeon, because you were driving us wild with your go aways."

"But, brute as you are," said the other, "you have broken everything in my house, and bilged my casks."

"We'll pay for them."

"You broke my tables!"

"We'll pay for them."

"You broke my chairs, glasses, and ——"

"We'll pay for them; we'll pay for them."

"You have twice nearly set my house on fire!"

"We'll pay for it. Now I consider, we'll pay for it, and then it will be ours; and if you have the ill-luck to come near it, we'll have a dance on your carcass. Now then, what's the price of your crib?"

Giromon turned his head every way, examined the exterior like an architect, and said,

"Will you take ten thousand francs for the whole set out as it stands, and leave us alone? It's a bargain; the crib's ours; and before we go, we'll set fire to it."

* * *

In spite of the refusals of Marius, Giromon went in delighted with the idea. * * * Five minutes after he re-appeared, with two heavy bags.

"Here's your money, you dog of an oil-eater: now the house is ours. Be off, or we'll give you chase: Come, sheer off; you plague us, and it makes us modest—and these here ladies too.—There's your money."

And the bags came to earth with a heavy clink. Marius picked them up.

"Ah, you drive me out of my house, thieves, plunderers, brigands, bonapartists as you are. * *

Giromon returned into the room with the steadiness and confidence of a gentleman on his own grounds."

We cannot help noticing that the term Bonapartist is sunk in the south of France to a mere epithet of foulest reproach; and throughout the books before us does anything but recall the glories of the empire, and its enthusiastic supporters. It is early, perhaps, for such an excess of devotion so to counterpoise itself.

The drunken scene is given at ample length and with considerable spirit; but we are far from certain that it is entirely adapted to our pages. All readers familiar with our neighbours must have remarked how easily excitable and noisy they speedily become under the in-

* So the Northerners call the Provencaux.

fluence of liquor, while our more phlegmatic constitutions scarcely betray a symptom of its effects till long after: but though far more peaceably disposed than ourselves under a tolerably strong stimulant of this kind, and inclined to gaiety rather than to differences or quarrels, as with us, yet when carried to the extreme of inebriety the former is far the more dangerous character, while the worse humours of the latter appear to have worked themselves off. In intoxication the extravagance of the Englishman, generally speaking, is frolic, that of the Frenchman frenzy. The characteristics of the two nations are ever the antipodes of humanity.

At a loss for amusement the sailors first propose throwing the ladies out of the window; but as this expedient is declined by the parties chiefly interested, they pile up the bodies of their insensible comrades, thirty-five in number, with straw-hats, scarfs, towels, cudgels, and chair-bottoms heaped round them, in order to smoke-dry them by setting fire to the whole mass. This frantic task is arrested at the moment of execution by a violent knocking at the door. Giromon goes to the balcony.

An immense crowd, grotesquely habited, as clowns, satyrs, fauns, with Herod, Plato, Proserpine, and the Virgin, all led by a ragged, filthy, bearded, gigantic clown under the guise of the Queen of Sheba, surround the house with torches, and attempt to force the door. They are hailed by Giromon with the broken neck of a bottle by way of speaking-trumpet; they charge him and his comrades with having robbed and beaten their worthy friend Marius. A table is thrown down and crushes several of the assailants: they take to the two fire-arms they have brought, and Giromon receives a ball in the throat and dies, bequeathing his wife and daughter to a comrade. We must offer a specimen of every kind.

"Avast, resumed Giromon with difficulty, you perceive I'm running aground. Good bye, my old hearties (flambarts). Our time is all up, d'ye see: our flag's losing colour; the English are boarding us:—I am going to see aloft if their ships have stays and royals. Good bye, my hearties. Heave me overboard d'ye hear; and tie a thirty-six pounder to my legs;—it's a sailor's grave. Good bye, good bye, Parisian! Love my poor daughter a little, and don't beat my wife too much; and —— z——ds, you won't speak against me, all of you: so ——long live the Emperor!"

"And he fell, dead."

We need not detail the horrible scene of drunken and infuriate contest that ensues between the two parties. The Queen of Sheba is stabbed by one of the sailors, but these are overwhelmed by numbers, and on the point of utter destruction when a fresh party, sent to make up the complement of the Salamandre, arrives, headed by La Joie and Paul, the lieutenant's son; the Provencaux are vanquished and bound with ropes.

We cannot but give our praise to M. Sue for the force and spirit with which he has portrayed this revolting scene. But we are glad to turn from it; and fain would ask if such a state of things is possible in civilized France? England assuredly has ample cause to blush for outrages committed at home, and deeds of violence and fraud: but the discipline of our navy seems to have infused a spirit of moderation, to a certain degree, into even the common sailors. M. Sue is a Frenchman, writing of Frenchmen; and if his tale is, as we imagine it must be, the exaggeration of a novelist, we at least cannot give him the credit of seeking to elevate the character of his countrymen. Monstrosity is the favourite resource of one school of writers in France; but we doubt if a single Englishman could be found to outrage so extravagantly his country's navy.

As a sequel to our remarks we light, curiously enough, upon a contrast between French and English sailors.

"You treat your men too gingerly;—the English!"

"The English, the English, sir—have not French blood in their veins. You bring them into action with the cat-of-nine-tails; and that is a poor courage, sir, which fights only when placed between two dangers, or gorged with rum and wine(!) I have only given the rope's-end eleven times in nine years, sir; I have seen my old shipmates (flambarts) under fire, and I know what they can do."

To do M. Sue justice, however, this is almost the only passage we have met with that reflects on the courage of our seamen—they can freely afford him the sneer. The French themselves admit that the sea is repugnant to their habits; and even if our author be correct, it only proves how feeble is that boasted moral courage which has so often struck its flag to this *courage* of the *Cat*.

The Life of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief-Justice of England in the reign of James I., with memoirs of his Contemporaries. By CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo, London: 1837.

"Of writing many books, there is," saith Solomon, "no end:" which is understood of such as are written to no end. Thus reporteth my Lord Coke; and his biographers at least are bound to take his word. The last twelve years have brought forth no fewer than four lives of Coke; of which Mr. Johnson, from the way in which he speaks of the old article by Oldys, in the 'Biographia Britannica,' must be presumed never to have heard. After this, it would be a waste of time to say a single word, either of his qualifications for the task on which he has volunteered, or of the way in

which he has performed it. His brother, it seems, had written a life of Selden. If this has been his inducement to follow with the life of Coke, it is very amiable and fraternal; but such a reason will perhaps be scarcely thought sufficient by the common run of vulgar readers.

The life by Mr. Woolrych was a work of minute detail. The others were summaries of considerable merit; and could not be otherwise—for Mr. Amos, Mr. H. Roscoe, and Mr. Jardine were severally their compilers. These different productions are not, however, so markedly distinguished from each other by their ability or their object, but that, upon Coke's maxim, more than one of them might have well been spared. What chance was left, then, for the multifarious commonplaces and omissions of Mr. Johnson? His miscellany is much the longest, much the dearest, and much the worst. It brings up the rear, like an ill loaded baggage-wagon. In such a case *caveat emptor* is a maxim which bears very hard upon the purchaser of literary wares. From the number of these recent biographies, and from the notice which Mr. Johnson's publication, such as it is, has nevertheless received, there appears to be a curiosity at present about Coke, which deserves to be rewarded by an account of him, of a somewhat higher order than has yet been given. He is no hero of ours. But the juridical and political crisis on which he was thrown, enabled him to be of great use to English law, and of some use to English liberty. His name is so completely incorporated with an important part of the history of his country, at a most important period, that a good likeness of Coke ought certainly to be found among its national portraits. We feel that there is no inconsistency in wishing that such a biographer, as alone we can desire to see, would enter upon the task. In a more judicious collection and arrangement and use of the materials, —in a rational sifting of the evidence, and in a more useful choice of the points of view,—ample room has been left by previous writers for the composition of a new and striking biography.

We have no thought of attempting this at present. Whoever undertakes it would do wisely, we think, to separate the private, the professional, and the political narratives into as many distinct chapters; and to throw the most striking documents relating to each division into their appropriate appendix. The materials will have to be hunted out and brought together from different quarters. Coke himself will not contribute as much as might be expected; since, although he lived in the age of annotations and collections, and was just the person to make them, yet, his papers having been twice seized by Government, his biography most probably sustained an irreparable loss on both occasions. The first seizure was made in 1621, when he was sent himself a close prisoner to the Tower. It was con-

ducted by Sir Robert Cotton, whom, when Chief-Justice, he had committed, upon information of his having intelligence with the Spanish ambassador. Roger Coke mentions that they took away even securities for money. The second seizure was on his deathbed, when even his will was carried off, containing the provisions for younger children, and which was never afterwards recovered. We owe the Commentary upon Magna Charta, the Pleas of the Crown, and the Jurisdiction of Courts, to the continued importunity of the House of Commons, who (but not until some years had elapsed) prevailed on the King to take some course, according to his former promise, for their discovery and restoration, and who secured the printing of them to his executor. Among the materials now accessible, Coke's own note-book, the extracts from Chamberlayne's letters which are scattered over Nicholl's Progresses of Elizabeth and James, Lady Hatton's various memorials, and sundry anecdotes in the writings of contemporaries, furnish authentic and interesting comments upon his private story. Selections from his own writings are the best authority for the legal. His politics must be traced by his share in the Parliamentary proceedings of his time. They will be seen in those passages in Townsend's and D'Ewe's journals, which exhibit his management of the House of Commons in 1592, when it was his business, in the double character of Speaker and Solicitor-General, to keep back unpleasant subjects, and confine debaters to the simple topic for which the Parliament had been summoned—the alarms from Spain. But his proper political career begins at a much later date, and a most striking account of it is preserved in the first volume of the House of Commons' Journals. Coke nowhere appears so extraordinary as in the prominent part he took in almost every committee and debate during the stirring years which passed from 1620 to 1628, both inclusive. The short pithy notes which were taken down at that time by the Clerk of the House (though without the sanction of the House itself,) give an excellent idea of the living scene and persons; more so by far than the few and comparatively formal speeches in the Parliamentary History. They are a rude sketch taken at the moment, and make the reader feel himself a party in all that is going on.

The first step towards getting at the character of a man is to make out what is the life he has really led. Coke, like every other individual, must stand or fall by his own conduct. But this is not all. We have inadequate means of forming a just opinion of the complexion and bearing of any individual nature, if we do not also know something of the general temper and manners of the age. The age of Elizabeth and James will be found, at least in the upper ranks, to have been very indifferent to virtue, according to our present standard. We shall not do Coke justice, un-

less we can tell whether he was more or less affected than others in the atmosphere in which he lived. The next difficulty in estimating the merits, especially of political chiefs, in periods of excitement and temptation, regards the degree of credit which is due to the word of this or that contemporary, whether it be in blame or praise. In this case, whenever special witnesses to character are to be called, it is necessary to ascertain their particular biasses and good faith, and to check the evidence accordingly. That Coke is railed against both by James the First and Bacon, is so far from being any presumption to his disadvantage, that it is quite the contrary; except where their charges are supported by independent testimony. On the other hand, we do not want Nalson's reproof of Rushworth for deliberate omissions, made for the express purpose of screening Coke, to satisfy us that we ought to attach but little weight to the favour with which the veteran Liberal was welcomed at the eleventh hour by the popular party whom he led on to triumph. The courtier of James and the calculating ally of Buckingham, unexpectedly 'ratted' to the people; and Parliamentary charity, we are well aware, forgets and forgives all things to a useful political partisan.

Coke, we repeat, is no hero of ours. If he be indeed the hero of the English law, so much the worse for it. There must, in that event, be some grievous fault in the training part of it. Where the fault may be, is not for us to say. We should guess, either in the want of philosophical principles and method, which characterizes its subject matter; or in the custom by which the Bar is made a nursery-garden for the Bench, and the practice or practices of an advocate are admitted to be the best criterion of the qualifications for a judge. In comparing the former administration of justice in France and England, the advantage of publicity, and in a hundred other ways, on the side of England is immense. It will be worth her while to ask how all these advantages come to be defeated; supposing it to be really true that her courts of justice have nothing better to bring forward, than a moral and intellectual character like that of Coke, in competition with the glorious names which have adorned the legal magistracy of France. Lately, speaking incidentally of Coke, we called him a pedant, a bigot, and a savage. All this he was. Eminent for bigotry among bigoted contemporaries, more odious than Elizabeth's captains for brutal fierceness, and more ridiculous than James's churchmen for scholastic conceits. But, according to circumstances, he was much besides; being at times something better, often, however, something even worse. For, to be pedantic, bigotted, or savage, in the sincerity of one's heart, is not half so bad as to degrade one's public virtue below the level of one's convictions; or to pervert the letter of the law to wrong and cruelty, contrary to one's bet-

ter knowledge. Stout, aspiring, and pushing every thing to excess, Coke appears to have waited on the times for the direction he was to take, more than might have been expected from so solid and positive a nature. The times, it is true, were unpropitious. Not so much so, however, as to relieve him from the reproach of a deliberate choice in the course which he pursued. His offences are not those of surprise, or momentary weakness; since he remained upon the stage for an almost antideluvian length of days, and had the opportunity of playing many parts. During the transitions and diversities of a busy life of upwards of eighty years,—beginning with the eve of the Reformation, and closing on the eve of the Civil Wars, an honest man, with the opinions which Coke professed at last, must have withdrawn or broken loose before. For instance, the two most distinguished lawyers who immediately preceded and succeeded him, Sir Thomas More and Sir Matthew Hale, rather than act as he did, would have left public life altogether, or have brought to their country's cause a better offering than the devil's leavings. His strength of will made him more responsible than most men for his conduct; and the circumstances of his ultimate conversion cannot leave a doubt to what we are to attribute his previous austere consistency in the servile track on which he had first entered. He could raise his voice loud enough in behalf of public virtue and political freedom as soon as it served the interests of any passion that he should do so. The earlier display of a few instances of judicial courage, for which he has received such indiscriminate applause, is scarcely entitled to be considered as an exception to his general behaviour. The examples of Chief-Justice Hussey, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and of Elizabeth's Judges on more than one occasion, could not well permit of his doing less in such a case, than shrink from openly violating his judicial duty without a struggle. But when the most has been made of his spirit as a judge, the instances of it were, in some cases, too technical, in others too suspicious, and in all too occasional, to authorize our placing implicit faith in the odour of sanctity in which he died. Had his elevation of mind borne but a small proportion to his love of power, his political virtue would have budded at an earlier age than that of seventy, and under some more generous provocation than private spleen. The want of principle, with which, it will be seen, that Coke at different periods of his life abused his legal knowledge and authority to acts of direct injustice, makes out a still plainer case against him. The contradictions into which he fell, both as a politician and a lawyer, were too glaring and of far too unscrupulous a nature, to pass as generous inconsistencies, or be palliated as originally honest errors. It would be an affectation of candour to suppose that in

the interval his opinions had really changed. The most that can be said is this—he gave truth and freedom the benefit of the last word. That Coke in his posthumous writings, and Bacon in his correspondence, preserved by his own desire, are the principal witnesses against themselves, is a strange proof of the coarseness of the times.

Coke came into the world in the reign of Edward the Sixth, in the year 1551, and went out of it, under Charles the First, in the year 1634. For, thus much of his epitaph, we presume, that we may believe. Born and brought up in Norfolk, of an ancient family, he was as proud of his county as if he had foreseen the future fame of Holkham. His name afterwards appears in that list of eminent persons, so remarkable in every department of human knowledge, by which Trinity College, Cambridge, is wonderfully distinguished. But his nature (in every thing unlike Bacon's) had no academical sympathy or longings. We could suspect him of having had even some reluctance to receive, in later life, the official dignity of its Lord High Steward, from a University which had laughed over the barbarisms of the Common Law in Ruggles's play of 'Ignoramus.' It was not until his arrival in the congenial cloisters of the Inner Temple, that he felt morally and intellectually at home. Coke and the law might have been made for each other. Whatever he did for it, it did as much, or more for him. His progress in it is the line of light along his life. It gave him occupation, riches, power. Its learning was the only learning of which he had a conception or a care. In the corporate spirit of the profession, and among the admirers it provided him with, he found the only acquaintance, he ever had, whom he could mistake for friends. The Inns of Court were at this time the 'third Universitie,' he loved to call them; and he retained to the last a lively recollection of the advantage which he had derived, and the skill which he had displayed in the *mootings* and exercises of its students. In consequence of his superior attainments, its period of probationary study was abridged in his favour. He was equally successful there as a teacher. In 1579 (two years after he had been called to the bar), he was named Reader to Lyons Inn. The fame of his Lectures raised him immediately into extensive practice. One and the same year (1592) saw him afterwards appointed Solicitor-General, Reader to the Inner Temple, and Speaker of the House of Commons. This seems a strange union of offices with our present habits. And so utterly have the Inns of Court abdicated their duty of superintending the education of their members, that the strangest part of it, is to find that the duty was then placed in such distinguished hands. These Lectures acquired for him a popularity among his brethren more flattering, if not more lucrative,

than the former crowding in of clients. He had delivered five out of seven Lectures on the statute of Uses, when he was driven away by the plague from a class of a hundred and sixty members of the Society. Of these, nine Benchers, and forty other members, paid him the compliment of accompanying him on his way into Suffolk, as far as Romford. Coke owed every step in his promotion to his merit only. His pre-eminence was so universally acknowledged, that he had no occasion to employ (and it was an honest boast) *aut precem aut pretium*, for a seat whether in the Courts of Justice or the House of Commons. He would have been made Solicitor earlier, but that the intrigues of Essex and Cecil, in favour of Bacon, who was ten years his junior, and who had never studied the law but as a secondary object, prevailed so far as to keep the office vacant much longer than was just by the public, or by Egerton the then Attorney. The same delay in filling up the office, and from the same cause, took place again soon afterwards, when Coke became, in 1594, Attorney-General himself. In this, at that time, and perhaps always, the most important situation in the law, next to that of the Lord Chancellor, he long continued—eminent above all who had gone before, and all who have come after him, for his incredible industry and learning, pride, and violence. The disgraceful figure which he makes as a Crown lawyer, in the State Trials, is one of the worst parts of our legal annals. In the year 1606 he was removed to the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas. Of the many characters which Coke sustained during his restless life, that of a Judge is the only one in which we can look upon him with feelings approaching to satisfaction. Under the recommendations of boundless knowledge, and an obsequiousness as boundless, Bacon had by this time crept into favour with James the First; and in the year 1613, he succeeded, for purposes of his own, in transferring his ancient rival to the Chief-Justiceship of the King's Bench. Coke smarted under the indignities to which he was subjected from time to time by these congenial allies—now, trying to bully or cajole himself, now encouraging encroachments on the jurisdiction of his Court. From this high office, within three short years, his judicial sturdiness earned him his dismissal. If upon this he had retired into private life, with a haughty consciousness of his merits; or, hushed in grim repose, had calmly trusted to the necessities which sooner or later must bring on a parliament, and together with a parliament opportunities for revenge, he might have left comparatively an untarnished name. The baseness with which he almost immediately repented of having refused to disgrace himself by foul compliances, and the open scandal of purchasing an imperfect restitution to favour by the sale of his daughter, a child of fourteen, in marriage

to Sir J. Villiers, are infamies, which the decency of modern times makes it difficult to comprehend.

From this period Coke's occupations cease to be principally legal. However, from 1617 to 1620 he was kept in hand in one way or another. His abilities were made the most of in the despotic drudgeries of the Star Chamber and Council Board; and he was employed in various commissions. His appointment with Bacon and Abbot as joint Commissioner for the office of Lord Treasurer must have encouraged the hope that he might be gratified at last by the White Staff—the favourite object, it would seem, of the avarice and ambition of the aspiring courtiers of James the First. Bacon had informed the King that the studies of the great Common Lawyer had taken this direction. It is evident that these tantalizing prospects came to nothing, either from mutual suspicions or from a difference about the terms. On the one hand, Coke considered that he had earned his restoration or advancement by his general services: on the other, the beggared court expected that the wealthy hunks should come down with his money like other candidates.

The year 1620 was an important crisis for all parties. It brought these tamperings and triflings to an end. In November, the King had resolved upon summoning a Parliament. In December, Sir H. Montagu (who in 1616 had succeeded Coke in his Chief-Justiceship) was promoted to the Treasurership—paying, it was said, no less a sum than £20,000 for a dignity, in which the very next year he was to be replaced by Cranfield. So rapid were the changes in this tempting office, that in 1624 there were four ex-Treasurers then alive. The official promotions of 1620, in which no notice was taken of Coke, showed him that he had been outwitted. There are two things which, at this time, it is curious to observe in Bacon's Letters—first, his own unconsciousness of his danger from a House of Commons; next, the confidence with which Coke was taken into the consultations of the court. They made so sure of Buckingham's connexion, and supposed dependent, that he was returned for Liskeard, an obscure Cornish borough. The faithless triumvirate, Buckingham, Bacon, and the King, must have been thunderstruck at their folly. For, no sooner had Parliament met, than Coke seized the earliest opportunity of proving to them all his sense, both of his wrongs and of his power. He put himself at once at the head of the country party. The next eight years constitute the whole of his true parliamentary reputation. They exhibit the singular picture of an ex-Chief Justice entering the House of Commons between the age of seventy and eighty; and by his intrepidity and capacity, his readiness and indefatigableness, commanding the obedience of a body of men who must have been most of them strangers to him, and all suspicious of him. He so

completely carried every thing at once before him, that the King might well call him 'Captain Coke.' On raising the standard of defection from the Court, he had no need to go to the rotten end of England for a seat. At one or other of the elections which now so rapidly ensued, he had the option of the town of Coventry, or of the counties of Buckingham, Suffolk, and Norfolk, apparently as he thought fit. If the Stuarts could have taken warning, surely it was here. On the contrary, the way that the King showed his sense of the lesson it might have conveyed, was to attempt to except him from the general pardon. He was then committed to the Tower in December, 1621; proceeded against both in the Star-Chamber and the Court of Wards; and was only released, after eight months' severe imprisonment, under an order to confine himself to his house in Buckinghamshire, and not repair to Court without express license from the King. At the close of 1623, the device for getting him out of the way assumed the form of a commission, to enquire into the Irish Church Establishment. A passport for Ireland was granted him by the Council; but as the Court at that time managed to scramble on without calling a Parliament, it seems not to have been carried into effect. His exclusion, in the second Parliament of 1625, from the representation of Norfolk, was accomplished in substance by naming him Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. For, after compelling the Government to modify the Sheriff's oath, he appears to have submitted to a sort of compromise by which he retained his seat, but did not attend in his place. At the end of the session in 1629, he withdrew altogether into retirement. A life prolonged to eighty-two, interposed three or four years of solitude and devotion between these agitations and the grave.

Such are the principal facts, legal and political, in the external history of Coke. He can hardly have understood the bearings and the consequences of the political Brief, which he lived to do little more than open: and it is difficult to anticipate what course he would have taken. He left a great cause in wise and noble hands—those of Selden, Pym, and Hampden. Would he have trembled with his brother lawyer on the banks of the Rubicon? or would he have sided with the bolder statesmen, and outstepped the precedents of former freedom? The answer to this question we are afraid depends quite as much on the notion which Coke might have taken at the time of his personal interests, as on his general views either of the English constitution or the exigency of the public crisis.

By intelligence and energy Coke was signally qualified for public life. But his moral weaknesses so unfitted him for it, that it was not the least of his obligations to the law, that it so long kept him out of the rivalries and intrigues of the politicians of his day. He had the misfortune to live in a half-civilized age.

The recollections and the dread of revolutions kept society in a constant panic: statesmen and courtiers regarded each other with suspicious fear. There was nothing of which men like Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh were not capable to secure themselves against a rival. How much Coke had to thank his legal, and Bacon his philosophical pursuits, for the degree to which they were saved from such temptations, is very clear by the difference we see in them as soon as ever they come in contact with the poison of contemporary politics. In their humbler lines it was only necessary to rouse them, and they had apparently as few scruples as the rest. We believe that in both cases their public corrupted their private habits. At the same time, we are satisfied from this, and on other grounds, that they could neither of them have ever been the centre of any enthusiastic attachment and respect in private life. With regard to Coke, the most that can be said for him is, that if he had been content to be a Norfolk squire, or an antiquarian lawyer, the worst parts of his disposition might have been dormant. He must have been always troublesome from his want of moderation, and unamiable from his want of sympathy with others; yet in that case he might probably have passed for hard and honest. As it was, the dearest charities and relationships became only of value in his eyes as convenient materials for his aggrandisement. It is matter of good fortune, rather than of praise, that the narrow limits of private life lessen the opportunities of going wrong. There is room within its sacred circle for little much more criminal than the sacrifice of the domestic happiness of those whom we are bound to love. The general ends which Coke had proposed to himself in life, seem to have been, perhaps, too personal and rigid, but on the whole, good and reasonable. He had wisdom and conscience enough for that. His fault was, want of sense, humanity, and temper, in the means he used to compass them. From his resolution to compass them at all events, he ordinarily overdid his object, and led a life of violent extremes. For instance—he was quite right in determining to be his own master, and to depend as little as may be upon any body but himself. But he nearly ruined his purpose by his way of executing it. Thus the wise determination to be pecuniarily independent, hurried him into the reproach of avarice. He had recognised from the first the great truth, that pecuniary independence was a good foundation for independence of a better kind. And he must afterwards have applauded his own prudence, when he perceived that this housekeeper virtue would have saved James I. and Bacon from half the degradations in which they sank. The fault was not knowing where to stop. The death of his father, when he was ten years old, had served only to concentrate his powers in their natural direction, and widen the circle which he aspir-

ed to fill. The considerable inheritance which then descended to him assisted the developement of the organ of accumulation. He was but twenty-six years old when he already began to add to his patrimonial estate. In his original book of 'Title Deeds,' he has noted against the first indenture—'This was the first purchase made by the aforesaid Sir Edward Coke.' This occurrence, the memory of which was so precious to him, took place in 1576—two years before his first Brief. He was so persevering an adder of field to field, that there is a tradition in the family that James I. became jealous of his purchases, and told him that he had as much land as a subject should possess. On which Coke, who was then treating for Castle Acre Priory, encountered his master with one of those pleasantries which James loved—'Then, please your Majesty, I will only add one acre more.' This was among the sacrilegious purchases to which Spelman, in his book on Sacrilege, attributes the canker which afterwards eat into Coke's prosperity. It was made in 1615, the year before he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship. Another specimen which Spelman mentions of this canker, is Coke's separation from his lady. Two evils which, one should have thought, even the logic of superstition might have connected with nearer causes.

It thus appears that Coke had taken early the great security which riches afford against dishonesty, in its vulgar forms. It had been well with him, were there only one form to the temptations of injustice. The extent to which the particular imputation of avarice went, will scarcely justify the way in which, upon his fall, Bacon undertook to tutor him upon his hardness in money matters. From his knowledge of human nature, he can scarcely have expected that the Ex-Chief-Justice would profit much by his advice. Bacon introduces himself, 'as a true friend, whose worthy office,' says he, 'I would perform; since I fear both yourself and all great men want such, being themselves true friends to few or none: Your too much love of the world is too much seen, when having the living of a thousand, you relieve few or none: The hand that has taken so much, can it give so little? Herein you show no bowels of compassion, as if you thought all too little for yourself; or that God hath given you all that you have (if you think wealth to be his gift, I mean that you get well, for I know sure the rest is not), only to that end you should still gather more, and never be satisfied, but try how much you would gather, to account for all at the great and general audit-day. We desire you to amend this, and let your poor tenants in Norfolk find some comfort; where nothing of your estate is spent towards their relief, but all brought up hither to the impoverishing of your country.' Bacon afterwards proceeds in a separate passage to point out a farther mode by which Coke

might usefully employ a portion of his superfluous riches. The artful wording of the paragraph can mean nothing else than bribing the Court. Lady Hatton told Archbishop Williams, that her husband might have returned to the seat of justice upon these terms. He answered that a Judge should neither give bribes nor take them. 'Learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous mammon; you cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got; think how much of that you never spake for, how much by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir, to hasten the wasting of so much of the rest, perhaps of all; for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many hasty gatherers; *you have enough to spare, being well laid to turn the tide, and fetch all things again.*' If Coke set too high a value upon money, he had the sense to part with it manfully and cheerfully upon what he considered adequate occasions. He gave Elizabeth jewels worth more than a thousand pounds, when she visited him at Stoke in a Progress; he subscribed two hundred pounds to one of James's loans, being as much as was subscribed by the greatest lord—some of the Bishops and other Judges giving only twenty pounds, which was refused. In 1626, rather than vote a subsidy under existing circumstances, he offered 1000*l.* towards the exigencies of the state. His hand could be equally free in the bounties of private life. He made liberal presents to the Officers of the Court upon being dismissed from the King's Bench; and when a friend sent to him three physicians in his last illness, though he refused to begin to do what he had never done before—take medicine—and that for a disorder which he knew to be incurable—old age—yet he handsomely rewarded them.

Among the expedients to which Coke had had recourse for bettering his condition, that of matrimony was not likely to be left out. In this Bacon was too wise a man to see any thing to blame. Such was the order of the day; and it was no fault of Bacon's that he had not profited to the same extent after the same fashion. In the narrative of his match-makings, we wish that the worst that could be said of Coke was, that he had not set up for himself or for his children a very romantic standard. Not to marry, out and out for love, is, as the world goes, no hanging matter. But legitimate mercenariness has some bounds. If we want to know Coke's real character, in his own home, so little is known of him in this important relation, that we must make the most of what incidents we have. Among these, his own marriage and that of his daughter are the most conspicuous. They are so completely decisive of the nature of the man, that they deserve on this account to be stated more at length than would otherwise be at all worth while.

Coke's matrimonial history is as follows. His first marriage took place in 1582. He was then thirty-two years old, and was rising rapidly at the bar. The lady was a Paston, a Norfolk neighbour. She brought him a fortune of 30,000*l.* (an enormous sum in those days), and ten children. This was a quiet money-marriage, and answered very well for any thing that appears. She died in June 1598; and is called in his memorandum-book 'his most beloved and most excellent wife.' His next speculation was a good deal bolder, and turned out as ill as it deserved. This 'most beloved and most excellent wife' had not been in her grave six weeks, when, with what remained of the funeral baked meats, the bereaved husband furnished forth his wedding-supper. The stepmother whom he thus unceremoniously placed over his infant family, was a widow, herself scarcely yet of age, of great wealth, wit, and beauty; and no less a person in birth than Lady Hatton, daughter of the eldest son of the great Burleigh. The year before, Essex had in vain interceded with her family for her in favour of her cousin Bacon. It must be looked upon as a singular instance of Coke's power and prospects, that the prudent Cecils should have closed at once with so summary a suitor. In consideration of the years and occupations of Mr. Attorney-General, not only were the ordinary forms of wooing dispensed with on this occasion, but the requisitions of the canonical law were as precipitately overlooked. Archbishop Whitgift was less latitudinarian in his department than the young lady and her relations had been in theirs. He brought them, Burleigh, Coke, and all, into the Spiritual Court; where they escaped the penalty of their offence only by Coke's gravely pleading in his excuse, his ignorance of the law. It is not likely that ecclesiastical courts stood afterwards the better in his good graces by reason of this adventure.

The animosity which soon divided this amiable couple lasted the life of Coke. The comic scandal of their squabbles rather relieves the gloomy baseness and austerity of the other scenes. The first notice we have of these dissensions begins with the year 1616. Up to this time, they probably managed to domicile together; she performing in Court masques, and complimented in Ben Johnson's verses; he, toiling in his court and chambers. However, that they never lived together upon tolerable terms, is evident from the language which she afterwards uses on their breaking out into open war. She had never taken his name, and she thus justifies her refusal:—'Sir William Cornwallis was the man who came from Sir Edward Coke, by whom I returned this answer, that if Sir Edward Coke would bury my first husband, according to his own directions, and also pay such small legacies as he gave to divers of his friends, in all coming not to above 700*l.* or 900*l.* at the most, that was left unperformed,

he having all Sir William Hatton's goods and lands to a large proportion—then would I willingly style myself by his name. But he never yielded to the one, so I consented not to the other. The like answer I made to my Lord of Exeter, and my Lord of Burleigh, when they spoke to me of any such business.' She was a violent high-handed woman; but at the same time of a character which a man of sense and honour might, probably, by a little management have brought round. At the beginning of his disgrace, his adversaries had calculated upon her for an ally from the general incompatibility of their humours, and from the known provocations which he had given her. They were therefore surprised to find that on that occasion (June 1616) she 'stood by him, in great stead, both in soliciting at the council table, wherein she hath done herself great honour, but especially in refusing to sever her cause from his, as she was moved to do, but resolving and publishing that she would run the same fortune with him.' She went so far as to be forbidden the Court in consequence of her 'braving and uncivil words' to Lady Compton, Buckingham's mother. The cause of her husband, however, was plainly one in which she was not disposed to offer herself up in unrequited martyrdom. She had repented before November. For, in the minute account remaining of his behaviour, upon his final removal in that month from the Chief-Justiceship, it is added,—'Hitherto he bears himself well, but especially towards his lady, without any complaint of her demeanour towards him; though her own friends are grieved at it, and her father sent to him to know all the truth, and to show him how much he disallowed her courses, having divided herself from him, and dis-furnished his house in Holborn, and at Stoke, of whatever was in them, and carried all the moveables and plate she could come by, God knows where, and retiring herself into obscure places both in town and country.' A few months, however, were all that was wanted for Coke to put her right in the opinion of her friends, by his indignities towards herself, and his cruel plottings against her daughter. For in the following May (1617) her relations openly sided with her. 'The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the council table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley, and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself that divers said Burbage could not have acted better.' In a letter to the King, written some time afterwards, she explains the above removal of her goods, as being the act of a good and prudent *mater familias*. 'My memory serves me not, but sure I am that it was when I had notice that there were certain bills preferred against him in the Star Chamber, that contained some foul misdemeanour he had committed in his circuit, and that

I was credibly informed by some of the late Lord Chancellor's house, that instead of the premunire Sir Edward Coke pretended to bring upon the Lord Chancellor, the said Lord Chancellor was confident to make good against Sir Edward Coke in the like kind; therefore, let him not blame me if I meant to keep something for myself, wh^o brought it all to him; wherein, if I did offend, I most humbly crave pardon of your Majesty, against whom the offence was committed.' With a woman of her temper (the only antagonist, of whom Coke did not, sooner or later, get the better), there would certainly be faults on both sides. The reader may believe, therefore, as much or as little as he chooses of her assertion, that Coke was alone to blame for their original as well as their continued separation.

'But let me entreat that a favourable construction may be made of this, that I be not adjudged an alien from Sir Edward Coke's will and pleasure, which I am ready to obey. For the cause which made me thus averse from him, was when he had signed away my living himself, yet would not by any means give consent to me to obey your Majesty, for neither myself nor any of my friends could ever obtain his allowance thereto. But if I did sign it, he would (as he said) be revenged double and treble of me. And when he was told that I should but sign what he signed before, his answer was, that what he had done was worth nothing, for if he once came upon his wing again, he would blow all that away. So long I staid in due respect, to have obtained Sir Edward Coke's leave, till my brother Burghley and myself had committed two contempts against the Court of Chancery, and that warrants were ready to commit us both. Neither durst I have done any thing at all, had your Majesty's letters not given me the assurance I should not be torn in pieces by this man, as I now am. Secondly, for Mr. Solicitor's Latin sentence from Sir Edward Coke, I must let it pass as being altogether unlearned in that language; but I presume it will be not thought fit that a husband, whose pleasure it is to leave a wife, should also take away all maintenance from, and make her live off these poor gatherings, that she, in her younger days, hath spared from her pleasures, for the good of her children; but your Majesty, I trust, will be a just judge of that yourself. Neither do I think it will be thought fit, that though he have five sons to maintain (as he allegeth in his writing), that a wife should be thought unfit to have maintenance according to her birth and fortune.' 'And whereas he accuseth me of calling him, "base and treacherous fellow;" the words I cannot deny, but when the cause is known, I hope a little passion may be excused. It was when he had assigned away all my living by my first husband, and sold his daughter, who was left to my trust and care by Sir William Hatton, and afterwards he deceived the children he had by me of their inheritance.'

In the same spirit she remonstrates with Buckingham afterwards on the violence which had been offered her—in being the first mother from whom a daughter hath been pulled out of her father's house, and by her father made a prisoner in her half-brother's. 'But I am a

woman, and must suffer; and less than 'a woman in being his wife.'

At this distance of time it is out of the question to try to separate this family feud into its respective merits—so much for her resentment at his meanness about her fortune—so much for his cruelty to her child. It is more than the parties could have done themselves. One thing is certain, Coke was far too worldly ever to have carried things to these extremities, if her uncle, the Secretary Cecil, had been still alive. The parties afterwards were reconciled for a short season, but only outwardly, at the King's desire. They continued to live apart. She, together with Bacon, in 1621, was publicly named on an enquiry by the House of Commons, as being at the bottom of a conspiracy to ruin Coke by some unfounded charges. On a premature report of his death, in the year he died, 1634, 'Sir Edward Coke was said to have been dead all one morning in Westminster Hall this term, insomuch that his wife got her brother, the Lord Wimbledon, to post with her to Stoke, to take possession of that place; but beyond Colnbrook they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who told her of his much amendment, which made them also return to London.'

So much for Coke in the conjugal relation. The ambition which led to this ill-assorted marriage, and the temper of the parties, sufficiently account for its unfortunate results. The next transaction is less ambiguous, and is of a kind which, in the opinion of most persons, will go far towards vindicating Lady Hatton for whatever she may have done, either before or after.

Bad as was his own marriage, that of his daughter was a great deal worse. Coke was by this time sixty-six years old, and his daughter fourteen. The deliberate way in which the Ex-Chief-Justice set about the sacrifice of her, in the hopes of changing the wind which had lately set in so strong against him at the Court, was as barbarous as Agamemnon's policy at Argos. If Lady Hatton had taken it to heart after the fashion of Clytemnestra, she would have had almost the same excuse. The feudal incidents of wardship and marriage, had, at this time, corrupted the understandings and hearts of the great upon this subject. Marriage brocade was a misdemeanor and a scandal only in the poor, with whom there was no inducement to the offence. Among courtiers, the influence of the Crown on these occasions continued to be prevalent and prosperous to a much later day. Clarendon speaks of the marriage of Waller the poet with a city heiress, as being the first instance in which any suitor was known to have been successful in opposition to the wishes of the Court. Therefore, that Coke, who had sold himself, should seek to sell his daughter, cannot be surprising. It is the amount of venality and unkindness into which he plunged on this occasion, which rouses our indignation; as far exceeding even the average

abuse of the sacred prerogatives of a parent. As father of this wretched girl, he had never before troubled himself much about her. Lady Hatton says in her narrative of her conduct:—'I had cause to provide for her quiet, Secretary Winwood threatening she should be married from me, in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Coke daily *permeating* (?) my quiet with discoveries, intending to bestow her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to; besides, my daughter daily complained and sought to me for help, whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed her apart at my cousin-german's house, for a few days, for her health and quiet, till my own business for my own estate were ended; Sir Edward Coke never asking me where she was, no more than at those times when at my placing she had been a quarter of a year from him, as the year before, with my sister Burley.' Coke had had the spirit in his prosperity, to decline on the part of his child, the alliance above alluded to with Buckingham's eldest brother, Sir J. Villiers. To similar proposals from Lord Oxford, he had also answered, that there was time enough, they were too young—an objection which certainly did not apply personally to Villiers. But the Chief-Justice had not been long in disgrace, before, in casting about for the means to restore himself to favour, he unluckily bethought himself of his daughter. The go-between was Mr. Secretary Winwood, who, having quarrelled with Bacon, had an interest in bringing Coke back upon the stage. On this Winwood writes to Buckingham, who was then in Scotland with the King, that Coke, 'coming to transact business with him, began to complain voluntarily of his removal from the King's favour, and declared that he could not any longer exist without it: he farther regretted his want of respect in rejecting the offers which had been made to him; promising that if they should be renewed, he would ensure very advantageous terms on the part of his daughter.'—The match in its progress became a trial of strength between Coke and Bacon; the latter having entered into the contest before he was aware how far Buckingham and the King were already compromised. Consequently, he had to save himself at last by the most humiliating submissions. For four months or more (from July to November, 1617), this marriage and its consequences became one of the principal affairs of State. The settlements were made under the direction of the Privy Council. There can be no doubt of the child's indifference, if not dislike. Her mother declared that 'she voluntarily and deliberately protested, that, of all men living, she would never have him.' In consequence of the threats used both by Coke and Winwood, Lady Hatton, in the first instance, carried her off secretly to a house of Lord Argyle's, near Oatlands. Coke's account and his wife's of his next measures pretty much agree.

He informs Buckingham, 'that, by God's wonderful providence, finding where she had been taken, in order to prevent the marriage, I, together with my sons, and ordinary attendants, did break open two doors, and recovered my daughter.' His wife describes it as 'Sir Richard Coke's most notorious riot committed at my Lord of Argyle's house, where, without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows, well weaponed, without cause being beforehand offered to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gatehouse, and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from her mother, and would not suffer her to come near her; and when he was before the Lords of the Council to answer this outrage, he justified it, to make it good by law, and yet he feared the face of no greatness;—a word for the encouragement of all notorious and rebellious malefactors, especially from him that had been the Chief-Justice of the law, and of the people reputed the oracle of the law, and a most dangerous bravado cast in the teeth and face of the State, in the King's absence, and therefore most considerable for the maintenance of authority, and the quiet of the land.' It was in vain that Bacon attempted to justify the official view which he had taken of Coke's misconduct on this occasion. 'It is true also I disliked the riot or violence, whereof we of your Council gave your Majesty advertisement, by our joint letter; and I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be law which was his old song.' Yelverton and Coke both went, at this critical moment, to meet the Court on its return from Scotland. Yelverton as the representative of Bacon; Coke for himself. Yelverton reports their reception in a very characteristic letter to his timid principal. 'Sir Edward Coke hath not forborne, by any engine, to heave at your honour, and at myself, and he works by the *weightiest instruments*. My Lord of Buckingham, who as I see sets him as close to him as his shirt, the Earl speaking in Sir Edward's praise, and as it were menacing in his spirit.'—'Sir Edward Coke, as if he were already upon his wings, triumphs exceedingly; hath made private conference with his Majesty, and in public doth offer himself, and thrust upon the king, with as great boldness of speech as heretofore.' Having found that he could re-seize his daughter by force of arms with impunity, Coke proceeded to take the same summary process for the recaption of his goods from out of the hands of Lady Hatton. Restitution of conjugal rights he was too wise to dream of. The following is the lady's sketch which she sent to the Lords of the Council next month:—

'Your Lordships, by order from the King, determined the difference concerning my estate, betwixt Sir Edward Coke and me; that order moved from my *perfiting* his Majesty's bargain with Sir Robert Rich and Sir Christopher Hatton, from which, without the King's protection, Sir Edward Coke had terrified me; now

that being by me accordingly performed, and all my rights in my first husband's estate thereby cancelled, myself here a prisoner and in the King's disgrace, Sir Edward Coke, according to his own brain, got upon his wings, injured me by all the ways he can, by the advantage of his quality, and the time, and having entered upon all my goods, broke into Hatton-house, seized my coach, and coach-horses—nay, my apparel, which he detains, thrust all my servants out of the doors, without wages, or any consideration; and hath sent down his man Sawman to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all those goods. Which being refused him by the castle keeper, he threatens to bring your Lordships' warrant for the performance thereof. Now for so much as it was before your Lordships established, that he should have only the use of the goods during his life, in such houses as the same appertained to;—without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use as always I had had; these also being either the goods I brought at marriage, even then stowed in these several houses, or such as I bought with the money I spared from my allowances;—I most humbly beseech of your Lordships, in your honourable justice, stopping these his high handed tyrannical courses, and thereby unjust, because he would transplant them from one house to another, and the rather that I am a prisoner, much of these goods unpaid for, and a good part belonging to divers my friends, and suffered beyond the measure of either wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortune, with which I have too highly raised him.*

Coke made the most of this gleam of royal favour. Lord Houghton and Sergeant Ashley were imprisoned for countenancing his wife's libels against him; and she herself was got out of the way by the same short expedient. Meanwhile, having the field to himself, he pushed the marriage with his characteristic vehemence; and had the gratuitous impudence to assure Buckingham that his daughter was most deeply in love with Sir J. Villiers. The poor daughter's touching letter to her mother,—without whose formal consent, in consequence it seems of a promise to that effect, she had the courage for a time to withstand her father,—is in a very different tone. 'Hoping that conscience, and the natural affection parents bear to children, will let you do nothing but for my good, and that you may receive comfort, I being a mere child, and not understanding the world nor what is good for myself, but wholly resolved to be disposed by you both and my uncle, and aunt Burley, who, as a second father, I have ever been bound to, for their love and care of me; but that *which makes me a little give way to it is*, that I hope it will be a means to procure a reconciliation between my father and your ladyship, which, I protest, I would rather prejudice myself, than if it were in my power not to accomplish it; for what a discomfort it is to you both, what a dishonour, nay, what an ill example to your children, what occasion of talk to the world, who, without occasion, is apt to speak so much of the best; also, as I think, it will be

a means of the king's favour to my father.' The marriage took place, however, while Lady Hatton was in confinement, and under circumstances that her daughter would not be persuaded that she could forgive her; until the King afterwards made her swear that she loved her as dearly as ever she did in her life. The Villierses had sought the match for money only; and money they were resolved to have. Coke tried evasions—Lady Hatton indignant expostulations. But the favourite was too powerful.* The consequences of this atrocious conspiracy were what might have been expected. The husband, in anticipation of her mother's property, was made, in 1619, Baron Stoke and Viscount Purbeck. And another abortive struggle was now attempted for as much as 7000*l.* a-year out of the landed estates of both parents. The next year he left her and went abroad; apparently having already spent her fortune. Time passes. She was desirous of joining him in his poverty and sickness, and addressed Buckingham in language of strong remonstrance, that she might have the means to do so. 'I shall, with a very good will, suffer with him, and think all but my duty, though I think every wife would not do so. It is the marriage of your brother makes me thus miserable. For if you please but to consider not only the lamentable estate I am in, deprived of all the comforts of a husband, and having no means to live of, besides falling from the hopes my fortune then did promise me, for *you know very well I came no beggar to you, though I am like to be so turned off*. For your honour and conscience-sake take some course to give me satisfaction, to tie my tongue from crying to God and the world for vengeance, for the unworthy treatment I have received. And think not to send me again to my mother's, where I have staid this quarter of a year, hoping (for that my mother said you promised), order shall be taken for me, but I never received a penny from you. Her confidence in your nobleness made me so long silent; but now, believe me, I will sooner beg my bread in the streets, to all your dishonours, than any more trouble my friends, and especially my mother, who was not only *content to afford us part of the little means she hath left her*, but while I was with her, was continually distempered with devised tales which came from your family. My lord, if the great honour you are in can suffer you to have so mean a thought of so miserable a creature as I am; so

* Highwaymen go to work with more conscience, than this upstart family. Buckingham himself married the Rutland heiress. The King was bent on making out another match between Christopher Villiers and the only daughter of Alderman Harvey, Lord Mayor; *who wished that they were both dead rather than be compelled*. She was no older than Coke's daughter, being a child of fourteen, and very little of growth. The King sent for them from a dinner at Merchant Tailors'. Fortunately for the girl, the citizen was made of more virtuous stuff than the Chief-Justice; and this marriage did not take place.

made by too much credulity of your fair promises, which I have waited for performance of almost these five years, and now it was time to dissent, but that I hope you will one day be yourself, and be guided by your own noble thoughts, and then I am assured to obtain what I desire, since my desire be so reasonable, and but for my own.' By this account the fortune of the young heiress had already disappeared; Lady Hatton was impoverished—there can be no mystery how; while Coke had apparently discarded his child for having sided with her mother and with the husband to whom he had married her.

Lady Purbeck's application produced no effect. She was yet scarcely twenty, and had been for two years past deserted by her husband, and neglected by his family. A criminal friendship with Sir Robert Howard (the lover whom she and her mother had originally fancied) ensued soon afterwards. For this she was sentenced by the High Commission to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy Church, but escaped by flight. It is one of the few proofs her father ever gave that his conscience smote him, that he received her in her degradation. At the time of his death, she had been living with him for two years at Stoke. What shapes of shame and self-reproach must her presence have constantly called up! and how painfully must he have discovered that his ambition had overreached itself! He had bought dearly, at the age of forty-eight, his alliance with the Cecils, in the hopes of thereby strengthening a fortune sufficiently secure. This failure did not teach him wisdom or honour. But at the age of sixty-eight, he rushed anew upon a still more criminal experiment,—bargaining away the happiness and the virtue of a helpless daughter. To whom? to the men who had disgraced him—men with whom for the sake of his own self-respect he should have shrunk from the slightest intercourse. And for what? For the mere chance of getting back again into a station which he knew that he could not expect to keep a month, but at the cost of those very violations of his judicial oath and duty, which only a few months before he had risked that station rather than commit.

We have dwelt the longer upon this melancholy story, since the old man's dealings in it show his violence and meanness—his absence of all dignity, purity, and affection. It is evident that he can have regarded, with little elevation and steadiness of purpose, the seat of justice (his highest glory), when, in the hope of returning to it, he stooped his haughty nature to acts quite as base as, and much more cruel than, pecuniary bribes. Such is Coke's picture as a father. For the scandal of a home, made miserable by his wife and by his daughter, he was himself in the main responsible. Of his sons nothing is known, except of Clement. And he is only remembered for acts of violence. He was sent to the Tower by the House of

Commons for striking another member—and ended by killing an adversary in a duel. This looks too like his father's son. For, it is very certain, that Coke's ungovernable choler must have done infinitely more to ruin the tempers of his children, in the way both of suffering and of example, than could be ever set to rights by the lesson, 'Prudens qui patiens,' contained in his Sergeant's motto; or by his Star-Chamber Homily against duels, which the King desired him to set forth in print.

Temperament and habit made the possession and exercise of power almost necessary to Coke. It had been one of his darling objects to place his fortune on the proud foundation of superior merit, and to owe as little as possible to any body but himself. He must have been soon satisfied that he had nothing to fear from open competition in the profession which he had chosen. Accordingly, the faults which were natural to a man, of whom Bacon said, that he behaved as though he had been born Attorney-General, alone got head under the administration of a Queen famous for her wise selection of her servants. A different system unfortunately came in with James. There was henceforth no office, however grave, for which the recommendation of mere merit was enough. Burleigh himself, whom Elizabeth called her 'Spirit,' would have been expected to *purchase* the good graces of a Carr and of a Villiers, and to vest the greater part of his authority in their minion hands. The degradation of this unmanly favouritism was infinitely increased from the air of extravagant pretension, and ludicrous absurdity, which characterized both the government and person of this sloven King. His boasted state-craft profited nothing by the friendly hint of the House of Commons, who, in 1610, told him in an address, how much better Elizabeth had understood to manage her acts of power by preventing the scanning of them; while of all the indignities which he put upon them, that which the people of England resented most, was the attempts, which were now for the first time systematically made, against the honour and integrity of the Courts of Justice. Elizabeth had had always the skill to retreat in time from similar contentions. For information, how ill the Sages of the Law came out of this new ordeal, it is scarcely necessary to refer to Luders's treatise on the character of the Judges of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Coke made more bravados than the rest, at first; but in the end behaved very little better. In all other particulars, the turn of the die told infinitely to his disadvantage in the new side of him which adversity displayed.

James's declaration to Parliament in 1607, that the doing any 'act, which may procure less reverence to the Judges, cannot but breed a looseness in the Government, and a disgrace to the whole nation,' is only one, among many instances, of the little conformity

which prevailed between the words and actions of men at this period. Appetite for authority had been originally so strong in Coke, and had by this time been so long pampered, that when he could no longer retain his official greatness honestly, he was yet unwilling to resign it. He had the weakness to imagine that it was one or two acts of opposition only, and not the inaptitude of his general disposition, which had lost him the confidence of the Court. He flattered himself, therefore, than an open profession of penitence and baseness, backed up by their want of his assistance, must bring him back to favour. A great deal less allowance is to be made for the vices which adversity brought out in him, than for those of his prosperity; since they were not only more deliberate, but must have even cost him considerable effort. It was natural to him to call Raleigh, on his trial, 'spider of hell,' and to hector over the Patentees in the Committee of Monopolies; but it was most unnatural in him, and must have been most revolting to him, to have to crawl at feet which had trampled on and spurned him. And the object was so small! For, when called to account by the Privy Council, he could have nothing to be really afraid of. The shifts by which, as the King said, he always fell upon his legs, were nothing but his knowledge of the laws; and Coke must have been well aware that his real sins against that knowledge had been of a kind which would not lie in the mouth of James. The cases where his doggedness, in opposing the interference of the Crown in the administration of the law, had given offence, were cases of a kind which some of his predecessors had successfully maintained. Whereas in them all he himself gave in as soon as the pressure became at all serious. In Peachum's case, for instance, after grumbling against taking the opinions of the Judges apart from each other, in writing, the show of resistance ended in his giving in his separate answer in his own hand. As Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, he was complained of for maintaining the jurisdiction of his Court against the encroachments of the Court of Chancery. What came of it? He atoned for his impertinence by submitting, *erravimus cum patribus*, and by adding that he and his brethren had since entered his Majesty's commandment to the contrary, as an order of the Court, with a promise to observe it. So, in the question of *Commendams*, upon the Council asking the Judges generally, whether they ought not, in a matter of supposed prerogative, to stay proceedings till his majesty had consulted them, the boldness of his answer, that when 'the case happened, he would do that which would be fit for a Judge to do,' was in fact substantially redeemed. For he had joined his brethren in confessing that they had been in error in the case before them, and in soliciting pardon on his knees. Thus much for the manliness of his

conduct in particulars; and for the correctness of those who talked of his having formed the English school of independent Judges. When he states that he owes his learning to the reverend Judges of Elizabeth, he was equally conscious that they had left him an example of virtue also.

The sum of Coke's moral superiority over his colleagues must be confined to this—that he had a higher spirit, and, as the King told him when he dismissed him, was 'No ways corrupt.' Thus far he was entitled to be excepted from the sweeping censure, with which the King afterwards transferred the Great Seal from Bacon to Bishop Williams—saying, 'I am pained at my heart where to bestow it: As for my lawyers, I think they be all knaves.' The royal Solomon ought to have known, before he began as above to tamper with their honour, that the moral principle of men can seldom be destroyed by halves.

If mere retracting in particular cases would have served the purpose of his enemies, Coke would have remained Chief-Justice. To his great astonishment, however, he found he was to be made a martyr—an honour at which he never aimed. The Court had its object in proceeding with him by steps. The first step was his simple suspension from the public exercise of his judicial office, desiring him to do his business in chambers. This was in the month of June. The order was trying to a Judge, who paraded the distinction of being a Judge *curiæ non camerae*. However, he obeyed; and with demeanour and words surely sufficiently submissive. The Chief-Justice presented himself before the Council on his knees, and 'made answer that he did in all humility prostrate himself to his majesty's good pleasure; that he acknowledged that decree to be just, and to proceed rather from his Majesty's exceeding mercy than from his justice; gave humble thanks to their lordships for their favours and goodness towards him; and hoped for the future time that his behaviour should be such as should deserve their lordships' favour.' On this occasion his Reports, which, after the accession of James, he had continued to publish at the express desire of the King, 'in order to lessen the number of undetermined causes,' were referred to a Commission of Judges for their revival. Their discovery of only five insignificant exceptions from among six hundred cases made this investigation appear as frivolous as some of the charges—for instance, that he had assumed the title of Chief-Justice of England, and let his coachman drive bareheaded. Accordingly, we hear no more of it, when, after the Villiers' marriage, Bacon was authorized to tell the judges, that in the execution of their task the King's meaning was, not to disgrace the person but rectify the work. It appears from Bacon's correspondence with the King, that the rupture with Coke, so far from having grown out of Som-

erset's trial (although the Court was provoked at his delays in it,) was a thing resolved on before; and was in fact deferred only, in order that they might have his help in that and other matters. The speech of Ellesmere on swearing in his successor, Sir H. Montague, leaves no doubt what impression it was intended that the example of his removal should convey to the profession and the public. Although the odium of certain specific actions might have been explained away more or less satisfactorily, yet his general nature could never have been made acceptable to his royal master. This is evident from a letter which James wrote for the instruction of the Council, soon after the sentence of suspension.

The King observes, that, 'besides the actions themselves, his Majesty, in his princely wisdom, hath made two special observations of him, the one that he having in his nature not one part of those things which are popular in men,—being neither civil, nor affable, nor magnificent,—he hath made himself popular, by design only, in pulling down government. The other, that, whereas, his Majesty might have expected a change in him, when he made him his own by taking him to be of his council; it made no change at all, but to the worse: he holding on all this former channel, and running separate courses from the rest of the council, and rather busying himself in casting fears before his council, concerning what they should not do, than giving his advice what they should do.' The only way in which these general apprehensions could have been neutralized, was one which Coke was not quick enough in taking. He ought on the instant to have ingratiated himself with Buckingham at any cost—or not at all. A long interval had been designedly left between the suspension and dismissal. Coke allowed it to pass. November came, without his having transferred from the old favourite to the new the promise which he had made before to Somerset of a sinecure in his court (which he now was desirous of applying towards increasing the salary of the Puisne Judges); and before he could bring himself to give his daughter and with her (what he grudged as much) a slice of his fortune, in aid of the royal will in behalf of the house of Villiers. Some of these Villierses had originally come up from Leicestershire by the waggon. Yet the King was so besotted with them, that at a reconciliation feast in 1618, he bound his posterity to advance them above all others. A pretty piece of work truly their posterities soon made of it—the greatness of both families, that of Stuart as well as Villiers, disappearing almost together! In the meanwhile the King and Buckingham got impatient; and in November Coke was finally dismissed. Upon this Coke became an object of unusual interest; not out of any love for him, but now from hatred to his adversaries, and from the general discontent. It ap-

pears by Chamberlayne that the public were of opinion that his errors had in truth been foul; and that the course of his life was not such as would bear being ript up and looked into. But they also truly guessed at the contingencies on which his fate had depended, 'being as in an ague, having a good day and a bad by fits.' The King was expressly told that 'whereas Coke was nothing well beloved before, if he should suffer in this cause he would be accounted the martyr of the Commonwealth.' It so happened. He had nothing to do but 'bear his misfortunes constantly;' and this nominal disgrace would have earned for him not merely immediate applause but lasting honour. Unluckily, Coke was too much of a bully to allow of his great stomach standing firm beyond a certain point. When his *supersedeas* was delivered to him, he received it with tears. Within a month, he had the shabbiness to pay the King two visits at Newmarket, and was favourably received in consideration of his dejection and dismay. He prevailed so far as to get the suits in the Star Chamber against him stopped; and became 'jocund and jovial as ever.' It was generally believed that he was to be made a Baron. The negotiations, on which he had immediately the meanness to enter, principally turned on the marriage of his daughter. In the following March Chamberlayne reports that he is left in the lurch; and adds that it is God's doing—since, had it not been for his refusal of the Villiers match, and for idle words about not buying too dear a thing so variable as the King's favour, 'he would have been Chancellor before this day.' By May, we find the King once more so incensed against him, that no doubt he is to be sifted thoroughly. 'He hath carried himself very simply (to say no more) in divers matters; and by his own weakness hath lost those few friends he had.' Our next information of him is in June. By this time 'his curst heart had been made to yield more than ever he meant.' According to Bacon, it was three victories over him—in the matter of protecting his lady, of perfecting a bargain with Sir Robert Rich, and in making him compound with the French ambassador in the sum of £4000 for having bailed a pirate—which had so humbled him that he now sought with submission what he had before rejected with scorn. The wicked peace-offering of the marriage of his daughter followed. This sacrifice, which he imagined was to make all smooth and lay the stone of a new and more brilliant greatness, brought him nothing but disappointment and endless mortifications. The immediate cause of this must have been additionally provoking. As Coke's imprisonment of his wife had alienated her beyond all redemption, it was impossible for the Court to be friends with both. Under these circumstances, the choice was soon made. Lady Hatton's fortune offered more tangible expectations; and Coke was a colleague

whom, especially after what had passed, neither the King nor Bacon could ever trust. Immediately upon Lady Hatton's release, the King dined with her in Hatton Gardens, upon the express understanding that Coke was not to be of the party. He eat his dinner in the Temple Hall. The inexplicable mixture of pusillanimity, vacillation, and baseness which, notwithstanding his pretence of public spirit, he had exhibited throughout this whole affair, necessarily destroyed all sympathy with him on the part of the public. After this, the Court felt that they could employ him, neglect him, or insult him with impunity. And so they did. The opportunity it afforded him of taking vengeance upon his ancient enemies was wages enough for his labours in the Star Chamber and at the Council Board. In this precarious state, half in favour, half in disgrace, he went through all the servile drudgeries of a common courtier. He walked at the Queen's funeral; he delivered in the inventory of her jewels; he alone, of all the Privy Council attended the King upon the royal visit to St. Paul's,—the rest not choosing to go, from some squabble about precedency. These courtly occupations are poor employment for the Atlas of the law. They were, however, a prudent mask of the course he was about to take in the Parliament which was at hand. Considering the history of the several parties, the sight must have been a melancholy spectacle—especially when the King, Buckingham, and Bacon were triumphant lookers on.

In the case of Coke the law was not merely the ladder by which he rose, and from which he fell. The old English Common Law seems to have been a part of himself. It more than tintured—it constituted his intellectual being. He was so much a personification of it, in the jargon and black-letter which frightened Spelman, that we ought to know something about it before we can hope to understand him. His learning was then much more subtle and dogmatic than at present, and was thought to be scarce possibly expressible in English. Coke apologizes for putting his commentary on Littleton into his mother tongue. The precedents of former times had been only just made ordinarily accessible by the printing of the Year Books. Students then came up to the Inns of Court younger, and from studies which only aggravated its characteristic mischiefs. With their readings and mootings, their chapels, halls, and revels, the Inns of Court exercised over their members the rival influence of a 'third Universitie.' Under this title Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, dedicated an account of them to Coke. The aristocratical prejudices of a caste were also studiously fostered. Bacon and Coke concurred in, and signed an order of James I. to admit none to the bar but gentlemen by descent. A further line of exclusiveness was drawn by their jealous hatred of the Professors of the Civil Law. The opposite systems of

jurisprudence were at this time pitted against each other like two conflicting religious sects; so that it was part of the creed of a common lawyer to pretend to believe that civilians and canonists, and indeed ecclesiastics in general, were in a sort of league against the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. We have no doubt but that Coke looked upon a *call* to the bar to be almost as solemn an act as a *call* to the church; and that there have been few monks who have regarded their convent and the immemorial faith, which they conceived to be embodied in its power and ceremonies, with equal superstition. The cheap philosophy, which founds the origin of all human obligations in positive law, seems out-heroded by Coke's fanaticism in behalf of his own order.

A few extracts from the prefaces to his Institutes and Reports will exemplify the nature of his mind—particularly this aspect of it. Spelman, Hickes, and Prynne, have observed how little his dogmatism is entitled to implicit credit on such points of learning as fell within their own peculiar province. Mr. Brodie has shown with what unfairness, in his assault on other extraordinary courts, he stood by the Star Chamber, as what kept all England in order, out of love of the part which he had himself performed in its proceedings. What amount of sense and impartiality he brought to any general discussion, where his personal feelings were concerned, the commonest reader can determine.

The antiquity of the English Law, and of the King's Courts, was so precise an article of faith with him, that he would have been ashamed to tie down its origin to times so recent as the reigns of Brutus and of Arthur. Not only had the Britons laws older than the Romans; but they used the distinction between common law and statute. 'I will not examine these things in a *quo warranto*: the ground thereof I think was best known to the authors and writers of them. But that the laws of the ancient Britons, their contracts and other instruments, and the records and judicial proceedings of their Judges were written and sentenced in the Greek tongue, is plain and evident by proofs luculent and uncontrollable.' If the letter of the English laws had been made since the Conqueror, Glanville, he observes, could have never called them ancient. The date of the Courts of Law was equally mysterious and remote. All the Judges of England in the tenth of Edward IV. had ruled that the Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were King's Courts; and so old that none could tell which was most ancient. The Courts, and especially Parliament, had been ever since King Arthur, A. D. 516. He had read himself, in the 'Legier Book' of St. Edmond's Bury, of Parliaments under Canute. He afterwards declares that the original writs contained in the Register, together with Magna Charta, and about a dozen other specific statutes, are

'the very body, and, as it were, the very text of the common laws of England.' It would be to know nothing of Coke, to expect that he should perceive any contradiction or even improbability between this beggarly account of the contents of the common law, and the splendid pedigree which he had claimed for it. The excellence of the common law in itself, and in its principal expositions, is as unquestionable. Upon this head, and in their way of treating it, Coke and Bentham would have been worthy representatives of opposite extremes. For Coke was not the man to mince a proposition any more than Bentham. 'Of which laws, this will I say, that there is no human law within the circuit of the whole world, by infinite degrees, so apt and profitable for the honourable, peaceable, and prosperous Government of this kingdom, as these ancient and excellent laws of England be.' His zeal for his favourite authors in it, is no less intense. The 'Register' is both the ancientest book in the law, and that on which the foundations of the law depended. To it, therefore, Coke (on the authority, he says, of Sir Thomas Smith) would send all the Secretaries in Christendom to learn to express much matter in few and significant words. His idolatry of 'Littleton's Tenures' is the doting of a commentator who meant to empty his commonplace book upon its text. Not content with Camden's testimony, that the students of the common laws are no less beholden to it than the civilians to Justinian's Institutes, he declares, 'that there is never a period, nor for the most part a word, nor an &c., but affordeth excellent learning. And I affirm, and will maintain it against all opposites whatsoever, that it is a work of as absolute perfection in its kind, and as free from error as any book that I have known to be written of any human learning.' The only thing in his opinion further to be desired, was, that Littleton should also have written on Pleading—the greatest honour and ornament, and very heartstrings of the law. Although James I. had increased the number of Judges to five in a court, entirely in consequence of equal division of opinion, in many cases Coke insisted upon it that the obscurity was apparent only, and to be accounted for without derogating from the impeccability of the common law. 'I affirm it constantly that the law is not uncertain *in abstracto*, but *in concreto*, and that the uncertainty thereof is *hominis vitium non professionis*. And to speak plainly, there be two causes of the uncertainty thereof *in concreto*; preposterous reading and oversoon practice. In all my time I have not known two questions made of the right of descents, of escheats by the common law; so certain and sure the rules thereof be. If acts of Parliament were after the old fashion—penned, and by such only, as perfectly knew what the common law was before the making any act of Parliament concerning the matter, as also how far the former statutes had provided

remedy for former mischiefs and defects discovered by experience, then should very few questions in law arise, and the learned should not so often perplex their heads to make atonement and peace by construction of law between insensible and disagreeing words, sentences, and provisos, as now they do.'

The form of property and society in England, and consequently of law, was in a transition state in the time of Coke. With incomparable energy he took up almost the whole body of the laws from their old foundation, and laid them down again, with his own hand, in hard and compact masses. For such were books, which kept their ground for two centuries, and are only now in the course of being displaced by the corresponding transformation which England once more is undergoing in the present age. To reconcile his indiscriminate panegyric upon the law in its contemporary state, with the due sense which he also entertained of his own services as a Reporter and a Commentator, was no concern of his. With a truer feeling of the deficiencies of the law than Coke was willing to countenance; and with a juster appreciation of what Coke had done towards the removal of them, than Coke was capable of,—in estimating the still greater obligations which Bacon had conferred upon Philosophy,—Bacon acknowledged, while Coke's published contributions were as yet confined to his Reports, that but for them, the law of England would at that time have been like a ship without its ballast. The admiration with which Coke regarded his store of records and book cases, went far beyond a rational conviction of their use. He was fully sensible of the advantages of publicity, 'one among others of the great honours of the common laws;' and was proud of the superiority which a system, standing upon judicial precedents, as *statio bene fida*, must have over a system fluctuating as on a sea of waves from private glosses. But his records and book cases were to him a great deal more than this. He handles them as a miser would his hoard, or a virtuoso his favourite beetles. He extols them as the richest part of the royal treasury—as the sweet and fruitful flowers of the Crown. In political debate, at the moment of greatest animation, it is not liberty or the constitution of which the crisis reminds him, but of some glorious precedent in such a year. In his Prefaces he persuades himself, with the simplicity of Walton's Angler, that the impatient reader must be all eagerness to get to the cases of which he has given him a taste. And he addresses God for help, in the words of the Book of Wisdom, with as solemn speech as that with which Milton prefaces his heroic poem. It is good news for Judges and Reporters that Courts of Justice are like Churches, in being Temples where God's grace is especially poured out; and that a portion of the spirit of Moses, whom Coke calls the first Reporter, may be expected to descend on those who have

succeeded to his office. 'A substantial and compendious report of a case rightly adjudged doth produce three notable effects. Whereunto no one man alone, with all his time and uttermost labours, nor all the actors themselves by themselves out of a Court of Justice, nor in Court without solemn argument, where (I am persuaded) Almighty God openeth and enlargeth the understanding of the desirous of justice and right, could ever have attained unto.' The presumption in favour of divine assistance appears to be strictly limited to Judges and Judge-made law. For the Legislature, then as now, provided fresh materials for litigation, by 'Acts of Parliament overladen with provisoes and additions, and many times on a sudden penned or corrected by men of none, or very little judgment in law.' Coke was asked, whilst playing at bowls, for a legal opinion in connexion with the disgraceful proceedings against Archbishop Abbott for irregularities, in consequence of his having had the misfortune accidentally to kill a keeper. He replied—'If it be common law, I should be ashamed if I could not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately.'

The great lawyer must have been aware that the pains he was taking to magnify the law was but an ill-concealed glorification of himself. And he undoubtedly reckoned upon coming in for an ample share of the secular blessings which he promises to its professors. The commonwealth cry of 'the Church was, the sword is, and the law shall be,' was the voice of good tidings which he believed was already come to pass. In his belief of the general renown and stability of the profession, the permanence of its several orders, and that of the families of its most distinguished members, was faithfully comprehended. The office of Sergeant-at-law was, in his eyes, the seminary of justice and the first of human dignities. He assures himself that the ancient reputation of this honourable brotherhood 'is the better continued, because they, without the least alteration, continue their ancient habits and the ornaments belonging to their station and degree; for most commonly the ancient reverence of any profession vanisheth away with the change of habit.' When, in the shameful brokerage of James the First, this dignity, like every other, was sold, and procured *per ambitum*, the recollection that, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, five great men, on refusing it, had been called into Parliament to accept it, roused Coke to propose a bill to remove the grievance. The retainers of the law are safe under its wing according to their several pretensions. The simple barrister must be content to know that 'few or none of his profession have died without a will or without a child.' But a diligent and successful student may confidently look forward to greater things—he shall himself be an honest man, and his posterity flourish in the land unto the end of time. 'For thy

comfort and encouragement, cast thine eye upon the sages of the law that have been before thee, and never shalt thou find any that hath excelled in the knowledge of these laws, but hath sucked from the breasts of that divine knowledge, honesty, gravity, and integrity, and by the goodness of God hath attained a greater blessing and ornament than any other profession to their family and posterity. For it is an undoubted truth, that the just shall flourish like the palm-tree, and spread abroad as the cedar of Lebanon. Their example and thy profession do require thy imitation. For hitherto I never saw any man of a loose and lawless life attain to any sound and perfect knowledge of the said laws: and on the other side, I never saw any man of excellent judgment in these laws, but was withal (being taught by such a master) honest, faithful, and virtuous.' There never was a more convenient doctrine, more audaciously broached, by any teacher. The public, who have seldom judged of lawyers with too much kindness, must have been infinitely amused by it.

Bacon complained of Coke that he sought to turn every thing into matter of law. 'This it was, probably, quite proper in him to do, in the administrative questions which they were then discussing. But the law was too much the limit of Coke's knowledge and his rule of judgment on all occasions. After his engaging that a good lawyer shall be also a good man, it is not surprising that the common law should be his criterion of morals. The fact, for instance, that gambling and cock-fighting are not bad at common law, is all the proof that he requires to show that they are not *mala in se*.

To dispute or criticise the religious feelings of Coke in his old age would be no less invidious than unnecessary. He broke out into tears in the House of Commons upon the angry adjournment of it at the order of James I., and repeated the collect for the royal family. In all, but more especially in his latter writings, he contemplates with devout raptures the prodigious learning which he had accumulated and completed; and which he had lived to bequeath to his country (our 'dear eagles' nest,) in what he considered a perfect form. When he was upwards of eighty, his horse fell back upon him, without hurting him. He recorded his escape in the words of the prophet David. 'The angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear him, and delivereth them. *Et nomen Domini benedictum*, for it was his work.' But on looking steadily at the history of Coke, the constant use which he made throughout of scripture language, and allusions, cannot prevent us from perceiving that his earlier religion was of a kind which had little influence on his conduct. When words and actions contradict each other, there can be no difficulty in determining by which we ought to abide. In the case of Coke, the fact that Christianity was part and parcel of the law of

England was, up to a late period, its most appropriate title to his respect. Apparently, Archbishop Whitgift thought so, when he gave him a Bible upon his being made Attorney-General:—telling him that he had studied enough the laws of man: it was now time that he should study the word of God. This must be the moral also of the following passage from Bacon's insolent expostulation; part of which we have already quoted. It was written more than twenty years after Whitgift's present. 'And now we beseech you, my Lord, be sensible both of the stroke and hand that striketh; learn of David to leave Shimei and call upon God: He hath some great work to do, and he prepareth you for it; he would neither have you faint nor yet bear his cross with a stoical resolution; there is a Christian mediocrity, worthy of your greatness. I must be plain, perhaps rash. *Had some notes which you had taken at sermons been written in your heart to practise, this work had been done long ago, without the envy of your enemies. But, when we will not mind ourselves, God (if we belong to him) takes us in hand, and because he seeth that we have unbridled stomachs, he sends us outward crosses.*' The impudence of the preacher of this homily, and the indecency of the occasion selected for the administering of it, are not at all inconsistent with the supposition, that at somewhere near the age of seventy, the Christianity of Coke was more a legal than a spiritual obedience. Whatever clergymen may be disposed to think, the fidelity to the temporal interests of the Church which he manifested on more than one critical occasion, is no better evidence of his spirituality. It might be done by him from no sublimer motive, than a grateful acknowledgment of the worldly wisdom on which he compliments the clergy, for that they had always retained of their counsel the most experienced and learned in the law.

Coke's general taste and understanding were deeply tainted by his professional superstition, and long predominance at the bar. His speeches* on the numerous

* Coke's two speeches, while he was Speaker, on the legality of Fitzherbert's return as a member of Parliament, are important, by way of comment on the general language which he afterwards used, when amplifying in his writings the law of Parliament. 'This writ of Privilege must go from the body of this House, made by me, and I to send it into the Chancery, and the Lord Keeper is to direct it. Now, before we make such a writ, let us know, whether by law we may make it, or whether it will be good for the cause or no. For my own part, my hand shall not sign it unless my heart may assent unto it. And though we make such a writ, if it be not warrantable by law and the proceeding of this House, the Lord Keeper will and must refuse it. No man shall stand more for the privilege of this House than I will, and what is meet should be observed.' He afterwards explains Thorpe's case, and is of opinion, that they should take the advice of the Judges in like manner; which accordingly was done, and the privilege refused: So much for those who rely on the authority of Coke for the assumption, that the House of Commons possesses

State prosecutions, which mark the interval between the trial of Essex under Elizabeth, and of Somerset under James, are amongst the earliest specimens remaining of English oratory. That they should have been admired in an age, which took pride in the execrable sermons of Bishop Andrews, as incomparable models of eloquence and reason, we readily understand. But Coke outran even the privileged pedantry of the times. In Garnett's trial the following is his description of the prisoner: 'The principal person offending here at the bar is, as you have heard, a person of many names. He is by country an Englishman, by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar: afterwards a corrector of the common law print with Mr. Tottle the printer, and now is to be corrected by the law. He hath many gifts and endowments of nature—by art, learned, a good linguist, and by profession, Jesuit, and a superior. Indeed, he is superior to all his predecessors in devilish treason:—a Doctor of Jesuits:—that is, a *Doctor of five D.'s*: as, Dissimulation; Deposing of princes; Disposing of kingdoms; Daunting and Detering of subjects; and Destruction!' We learn that when he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship, the ridicule of this sorry quibbling was retorted on him. 'The common speech is, that *four P.'s* have put him down: that is, Pride, Prohibitions, Preeminence, and Prerogative.' He was vain of his fluency, and in the garrulity of his old age, boasted to Parliament that he had never used notes at his mootings, and would not then. His readiness of speech favoured these sins of taste and other sins of a worse description. This was one of the errors of which Bacon warned him in his extraordinary reproof: 'In discourse you delight to speak too much, not to hear other men. This some say becomes a pleader, not a judge; for by this sometimes your affections are entangled with a love of your own arguments, though the weaker. Thus, while you speak in your own element the law, no man ordinarily equals you, but when you wander (as you often delight to do,) you then wander indeed. As in your pleadings you were wont to insult over misery, so you are wont to praise or disgrace upon slight grounds. You will jest at any man in public without respect to this person's dignity or your own.' There is abundant evidence that his contemporaries witnessed his levity and insolence at the bar and on the bench, with great disgust. Only less than at present, because it is impossible nowadays that an Attorney-General should on a trial for life or death threaten a prisoner whose name happens to be Cuffe, with, 'I'll cuff you;' or a Chief-Justice, in passing judgment upon a defendant indicted for improperly communicating with criminals at

a privilege by the mere fact of claiming it, and that in such a case the Judges of courts of law have nothing to do but to obey!

their execution, demand of him, *Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi causa videndi?* Another offence on which Bacon touches is of a still more serious character. The occasions to which this reproach applies, and the extent to which it is true, is in our opinion the darkest blot upon the memory of Coke. It almost makes good James's taunt, that, notwithstanding the opinions which he put on at the last, he was 'the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England.' Bacon's words are:—'You make the law to lean too much to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant, striking with that weapon where you please, since you are able to turn the edge any way.' A more indulgent construction than Coke would have given to others may explain the apparent variation in his conduct on different occasions;—such as in the distinction between compulsory and voluntary benevolences—between different kinds of impositions and proclamations—between a general and a special dispensing power—between the duty of the Judges in advising with the Crown as a body, or in singly assisting the Crown lawyers in preparing prosecutions, and what he called auricular confessions—between the King's judicial seat in Council,—*cessat regnare qui cessat judicare*,—and the denial of his right to take a personal part in the ordinary administration of justice;—a denial which James considered little less than treason. Buckingham might well be the saviour of the nation, at one time, and the grievance of grievances at another. The inconsistencies of Coke on the vital question of the power of Courts of Justice to take bail, upon arrest by the King or Privy Council, it is impossible to get over in the same manner. The instances of his own refusal, as a Judge, in the 13th of James I. to bail parties whom he must have known, according to the words which he himself uttered only five years afterwards in the House of Commons, as well as by his later speeches in the case of the imprisoned members, that he ought to have bailed, were fairly brought out by Heath in the third of Charles I. in the great debate upon the liberty of the subject. Coke felt the contradiction, and desired to be free from the imputation which was laid upon him. But it was too late. For those times, and where the law and practice were really at all uncertain, every person, otherwise of decent character, is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. It is Coke's conduct as a Crown lawyer which deprives him of every title of such presumption in his behalf. There was no lawyer of his time who had as enlightened notions of what Criminal Law ought to be; and yet there was none who equally stretched and abridged its powers. Mr. Jardine has carefully examined the State Paper Office, and finds that in almost all the repeated instances of the infliction of torture which occur during the reign of James, the name of Coke is found either as a Commissioner to

execute, or a Privy Councillor to direct it. Yet he expressly tells us in his writings, that 'there is no law to warrant tortures in this land; and no one opinion in our books or judicial records (that we have seen and remember) to maintain it.' Raleigh's trial took place in 1603. His conviction turned on the question whether a single witness was sufficient in a case of treason. Raleigh argued the point with perfect knowledge, skill and courage; but was juggled out of an acquittal by the ruffianism of Coke the Attorney-General, and Chief-Justice Popham. Coke tells him that 'the crown shall never stand one year upon the head of the King, if a traitor may not be condemned by circumstances; for you shall never prove the act of treason by two witnesses. *Scientia sceleris est mera ignorantia*. You have read the letter of the law but understand it not.' Coke's heart relented not towards the man he had feared and hated. As late as the year 1618, he was one of a commission appointed to examine and finally destroy Raleigh. Now what was the law? Just what Sir Walter stated it. Coke, before he died, himself acknowledged, 'That two witnesses be required in High Treason appeareth by our books, and I remember no authority in our books to the contrary.' His penitence for his part in a judicial murder he veiled in Latin. *Veritas quæ minime defensatur opprimitur: and qui non improbat approbat. Et sic liberè animam meam liberavi*. After this example of playing fast and loose with the snare of law, only one infamy more remains—that of tampering with and suppressing the evidence of facts. This also Coke supplies. Of all possible Attorney-Generals he was perhaps the most laborious in taking the depositions of prisoners and witnesses previous to trial. When he was Chief-Justice, he took as many as three hundred in Somerset's case alone. Mr. Jardine tells us that 'in the margins of depositions examined by Sir Edward Coke, such notes as these constantly occur in his handwriting. "*Read A and B only. Read not this; Cave! (Beware!)*" "*Huc usque,*" ("*thus far.*") The prisoner, therefore,' he observes, 'was not only subjected to the gross injustice of an accusation made behind his back, but by this skilful pruning of the depositions, was effectually precluded from detecting and pointing out to the jury any inconsistencies in the accusation so made.' And this was Coke, who remembered that Elizabeth told him, when he was presented to her by Burleigh, as her Attorney-General, whose office it was to prosecute for 'our Lady the Queen,' that she would have the form altered, and that her Attorney-General should prosecute for 'our Lady Truth!'

It was in this union of ferocity and servility that Coke stood almost alone. In his fulsome flattery of his Sovereigns,—of the roseate beauty of Elizabeth, and of James as the only true Beauclerc,—he had many

rivals. The bigotry of his aversion to Roman Catholics and Jews was nothing more than one man's share in a general epidemic. All that he could claim as peculiarly his own was the perverse ingenuity in which his intemperance was displayed. The reason why, upon this circuit, he refused to swear Jews as witnesses, could have occurred to nobody but Coke; for that they are alien enemies, being the subjects of the Devil, who is at perpetual enmity with Christ, whose subjects we are.

The object which we have had principally before us in the course which our observations have taken has been the character of Coke. A comparison between him and Bacon would have been very interesting;—men all their lives, so near and yet so opposite, and who exercised so vast an influence upon the fortunes of each other. We had wished to have represented Coke more at length in his quieter intermediate parts of Judge and Reporter, as well as in the more ambitious ones of Crown Lawyer, to which he enslaved his manhood, and of Constitutional Lawyer, to which he dedicated so much of his old age. We should have liked, too, to have shown him in the House of Commons with his colleagues, 'rejoicing in his Progress like a Parliament man of Queen Elizabeth's time, bringing them to ancient orders:' and Sir Dudley Digges reporting upon the general thanks to Coke for his conduct on the conference of Monopolies, that Prince Charles (who constantly attended in the Lords to awe the patriots) had said, that 'he was never weary of hearing Sir Edward Coke, he so mixed mirth and gravity together.' The whole might have made an amusing and instructive picture. Although he was no true law reformer, his views for the criminal law are curious, as contrasted with his conduct; and are in singular advance of the intelligence and humanity of his age. But we must conclude, and we certainly cannot do so more favourably for Coke, than in the words with which himself sums up his life of labour—committing his writings and his actions to the care and censure of after times. 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics; for the one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded: but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work.'

'Throughout all this treatise, we have dealt clearly and plainly concerning some pretended courts, which either are no courts warrantable by law, as we conceive

them, or which without warrant have encroached more jurisdiction than they ought. *Qui non liberè veritatem pronuntial, proditor veritatis est.* Wherein, if any of our honourable friends shall take offence, our apology shall be, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* Having ever in memory that saying of the kingly prophet, 'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that will bring a man peace at the last.'

'And you honourable and reverend judges and justices, that do or shall sit in the high tribunals and courts or seats of justice, as aforesaid, fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your opinions justly, according to the laws; for fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours that reason should afford. And if you shall sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things:—*First*, though some may malign you, yet God will give you his blessing. *Secondly*, that though, thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourites. And, *lastly*, that in so doing, against all scandalous complaints and pragmatical devices against you, God will defend you as with a shield: "For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield."

'And for that we have broken the ice, and out of our own industry and observation framed this high and honourable building of the jurisdiction of courts, without the help or furtherance of any that hath written of this argument before, I shall heartily desire the wise-hearted and expert builders (justice being *architectonica virtus*), to amend both the method or uniformity, and the structure itself, wherein they shall find either want of windows, or sufficient lights, or other deficiency in the architecture whatsoever. And we will conclude with the aphorism of that great lawyer and sage of the law, Master Plowden (which we have heard him often say)—*BLESSED BE THE AMENDING HAND.*'

From the Monthly Review.

VETHAKE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Principles of Political Economy. By HENRY VETHAKE, LL.D. one of the Professors in the University of Pennsylvania; a Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: P. H. Nicklin and T. Johnson. 1838.

It is not with the most distant intention of entangling ourselves in the mazes of controversy about a subject on which the most patient and laborious minds have widely differed, a subject for which some claim the dignified title of science, while others refuse to

accord to it this honour, that we take up the present volume. Whatever may be the ascertained and invariable principles of political economy, they are at least only deducible by means of such a severe, abstruse, and metaphysical course of investigation and reasoning, taking only its technical terms into account, as to place it beyond the reach of a short and popular dissertation. Again, the fact that there is scarcely any one topic in the whole range of the study, which has not relations less or more numerous, and less or more delicate with others, interposes a bar to any satisfactory treatment of its many doctrines within our limits. In justice to our readers, however, who may be already acquainted with the existing state of the subject, or who may be about to enter upon its study, as well as to the learned author of the volume before us, we shall mention some of the peculiar features of the work, and quote a few specimens illustrative of the author's opinions and manner.

There is a considerable amount of novelty in the arrangement and in the matter of Dr. Vethake's book; nor can we withhold from it the character of a treatise which has both indicated the path and made progress in it by which a nearer approach to the great principles of political economy may be realized. Our author generally avoids all direct reference to preceding writers on the subject, as well as a controversial manner; on the other hand, though often adopting the doctrines of his predecessors, classifying his matter in a strictly logical form, and taking nothing for granted until he has endeavoured to establish its truth; not even passing over the introduction of any technical term without an exact definition of the meaning he attaches to it. Accordingly the work requires to be read systematically, by beginning at the beginning of it and proceeding regularly and leisurely to the end before its entire scope and pith can be understood or appreciated; thus rendering it difficult for us to do any part of it justice in the way of extract or connecting remarks. Our first extract, however, does not labour under much disadvantage from coming in an isolated shape, seeing that it constitutes the very first paragraphs in the volume. We give it as a specimen of the definitions of terms that abound in the work, and also of the strict regard which the author uniformly observes in reference to the higher moral relations of his extensive subject. Indeed, he throughout never contents himself with a pursuit merely of abstract principles, but connects every such discovery in the way which it practically bears upon the administration of public affairs, or with the transactions of private life.

"If we look around us, we shall perceive that society is so constituted, that, while only a small portion of mankind are placed by Providence in circumstances of such affluence as to render them disinclined to make any exertions, whether bodily or mental, to enlarge

their means of enjoyment, most persons are engaged in producing, either what is to be directly appropriated to satisfy their own desires, or, more frequently, what is destined, by being exchanged for the products of the labour of others, to minister to the enjoyment of their fellow-men. In other words, most men are producers of *utility*, in the sense in which this word is understood in political economy. For, leaving to the moralist the decision of the question whether many objects of man's pursuit may not in reality be injurious to him, and whether he be not often making a sacrifice of higher, but future, gratification, or even sometimes subjecting himself to future suffering, that he may administer to himself perhaps a small amount only of present enjoyment, the political economist regards every thing as useful which is capable of satisfying, in any degree whatever, any of man's *actual* wants and desires. Thus spirituous liquors are said to be possessed of utility, because they are of a nature to be objects of men's desire; which desire they evince, and afford a measure of, by the sacrifices they are willing to make in order to obtain them; and this utility is ascribed to those articles, notwithstanding that their use may, in most cases, be justly condemned, and the philanthropist, and the christian, may feel it a duty to make every proper exertion to repress the inconveniences, or mischiefs, they occasion.

"But I wish not to be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate, or to admit, that the political economist, because he employs the word utility in reference to man as he is, and not as he ought to be, and because the *immediate* object he has in view is not the moral improvement of the species, adopts a low standard of morals, or is indifferent to such improvement. As well might the votary of any one department of science be fairly chargeable with necessarily undervaluing, and taking no interest in the progress of, any other; and the pursuits of the astronomer or chemist be condemned as vicious in their tendency, because, in observing the phenomena, and investigating the laws, of *material* nature, they take no cognisance of the categories of right and wrong. So far indeed, I may remark, is the science of political economy from leading to conclusions adverse to the best interests of mankind, and so far is it from even turning the attention of individuals, or of governments, entirely from moral to physical considerations, and teaching them to advance the happiness of society by measures wholly unconnected with morality, that I hope to make it appear to the conviction of my readers, as a legitimate deduction from the principles of the science, that there is no more efficient method of promoting the *physical* well-being of a people than to diffuse among them, as extensively as possible, the blessings of religion, of morals, and of education. It may likewise be added, that no branch of human knowledge exhibits to us more beautiful illustrations of the consistency of all truth, and of that unity of design which pervades the various provinces of creation.

"No person, after having become acquainted with the elements of our subject, will fail to perceive the desirableness, if not the necessity, of having some word to designate the idea intended to be conveyed by the term utility, as I have defined it; and if any inconveniences should result from the same term being occasionally employed in another acceptation, this will only be one of many instances of a similar kind, which are continually occurring out of the domain of the exact

sciences, and which require from the student, as an essential condition to the acquisition of real knowledge, a certain perspicacity in readily perceiving the different shades of meaning of which the same forms of language admit. Whenever also an idea is considered as of sufficient importance to require it to be designated by a single term, almost the only practicable method of proceeding, in fixing upon the proper word for the purpose intended, is to select such a one as is already employed to denote some idea bearing an analogy to that which is to be expressed; for to coin an entirely new word may be regarded as wholly out of the question. The closer, too, the analogy, the better, as less violence is then done to existing usage. Now in the instance under consideration, the term *utility* is certainly employed very much in accordance with the meaning attached to it in common language. We speak of a bad use of an object, as well as of a good use of it; and we speak of the utility of weapons, both of offence and defence, although, if men were prevented, by the non-existence of those of the former description, from injuring one another, a considerable addition would be implied to the sum of human happiness. It seems to me, then, that it cannot reasonably be denied that the political economists are fully justified in the use they make of the term *utility*; while it may be allowed, that they are also called upon to be cautious how they confound this use of it with its more dignified acceptance, when it refers, not to the gratification alone of his present desires, but to man's happiness in reference to the whole of his future career."

Our author goes on to remark that certain objects are possessed of utility, though not susceptible of being appropriated,—such as the air we breathe, and, very generally, the water we drink; and all other objects besides these and the like he comprehends under the term *wealth*. Wealth, in short, is that which may be produced as well as consumed; and the production and consumption of wealth are synonymous phrases with the production and consumption of *utility*. Hence the province of political economy is to determine the laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth,—the practical object always being held in view, how individuals and governments ought to conduct themselves in the disposal of the wealth under their control, so as to promote in as great a degree as possible the happiness of mankind.

Taking his subject in this shape and uniformly abiding by it, we must allow to Dr. Vethake the honour of having lent it importance and dignity of a much more interesting character than is generally bestowed upon the deductions of economists. In this way, too, there being a perfect consistency in the legitimate results drawn from all sorts of truth, the hard and repulsive conclusions of merely a scientific nature are softened and warmed.

One of the most novel features in the present treatise consists in our author's comprehending not only under the definition of wealth, but likewise of capital, immaterial products, as well as those which are material. Capital, the reader is to understand, is distin-

guished from wealth by being that which is saved for the purpose of again producing wealth. Hence all capital is wealth, but all wealth is not capital; the useful products which are not saved, but appropriated to the gratification of the present, are merely wealth. We do not know that by any short extract the author's reasoning on the subject of *immaterial* capital can be properly understood; but as he lays great stress upon the doctrine as laid down by him, believing it not only never to have been before fully recognised, but to be essential to a correct appreciation of the intellectual and moral relations of political economy, we shall take his most concise account of his argument upon this point.

"No other test of the *increase* of wealth can possibly exist, whether it be material or immaterial, than that a greater quantity of it is produced and consumed in a given time than before. But since nothing more is intended by the *accumulation* of wealth than the increase of it, it will manifestly be proper to speak of the accumulation of immaterial products.

"Again, what is saved and appropriated as capital is not of necessity consumed slower than any other portion of wealth; it is merely consumed by a different class of persons. We have here therefore no reason why capital should not be composed, like that portion of wealth which is not capital, in part of the products which are immaterial, as well as of those which are material. And as, in almost every instance, the *real* wages of the labourer,—which wages, when advanced to him by his employer, are a portion of the latter's capital,—consist, in a certain degree, of immaterial products, it will follow that immaterial products may be made to constitute a portion of capital.

"Perhaps, too, the analogy which has been pointed out between material and immaterial products will be more clearly apprehended by the reader, if he analyse the mode in which the former of these administers to the gratification of our desires, and compare it with that in which we derive gratification from the latter. He will not be surprised at the closeness of the analogy in question, when he perceives, as he will not fail to perceive, that, in both cases alike, the *ultimate* product is simply—*agreeable sensations*. The entire utility of the house in which we dwell, for example, arises from its adaptation to produce a series of such sensations in our minds, just as the products of the painter or the musician are adapted to do."

The argument is, that immaterial objects or products admit of being *accumulated* in the proper sense of the word. That the wages for example, which a master pays his labourer, and by which that labourer purchases a physician's advice or secures the protection of the government, form in reality a portion of the master's capital savings, or reproductive wealth. If this be so in the proper acceptance of the terms *wealth* and *immaterial*, it will not be difficult to perceive how much moral and intellectual capital may be accumulated and made rapidly to circulate, be consumed, and be reproduced. And here we may conveniently quote part of what is said in an advanced chapter of the

treatise concerning the encouragement which is due to intellectual products.

"We come now to a class of producers who are very generally acknowledged to have peculiar claims to encouragement, as well from the more enlightened portion of the community, as from the government. I mean that class whose products are of an intellectual or immaterial character.

"The grounds of a distinction here are, *first*, that while almost every individual may be looked upon as estimating, with sufficient accuracy, the relative advantages which the different descriptions of material wealth are capable of affording him, such is far from being the fact in respect to intellectual products. No recondite knowledge of human nature is requisite to satisfy any reflecting mind that, without the species of encouragement now adverted to, the great body of the people, even in countries where civilization exists in the highest degree to which it has yet attained, would advance very slowly, if at all, in the career of improvement. Indeed, to me it is apparent that, but for the efforts which have been made, and which will continue to be made, by the more enlightened portion of society, to diffuse the blessings of education, of morals, and of religion, as extensively as possible among their fellow-men, and made irrespective too of any previously existing demand among the latter for those blessings, mankind would degenerate into a state of hopeless barbarism.

"The *second* ground of distinction in the present case, in favour of the intellectual products which have been mentioned, is, that every individual of a nation, or of the great community of mankind, is interested in their being diffused, and, to speak technically, consumed, to the greatest practicable extent. In a country like our own especially, where the right of *suffrage* is enjoyed by almost every adult male citizen, and is exercised at comparatively short intervals, where too, in consequence, the government is under the direct control of the people, the importance of their being an educated, a moral, and a religious people, cannot be too strongly felt, and acted upon."

The interest which the whole community of a nation possesses not only in the universal prevalence of what is understood by common education, but in the existence and encouragement of academies of a higher order, such as colleges and universities, is manifest and great. Other circumstances being the same, it is well observed by Dr. Vethake, the people generally will be benefited by the existence of a numerous class of highly educated men, especially when, by the direction of certain funds, the sons of persons in the middling walks of life, and in moderate circumstances, are enabled to form a large section of this number, and when not merely the wealthy and the great can command the advantage. In such a country and state of things a taste for knowledge is sure to be created and widely propagated through the successive gradations of society, down to the lowest and the most ignorant; and the consequence cannot fail to be to elevate the character of the labourer, and thereby to augment

his command over the necessities, the luxuries, and the immaterial products of the country.

The doctrine which our author has laid down concerning wealth, immaterial accumulation, and capital, enables him to dispense with a distinction which has been very generally made between the different kinds of labour, as if it were in certain cases productive, and in others unproductive. It has been very often said that all persons engaged in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are productive, while magistrates, poets, philosophers, lawyers, clergymen, &c. are non-productive labourers; and so far the distinction is correct, if material products alone are included in the definition of wealth, although no one can maintain that the labours of a Watt and a Bolton have not, at least indirectly, been instrumental in producing more material wealth, than the labours of many thousands of agriculturists or manufacturers. But if wealth and capital are made to comprehend as well immaterial objects as material, then every species of labour which is productive of utility, whether this utility be first, so to speak, embodied in matter, or not, will be productive, and the distinction in question be made to disappear altogether. Such are some of Dr. Vethake's deductions on the subject of labour and wealth. One of the practical and moral results from this style of reasoning deserves to find a place among our few extracts.

"It may here be mentioned that a practical and moral advantage cannot fail to result from getting rid of the distinction between the productive and unproductive labourers. Mankind, instead of being separated into two classes having occupations essentially differing, and liable on this account to an interference with each other's interests, will come to be regarded as constituting one and the same great family. The political economist, by continually associating together in his investigations every species of manual or bodily labour with that of the most refined and exalted *intellect*, cannot fail to dignify the former in his estimation; while he will, on the other hand, contribute most effectually to remove from intellectual labour the *stigma* which is ordinarily implied by designating it as unproductive. If he shall succeed in banishing from the *popular* language such phrases as 'the productive classes' and 'the unproductive classes,' he will have done more to prevent the 'workmen' of a country from esteeming themselves to be the only *useful* portion of society, than he could possibly do by reminding his readers, every time he writes the word unproductive, that his object in applying it to any individual is not to pronounce him to be unproductive of utility, but of *material* objects having utility,—not to pronounce him to be a mere consumer of the products of the labour of others, but simply to be not employed by capital, although perhaps employed in continually conferring the most extensive benefits on his fellow-men. The definitions of technical terms, which do not accord with their popular acceptation, are very apt to be forgotten even by those who have paid some attention to the science to which those terms relate: and

hence it is no uncommon thing to see the popular acceptance usurp the place of the technical, even in professedly scientific treatises.

It is altogether out of the question that we should even attempt to mention the heads of the various parts and chapters into which our professor has divided his work. When we say that he has traversed the whole field of political economy,—has expatiated on the theory of value, on rents, wages, population, banking, taxation, government, &c., we have hinted enough to show the range of the treatise. No part of the work, perhaps, deserves a more careful perusal, than where the relief of pauperism is the theme, and where the reasoning goes to the support of those views which have been strongly recognised in various parts of the New Poor Law for England. His leading doctrines are, that the party relieved should never, in the case of the able-bodied, be rendered as comfortable as the independent labourer,—that if work is provided for him, it ought to be at inferior wages. His next prominent ground is, that relief administered to the physical wants of a pauper should, as far as practicable, be accompanied by an attempt to improve him religiously and morally. The following paragraphs relate to the subject we are now upon:—

“A question of great importance, and one on which political economists are not yet agreed, is now presented for our consideration. Shall the relief of pauperism be left entirely to the benevolence of private individuals, or is it a proper subject for legislative enactment? With some, the abuses of the poor-laws in England, together with the abuses in the public administration of charity which it is notorious have not unfrequently occurred in our own country, have induced an opinion altogether hostile to any legislation concerning pauperism. There are others, on the other hand, who mistrust the adequacy of private charity, or of charity administered by voluntary associations of individuals, to provide for all the cases of pauperism which may occur, of a nature to render it desirable that they should become the subjects of relief.

“Such a system of the poor-laws as is based on the principle of setting the able-bodied pauper to work, at wages lower than the ordinary rate, has the advantage, over a condition of things in which he is left, in the time of his utmost need, exclusively to the tender mercies of his fellow-man, in the greater certainty of finding the assistance he requires, and at the time too when he most requires it, as well as in the greater uniformity of the assistance rendered under similar circumstances of distress;—a certainty and a uniformity, as I have shewn, not all productive of injurious consequences to society; but on the contrary desirable, on the system of pauper relief in favour of which I have expressed myself, because of their beneficial effect, in preventing the labourers, who are from time to time thrown out of employment, from being, in consequence, depressed in their condition as much as they would otherwise be.

“The great difficulty of an efficient poor-law lies in its practical execution. It is to be hoped that, with the diffusion among the community of more enlightened views of political economy, and especially of the principles which should regulate our practice in relation to

alms-giving or pauper relief, properly qualified overseers of the poor will be more readily procurable than they have hitherto been. And I am, at least, not yet prepared, without farther evidence from experience, to embrace the opinion of the impracticability of every attempt, by the action of the legislature, to relieve the destitute portion of the community, so as at the same time not to affect the public welfare injuriously by the encouragement of habits of improvidence and dependence among the labourers generally.

“One advantage of a public provision based on proper principles, for the labouring poor when thrown out of employment, seems to me to be sometimes entirely overlooked. I allude to the consequent greater willingness of the poorer classes generally to acquiesce in the inequalities of fortune which unavoidably result from the maintenance of the rights of property; rights so important, in reference to the interests of both rich and poor, to be always inviolably maintained.

“After what has been delivered concerning the destitute poor who are able and willing to work, I need not dwell on the case of the infirm, the aged, and the young, who are unable to do so. Few or none who refuse to extend a helping hand to the former class would refuse it to the latter; and a large proportion of those who earnestly object to every public provision for the able-bodied poor concede, notwithstanding, the expediency of such a provision for all others.”

We wish that our author's views concerning Trades' Unions and all combinations to raise wages beyond a point at which they shall permanently remain, were weighed by the working classes everywhere fairly, and thoroughly sifted. We are sure the result of such an examination would be most salutary. He shows to our perfect conviction, if, indeed, any doubt had remained on our minds about the matter, that no permanent augmentation of the ordinary rewards of labour or rates of wages can possibly be accomplished through the instrumentality of such combinations, and that all such institutions are productive only of unmixed evil.

We have now only to add that the present volume embraces the substance of certain lectures which its author during a period of not less than fifteen years delivered in the hearing of transatlantic students, together with the result of later reflections; and that while the work reflects credit on the university to which he belongs, political economy in consequence of his treatment of the subject has put forth new claims to the character of a science, whose principles may be ascertained and elucidated to the practical wellbeing as well as the speculative exercise of mankind.

From the Monthly Review.

CHINA: ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.

- 1.—*The Fun-qui in China in 1836-7.* By T. C. DOWNING, Esq., M. R. C. S. Colburn.
- 2.—*China: its State and Prospects.* By W. H. MEDHURST, of the London Missionary Society. London: Snow. 1838.

Chinese jealousy is proverbially and universally

spoken of; so that any glimpses which we may obtain even of the outskirts of the empire and of the people are cordially hailed, and greedily digested. Each of the present works have furnished some of these desired and welcome glimpses, although both authors have found themselves obliged to recur for a great proportion of their matter to preceding writers. We do not find fault with this in the case of China and the Chinese; for Europe deserves to be made acquainted with such a peculiar nation; and without engrafting what is recently discovered upon what is known and established, not only would anything that is really new in relation to the celestial empire be meagre in itself, but what was old would cease to occupy the advancing mind in the study of this host of mankind, and of their progress in civilization. Without further preface, therefore, we proceed to cull from the volumes before us some of the most remarkable or novel particulars which they contain.

Mr. Downing, in his medical capacity, enjoyed some peculiar opportunities for witnessing Chinese life. Indeed, Mr. Medhurst is of opinion, that medical men are in an especial degree fitted to make an impression upon this singular people, and therefore they must command advantages to which no other foreigners can generally lay claim. Still Mr. Downing seems to have had no other scope for observation than that which is furnished by the usual passage from Macao to Canton; and of this he has certainly taken the utmost advantage; for though sometimes minute to satiety, he is always sensible and lively. We must also remark that there is no people in the world of whom such an extensive and accurate judgment can be formed from a few samples as the Chinese. They possess one literature, although they may not speak one and the same dialect. Their institutions, opinions, and manners are uniform; so that if we obtain access to one family, it may be said that we behold the whole of their enormous population.

Mr. Downing gives us a graphic and picturesque description of Chinese scenery as beheld in the neighbourhood of the Bocca Tigris, a river which for a considerable distance maintains the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, although it sometimes spreads out where the banks are low, occasionally, in fact, overflowing the surrounding country. At some distance from the Tigris are long ranges of broken and irregular hills, over the tops of which and in the interstices, are seen flats of green and fruitful land. Pagodas are planted on every remarkable eminence, the lower flats being at times complete swamps, or when the rice is in the blade forming a large green meadow resembling an American Prairie. Small villages and humble roofs also stud the landscape, which are apt to suggest the idea of English rural retreats. Our author proceeds—

“As you look around, you often notice something

moving above the paddy, and you feel some little curiosity to know what strange animal it represents; but, after a while, you see it emerge from one of the little creeks, and ascertain that it is the top of the mat-sail belonging to a small boat, which has been wandering far away inland.” * * * “The plot of life thickens the further you proceed. The meagre, squalid families of the fishermen give place to the cultivators of the soil, who appear much more robust and healthy. Large duck-boats line the banks of the river, and their feathered inhabitants are seen wandering among the surrounding paddy, watched and protected by their solemn masters. Males and females of the lower orders ramble up and down in the mud with their trousers tucked up above the knees. As they stalk along in this manner, thrusting the leg up to the part where it is covered, into the mud, and every now and then drawing it out and putting the hand to the foot, you are at a loss to imagine what they are about. They are searching for prawns and shrimps, and other small fish, and, when they have discovered them, they seize them under the mud, between the great toe and the one next to it, and then bring them to the surface, when they are deposited in a small bag which is carried at the waist. This is one of the many instances where the foot is used with the same dexterity, and answers all the purposes of a third hand. Boats are paddled about in all directions by men employed in catching wild geese, while large junks and river craft traverse up and down, and are of every variety of colour and employment. Mixed with this motley crowd, is seen the majestic Indian, with the British ensign floating proudly from the peak, slowly moving under a tower of canvass, and perhaps exchanging signals with a Spaniard, a Dutchman, or an American, the upper part of which is seen over a spit of land in the reach below.”

It must indeed be a motley crowd that presents itself on the face of the waters, to such an observer as our author, as the approach is made to Whampoa. Think of a people who are not so prejudiced as to consider man a terrene animal, thousands of them having been borne on the water, and who regard going on shore in the light of a cruise. Boats about twenty feet long, and of a proportionable breadth, called wash-boats, swarm on all hands. They are miserably fitted up, their inhabitants, however, being good-natured smiling girls, who make their living by washing the clothes of sailors and petty officers. Other parties and persons following other callings live upon the water, in their habits resembling amphibious creatures. Thus a mother may be seen sitting at needle-work in a boat, quietly looking on, while a child of five or six years is swimming around the vessel, and another not able to walk is scrambling on all-fours about the little deck, and of course liable at every turn to fall overboard. But the danger after all is not imminent, for an air-tight or buoyant article is fastened at the back of the shoulders of the new-born infant, which it wears until able to take care of itself; so that when it chances to tumble into the watery element the mother has nothing more to do than to fish it out again.

Since we are upon the subject of amphibious beings,

an extract will add to our knowledge of certain varieties belonging to a sort of floating habitation, to which some allusion in a foregoing passage has been made.

"The duck boats are certainly to be ranked among the curious singularities of the Chinese. They are large and roomy, with a broad walk extending round the covered parts a little above the surface of the water. If the Irishman may be said to give the best side of the fire to his pig because he pays the rent, surely the Chinaman may with equal propriety give the best part of his house to the accommodation of the ducks. They have the large apartments at the after part of the boat, while the man with his family exists in a miserable hovel at the head. With which society to associate, it would require some little hesitation to decide; but perhaps the ducks would have the preference. In the morning, the doors are opened, and the birds wander round the house at their pleasure. When the sun is high, large inclined planes are let down at the sides of the boat; one towards the land, and the other towards the water. Up and down these steps the feathered bipeds travel at their pleasure and take a cruise on land or water, but are prevented from proceeding too far by their anxious overseers. When it is time to retire the man gives a whistle, and at the sound every bird returns, and waddles back again into his warm, comfortable berth. When they are all on board, the stairs are hoisted to the horizontal position by means of a long bamboo lever, and everything is then made secure for the night. The proprietor of one of these boats is able to gain a livelihood by the care of these birds, which he watches with somewhat of the same kind of parental fondness as a hen over a brood of young ducklings just emerged from the shell."

We may observe, while abiding on the Tigris, that although our author admits the battle of the Bogue, which was fought when the *Andromache* and *Imogen* forced the passage, to have been a gallant affair, he nevertheless attributes a good deal of its success to the want of skill and the neglect of the Chinese. He says, though their batteries are numerous and extensive, as well as judiciously situated, and the metal heavy, promising destruction to all who should in a hostile manner come within their reach, still the heavy guns being altogether immovable, and fixed in the stone sockets of the ramparts, are necessarily unfitted to contend with the masters of the sea. Besides, the Chinese are neither a warlike people nor accustomed to such sharp practice as has been more than once employed to their cost by the English.

But while the *celestials* are neither pugnacious nor brave, they may teach boastful Europeans a mastery in certain exploits which at least argue something like a philosophy, where contentment and fertility in the discovery of resources are eminently displayed. Much has been said of their industry, their methodical works, their agricultural skill, &c.; but their economy in the use of articles for food is not less remarkable. At a pinch nothing comes amiss, for they have the most accommodating stomachs imaginable. Every thing ani-

mal, from the hide to the entrails—and almost every thing vegetable, from the leaves to the roots, is made available to the support of life; and even some parts of the mineral kingdom are laid under requisition for this important purpose. Accordingly dogs afford a meal that is not regarded as undainty. Mr. Downing is minute on this subject. He states, that

"The flesh is hung up in the markets in the same manner as that of the sheep with us, and is sold by weight. The young puppies, esteemed a delicacy in the same way as lambs are in Europe, are brought for sale in cages or baskets, carried at the ends of a bamboo on the shoulders. These little animals are very pretty, with the wool often of a beautiful white colour, and, if we could reconcile ourselves to the idea of eating their species at all, these would be the first morsels which we should feel inclined to swallow. The young ladies of the Celestial Empire make pets of the handsomer kinds of cat, so that they are often found to be in the houses of the rich. The poorer people cannot afford to keep these expensive luxuries, and, therefore, their flesh is a general article of consumption. When it is well fed, it is even considered superior to that of the dogs, and is to be seen, occasionally, upon the tables of the opulent. A small species of wild cat is sometimes caught in the southern provinces, and is brought to market as a great dainty. It is considered game, and none but the rich can afford to eat it. Rats and mice are confined almost exclusively to the very poorest people. The former are often seen in long rows, skinned and otherwise prepared, and hung up by dozens, with a small piece of wood passed across from one hind leg to another. At Whampoa, these little animals are eagerly sought after by those in the boats, whenever they are caught on board the ships. Their bite seems to be utterly disregarded, as I have seen a rat fastened with a string tied to the hind leg, to the top of one of the covers of a boat, to form the plaything of a little boy or girl. Whenever the captive wretch had got to the end of the tether, the little urchin has taken it up with the greatest *nonchalance* by the poll of the neck, and put it into its place again. The way of catching the large water-rat is so peculiarly Chinese, that it deserves to be mentioned. These animals live in holes under the excavated banks of streams, and from thence sally forth into the water. The rat-catcher proceeds in the darkness of the night to the spot, and places one of his showy lanterns immediately before the hole. When the rat comes out to see what is the matter, he is so astonished and dazzled with the light that he becomes motionless, and then the Chinaman is enabled to capture him with ease."

We have only to remark before closing Mr. Downing's volumes and his statement regarding the uses to which the Chinese, on an emergency, devote their dogs, cats, and rats, that the first mentioned of these creatures, like their brethren in other countries, exhibit on certain occasions, a wonderful sagacity,—that they entertain an irreconcilable ill-will towards their professional slaughterers,—and that the butchers in Canton find it necessary to carry about with them, whenever they go abroad, defensive weapons to keep off the canine breed, which are ever ready to make an attack

in revenge for the wrongs done to their race, by their destroyers for the shambles. So much for an instinctive or hereditary principle.

More than half of Mr. Medhurst's goodly octavo consists of an abridgment, a spirited one we admit, of what former authors and travellers have given to the world. The compilation, however, is interspersed with many original observations and conclusions, which are striking and appropriate. While he treats of the social, political, literary, and statistical condition and relations of the people of China, he points every portion of his information in such a manner as to bear upon their religious prospects and conversion to Christianity as becomes a writer engaged in the great missionary cause;—a cause in which he has laboured for the benefit of China, since the year 1816. Before proceeding to notice some of the facts contained in the more original part of the volume, viz: that which presents a narrative of a voyage along the north-east coast of China performed by the author in 1835,—we shall call attention to a few more remarkable statements, in a missionary sense, to be found in his introductory account of the general state of the country.

Mr. Medhurst inclines to receive the highest estimate that has been given of the Chinese population, rating it at 361,221,900; that is, the population of China Proper, besides upwards of a million for the inhabitants of Formosa, and the various tribes of Chinese Tartary, under the sway of the emperor of China. Now, as he puts it, if this be anything like an accurate calculation, if there be so many millions huddled together under one despotic monarch, amounting to one-third of the human race, bound under one heathenish spell, what a field is here for benevolent enterprise! Well may he exclaim,

"Where shall we begin, or where can we hope to end the Herculean task? And what proportion do our present means and efforts bear to the end in view? Some score of individuals, is all that the churches of England and America now devote to the conversion of China—one thousand persons are thereby brought under instruction, and not more than ten converted every year. This is a very small proportion, and protracted will be the period, ere we can expect at such a rate to succeed. Could we bring one thousand individuals under instruction every day, and give them only a day's teaching each, it would take one thousand years to bring all the population of China thus under the sound of the Gospel; and if even ten of these separate thousands were every day converted to God, it would require one hundred thousand years to make all these mighty hosts savingly acquainted with divine truth. This is a startling view of the matter, but a more affecting consideration still, is, that the ranks of heathenism are increasing at a thousand fold greater ratio, than we can expect, by such a system of proselyting, to thin them. For, even allowing an increase of only one per cent. per annum, on the whole population, we shall find that they are thus adding three and a half millions,

yearly, to their number; so that according to our most sanguine calculations, the heathen would multiply faster than they could be brought over to Christianity. Besides which, while we are thus aiming to rescue a few, the many are still perishing for lack of knowledge."

This is a disheartening picture, and if no relieving circumstance appeared, if no faith existed in favour of universal civilization and political freedom, no reliance on the testimony of Scriptural Prophecy, here is more than sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and quench all the ardour of the most energetic philanthropist. But there are grounds of hope and encouragement; and we like the manner in which our author has contrasted them with his alarming portraiture. For example, he draws some consolation from the very multitude and density of the population. He considers the people as a whole, and as we before remarked, as accustomed to one mode of thinking, and subject to the same prejudices; so that the arguments and means of enlightenment and conversion which may be effectually applied to one person, one family, one section of the people, may be hopefully applied to the whole. Think how much may be hoped for from the single circumstance that the Chinese universally understand one mode of writing, one written language. But this is not all. What if, in the Providence of God, Christian Missionaries should come to be tolerated by a *fiat* of the government, what if a host of these indefatigable and zealous men should traverse the length and breadth of the land! Nay, to adopt the precise words of Mr. Medhurst, "it is not impossible that a remonstrance drawn up by Christian missionaries, may reach 'the dragon throne;' or that a devoted and zealous preacher of the Gospel should be introduced to court, and plead the cause of Christianity in the imperial ear."

These, it may be said, are extravagant and unwarrantable hopes. But listen (we are not speaking to those who implicitly believe in Revelation, its promises and predictions,) and learn what really has been done. We do not go so far back as the seventh century, during which Mosheim informs us, the Nestorians established several churches in China. We come down to the Catholic mission, which commenced in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and to the successors of Xavier, a man, who after the most arduous labours for the conversion of other nations in the East, was most desirous to make an impression upon China; for he reckoned that he had done nothing, in converting multitudes in India, while the celestial empire was unattempted. But death interrupted his personal exertions ere he was able to enter upon this enterprise. Other Catholic labourers, however, arose.

"In 1579, M. Rogier, an Italian Jesuit, arrived in China, where he was soon joined by Matthew Ricci. These devoted themselves to the study of the Chinese

language, and made some proficiency in it. A dispute having arisen between the Chinese and the Portuguese, Rugiero was sent to negotiate, when he requested to be allowed to settle in Canton; and, after some delay, he and his fellow missionary got introduced to Chaou-king-foo, then the capital city of the province. Here they were obliged to act with great caution; as the Chinese, having heard of the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese, were exceedingly jealous of strangers. The affability and talents of Ricci, however, soon gained them friends. The literati admired their doctrines, so far as they agreed with Confucius, and admitted the propriety of worshipping the Lord of Heaven, but objected to the mysteries of the Christian faith; while the prohibition of polygamy, and the vow of celibacy, were still more offensive to them. They accused the strangers of neglecting their deceased parents, and of not worshipping Confucius, while they paid too much deference to Jesus. The arguments and ridicule of their opponents, however, did not dishearten these zealous men; who, by their knowledge of the sciences, were enabled to instruct and interest the people. Converts were soon made, and a church formed, over which Ricci presided for about seven years; when he was obliged to quit the provincial city, and repair to Chaou-chow-foo, about one hundred miles to the north of Canton. Here he changed his dress, from that of a Buddhist priest, which he had formerly assumed, to that of the literati, which brought him more respect and consideration.

"Having been successful in various parts of the Canton province, he burned with a desire to preach the Gospel in the capital: and, attaching himself to the retinue of a mandarin, travelled with him to Nanking. He soon attracted attention by his discourses on science and religion, and even gained the favour of the superior authorities. Encouraged by this reception, and having received some valuable presents from Europe, he resolved to make his way to the emperor. At court, his presents were received, and his person honoured; a house was assigned him, and he was taken into the service of the state, A.D. 1601."

Ricci having now obtained an advantageous footing, began to diffuse his doctrines, and in a few years converted several persons of distinction; among whom was a mandarin of great talents and influence. This mandarin even defended the Christian scheme and cause in presence of the emperor. Several missionaries joined Ricci, and at Peking the number of converts daily increased. Various successes attended the efforts of these exemplary and resolute men, as well as their successors. The Christians were sometimes persecuted, sometimes encouraged and protected by the supreme power. Their knowledge in the mathematics and other branches of learning operated strongly in their favour. Some of the emperors conversed with the fathers on the subject of religion; others felt deeply indebted to them for their skill in medicine and science.

About the year 1666 the Catholic missionaries in China had much to contend against.

"About this time a learned man, named Yang Kwangseen, published a book against the missionaries.

He accused them of forming a conspiracy to overturn the government; in order to aid which, he said, they had introduced a great number of strangers into the empire, and had secured to themselves whole hosts of adherents, who were prepared to aid them in their sinister designs. 'In teaching,' continued he, 'that all mankind descended from Adam, they wish to infer that our princes came originally from Europe, and their countrymen, as the elder born, have a right to our monarchy.' And then, producing the sign of the cross, he exclaimed, 'Behold the God of the Europeans, nailed to a cross, for having attempted to make himself King of the Jews; and this is the God they invoke, to favour their design of making themselves masters of China.' These sage reasonings had the desired effect with the four regents, who ordered the missionaries to be loaded with chains, and dragged before the tribunals, A. D. 1665. The members of these tribunals declared, 'that Schaal and his associates merited the punishment of seducers, who announce to the people a false and pernicious doctrine.' After having been threatened with death, they were set at liberty; but the venerable Schaal sunk under his trials, and died A. D. 1666, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

"In addition to these troubles at Peking, the missionaries throughout the provinces were arrested, and three Dominicans, one Franciscan, and twenty-one Jesuits were banished to Canton. Four were still retained at court, who kept together the flock of professing Christians; until Kang-he, coming of age, found the calendar in such disorder, that he recommitted it to the hands of Verbiest, and reinstated him in his former office; thereby affording him an opportunity of promoting the interests of his church at Peking. Finding that the emperor was disposed to redress any grievances which had occurred during his minority, Verbiest presented a memorial, praying for the recall of his brethren; which, after some difficulty, was acceded to."

In 1671, the missionaries were put in possession of their churches, but forbidden to make converts of the natives. Notwithstanding this edict, in this same year, 20,000 Chinese were baptized. The emperor of the time even studied the elements of Euclid under one of the fathers, who succeeded in his endeavour to gain the monarch's toleration for Christianity; for though he did not embrace, he desired that no one should vilify, the Gospel.

"Verblest now rose in favour of the emperor, and accompanied him in his journeys to Tartary. The mandarins, also, encouraged by the example of the court, favoured the missionaries in all parts of the empire; and nothing seemed wanting, but an accession of labourers, to bring both China, Corea, and Tartary to the profession of Christianity: in conformity with Xavier's observation, that 'if China embraced the Gospel, all the neighbouring nations would soon demolish their idols, and adopt the Christian religion.'

"Encouraged by the openings which presented themselves, Louis XIV. king of France, resolved to send a mission to China; and having selected a number of Jesuits, well skilled in the mathematics, he sent them with honours and pensions on this important mission. Among the rest, was De Fontaney, professor of mathematics in the king's college; with Gerbillon, Bouvet, and Le Comte, afterwards celebrated for their labours

in the east. They went first to Siam, and from thence proceeded, in a Chinese junk, to Ning-po, on the coast of China. The mandarins at that port received them with politeness; but the viceroy declared it unlawful for native vessels to bring Europeans to China, and threatened to send the missionaries back, and confiscate both ship and cargo. Verbiest, on hearing of this, memorialized the emperor, representing that they were men skilled in the sciences, and his brethren. To which the emperor replied, 'men of that character must not be expelled my dominions. Let them all come to my court: those who understand the mathematics, shall remain about my person: the others may dispose of themselves in the provinces, as they think fit. On the receipt of this order, the viceroy was obliged to send those men to the capital with honour, whom he had intended to expel with disgrace.'

We shall not trace, even in outline, the several fortunes which have characterized the history of Catholic missions in China down to this day. It must suffice, when we state, that certain differences which arose between themselves proved injurious to the common cause—that even now there are many thousands of professed Catholics among the natives of the empire, (in Peking alone, says our author, there are twenty-six thousand, over whom two French priests preside,)—and that when the rulers do not suspect the presence of Europeans, they are very indulgent to the native Christians,—their jealousy being rather excited in regard to European influence and encroachment, than the peculiarities of the Christian religion. Indeed our author thinks that should the Catholics succeed in forming a native clergy, competent to discharge the duties of their office, their cause may rally; and altogether, considering his creed, Mr. Medhurst is a liberal interpreter and narrator. In justice to his consistency, however, in matters of religious faith, and as is due to those who patronise his exertions, or have any connection with "The London Missionary Society," whose servant he is, we quote his concluding observations with regard to the body of Christians who have so long laboured in behalf of the Chinese.

"On the whole we may conclude, that the Romish missionaries, from first to last, have been rather solicitous about the quantity, than the quality, of their success; while they have displayed a spirit of timeserving compliance with the prejudices of the heathen, and failed to exhibit Christianity in its most inviting form to the nations. Had they succeeded in establishing their religion throughout China, we question whether, from their known bigotry, they would not have presented insurmountable obstacles to the efforts of protestant labourers. If anything earthly could have contributed to success, they had certainly the fairest opportunity of realizing their object; the power of numbers, the influence of wealth, the patronage of Christian kings, the attractions of a showy worship, and high scientific attainments, all promised fair for the accomplishment of their design. They have, however, partially failed; and, in their failure, read us a

lesson, not to make flesh our arm, but to trust in the living God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. At the same time, we are not to be discouraged by their repulse: the laws which proscribe them, do not necessarily affect us: some of their practices, against which the Chinese excepted, we shall not imitate; such as the celibacy of the clergy, and the cloistering of women; the interference of a foreign potentate, with the authority of the emperor, will not be promoted by us; the Scriptures will be made the standard of judgment, and reason and conscience alone appealed to. Instead of beginning from the top of society, we propose commencing from the bottom; and aim to influence, first, the extremities, and then the heart of the empire. With the love of Christ for our motive, and the salvation of souls for our end; employing Christian benevolence, and Christian intelligence, as the means; and depending simply and solely on God for his blessing, we hope and believe, that though slow, our work will be sure, and finally effectual."

We offer no opinion upon this statement, but would have those who may sneer at the idea of converting the Chinese to a belief in the Christian religion, as being most chimerical, to remember that not only what has happened may happen again, but that in so far as human efforts go, the experience, the failures, if you will, of the past, may indicate a sure and certain method of procedure for the future.

It would be wrong while upon this part of our author's work to overlook a circumstance from which he draws encouragement, but which at first sight presents nothing but grounds for despair. We have seen how he takes comfort even from the immense multitude of people that inhabit the Chinese empire, in reference to the conversion of the whole. But what shall be said to the constant and prodigious increase of the people in the meanwhile; an increase that may be thought to proceed at a pace which no missionary exertions can ever be expected to overtake! Let our author be heard on this point.

"It has been before observed, that China, partly by additions to the number enrolled, and partly by the preponderance of births over deaths, has doubled its population several times during the last century. Such has been the rapidity and extent of the increase, that all the waste lands, within the empire, capable of cultivation, have been occupied; and the surplus population, unable to gain a subsistence at-home, have been compelled to emigrate by thousands every year, to the islands and countries around. Now, the number of inhabitants is still increasing, and the Chinese in spite of their exclusive and restrictive system are bursting forth on every side, and, without our asking it, are coming in contact with Christians, and seeking shelter under European governments, where missionaries may labour unimpeded and unprohibited among them. If the same causes continue to operate, without any counteracting influence, there seems nothing to prevent the Chinese from crowding into the British possessions in Hindostan, and, under the mild and just sway of our Indian rulers, multiplying still more fast and plentifully than they have done in their own country. They

have already their hundreds of thousands in Siam, and will soon occupy Birmah, Pegu, and Assam. They have long colonized the islands of the Malayan archipelago, and what should hinder them from pushing on to New Holland, where millions of acres await their assiduous and energetic cultivation; while the extensive and fertile regions of New Guinea and New Ireland lie still more contiguous to their mother country. A nation increasing as does the Chinese, cannot be long confined within narrow bounds, and restriction with them is impossible. Imperial edicts are already weak and inefficient, but will soon be flung to the winds. Hunger cannot be controlled, and necessity knows no law. Let but another age roll by, and China double her population once more, and her very increase will break down her political barriers, and bring her myriads in contact with the Christian world. Let vigorous measures be taken for the thorough instruction of the Chinese emigrants, and, while coming adventurers get an acquaintance with the truth, returning individuals will carry with them what they have learned; and thus, within and without the limits of the empire, all will gradually be evangelized. The multiplication of their numbers, therefore, viewed in this light, presents an encouraging aspect, and would lead us to anticipate the period as not far distant, when China shall stretch out her hands unto God."

It is not necessary that we should give any sketch of the progress of Protestant missions in the East and in China. All who take an interest in the subject will look for information elsewhere—in Mr. Medhurst's volume among others. One great general principle professed by the Protestants is to win their way to the confidence of the people by deeds of benevolence and humble assiduities,—medical efforts among the rest; whereas the Catholics are said to have trusted mainly to their scientific triumphs. The following paragraphs may be added as a general account of what the Protestants have done, and of what they long to do.

"Protestant missionaries, in their attempts to operate on China, limited their efforts, for a quarter of a century, to those parts where Europeans generally reside, or where the British and Dutch governments afforded protection. Considering themselves excluded from the interior of the empire, and finding a host of Chinese emigrants in the various countries of the Malayan archipelago, they aimed first to enlighten these, with the hope, that if properly instructed and influenced, they would, on their return to their native land, carry with them the Gospel they had learned, and spread it among their countrymen. With this view, our brethren established themselves in the various colonies around China, studied the language, set up schools and seminaries, wrote and printed books, conversed extensively with the people, and tried to collect congregations, to whom they might preach the word of life. Since the commencement of their missions, they have translated the holy Scriptures, and printed two thousand complete Bibles, ten thousand Testaments, thirty thousand separate books of Scripture, and upwards of half a million of tracts in the Chinese language; besides four thousand Testaments, and one hundred and fifty thousand tracts in the languages of the Malayan archipelago, comprising up-

wards of eight thousand leaves of new matter, and twenty millions of printed pages. About ten thousand children have passed through the mission schools; nearly one hundred persons have been baptized, and several native preachers raised up, one of whom has proclaimed the Gospel to his countrymen in the interior of the empire, and endured persecution for the sake of Jesus. Such a result cannot but be gratifying to the friends of missions, and on a review of it, the labourers employed would 'thank God and take courage.'

"But all this is far from satisfying the desires of the ardent missionary, or from accomplishing the object for which he went forth. Whatever be done in the colonies, the friends of China cannot be content until some impression be made upon the mother country; and as the emigrants are but a sprinkling compared with the bulk of the population, so the converts from among the colonists bear but a small proportion to the salvation of the whole empire."

An effort was made by Mr. Medhurst in 1835 to further these great ends. After much difficulty to procure a vessel that had at the time no connection with the opium trade or any disreputable purpose, so as to compromise a missionary's character, an American brig, the *Huron*, was hired for several months, for the north-east coast voyage. Trade was in no respect the object of the trip, but the distribution of religious books, tracts, and portions of Scripture in the Chinese language, which had been printed at Batavia, Malacca, and Canton. A Mr. Stevens, seaman's chaplain at Whampoa, was our author's companion and coadjutor. The voyage extended from Canton to Shan-tung. A few extracts will sufficiently indicate the mode of procedure adopted by the missionaries on this occasion, their manner of reception, and the success which attended them.

"Having observed the inhabitants of Lew-kung-taou very busy, in sending off ten or a dozen boats towards the town of Wei-hae, all of them full of people, and apparently of valuables, as though they apprehended us to be marauders or desperadoes, we thought it best to undeceive them; and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we went on shore in the afternoon. On arriving at the beach, most of the people ran up into the village, but a few of the more robust and daring, stood their ground. This was a critical moment, and the feelings of both parties were, perhaps, a little agitated. Not having set foot on this part of China before, we did not know how the natives would receive us. Much had been said about the hazard of landing at any other place except Canton; and insult, imprisonment, and death, were predicted as the consequences of such a step. The natives, on their part, did not know who or what we were; and apprehended the most fearful things, when they saw 'the fierce barbarians' coming amongst them. Stepping ashore, however, we saluted them in their own tongue, to which they cheerfully responded, and a little acquaintance with each other, soon taught both parties to lay aside their suspicions.

"After asking the name of the place, and introducing our object, we went forward, through some cultivated fields, to the village; at the entrance of which, men, women, and children stood to receive us. They re-

turned our salutations in a cheerful manner, and led the way into a house. This was a poor, mean dwelling, half full of Barbadoes millet, which appeared to be, with them, the staff of life. One end of the chief apartment was occupied by a sort of raised platform, which served the inhabitants for table, chair, bed-place, and oven; upon this we sat down, to converse with the natives, who soon filled the house. On opening the basket of books, we found that few, if any, could read, and only one individual accepted of a volume. They were, however, very civil; and conversed familiarly, for some time. Among other things, they asked, whether our vessel was the same that had visited their island, twenty years ago, alluding to Lord Amherst's embassy; or whether we were connected with two vessels which had more recently entered their harbour, for the purpose of distributing books. They asked how many hands we had on board; and were surprised to hear, that the whole ship's company amounted to no more than fifteen persons, saying that we should never be able to get our anchor up with such a small complement of men. We invited them to come on board and see; and receiving a present of a few fresh vegetables, we returned to the ship."

The above allusion to Lord Amherst's embassy and other circumstances mentioned by Mr. Medhurst, show that the communication between one part and all others of the empire is constant and accurate.

Our author and his friend distributed their books in armfuls; sometimes the people unceremoniously helped themselves. But the general character of this eager demand requires to be explained.

"Their anxiety to obtain books, however, must not in the least be ascribed to any knowledge of, or relish for, their contents; but merely to an eager curiosity, to get possession of something that came from abroad, and an insatiable cupidity, to obtain what was to be had for nothing. After having supplied them liberally, we stood up in the midst of the threshing floor, and with a loud voice, proclaimed the news of salvation to the listening throng. We told them of God's pity to mankind, in sending his own Son to save our sinful race, and detailed to them the relation of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour; in obedience to whose command we were come, to testify the glad tidings of great joy in their ears. One man, who had listened attentively, exclaimed, 'Oh! you are come to propagate religion?' Just so, we replied, and happy will you be if you receive it."

The mandarins were uniformly most unwilling that the missionaries should penetrate to any distance the celestial territory, although the common people did not in general side with these functionaries. Indeed, the authorities for the most part would have kept the Christians to their brig, where they were very willing to hold a confabulation; and we wonder that their obvious power was not forcibly exercised. The mandarins, however, are cowards,—

"On our arrival, we found that the mandarins had been to pay us a visit, in two junks, bringing with them about one hundred men. As there were only eight hands in the vessel, the mate was disinclined to receive them, and intimated that the captain was not on board;

but they appeared so friendly, that he allowed them to come upon deck. They expressed their surprise at everything they saw, went down into the cabin, and even looked into the hold at the books and rice. The mate then fired a six-pounder, to call us on board; they were unwilling, however, that he should make the signal and begged him not to fire, lest the gun should burst; while one of them, a naval captain, actually made haste over the side of the vessel, in order to avoid the explosion. Finding that books were to be procured, they asked for some, and took about fifty volumes away with them. After waiting for us hours, they departed, highly pleased with what they had seen."

It appears that our author and his companion bore themselves with singular composure, firmness, and dignity, when a word, one might imagine, would have silenced them for ever. But the Chinese are far advanced in certain forms of civilization, and they also know too well their interest wantonly to abuse British "barbarians." Still Mr. Medhurst was acting in known defiance of the laws of the empire, and we suspect, in similar circumstances, he would not have been so leniently dealt with in some countries nearer home.

"On our arrival, we were met by two native officers, who said that we must return on board, till the mandarins arrived from the vessel, when they would introduce us to the general of the district. We objected, that we could not remain in the boat during the rain, and urged that the least they could do was to afford us a place of shelter. So saying, we moved on towards the custom-house, accompanied by a dense crowd, who strove on all sides to get a sight of us. Arrived at the office, we were invited to sit down, and the multitude pressed eagerly round to see the strangers. As they increased in numbers and eagerness, the police officers became exceedingly free with brooms, sticks, and whips, which they laid most profusely on the heads and shoulders of the people; hallooing and scolding, and throwing handfuls of sand in their eyes, in order to keep them at a moderate distance from the building. We observed, however, that they never offered to strike or push any of the Füh-keen sailors, who seemed to carry themselves with an air of independence, and would not be turned aside from the front of the door. Seeing this, we got up and spoke to them in their own dialect, and enlarged on the doctrines of the Gospel; to which they listened attentively, and by which they were induced to receive our publications.

"Some inferior officers gathering around, we spoke to them as long as they would listen, and employed the time as profitably as we could, while the mandarins were making arrangements for our reception.

"At length after waiting for several hours, we informed Tae-laou-yay, that unless we were speedily introduced to the general, we must return on board, as the day was fast drawing to a close. He said, that we might be introduced immediately, but he wished first to know, what ceremonies we meant to observe on seeing such a great officer. Their custom, he continued, was to kneel down, and knock the head against the ground, on coming into the presence of superiors, and he desired to be informed whether we would do the same. We told him, that we were not in the habit of prostrating ourselves before our fellow mortals, but that we were willing to pay the same deference to Chinese mandarins of

high rank, as we did to our own superior officers. 'Well,' said he, 'I will speak to the general, and try to arrange that matter for you.' 'But further,' we observed, 'when the ceremony of introduction is over, we expect to be allowed to sit down in the presence of the general, otherwise we beg leave to decline the conference.' 'This also,' said he, 'shall be arranged to your satisfaction;' and with this assurance, we proceeded to the temple, where the great officers were sitting."

We discover great acuteness and eagerness for information in the questions and answers which Mr. Medhurst records as having been elicited in the course of his conversation with the Chinese. We can only give one example.

"Amongst other enquiries, they wished to know whence Mr. Stevens came; and, being told that he belonged to New England, they enquired whether there was a new, as well as an old England? which led us to observe, that there was a new, as well as old world, which was not known to the inhabitants of Europe till within the last four hundred years. After the first discovery, we added, it was soon peopled: and England, at that time, having a surplus population, multitudes emigrated, and formed the country of New England. They then asked, under what sort of government this new country was, and who was king over it? We said, 'they had no king, but were ruled by two great assemblies, at the head of which was a president; all of them chosen by the people, and re-elected after a certain term.' They asked, 'what became of the old president, on his going out of office?' and, on being told that he became a common man, they wondered greatly; and could not conceive how he could be restrained from exciting rebellion, and employing the power he so lately wielded, in raising up a party in his own favour. In this, they reasoned from what frequently takes place in their own country, to what might happen in other regions. With them, a man once in power, aims to be always in power, and is never content with a private station, after having held the reins of government. Hence, when an individual is deprived of the supreme authority, his antagonist never considers himself safe, till the previous ruler is put out of the world, and his whole race extirpated; lest some distant member of the fallen house, actuated by ambition or revenge, should aim at the re-establishment of the dynasty or perish in the attempt to gratify his vengeful feelings. They then wanted to know, where the author had met with Mr. Stevens, and how an old Englander could so readily agree with a new Englander. We said that Christians were bound to each other by the peculiar tie of religion, irrespective of country; and being actuated by liberal views, were more likely to combine, in the prosecution of a sacred object, than others, in whom selfishness was the reigning principle."

Such are a few of the notices and recollections out of many more equally curious which our author has published in relation to his voyage. Whether any new ground has been advantageously broken in the course of his trip, whether any seed shall be sown by means of the books so plentifully scattered, it is not for us to say. One thing seems certain, and has been verified in many other cases, viz. that without means being used honestly, patiently, and earnestly, the work of

conversion will not commence. It is also equally reasonable to expect that where such a commencement is realized, the beginnings will be small. That Mr. Medhurst is an able and zealous servant in the cause cannot be doubted; and his book furnishes one among many instances where piety, chivalrous enterprise, knowledge, and literary skill, have all united to adorn and dignify the character of the Christian missionary.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die!" So saith Wordsworth, while "his heart rejoiced in nature's joy," as saith Burns—and in these few syllables you feel how happy at the time were both poets. But not happier than you and we have often been and are now, though poets we may not be truly called, except according to the sense in which all human beings are poets who love dearly their mother earth. And are you sure you understand the feeling in Wordsworth's beautiful line? Is it that the day itself is too divine to die, and that the sun will never bring himself to set on it; or that the memory of it must needs be immortal?

Alas! how many heavenly days "seeming immortal in their depth of rest" have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation. Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills. Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss arising from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion. Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life. Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to entrench ourselves by thoughts of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair. Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in other companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now to be expressed by remorse and penitence!

Christopher in his Cave! and he makes, we assure you, a very pretty hermit. Our beard is not so long

as that goat's hanging on the cliff. In Christian countries, Recluses shave, and are attentive to their toilet. We even wear not spectacles, for we have come to enjoy the haze our decaying eyesight gives to all objects in nature, nor envy yours, but bless it, that sees them for ever effulgent. World-sick? Yea, streets are not the channels of the streams we love, whose flowings are in the soul. Earth-sick? Nay—filial shall we be to the last—and bless her as she takes us back into her bosom. Life-sick? Oh! say it not—for God is good—and grief gracious; and sorrow consecrates the path of fading and faded flowers—yet some among them, O wo! and bliss is me! brighter so help us heaven than ever—that leadeth to the grave.

* * * * *

What volume is this, annual-like in its primrose-coloured boards, if boards they be, so delicate in their seeming, and with lily-leaves that look as if they were fragrant—and fragrant must they be, if ever breathed over have they been by the lips of her who placed them for the perusal of Christopher in his Cave. "POEMS OF MANY YEARS by Richard Monkton Milnes;" the name is not unfamiliar, nor yet is it familiar to our ear—thirty years ago and upwards we heard a man of the name of Milnes speak in Parliament in surpassing style—this may not be the same—no—no—for he, if extant, must be as ancient as ourselves—and poetry may flow into—but not out of the heart of one who is half-way-down the hill of life. "'Tis his son!" Ha! what voice gave that whisper? Wast thine, thou wrestless wren, that fifty times at least within these two or three hours we have been sitting here, hast been borne leaf-like out and in our Cave, and only now been perceived by us to have all the while been occupied—in bringing food to a voracious nestful that will soon exchange the twilight of this cave for that of the umbrage of the many-gladed woods?

Time was we pounced on a book the instant we saw it on the board, like osprey on fish showing its back upon the billow—with a clutch as sure, and maw as ravenous—shrieking over it as we tore it piece-meal. In our sacred hunger no bones of a book made we then—we swallowed it guts and all—and, lighter from the repast, upsoared in circles, and then shot straight as an arrow, "to prey in distant isles." Now we leisurely alight beside it, like an old sick sea-eagle as we are, and mumble at a leaf or two as if with our teeth we had lost our appetite, and our stomach were in sympathy with our gums. Often do we crawl away from our quarry without tasting it—without so much as knowing whether it be fish, flesh, or fowl—and keep sitting disconsolately for hours together on a stone or stump like a mere bunch of feathers. O Audubon! no more shalt thou behold Us—a Speck in the Sun—no more shalt thou hear Us—a Cry in the Cloud.

"Poems of Many Years!" 'Tis something to lie here—be assured, O Volume! for the Lady whom all those mountains love is herself a poet—and no book that is not poetry would she place for chance of perusal by Christopher in his Cave. The still study—the busy parlour—the bedchamber serene—the mirthful drawingroom—are one and all fit places for the perusal of poetry; but fitter the wood, the grove, the glen—fittest—and already we begin to feel the inspiration—such a Cave as this—in the heart of inland peace—yet visited if we mistake not—by the voice of the sea.

Let us hold converse, then, with this brother in the spirit, whom we may never see in the flesh—and let this pretty pen of ours, plucked from a stockdove's wing, and nibbed by Genevieve, cease its prattling, while we recite to ourselves—*ad aperturam libri*—one lay to test the worth of all—to assure Christopher in his Cave whether Mr. Milnes be or be not a Poet.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

"Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by;

"For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass
As through a dim or tinted glass:

"But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

"Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

"And more,—though, free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

"If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

"Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linkt again
By all mere Memory can retain,—

"Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices Man's just destinies:

"So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self reviving thing of power;

"That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

"Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy."

Sweet—serious—solemn—wise and good.

'Tis pleasant in a Cave to glance, with ever and anon
a pausing eye, over a volume like this, of which one
by-heart-gotten strain easily persuades us that the rest

must be trustworthy to our memory—to glance over it without absolutely reading it, yet all the while feeling the breath, and seeing the glow of its beauty—just as it is pleasant in a room, in like manner, to glance over an array of ladies fair, not one of whom we have looked on long enough to love, yet nothing doubting that had we ever so many hearts we could give them all away among the virgin apparitions.

Or, if this simile do not satisfy, let us tell you that we like to look at a Volume as at a Valley—discerning not one feature of the scene distinctly, but feeling its spirit as surely as if we distinctly discerned them all—so that, when our dreamy eyes seem to settle down upon it, every object occupies the very place we expected to find it in, and is of the very character and kind we thought it to be, only lovelier in their neighbourhood, because now all understood, and forming in themselves a little world where beauty has reduced them all into order, and order is the expression of peace!

Nay, if we still must strive to make clear our meaning, have you never sat in a boat on a lake before known to you but by name, and, unwilling all at once to look steadily on what is nevertheless filling your breast with delight, keep even your hands at times over your eyes, and at others glanced stealthily around, almost as if afraid to lapse into the magical world among whose shadows you were sailing, till, taking courage as it were from the glimpses of beauty that made themselves be seen whether you would or no—perhaps from some other fairy pinnace passing by meteorous with its cloud of sail—or bird floating away undisturbedly among the reeds, too happy to fly from its own bay where there was every thing to love and nothing to fear—you have at last delivered up your whole soul to the scene, and in one minute have become almost as well acquainted with its character as if you had lived for years on its banks, and have added to the domain of memory, never more to fade, a lovelier vision than Imagination's self could have created in the world of Dreams!

This comes of soliloquizing criticism on Poetry, with a pen plucked from the wing of a stockdove, and nibbed by Genevieve, in a Highland Cave. Pardon our proximity—and read—

THE LONG-AGO.

"Eyes which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear:
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

"Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;

Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

"As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy;
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

"Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure Desire
On the altars it deceives;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

"Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

"On the deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

"Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Thro' the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

"Tho' the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Tho' for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a heaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the past its Long-ago."

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all other passions are then dead or dying, or the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compares the little pleasure their gratification can ever yield now with what it could any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst disturber or embitterer of man's declining years—but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good—and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them, painful only when our hearts almost died within us to think that might never be, and that all our loftiest aspirations

'Tis vain,—alas, for human shame!
There nothing, *nothing* is the same.

"O that the painter's fav'rite scheme
Were not alone a painter's dream!
O that the Paradise he feigns,
Where Innocence with Childhood reigns,
And cherub forms and infant guise
Inclose the heart divinely wise,
Were not alone a Poet's creed,—
No symbol,—but a truth indeed!
That all this circling life might close
Its wearied course where first it rose,
And that our second life must be
A new, eternal, infancy,
Keeping the bliss we lose as men,
To be for aye as we were then!"

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

"When first the Friendship-flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one empasioned age
Has full revealed the magic bloom;
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

"It is not Absence you should dread,—
For Absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

"But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts and words and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

"Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshadow;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

"Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But let them perish where they died."

FAMILIAR LOVE.

"We read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face;
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
Followed the eye that passed the page along,
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,
Yet with so much monotony,
In its half slumbering harmony,

You might not call it song;
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
Than any customary mood of human voices.

"Then if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious-worded difference,
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,
We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart.
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

"We prayed together, praying the same prayer,
But each that prayed did seem to be alone,
And saw the other in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompassed it:
And when obeyed, the Vision stood beside,
And led the way through the upper hyaline,
Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,
The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,
Who guided the rapt Florentine:

"The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

"But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,
But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,
We past into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love."

Strange that with all our love of nature, and of art,
we never were a Painter. True that in boyhood we
were no contemptible hand at a Lion or a Tiger—and
sketches by us of such cats springing or preparing to
spring in keelavine, dashed off some fifty or sixty years
ago, might well make Edwin Landseer stare. Even
yet we are a sort of Salvator Rosa at a savage scene,
and our black-lead pencil heaps up confused shatter-
ings of rocks, and flings a mountainous region into con-
vulsions, as if an earthquake heaved, *in a way that is no*
canny, making people shudder as if something had gone
wrong with this planet of ours, and creation were fall-
ing back into chaos. But we love scenes of beautiful
repose too profoundly ever to dream of "transferring
them to canvass." Such employment would be felt
by us to be desecration—though we look with delight
on the work when done by others—the picture with-
out the process—the product of genius, without thought
of its mortal instruments. We work in words, and
words are, in good truth, images, feelings, thoughts;
and of these the outer world as well as the inner is

—to glance over it
in the while feeling
the beauty—just as
to glance over
have looked
that had
them all away

tell you that
—discerning
feeling its
and them all
settle down
we ex-
er and kind
labour-
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Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
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Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy;
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

"Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure Desire
On the altars it deceives;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

"Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

"On the deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

"Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Near the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death to those who trust in good,
Announces his hardest blow;
Would not, if we could,
The sleep of Long-ago!

"The bloom of swift decay
In the soul where life is strong,
In the hearts the day
Is not overlong,—
But will find a leaven,
Whose hand is slow,
Which has its Heaven,
In the world of Long-ago."

the most loving season of life, for
are then dead or dying, or the
key of a troubled heart, com-
their gratification can ever

any time long ago, and

warmer or embil-

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and



spoken of; so that any glimpses which we may obtain even of the outskirts of the empire and of the people are cordially hailed, and greedily digested. Each of the present works have furnished some of these desired and welcome glimpses, although both authors have found themselves obliged to recur for a great proportion of their matter to preceding writers. We do not find fault with this in the case of China and the Chinese; for Europe deserves to be made acquainted with such a peculiar nation; and without engrafting what is recently discovered upon what is known and established, not only would anything that is really new in relation to the celestial empire be meagre in itself, but what was old would cease to occupy the advancing mind in the study of this host of mankind, and of their progress in civilization. Without further preface, therefore, we proceed to cull from the volumes before us some of the most remarkable or novel particulars which they contain.

Mr. Downing, in his medical capacity, enjoyed some peculiar opportunities for witnessing Chinese life. Indeed, Mr. Medhurst is of opinion, that medical men are in an especial degree fitted to make an impression upon this singular people, and therefore they must command advantages to which no other foreigners can generally lay claim. Still Mr. Downing seems to have had no other scope for observation than that which is furnished by the usual passage from Macao to Canton; and of this he has certainly taken the utmost advantage; for though sometimes minute to satiety, he is always sensible and lively. We must also remark that there is no people in the world of whom such an extensive and accurate judgment can be formed from a few samples as the Chinese. They possess one literature, although they may not speak one and the same dialect. Their institutions, opinions, and manners are uniform; so that if we obtain access to one family, it may be said that we behold the whole of their enormous population.

Mr. Downing gives us a graphic and picturesque description of Chinese scenery as beheld in the neighbourhood of the Bocca Tigris, a river which for a considerable distance maintains the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, although it sometimes spreads out where the banks are low, occasionally, in fact, overflowing the surrounding country. At some distance from the Tigris are long ranges of broken and irregular hills, over the tops of which and in the interstices, are seen flats of green and fruitful land. Pagodas are planted on every remarkable eminence, the lower flats being at times complete swamps, or when the rice is in the blade forming a large green meadow resembling an American Prairie. Small villages and humble roofs also stud the landscape, which are apt to suggest the idea of English rural retreats. Our author proceeds—

“As you look around, you often notice something

moving above the paddy, and you feel some little curiosity to know what strange animal it represents; but, after a while, you see it emerge from one of the little creeks, and ascertain that it is the top of the mat-sail belonging to a small boat, which has been wandering far away inland.” * * * “The plot of life thickens the further you proceed. The meagre, squalid families of the fishermen give place to the cultivators of the soil, who appear much more robust and healthy. Large duck-boats line the banks of the river, and their feathered inhabitants are seen wandering among the surrounding paddy, watched and protected by their solemn masters. Males and females of the lower orders ramble up and down in the mud with their trousers tucked up above the knees. As they stalk along in this manner, thrusting the leg up to the part where it is covered, into the mud, and every now and then drawing it out and putting the hand to the foot, you are at a loss to imagine what they are about. They are searching for prawns and shrimps, and other small fish, and, when they have discovered them, they seize them under the mud, between the great toe and the one next to it, and then bring them to the surface, when they are deposited in a small bag which is carried at the waist. This is one of the many instances where the foot is used with the same dexterity, and answers all the purposes of a third hand. Boats are paddled about in all directions by men employed in catching wild geese, while large junks and river craft traverse up and down, and are of every variety of colour and employment. Mixed with this motley crowd, is seen the majestic Indiaman, with the British ensign floating proudly from the peak, slowly moving under a tower of canvass, and perhaps exchanging signals with a Spaniard, a Dutchman, or an American, the upper part of which is seen over a spit of land in the reach below.”

It must indeed be a motley crowd that presents itself on the face of the waters, to such an observer as our author, as the approach is made to Whampoa. Think of a people who are not so prejudiced as to consider man a terrene animal, thousands of them having been borne on the water, and who regard going on shore in the light of a cruise. Boats about twenty feet long, and of a proportionable breadth, called wash-boats, swarm on all hands. They are miserably fitted up, their inhabitants, however, being good-natured smiling girls, who make their living by washing the clothes of sailors and petty officers. Other parties and persons following other callings live upon the water, in their habits resembling amphibious creatures. Thus a mother may be seen sitting at needle-work in a boat, quietly looking on, while a child of five or six years is swimming around the vessel, and another not able to walk is scrambling on all-fours about the little deck, and of course liable at every turn to fall overboard. But the danger after all is not imminent, for an air-tight or buoyant article is fastened at the back of the shoulders of the new-born infant, which it wears until able to take care of itself; so that when its chances to tumble into the watery element the mother has nothing more to do than to fish it out again.

Since we are upon the subject of amphibious beings,

an extract will add to our knowledge of certain varieties belonging to a sort of floating habitation, to which some allusion in a foregoing passage has been made.

"The duck boats are certainly to be ranked among the curious singularities of the Chinese. They are large and roomy, with a broad walk extending round the covered parts a little above the surface of the water. If the Irishman may be said to give the best side of the fire to his pig because he pays the rent, surely the Chinaman may with equal propriety give the best part of his house to the accommodation of the ducks. They have the large apartments at the after part of the boat, while the man with his family exists in a miserable hovel at the head. With which society to associate, it would require some little hesitation to decide; but perhaps the ducks would have the preference. In the morning, the doors are opened, and the birds wander round the house at their pleasure. When the sun is high, large inclined planes are let down at the sides of the boat; one towards the land, and the other towards the water. Up and down these steps the feathered bipeds travel at their pleasure and take a cruise on land or water, but are prevented from proceeding too far by their anxious overseers. When it is time to retire the man gives a whistle, and at the sound every bird returns, and waddles back again into his warm, comfortable berth. When they are all on board, the stairs are hoisted to the horizontal position by means of a long bamboo lever, and everything is then made secure for the night. The proprietor of one of these boats is able to gain a livelihood by the care of these birds, which he watches with somewhat of the same kind of parental fondness as a hen over a brood of young ducklings just emerged from the shell."

We may observe, while abiding on the Tigris, that although our author admits the battle of the Bogue, which was fought when the *Andromache* and *Imogen* forced the passage, to have been a gallant affair, he nevertheless attributes a good deal of its success to the want of skill and the neglect of the Chinese. He says, though their batteries are numerous and extensive, as well as judiciously situated, and the metal heavy, promising destruction to all who should in a hostile manner come within their reach, still the heavy guns being altogether immovable, and fixed in the stone sockets of the ramparts, are necessarily unfitted to contend with the masters of the sea. Besides, the Chinese are neither a warlike people nor accustomed to such sharp practice as has been more than once employed to their cost by the English.

But while the *celestials* are neither pugnacious nor brave, they may teach boastful Europeans a mastery in certain exploits which at least argue something like a philosophy, where contentment and fertility in the discovery of resources are eminently displayed. Much has been said of their industry, their methodical works, their agricultural skill, &c.; but their economy in the use of articles for food is not less remarkable. At a pinch nothing comes amiss, for they have the most accommodating stomachs imaginable. Every thing ani-

mal, from the hide to the entrails—and almost every thing vegetable, from the leaves to the roots, is made available to the support of life; and even some parts of the mineral kingdom are laid under requisition for this important purpose. Accordingly dogs afford a meal that is not regarded as undainty. Mr. Downing is minute on this subject. He states, that

"The flesh is hung up in the markets in the same manner as that of the sheep with us, and is sold by weight. The young puppies, esteemed a delicacy in the same way as lambs are in Europe, are brought for sale in cages or baskets, carried at the ends of a bamboo on the shoulders. These little animals are very pretty, with the wool often of a beautiful white colour, and, if we could reconcile ourselves to the idea of eating their species at all, these would be the first morsels which we should feel inclined to swallow. The young ladies of the Celestial Empire make pets of the handsomer kinds of cat, so that they are often found to be in the houses of the rich. The poorer people cannot afford to keep these expensive luxuries, and, therefore, their flesh is a general article of consumption. When it is well fed, it is even considered superior to that of the dogs, and is to be seen, occasionally, upon the tables of the opulent. A small species of wild cat is sometimes caught in the southern provinces, and is brought to market as a great dainty. It is considered game, and none but the rich can afford to eat it. Rats and mice are confined almost exclusively to the very poorest people. The former are often seen in long rows, skinned and otherwise prepared, and hung up by dozens, with a small piece of wood passed across from one hind leg to another. At Whampoa, these little animals are eagerly sought after by those in the boats, whenever they are caught on board the ships. Their bite seems to be utterly disregarded, as I have seen a rat fastened with a string tied to the hind leg, to the top of one of the covers of a boat, to form the plaything of a little boy or girl. Whenever the captive wretch had got to the end of the tether, the little urchin has taken it up with the greatest *nonchalance* by the poll of the neck, and put it into its place again. The way of catching the large water-rat is so peculiarly Chinese, that it deserves to be mentioned. These animals live in holes under the excavated banks of streams, and from thence sally forth into the water. The rat-catcher proceeds in the darkness of the night to the spot, and places one of his showy lanterns immediately before the hole. When the rat comes out to see what is the matter, he is so astonished and dazzled with the light that he becomes motionless, and then the Chinaman is enabled to capture him with ease."

We have only to remark before closing Mr. Downing's volumes and his statement regarding the uses to which the Chinese, on an emergency, devote their dogs, cats, and rats, that the first mentioned of these creatures, like their brethren in other countries, exhibit on certain occasions, a wonderful sagacity,—that they entertain an irreconcilable ill-will towards their professional slaughterers,—and that the butchers in Canton find it necessary to carry about with them, whenever they go abroad, defensive weapons to keep off the canine breed, which are ever ready to make an attack

in revenge for the wrongs done to their race, by their destroyers for the shambles. So much for an instinctive or hereditary principle.

More than half of Mr. Medhurst's goodly octavo consists of an abridgment, a spirited one we admit, of what former authors and travellers have given to the world. The compilation, however, is interspersed with many original observations and conclusions, which are striking and appropriate. While he treats of the social, political, literary, and statistical condition and relations of the people of China, he points every portion of his information in such a manner as to bear upon their religious prospects and conversion to Christianity as becomes a writer engaged in the great missionary cause;—a cause in which he has laboured for the benefit of China, since the year 1816. Before proceeding to notice some of the facts contained in the more original part of the volume, viz: that which presents a narrative of a voyage along the north-east coast of China performed by the author in 1835,—we shall call attention to a few more remarkable statements, in a missionary sense, to be found in his introductory account of the general state of the country.

Mr. Medhurst inclines to receive the highest estimate that has been given of the Chinese population, rating it at 361,221,900; that is, the population of China Proper, besides upwards of a million for the inhabitants of Formosa, and the various tribes of Chinese Tartary, under the sway of the emperor of China. Now, as he puts it, if this be anything like an accurate calculation, if there be so many millions huddled together under one despotic monarch, amounting to one-third of the human race, bound under one heathenish spell, what a field is here for benevolent enterprise! Well may he exclaim,

"Where shall we begin, or where can we hope to end the Herculean task? And what proportion do our present means and efforts bear to the end in view? Some score of individuals, is all that the churches of England and America now devote to the conversion of China—one thousand persons are thereby brought under instruction, and not more than ten converted every year. This is a very small proportion, and protracted will be the period, ere we can expect at such a rate to succeed. Could we bring one thousand individuals under instruction every day, and give them only a day's teaching each, it would take one thousand years to bring all the population of China thus under the sound of the Gospel; and if even ten of these separate thousands were every day converted to God, it would require one hundred thousand years to make all these mighty hosts savingly acquainted with divine truth. This is a startling view of the matter, but a more affecting consideration still, is, that the ranks of heathenism are increasing at a thousand fold greater ratio, than we can expect, by such a system of proselyting, to thin them. For, even allowing an increase of only one per cent. per annum, on the whole population, we shall find that they are thus adding three and a half millions,

yearly, to their number; so that according to our most sanguine calculations, the heathen would multiply faster than they could be brought over to Christianity. Besides which, while we are thus aiming to rescue a few, the many are still perishing for lack of knowledge."

This is a disheartening picture, and if no relieving circumstance appeared, if no faith existed in favour of universal civilization and political freedom, no reliance on the testimony of Scriptural Prophecy, here is more than sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and quench all the ardour of the most energetic philanthropist. But there are grounds of hope and encouragement; and we like the manner in which our author has contrasted them with his alarming portraiture. For example, he draws some consolation from the very multitude and density of the population. He considers the people as a whole, and as we before remarked, as accustomed to one mode of thinking, and subject to the same prejudices; so that the arguments and means of enlightenment and conversion which may be effectually applied to one person, one family, one section of the people, may be hopefully applied to the whole. Think how much may be hoped for from the single circumstance that the Chinese universally understand one mode of writing, one written language. But this is not all. What if, in the Providence of God, Christian Missionaries should come to be tolerated by a *fiat* of the government, what if a host of these indefatigable and zealous men should traverse the length and breadth of the land! Nay, to adopt the precise words of Mr. Medhurst, "it is not impossible that a remonstrance drawn up by Christian missionaries, may reach 'the dragon throne;' or that a devoted and zealous preacher of the Gospel should be introduced to court, and plead the cause of Christianity in the imperial ear."

These, it may be said, are extravagant and unwarrantable hopes. But listen (we are not speaking to those who implicitly believe in Revelation, its promises and predictions,) and learn what really has been done. We do not go so far back as the seventh century, during which Mosheim informs us, the Nestorians established several churches in China. We come down to the Catholic mission, which commenced in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and to the successors of Xavier, a man, who after the most arduous labours for the conversion of other nations in the East, was most desirous to make an impression upon China; for he reckoned that he had done nothing, in converting multitudes in India, while the celestial empire was unattempted. But death interrupted his personal exertions ere he was able to enter upon this enterprise. Other Catholic labourers, however, arose.

"In 1579, M. Rogier, an Italian Jesuit, arrived in China, where he was soon joined by Matthew Ricci. These devoted themselves to the study of the Chinese

language, and made some proficiency in it. A dispute having arisen between the Chinese and the Portuguese, Rugiero was sent to negotiate, when he requested to be allowed to settle in Canton; and, after some delay, he and his fellow missionary got introduced to Chaou-king-foo, then the capital city of the province. Here they were obliged to act with great caution; as the Chinese, having heard of the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese, were exceedingly jealous of strangers. The affability and talents of Ricci, however, soon gained them friends. The literati admired their doctrines, so far as they agreed with Confucius, and admitted the propriety of worshipping the Lord of Heaven, but objected to the mysteries of the Christian faith; while the prohibition of polygamy, and the vow of celibacy, were still more offensive to them. They accused the strangers of neglecting their deceased parents, and of not worshipping Confucius, while they paid too much deference to Jesus. The arguments and ridicule of their opponents, however, did not dishearten these zealous men; who, by their knowledge of the sciences, were enabled to instruct and interest the people. Converts were soon made, and a church formed, over which Ricci presided for about seven years; when he was obliged to quit the provincial city, and repair to Chaou-chow-foo, about one hundred miles to the north of Canton. Here he changed his dress, from that of a Buddhist priest, which he had formerly assumed, to that of the literati, which brought him more respect and consideration.

"Having been successful in various parts of the Canton province, he burned with a desire to preach the Gospel in the capital: and, attaching himself to the retinue of a mandarin, travelled with him to Nanking. He soon attracted attention by his discourses on science and religion, and even gained the favour of the superior authorities. Encouraged by this reception, and having received some valuable presents from Europe, he resolved to make his way to the emperor. At court, his presents were received, and his person honoured; a house was assigned him, and he was taken into the service of the state, A.D. 1601."

Ricci having now obtained an advantageous footing, began to diffuse his doctrines, and in a few years converted several persons of distinction; among whom was a mandarin of great talents and influence. This mandarin even defended the Christian scheme and cause in presence of the emperor. Several missionaries joined Ricci, and at Peking the number of converts daily increased. Various successes attended the efforts of these exemplary and resolute men, as well as their successors. The Christians were sometimes persecuted, sometimes encouraged and protected by the supreme power. Their knowledge in the mathematics and other branches of learning operated strongly in their favour. Some of the emperors conversed with the fathers on the subject of religion; others felt deeply indebted to them for their skill in medicine and science.

About the year 1666 the Catholic missionaries in China had much to contend against.

"About this time a learned man, named Yang Kwangseon, published a book against the missionaries.

He accused them of forming a conspiracy to overturn the government; in order to aid which, he said, they had introduced a great number of strangers into the empire, and had secured to themselves whole hosts of adherents, who were prepared to aid them in their sinister designs. 'In teaching,' continued he, 'that all mankind descended from Adam, they wish to infer that our princes came originally from Europe, and their countrymen, as the elder born, have a right to our monarchy.' And then, producing the sign of the cross, he exclaimed, 'Behold the God of the Europeans, nailed to a cross, for having attempted to make himself King of the Jews; and this is the God they invoke, to favour their design of making themselves masters of China.' These sage reasonings had the desired effect with the four regents, who ordered the missionaries to be loaded with chains, and dragged before the tribunals, A.D. 1665. The members of these tribunals declared, 'that Schaal and his associates merited the punishment of seducers, who announce to the people a false and pernicious doctrine.' After having been threatened with death, they were set at liberty; but the venerable Schaal sunk under his trials, and died A. D. 1666, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

"In addition to these troubles at Peking, the missionaries throughout the provinces were arrested, and three Dominicans, one Franciscan, and twenty-one Jesuits were banished to Canton. Four were still retained at court, who kept together the flock of professing Christians; until Kang-he, coming of age, found the calendar in such disorder, that he recommitted it to the hands of Verbiest, and reinstated him in his former office; thereby affording him an opportunity of promoting the interests of his church at Peking. Finding that the emperor was disposed to redress any grievances which had occurred during his minority, Verbiest presented a memorial, praying for the recall of his brethren; which, after some difficulty, was acceded to."

In 1671, the missionaries were put in possession of their churches, but forbidden to make converts of the natives. Notwithstanding this edict, in this same year, 20,000 Chinese were baptized. The emperor of the time even studied the elements of Euclid under one of the fathers, who succeeded in his endeavour to gain the monarch's toleration for Christianity; for though he did not embrace, he desired that no one should vilify, the Gospel.

"Verblest now rose in favour of the emperor, and accompanied him in his journeys to Tartary. The mandarins, also, encouraged by the example of the court, favoured the missionaries in all parts of the empire; and nothing seemed wanting, but an accession of labourers, to bring both China, Corea, and Tartary to the profession of Christianity: in conformity with Xavier's observation, that 'if China embraced the Gospel, all the neighbouring nations would soon demolish their idols, and adopt the Christian religion.'

"Encouraged by the openings which presented themselves, Louis XIV. king of France, resolved to send a mission to China; and having selected a number of Jesuits, well skilled in the mathematics, he sent them with honours and pensions on this important mission. Among the rest, was De Fontaney, professor of mathematics in the king's college; with Gerbillon, Bouvet, and Le Comte, afterwards celebrated for their labours

in the east. They went first to Siam, and from thence proceeded, in a Chinese junk, to Ning-po, on the coast of China. The mandarins at that port received them with politeness; but the viceroy declared it unlawful for native vessels to bring Europeans to China, and threatened to send the missionaries back, and confiscate both ship and cargo. Verbiest, on hearing of this, memorialized the emperor, representing that they were men skilled in the sciences, and his brethren. To which the emperor replied, 'men of that character must not be expelled my dominions. Let them all come to my court: those who understand the mathematics, shall remain about my person: the others may dispose of themselves in the provinces, as they think fit. On the receipt of this order, the viceroy was obliged to send those men to the capital with honour, whom he had intended to expel with disgrace.'

We shall not trace, even in outline, the several fortunes which have characterized the history of Catholic missions in China down to this day. It must suffice, when we state, that certain differences which arose between themselves proved injurious to the common cause—that even now there are many thousands of professed Catholics among the natives of the empire, (in Peking alone, says our author, there are twenty-six thousand, over whom two French priests preside,)—and that when the rulers do not suspect the presence of Europeans, they are very indulgent to the native Christians,—their jealousy being rather excited in regard to European influence and encroachment, than the peculiarities of the Christian religion. Indeed our author thinks that should the Catholics succeed in forming a native clergy, competent to discharge the duties of their office, their cause may rally; and altogether, considering his creed, Mr. Medhurst is a liberal interpreter and narrator. In justice to his consistency, however, in matters of religious faith, and as is due to those who patronise his exertions, or have any connection with "The London Missionary Society," whose servant he is, we quote his concluding observations with regard to the body of Christians who have so long laboured in behalf of the Chinese.

"On the whole we may conclude, that the Romish missionaries, from first to last, have been rather solicitous about the quantity, than the quality, of their success; while they have displayed a spirit of timeserving compliance with the prejudices of the heathen, and failed to exhibit Christianity in its most inviting form to the nations. Had they succeeded in establishing their religion throughout China, we question whether, from their known bigotry, they would not have presented insurmountable obstacles to the efforts of protestant labourers. If anything earthly could have contributed to success, they had certainly the fairest opportunity of realizing their object; the power of numbers, the influence of wealth, the patronage of Christian kings, the attractions of a showy worship, and high scientific attainments, all promised fair for the accomplishment of their design. They have, however, partially failed; and, in their failure, read us a

lesson, not to make flesh our arm, but to trust in the living God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. At the same time, we are not to be discouraged by their repulse: the laws which proscribe them, do not necessarily affect us: some of their practices, against which the Chinese excepted, we shall not imitate; such as the celibacy of the clergy, and the cloistering of women; the interference of a foreign potentate, with the authority of the emperor, will not be promoted by us; the Scriptures will be made the standard of judgment, and reason and conscience alone appealed to. Instead of beginning from the top of society, we propose commencing from the bottom; and aim to influence, first, the extremities, and then the heart of the empire. With the love of Christ for our motive, and the salvation of souls for our end; employing Christian benevolence, and Christian intelligence, as the means; and depending simply and solely on God for his blessing, we hope and believe, that though slow, our work will be sure, and finally effectual."

We offer no opinion upon this statement, but would have those who may sneer at the idea of converting the Chinese to a belief in the Christian religion, as being most chimerical, to remember that not only what has happened may happen again, but that in so far as human efforts go, the experience, the failures, if you will, of the past, may indicate a sure and certain method of procedure for the future.

It would be wrong while upon this part of our author's work to overlook a circumstance from which he draws encouragement, but which at first sight presents nothing but grounds for despair. We have seen how he takes comfort even from the immense multitude of people that inhabit the Chinese empire, in reference to the conversion of the whole. But what shall be said to the constant and prodigious increase of the people in the meanwhile; an increase that may be thought to proceed at a pace which no missionary exertions can ever be expected to overtake? Let our author be heard on this point.

"It has been before observed, that China, partly by additions to the number enrolled, and partly by the preponderance of births over deaths, has doubled its population several times during the last century. Such has been the rapidity and extent of the increase, that all the waste lands, within the empire, capable of cultivation, have been occupied; and the surplus population, unable to gain a subsistence at home, have been compelled to emigrate by thousands every year, to the islands and countries around. Now, the number of inhabitants is still increasing, and the Chinese in spite of their exclusive and restrictive system are bursting forth on every side, and, without our asking it, are coming in contact with Christians, and seeking shelter under European governments, where missionaries may labour unimpeded and unprohibited among them. If the same causes continue to operate, without any counteracting influence, there seems nothing to prevent the Chinese from crowding into the British possessions in Hindostan, and, under the mild and just sway of our Indian rulers, multiplying still more fast and plentifully than they have done in their own country. They

have already their hundreds of thousands in Siam, and will soon occupy Birmah, Pegu, and Assam. They have long colonized the islands of the Malayan archipelago, and what should hinder them from pushing on to New Holland, where millions of acres await their assiduous and energetic cultivation; while the extensive and fertile regions of New Guinea and New Ireland lie still more contiguous to their mother country. A nation increasing as does the Chinese, cannot be long confined within narrow bounds, and restriction with them is impossible. Imperial edicts are already weak and inefficient, but will soon be flung to the winds. Hunger cannot be controlled, and necessity knows no law. Let but another age roll by, and China double her population once more, and her very increase will break down her political barriers, and bring her myriads in contact with the Christian world. Let vigorous measures be taken for the thorough instruction of the Chinese emigrants, and, while coming adventurers get an acquaintance with the truth, returning individuals will carry with them what they have learned; and thus, within and without the limits of the empire, all will gradually be evangelized. The multiplication of their numbers, therefore, viewed in this light, presents an encouraging aspect, and would lead us to anticipate the period as not far distant, when China shall stretch out her hands unto God."

It is not necessary that we should give any sketch of the progress of Protestant missions in the East and in China. All who take an interest in the subject will look for information elsewhere—in Mr. Medhurst's volume among others. One great general principle professed by the Protestants is to win their way to the confidence of the people by deeds of benevolence and humble assiduities,—medical efforts among the rest; whereas the Catholics are said to have trusted mainly to their scientific triumphs. The following paragraphs may be added as a general account of what the Protestants have done, and of what they long to do.

"Protestant missionaries, in their attempts to operate on China, limited their efforts, for a quarter of a century, to those parts where Europeans generally reside, or where the British and Dutch governments afforded protection. Considering themselves excluded from the interior of the empire, and finding a host of Chinese emigrants in the various countries of the Malayan archipelago, they aimed first to enlighten these, with the hope, that if properly instructed and influenced, they would, on their return to their native land, carry with them the Gospel they had learned, and spread it among their countrymen. With this view, our brethren established themselves in the various colonies around China, studied the language, set up schools and seminaries, wrote and printed books, conversed extensively with the people, and tried to collect congregations, to whom they might preach the word of life. Since the commencement of their missions, they have translated the holy Scriptures, and printed two thousand complete Bibles, ten thousand Testaments, thirty thousand separate books of Scripture, and upwards of half a million of tracts in the Chinese language; besides four thousand Testaments, and one hundred and fifty thousand tracts in the languages of the Malayan archipelago, comprising up-

wards of eight thousand leaves of new matter, and twenty millions of printed pages. About ten thousand children have passed through the mission schools; nearly one hundred persons have been baptized, and several native preachers raised up, one of whom has proclaimed the Gospel to his countrymen in the interior of the empire, and endured persecution for the sake of Jesus. Such a result cannot but be gratifying to the friends of missions, and on a review of it, the labourers employed would 'thank God and take courage.'

"But all this is far from satisfying the desires of the ardent missionary, or from accomplishing the object for which he went forth. Whatever be done in the colonies, the friends of China cannot be content until some impression be made upon the mother country; and as the emigrants are but a sprinkling compared with the bulk of the population, so the converts from among the colonists bear but a small proportion to the salvation of the whole empire."

An effort was made by Mr. Medhurst in 1835 to further these great ends. After much difficulty to procure a vessel that had at the time no connection with the opium trade or any disreputable purpose, so as to compromise a missionary's character, an American brig, the *Huroa*, was hired for several months, for the north-east coast voyage. Trade was in no respect the object of the trip, but the distribution of religious books, tracts, and portions of Scripture in the Chinese language, which had been printed at Batavia, Malacca, and Canton. A Mr. Stevens, seaman's chaplain at Whampoa, was our author's companion and coadjutor. The voyage extended from Canton to Shan-tung. A few extracts will sufficiently indicate the mode of procedure adopted by the missionaries on this occasion, their manner of reception, and the success which attended them.

"Having observed the inhabitants of Lew-kung-taou very busy, in sending off ten or a dozen boats towards the town of Wei-hae, all of them full of people, and apparently of valuables, as though they apprehended us to be marauders or desperadoes, we thought it best to undeceive them; and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we went on shore in the afternoon. On arriving at the beach, most of the people ran up into the village, but a few of the more robust and daring, stood their ground. This was a critical moment, and the feelings of both parties were, perhaps, a little agitated. Not having set foot on this part of China before, we did not know how the natives would receive us. Much had been said about the hazard of landing at any other place except Canton; and insult, imprisonment, and death, were predicted as the consequences of such a step. The natives, on their part, did not know who or what we were; and apprehended the most fearful things, when they saw 'the fierce barbarians' coming amongst them. Stepping ashore, however, we saluted them in their own tongue, to which they cheerfully responded, and a little acquaintance with each other, soon taught both parties to lay aside their suspicions.

"After asking the name of the place, and introducing our object, we went forward, through some cultivated fields, to the village; at the entrance of which, men, women, and children stood to receive us. They re-

turned our salutations in a cheerful manner, and led the way into a house. This was a poor, mean dwelling, half full of Barbadoes millet, which appeared to be, with them, the staff of life. One end of the chief apartment was occupied by a sort of raised platform, which served the inhabitants for table, chair, bed-place, and oven; upon this we sat down, to converse with the natives, who soon filled the house. On opening the basket of books, we found that few, if any, could read, and only one individual accepted of a volume. They were, however, very civil; and conversed familiarly, for some time. Among other things, they asked, whether our vessel was the same that had visited their island, twenty years ago, alluding to Lord Amherst's embassy; or whether we were connected with two vessels which had more recently entered their harbour, for the purpose of distributing books. They asked how many hands we had on board; and were surprised to hear, that the whole ship's company amounted to no more than fifteen persons, saying that we should never be able to get our anchor up with such a small complement of men. We invited them to come on board and see; and receiving a present of a few fresh vegetables, we returned to the ship."

The above allusion to Lord Amherst's embassy and other circumstances mentioned by Mr. Medhurst, show that the communication between one part and all others of the empire is constant and accurate.

Our author and his friend distributed their books in armfuls; sometimes the people unceremoniously helped themselves. But the general character of this eager demand requires to be explained.

"Their anxiety to obtain books, however, must not in the least be ascribed to any knowledge of, or relish for, their contents; but merely to an eager curiosity, to get possession of something that came from abroad, and an insatiable cupidity, to obtain what was to be had for nothing. After having supplied them liberally, we stood up in the midst of the threshing floor, and with a loud voice, proclaimed the news of salvation to the listening throng. We told them of God's pity to mankind, in sending his own Son to save our sinful race, and detailed to them the relation of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour; in obedience to whose command we were come, to testify the glad tidings of great joy in their ears. One man, who had listened attentively, exclaimed, 'Oh! you are come to propagate religion?' Just so, we replied, and happy will you be if you receive it."

The mandarins were uniformly most unwilling that the missionaries should penetrate to any distance the celestial territory, although the common people did not in general side with these functionaries. Indeed, the authorities for the most part would have kept the Christians to their brig, where they were very willing to hold a confabulation; and we wonder that their obvious power was not forcibly exercised. The mandarins, however, are cowards,—

"On our arrival, we found that the mandarins had been to pay us a visit, in two junks, bringing with them about one hundred men. As there were only eight hands in the vessel, the mate was disinclined to receive them, and intimated that the captain was not on board;

but they appeared so friendly, that he allowed them to come upon deck. They expressed their surprise at everything they saw, went down into the cabin, and even looked into the hold at the books and rice. The mate then fired a six-pounder, to call us on board; they were unwilling, however, that he should make the signal and begged him not to fire, lest the gun should burst; while one of them, a naval captain, actually made haste over the side of the vessel, in order to avoid the explosion. Finding that books were to be procured, they asked for some, and took about fifty volumes away with them. After waiting for us hours, they departed, highly pleased with what they had seen."

It appears that our author and his companion bore themselves with singular composure, firmness, and dignity, when a word, one might imagine, would have silenced them for ever. But the Chinese are far advanced in certain forms of civilization, and they also know too well their interest wantonly to abuse British "barbarians." Still Mr. Medhurst was acting in known defiance of the laws of the empire, and we suspect, in similar circumstances, he would not have been so leniently dealt with in some countries nearer home.

"On our arrival, we were met by two native officers, who said that we must return on board, till the mandarins arrived from the vessel, when they would introduce us to the general of the district. We objected, that we could not remain in the boat during the rain, and urged that the least they could do was to afford us a place of shelter. So saying, we moved on towards the custom-house, accompanied by a dense crowd, who strove on all sides to get a sight of us. Arrived at the office, we were invited to sit down, and the multitude pressed eagerly round to see the strangers. As they increased in numbers and eagerness, the police officers became exceedingly free with brooms, sticks, and whips, which they laid most profusely on the heads and shoulders of the people; hallooing and scolding, and throwing handfuls of sand in their eyes, in order to keep them at a moderate distance from the building. We observed, however, that they never offered to strike or push any of the Füh-kéen sailors, who seemed to carry themselves with an air of independence, and would not be turned aside from the front of the door. Seeing this, we got up and spoke to them in their own dialect, and enlarged on the doctrines of the Gospel; to which they listened attentively, and by which they were induced to receive our publications.

"Some inferior officers gathering around, we spoke to them as long as they would listen, and employed the time as profitably as we could, while the mandarins were making arrangements for our reception.

"At length after waiting for several hours, we informed Tae-laou-yay, that unless we were speedily introduced to the general, we must return on board, as the day was fast drawing to a close. He said, that we might be introduced immediately, but he wished first to know, what ceremonies we meant to observe on seeing such a great officer. Their custom, he continued, was to kneel down, and knock the head against the ground, on coming into the presence of superiors, and he desired to be informed whether we would do the same. We told him, that we were not in the habit of prostrating ourselves before our fellow mortals, but that we were willing to pay the same deference to Chinese mandarins of

high rank, as we did to our own superior officers. 'Well,' said he, 'I will speak to the general, and try to arrange that matter for you.' 'But further,' we observed, 'when the ceremony of introduction is over, we expect to be allowed to sit down in the presence of the general, otherwise we beg leave to decline the conference.' 'This also,' said he, 'shall be arranged to your satisfaction;' and with this assurance, we proceeded to the temple, where the great officers were sitting."

We discover great acuteness and eagerness for information in the questions and answers which Mr. Medhurst records as having been elicited in the course of his conversation with the Chinese. We can only give one example.

"Amongst other enquiries, they wished to know whence Mr. Stevens came; and, being told that he belonged to New England, they enquired whether there was a new, as well as an old England? which led us to observe, that there was a new, as well as old world, which was not known to the inhabitants of Europe till within the last four hundred years. After the first discovery, we added, it was soon peopled: and England, at that time, having a surplus population, multitudes emigrated, and formed the country of New England. They then asked, under what sort of government this new country was, and who was king over it? We said, 'they had no king, but were ruled by two great assemblies, at the head of which was a president; all of them chosen by the people, and re-elected after a certain term.' They asked, 'what became of the old president, on his going out of office?' and, on being told that he became a common man, they wondered greatly; and could not conceive how he could be restrained from exciting rebellion, and employing the power he so lately wielded, in raising up a party in his own favour. In this, they reasoned from what frequently takes place in their own country, to what might happen in other regions. With them, a man once in power, aims to be always in power, and is never content with a private station, after having held the reins of government. Hence, when an individual is deprived of the supreme authority, his antagonist never considers himself safe, till the previous ruler is put out of the world, and his whole race extirpated; lest some distant member of the fallen house, actuated by ambition or revenge, should aim at the re-establishment of the dynasty or perish in the attempt to gratify his vengeful feelings. They then wanted to know, where the author had met with Mr. Stevens, and how an old Englander could so readily agree with a new Englander. We said that Christians were bound to each other by the peculiar tie of religion, irrespective of country; and being actuated by liberal views, were more likely to combine, in the prosecution of a sacred object, than others, in whom selfishness was the reigning principle."

Such are a few of the notices and recollections out of many more equally curious which our author has published in relation to his voyage. Whether any new ground has been advantageously broken in the course of his trip, whether any seed shall be sown by means of the books so plentifully scattered, it is not for us to say. One thing seems certain, and has been verified in many other cases, viz. that without means being used honestly, patiently, and earnestly, the work of

conversion will not commence. It is also equally reasonable to expect that where such a commencement is realized, the beginnings will be small. That Mr. Medhurst is an able and zealous servant in the cause cannot be doubted; and his book furnishes one among many instances where piety, chivalrous enterprise, knowledge, and literary skill, have all united to adorn and dignify the character of the Christian missionary.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die!" So saith Wordsworth, while "his heart rejoiced in nature's joy," as saith Burns—and in these few syllables you feel how happy at the time were both poets. But not happier than you and we have often been and are now, though poets we may not be truly called, except according to the sense in which all human beings are poets who love dearly their mother earth. And are you sure you understand the feeling in Wordsworth's beautiful line? Is it that the day itself is too divine to die, and that the sun will never bring himself to set on it; or that the memory of it must needs be immortal?

Alas! how many heavenly days "seeming immortal in their depth of rest" have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation. Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills. Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss re-appearing from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion. Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life. Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to entrench ourselves by thoughts of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair. Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in other companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now to be expressed by remorse and penitence!

Christopher in his Cave! and he makes, we assure you, a very pretty hermit. Our beard is not so long

Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

"As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy;
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

"Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure Desire
On the altars it deceives;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

"Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

"On the deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of wo;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

"Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Thro' the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

"Tho' the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Tho' for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the past its Long-ago."

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all other passions are then dead or dying, or the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compares the little pleasure their gratification can ever yield now with what it could any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst disturber or embitterer of man's declining years—but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good—and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them, painful only when our hearts almost died within us to think that might never be, and that all our loftiest as-

were in vain! Our envy of Genius is of a nature so noble that it knows no happiness like that of guarding from mildew the laurels on the brows of the Muses' Sons. What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North! Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them and fencing them from the blast; proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by the attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the plants of Paradise—this is our occupation—and the happiness of witnessing them all growing in the light of admiration is our reward. How many will be induced to read this volume by the specimens now selected by us in our Cave! How harmoniously they combine—rather selecting themselves—offering themselves to us by force of fine affinities—families of kindred emotions that come flocking of their own accord to our feet.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

"No, tho' all the winds that lie
In the circle of the sky
Trace him out and pray and moan,
Each in its most plaintive tone,—
No, tho' Earth be split with sighs,
And all the Kings that reign
Over Nature's mysteries
Be our faithfullest allies,
All—all is vain;
They may follow on his track,
But He never will come back,
Never again!

"Youth is gone away,
Cruel cruel Youth,
Full of gentleness and ruth
Did we think him all his stay;
How had he the heart to wreak
Such a wo on us so weak,
He that was so tender-meek?
How could he be made to learn
To find pleasure in our pain?
Could he leave us, to return
Never again!

"Bow your heads very low,
Solemn-measured be your paces,
Gathered up in grief your faces,
Sing sad music as ye go;
In disordered handfuls strew
Strips of cypress, springs of rue;
In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leaved tomb
In the darkness lonely;
Let the nightshade's beaded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The amaranth upon the ground
As an unbelievèd thing;
What care we for its fair tale
Of beauties that can never fail,
Glories that can never wane?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again!

"Alas, we know not how he went,
We knew not he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We had stayed him with their flowing.
It was as an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men,
We were hopeless, every one!
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress, the same
Perfect face and perfect frame;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him?
Firm his step, as one who knows
He is free, where'er he goes,
And withal as light of spring
As the arrow from the string;
His impassioned eye had got
Fire which the sun has not;
Silk to feel, and gold to see,
Fell his tresses full and free,
Like the morning mists that glide
Soft adown the mountain's side;
Most delicious 'twas to hear
When his voice was trilling clear,
As a silver-hearted bell,
Or to follow its low swell,
When, as dreamy winds that stray
Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,
Inner music seemed to play
Symphony to all his words;
In his hand was poised a spear,
Defly poised, as to appear
Resting of its proper will,—
Thus a merry hunter still,
And engarlanded with bay,
Must our Youth have gone away,
Tho' we half remember now,
He had borne some little while
Something mournful in his smile—
Something serious on his brow:
Gentle Heart, perhaps he knew
The cruel deed he was about to do!
Now, between us all and Him
There are rising mountains dim,
Forests of uncounted trees,
Spaces of unmeasured seas;
Think, with Him how gay of yore
We made sunshine out of shade,—
Think with Him how light we bore
All the burden sorrow laid;
All went happily about Him,—
How shall we toil on without him?
How without his cheering eye
Constant strength embreathing ever?
How without him standing by
Aiding every hard endeavour?
For when faintness or disease
Had usurped upon our knees,
If he deigned our lips to kiss
With those living lips of his,
We were lightened of our pain,
We were up and hale again:—
Now, without one blessing glance
From his rose-lit countenance,
We shall die, deserted men,—
And not see him, even then!
We are cold, very cold,—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth:
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Some preserving warmth, in vain.

Oh! if Love, the Sister dear
Of Youth that we have lost,
Come not in swift pity here,
Come not, with a host
Of affections, strong and kind,
To hold up our sinking mind,
If She will not, of her grace,
Take her Brother's holy place,
And be to us, at least a part
Of what he was, in Life and Heart,
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but Death."

We read these lines without fearing to let all their pathos fall upon our spirits—for into its depths should that pathos sink, it will find there a repose it cannot disturb, or a trouble it cannot allay. The truths they tell have been so long familiar there, that we seem to hear but our own voice again giving utterance to thoughts that for many years have lain silent, but alive, in their cells—like slumberers awakened at midnight by solemn music, lifting up their heads for a while to listen, and then laying them down to relapse into the same dreams that had possessed their sleep. But ye who are still young—yet have begun to experience how sad it is and mournful exceedingly to regret, perhaps to weep over, the passing away and the past, because that something *was* that never more *may be*—ponder ye on the strain, and lay the moral, the religious lesson it teaches within your hearts. So may the sadness sanctify—and the Spirits that God sends to minister unto us children of the dust, find you willing to be comforted, when Youth has left you, heedless if to despair—for Angel though he seem, he is not of heaven—but of heaven are they, and therefore immortal.

Now receive into your hearts, O Youths!—undivided by any commentary of ours—these three strains potent in the peace they breathe—and verily, even in this noisy world the peaceful are the strong. The first, it is true, speaks of change, decay, and trouble—and the second is saddened by the melancholy which imagination often carries into the heart—but the third is elevating and ennobling—and the three, thus read as one, leave the spirit calm, and prepared to face the future in the confidence of love and truth.

TO MY BROTHER.

"Six years, six cycles of dead hours,
Six falls of leaves, six births of flowers,
It is not that, you know full well,
That makes my lab'ring bosom swell,
'Tis not the memory of lost Time,
Since last I heard that matin chime,
That brings to sense a sleeping sorrow,
To bid this long-left scene good-morrow—
It is the curse to feel as men,
And be not now, as we were then.
The snowy down on yonder hill
Through thousand summers glistens still,—
Yon stream will ne'er to time surrender
Its rapid path of diamond splendour,—
Yon orb, but now who swept the East,
With train of ruby and amethyst,

Rides on, unweariedly as ever,
O'er frowning rock, and glitt'ring river;
Those trees, I own, are somewhat higher,—
The ivy round the village spire
In fuller-clust'ring leaf has grown,—
We cannot call that cot our own,—
But what has changed in this sweet glen
As we from what our hearts were then?
Say you, the glow of hope is bright,
And if it be a meteor light,
That hurtles through the thick'ning sky,
'Tis wise to catch it ere it die?
Tell you me, 'tis a joy to feel
Our toil increase a fellow's weal?
That, 'mid these fainting, fading bowers,
There linger still some am'ranth flowers,
And honest will, and honest prayer,
Will find them lurking every where?—
Say on, I can but add, Amen,—
We are not now as we were then.

"Oh, Brother! when I gaze upon
These tombs of little blisses gone,—
When, through the dense and steamy air,
Which we with men are wont to share,
A breeze of distant youth has stole
In freshness on my fevered soul,—
I feel like one who long has lain
With madness gath'ring in his brain,
And, bursting from the strong distress,
Wakes to a terrible consciousness.
Then blame you, that my pulse beat now,
Blame you the agony on my brow?
There *was*, when fear was all a stranger,
Ere knowledge showed the way to danger—
When love was firm—when faith was sure,
And head and heart alike secure;—
But now, . . . Remember you a flower
Which we with care, from sun and shower,—
It was our mother's,—loved to guard,
And how we joyed in our reward,
When first we watcht its bloom appear,
When it was old so many a year;
And how we heard, with tearful eye,
The good old gardener's prophecy,—
For he was deep in nature's lore,—
That that bright plant would bloom no more?
The flowers fell off,—the stalk was gathered,—
The root grew dry,—the lank leaves withered,—
And, sad to lose its only pride,
The poor Agave sunk and died:
Our one, *our* only bloom is gone,
But, Brother, still we linger on.

"Between the cradle and the shroud,
If chance amid the pilgrim crowd,
Though strange the time and strange the place,
We light on some familiar face,
Once loved and known, as friend knows friend,
In whom a thousand memories blend,
Which whilom slumbered dull and dim,
But rise in light and cling to him;
Though not a trait of old as wont,
Though care has knit the ample front,
And vice unstrung the well-toned frame,
Still something,—*something* is the same.
But if we ever hope to find
Some traces in that life-worn mind
Of its pure self, its simple being,
Such as it was, when, unforeseeing,
We thought that Nature's laws would fail,
Ere Sin could make its boldness quail;
Such as it was, ere sensuous things
Had clipt the bird of Eden's wings,
Ere stifled groan and secret sigh
Replaced the tear so soon brusht by,—

'Tis vain,—alas, for human shame!
There nothing, *nothing* is the same.

"O that the painter's fav'rite scheme
Were not alone a painter's dream!
O that the Paradise he feigns,
Where Innocence with Childhood reigns,
And cherub forms and infant guise
Inclose the heart divinely wise,
Were not alone a Poet's creed,—
No symbol,—but a truth indeed!
That all this circling life might close
Its wearied course where first it rose,
And that our second life must be
A new, eternal, infancy,
Keeping the bliss we lose as men,
To be for aye as we were then!"

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

"When first the Friendship-flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one empassioned age
Has full revealed the magic bloom;
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

"It is not Absence you should dread,—
For Absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

"But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts and words and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

"Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshadow;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

"Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But let them perish where they died."

FAMILIAR LOVE.

"We read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face;
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each
Followed the eye that passed the page along,
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,
Yet with so much monotony,
In its half slumbering harmony,

You might not call it song;
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
Than any customary mood of human voices.

"Then if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious-worded difference,
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,
We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart.
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

"We prayed together, praying the same prayer,
But each that prayed did seem to be alone,
And saw the other in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompassed it:
And when obeyed, the Vision stood beside,
And led the way through the upper hyaline,
Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,
The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,
Who guided the rapt Florentine:

"The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

"But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,
But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,
We past into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love."

Strange that with all our love of nature, and of art,
we never were a Painter. True that in boyhood we
were no contemptible hand at a Lion or a Tiger—and
sketches by us of such cats springing or preparing to
spring in keelavine, dashed off some fifty or sixty years
ago, might well make Edwin Landseer stare. Even
yet we are a sort of Salvator Rosa at a savage scene,
and our black-lead pencil heaps up confused shatter-
ings of rocks, and flings a mountainous region into con-
vulsions, as if an earthquake heaved, *in a way that is no*
canny, making people shudder as if something had gone
wrong with this planet of ours, and creation were fall-
ing back into chaos. But we love scenes of beautiful
repose too profoundly ever to dream of "transferring
them to canvass." Such employment would be felt
by us to be desecration—though we look with delight
on the work when done by others—the picture with-
out the process—the product of genius, without thought
of its mortal instruments. We work in words, and
words are, in good truth, images, feelings, thoughts;
and of these the outer world as well as the inner is

composed, let materialists say what they will. Prose is poetry—we have proved *that* to the satisfaction of all mankind. Look! we beseech you—how the little Loch seems to rise up with its tall heronry—a central isle—and all its sylvan braes, till it lies almost on a level with the floor of our Cave, from which in three minutes we could hobble on our crutch down the inclining greensward to the Bay of Waterlilies, and in that canoe be afloat among the Swans. All birches—not any other kind of tree—except the pines, on whose tops the large nests repose—and here and there a still bird standing as if asleep. What a place for Roes!

Why, we are absolutely writing an article, and to fill a sheet how pleasant to have recourse again to such a man as Milnes! Thus—

THE MEN OF OLD.

"I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

"Still is it true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!
With rights, tho' not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

"To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

"Man now his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.—

"And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,

It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For floweres that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

"But, Brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below."

Think not that we should have wearied of our own company in this Cave, had we been without a material book. In our mind is a library of other substance—and we are always in a state of *clairvoyance*. We have been reading Milnes now with the palm of our hand—but that is merely because the volume happens to be on the table—we see through Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser, and Wordsworth, in the niche yonder—nor need they be there—for with shut eyes we can read *in to ourselves* the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Excursion*, and the *Fairy Queen*, and the *Tempest*, in editions out of print, and that we never saw—what think you of that, Dupotet? Doctors Elliotson and Lardner, pray hold your peace.

We tie our black silk neckerchief round our eyes—till we are as blind as a mole, a bat, or as an impostor—turn you up "*Poems of many Years*"—correct us if we err in a single syllable—and hearken to Christopher in his Cave—spiritually not animally magnetized—reading the "*Lay of the Humble*"—with his thumb!

THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE.

"I have no comeliness of frame,
No pleasant range of feature;
I am feeble, as when first I came
To earth, a weeping creature;
My voice is low whene'er I speak,
And singing faint my song;
But though thus cast among the weak,
I envy not the strong.

"The trivial part in life I play
Can have so light a bearing
On other men, who, night or day,
For me are never caring;
That, though I find not much to bless,
Nor food for exaltation,
I know that I am tempted less,—
And that is consolation.

"The beautiful the noble blood!
I shrink as they pass by,—
Such power for evil or for good
Is flashing from each eye;
They are indeed the stewards of Heaven,
High-headed and strong-handed:
From those, to whom so much is given,
How much may be demanded!

"'Tis true, I am hard buffeted,
Though few can be my foes,
Harsh words fall heavy on my head,
And unresisted blows;

But then I think, 'had I been born,—
Hot spirit—sturdy frame—
And passion prompt to follow scorn,—
I might have done the same.'

"To me men are for what they are,
They wear no masks with me;
I never sicken'd at the jar
Of ill-tuned flattery;
I never mourned affections lent
In folly or in blindness;
The kindness that on me is spent
Is pure, unasking, kindness.

"And most of all, I never felt
The agonizing sense
Of seeing love from passion melt
Into indifference;
The fearful shame, that day by day
Burns onward, still to burn,
To' have thrown your precious heart away,
And met this black return.

"I almost fancy that the more
I am cast out from men,
Nature has made me of her store
A worthier denizen;
As if it pleased her to caress
A plant grown up so wild,
As if the being parentless
Made me the more *her* child.

"Athwart my face when blushes pass
To be so poor and weak,
I fall unto the dewy grass,
And cool my fevered cheek;
And hear a music strangely made,
That you have never heard,
A sprite in every rustling blade,
That sings like any bird.

"My dreams are dreams of pleasantness,—
But yet I always run,
As to a father's morning kiss,
When rises the round sun;
I see the flowers on stalk and stem,
Light shrubs, and poplars tall,
Enjoy the breeze,—I rock with them,
We' are merry brothers all.

"I do remember well, when first
I saw the great blue sea,—
It was no stranger-face, that burst
In terror upon me;
My heart began, from the first glance,
His solemn pulse to follow,
I danced with every billow's dance,
And shouted to their hollo.

"The Lamb that at it's mother's side
Reclines, a tremulous thing,
The Robin in cold winter-tide,
The Linnet in the Spring,
All seem to be of kin to me,
And love my slender hand,—
For we are bound, by God's decree,
In one defensive band.

"And children, who the worldly mind
And ways have not put on,
Are ever glad in me to find
A blithe companion:
And when for play they leave their homes,
Left to their own sweet glee,
They hear my step, and cry, 'He comes,
Our little friend,—'tis he.'

"Have you been out some starry night,
And found it joy to bend

Your eyes to one particular light,
Till it became a friend?
And then, so loved that glisten'ing spot,
That, whether it were far
Or more or less, it mattered not,—
It still was your own star.

"Thus, and thus only, can you know,
How I, even scorned I,
Can live in love, tho' set so low,
And' my ladie-love so high;
Thus learn, that on this varied ball,
Whate'er can breathe and move,
The meanest, lornest, thing of all—
Still owns its right to love.

"With no fair round of household cares
Will my lone hearth be blest,
Nor can the snow of my old hairs
Fall on a loving breast;
No darling pledge of spousal faith
Shall I be found possessing,
To whom a blessing with my breath
Would be a double blessing:

"But yet my love with sweets is rife;
With happiness it teems,
It beautifies my waking life,
And waits upon my dreams;
A shape that floats upon the night,
Like foam upon the sea,—
A voice of Seraphim,—a light
Of present Deity!

"I hide me in the dark arcade,
When she walks forth alone,—
I feast upon her hair's rich braid—
Her half-unclasped zone:
I watch the flittings of her dress,
The bending boughs between,—
I trace her footstep's fairy press
On' the scarcely ruffled green.

"Oh deep delight! the frail guitar
Trembles beneath her hand,
She sings a song she brought from far,
I cannot understand;
Her voice is *always* as from heaven,
But yet I seem to hear
Its music best, when thus 'tis given
All music to my ear.

"She' has turned her tender eyes around
And seen me crouching there,
And smiles, just as that last full sound
Is fainting on the air;
And now, I can go forth so proud,
And raise my head so tall—
My heart within me beats so loud,
And musical withal:—

"And there is summer all the while,
Mid-winter though it be,—
How should the universe not smile,
When she has smiled on me?
For though that smile can nothing more
Than merest pity prove,
Yet pity, it was sung of yore,
Is not *so* far from love.

"From what a crowd of lovers' woes,
My weakness is exempt!
How far more fortunate than those
Who mark me for contempt!
No fear of rival happiness
My fervent glory smothers,
The zephyr fans me none the less
That it is bland to others.

"Thus without share in coin or land,
But well content to hold
The wealth of Nature in my hand,
One flail of virgin gold—
My Love above me like a sun—
My own bright thoughts my wings—
Thro' life I trust to flutter on,
As gay as aught that sings.

"One hour I own I dread—to die
Alone and unbefriended—
No soothing voice, no tearful eye—
But that must soon be ended;
And then I shall receive my part
Of everlasting treasure,
In that just world where each man's heart
Will be his only measure."

* * * * *

What other pretty book is this? "The Seraphim, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barnett, author of a Translation of Prometheus Bound." High adventure for a Lady—implying a knowledge of Hebrew—or if not—of Greek. No common mind displays itself in this Preface pregnant with lofty thoughts. Yet is her heart humble withal—and she wins her way into ours by these words—"I assume no power of art, except that power of love towards it, which has remained with me from my childhood until now. In the power of such a love, and in the event of my life being prolonged, I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses; but I never can feel more intensely than at this moment—nor can it be needful that any should—the sublime uses of poetry, and the solemn responsibilities of the poet."

We have read much of the volume, and glanced it all through, not without certain regrets almost amounting to blame, but far more with love and admiration. In "The Seraphim" there is poetry and piety—genius and devotion; but the awful Idea of the Poem—the Crucifixion—is not sustained—and we almost wish it unwritten. The gifted writer says—"I thought that, had Æschylus lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual, yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the 'faded white flower' of the Titanic brow, to the 'withered grass' of a Heart trampled on by its own beloved; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublimer meekness of the Taster of death for every man; from the taunt stung into being by the torment, to His more awful silence, when the agony stood dumb before the love! And I thought how, 'from the height of this great argument,' the scenery of the Prometheus would have dwarfed itself even in the eyes of its poet—how the fissures of his rocks and the innumerable smiles of his ocean would have closed and waned into blankness,—and his demigod stood confest, so human a conception as to fall below the aspiration of his own humanity. He would have turned from

such to the rent rocks and darkened sun—rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through nature, but leaving man's heart untouched—to the multitudes, whose victim was their Saviour—to the Victim, whose sustaining thought beneath an unexampled agony, was not the Titanic 'I can revenge,' but the celestial 'I can forgive!'"

The poems that follow are on subjects within the compass of her powers—there is beauty in them all—and some of them, we think, are altogether beautiful. From the "Poet's Vow," "The Romaunt of Margaret," "Isobel's Child," compositions of considerable length, might be selected passages of deep pathos—especially from the last, in which the workings of a mother's love through all the phases of fear, and hope, and despair, and heavenly consolation, are given with extraordinary power, while there is an originality in the whole cast and conception of the strain that beyond all dispute proves the possession of genius. But they are all disfigured by much imperfect and some bad writing—and the fair author is too often seen struggling in vain to give due expression to the feelings that beset her, and entangled in a web of words. "I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses"—and we do not fear that her hopes will not be fulfilled—for she "hath that within which passeth show;" but will, we predict, some day shine forth with conspicuous splendour.

Some of the shorter compositions are almost all we could desire—and let us murmur some of them to ourselves in our Cave.

MY DOVES.

"My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea:
For, ever there, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces, to and fro.

"The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down:
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

"And God them taught, at every close
Of water far, and wind
And lifted leaf, to interpose
Their chanting voices kind;
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

"Fit ministers! Of living loves,
Their's hath the calmest sound—
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless noises round—
In such sweet monotone as clings
To music of insensate things!

"My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean foaming aye,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves!—who lately knew
The sky and wave, by warmth and blue!

"And now within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content—
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees!

"The stir without the glow of passion—
The triumph of the mart—
The gold and silver's dreary clashing
With man's metallic heart—
The wheeled pomp, the pauper tread—
These only sounds are heard instead.

"Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean—
(With such a plaintive gaze their eyne
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

"Their chant is soft as on the nest,
Beneath the sunny sky:
For love that stirred it in their breast,
Remains undyingly,
And 'neath the city's shade, can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

"And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories!
All echoes from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant I find.

"So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways, with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

"T'was hard to sing by Babel's stream—
More hard, in Babel's street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings, within!

"To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that erst did bless;
For no regret—but present song,
And lasting thankfulness—
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they!

"I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields—
I will have humble thoughts, instead
Of silent, dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea."

Unambitious verses these—and haply the fair Elizabeth sets no great store by them—recurring in her day-dreams of fame to "The Seraphim." But they will live in the memory of many a gentle girl—and mothers will ask their daughters to recite them, that they may watch the workings of nature in the eyes loving innocence—and even fathers looking on and listening—

"May from their eyelids wipe the tear
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now flourishing, when she is gone, in the light of Heaven. Lætitia Landon—a name not to be merged—is a joyous spirit not unacquainted with grief—her genius was invigorated by duty—now it is guarded by love—and in good time—may gentler suns shine again on her laurelled head—returning to us from the "far countrie," that may even now be inspiring into her startled imagination the beauty of a "New Song."

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THE DESERTED GARDEN.

"I mind me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

"The beds and walks were vanished quite;
And wheresoe'er had fallen the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature led,
To sanctify her right.

"I called it my wilderness,
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in, the grass t' espy,
And passed ne'ertheless.

"The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child.

"Adventurous joy it was for me!
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar tree.

"Old garden rose-trees hedged it in—
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

"Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all;

"And Lady stately overmuch,
Who moved with a silken noise,
Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice
That likened her to such!

"And these to make a diadem,
She may have often plucked and twined;
Half smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at *them*."

"Oh! little thought that Lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud!"

"Nor thought that gardener, full of scorns
For men unlearn'd and simple phrase,
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns:

"To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet."

"Nor ever a grief was mine, to see
The trace of human step departed—
Because the garden was deserted,
The blyther place for me!"

"Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sward!
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then!"

"And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall:
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side."

"Nor he nor did I e'er incline
To mar or pluck the blossoms white—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine?"

"To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
And cresses glossy wet."

"And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too!"

"For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
And then I shut the book."

"If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees!—nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight!"

"My childhood from my life is parted;
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fair circle round: anew
The garden is deserted!"

"Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are—
No more for me!—myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse!"

"Ah me! ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed to myself and thought
'The time will pass away!'"

"I laughed still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer."

"I knew time would pass away—
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God!—how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray!"

"The time is past—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose—"

"When wiser, meeker, thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven—"

"It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again."

"Has not love," says Elizabeth in her Preface, "a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power? I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often-quoted words, 'God is love,' to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him, who is infinite." To illustrate that attribute she wrote "The Seraphim." But there is nothing in that poem so affecting as the following simple lines. They cannot be read without bringing to mind the sum of all consolation, "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE SLEEP.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

"Sleep soft beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away,
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O dived gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep!"

"His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'"

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Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice
That likened her to such!

"And these to make a diadem,
She may have often plucked and twined;
Half smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at *them*.

"Oh! little thought that Lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud!—

"Nor thought that gardener, full of scorns
For men unlearn'd and simple phrase,
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns:

"To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

"Nor ever a grief was mine, to see
The trace of human step departed—
Because the garden was deserted,
The blyther place for me!

"Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sword!
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then!

"And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall:
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

"Nor he nor did I e'er incline
To mar or pluck the blossoms white—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine?

"To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
And cresses glossy wet.

"And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too!

"For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
And then I shut the book.

"If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees!—nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight!

"My childhood from my life is parted;
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fair circle round: anew
The garden is deserted!

"Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are—
No more for me!—myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse!—

"Ah me! ah me! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed to myself and thought
'The time will pass away!'

"I laughed still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer.

"I knew time would pass away—
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God!—how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray!

"The time is past—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose—

"When wiser, meeker, thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven—

"It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for Heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again."

"Has not love," says Elizabeth in her Preface, "a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power? I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often-quoted words, 'God is love,' to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him, who is infinite." To illustrate that attribute she wrote "The Seraphim." But there is nothing in that poem so affecting as the following simple lines. They cannot be read without bringing to mind the sum of all consolation, "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE SLEEP.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"('Sleep soft beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away,
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delyed gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep!

"His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

controversialist? Not learning, nor talents, nor orthodoxy, nor zeal. But the Spirit of Love, which implies an anxiety to find good in all, and to believe it where we cannot find it. God admits into his courts no advocates hired to see but one side of a question.

14.

We look with wonder at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us, of thousands of worlds and systems of worlds weaving together their harmonious movements into one great whole. But the view of the hearts of men furnished by history, considered as a combination of biographies, is immeasurably more awful and pathetic. Every water-drop of the millions in that dusky stream is a living heart, a world of worlds! How vast and strange, and sad and living a thing he only knows at all who has gained knowledge by labour, experience, and suffering; and he knows it not perfectly.

15.

All the ordinary intercourse of life is big and warm with poetry. The history of a few weeks' residence in a circle of human beings is a domestic epic. Few friendships but yield in their developement and decay the stuff of a long tragedy. A summer day in the country is an actual idyll. And many a moment of common life sparkles and sings itself away in a light song; wounds as the poisoned barb of an epigram; or falls as a heavy mournful epitaph. But in all he who has an ear to catch the sound may find a continuous underflow of quiet melody, bursting sometimes into chorusses of triumph, sometimes into funereal chants. The reason why these archetypal poems of real life are so often unfit for the use of the poetic artist, is not their want of the true meaning of poetry, but their unsuitableness to the apprehension of any except the few, perhaps the one, immediately concerned. The poet must choose such a sequence of images as shall make the harmonious evolution of events and the significance of human life intelligible and manifest to all, not merely to a few recluse or scattered doers and sufferers.

16.

What an image of the transitoriness and endless reproduction of things is presented by the gumcistus plant, covered to-day with fresh white flowers, while the earth around is strewn with those which similarly opened but yesterday. The plant, however, abides and lasts, although its flowers fall and perish.

17.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

18.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing.

19.

The weak falters although it be standing upon rock.

20.

Sylburgius is a narrow fierce man; a kind of dark

lantern; a mass of iron blast, but still burning hot. With little vision or sense for the outward, and with but weak and scanty sympathies, he wants the awakening and suggesting influences of external beings, which might have given him a consciousness of Truths not immediately arising from his own character. As there is no predominance of Reflection in his mind, he has not been led to expand and deduce to their full extent the principles he acknowledges. But with some power of insight he sees that there is a Truth to be believed, and with strong zeal he clings to and hugs it as all that he can trust in. Propose to him any thing as additional and supplementary to this, and he thinks it something which you would substitute for his own peculiar possession, and so would rob under pretence of enriching him. And herein is the essence of the man's individuality,—namely, in his view of Truth as something which can be his property, and under his dominion, and therefore as limited, for so all property must be, and cut off from a larger field left open to be divided and possessed by others. He does not discern Truth as rather a Law, or Sovereign Constitution, to which we look up, than as areas of clay and sand which we may mete out and occupy; as the Law of the Land rather than the Land itself. Hence, in his maintenance of his Faith, there is all the tenacity, the self-assertion, the attitude of resistance, which men display in vindication of their material possessions. Noble art thou, O man! who canst possess Truth as thine own! How far nobler if thou wouldst be by Truth possessed, and so ennobled by the Sovereign to whom thou owest allegiance.

21.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

22.

If men were not essentially believing beings, falsehoods could have no effect on them; for a falsehood operates not as known to be false, but only as believed to be true. A falsehood, in its own name and character, is an impudent nothing. The fictions of the artist are only falsehoods, in so far as they depart from literal and partial truth in order to attain to the ideal and universal.

23.

A great truth sometimes sets the world in flames; and men afterwards commemorate the stoppage of the conflagration by some such dead monument as that which looks down on London, crowned with a dead brazen resemblance of the active living fire. But in another age the symbol may burst out again with the old life, and the brazen flames become real ones and kindle the land anew. Even the sepulchral images and signs of truth have a power to suggest and awaken the reality, so framed are men for truth, born into it as their element, vitally akin to it, and sensitive to the

least rumour or stir of it. For the consciousness of truth is nothing else but the finding of one's self in one's world, and of one's world in one's self, and of God in all.

24.

God, where the word expresses a mere tradition, custom, premise of a theory, or unknown power, is less than the least of realities; not so much as the African's lock of hair, or bunch of rags, which he calls his fetish; but rather the sound, shadow, or dream of this. When known, believed, loved, revered—vaster than the universe, nay, than man; more than the Infinite and Eternal, even the Author and Fount of these, and of the reasonable mind that knows them.

25.

They who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men, except those who make a trade of honouring Him. And how many of the self-styled, world-applauded holy are mere traffickers in the temple, setting so much present self-denial against so much future enjoyment!

26.

God is the only voluntary Being to whom we cannot, without absurdity and self-contradiction, attribute aught arbitrary and self-willed. And, to doubt that we can know and comprehend the principles by which he acts, is to deny both that our reason is a gleam of his light, and that he has ever revealed himself to us at all.

27.

As a sublime statute manifests its maker's thought, so God's creation displays his mind. But conceive, that while the rude mass is shaped into the lineaments of a man, it grows more and more conscious of the advancing work, so that each new outward line and trait is accompanied by a new and livelier inward sense of the artist's design, and, consequently, of his character, and we have a faint image of the scheme which the history of the world unfolds.

28.

We are, indeed, clay in the hands of the potter; but what a weight of new meaning, what a revolutionary transmutation, transorganization of the whole image arises, when we only add, in one word, that we are conscious clay. I may mould a plastic lump of earth or putty in my fingers for an hour, shaping it into a hundred forms, a cube, a ball, a crescent, a pyramid. At last the fancy seizes me to give it the semblance of a child: and, at the moment when I have rudely shaped the limbs, they begin to heave and glow with life; the lips breathe, the faint eyes open, and fix on me with a gaze of thought and emotion. I thrill with fearful joy and awe. Is the clay to me any longer a mass which I can mould and juggle at with pleasure? Alas! it is now a sacred, an immeasurable thing; itself a man; almost a god. Its sensa-

tions quiver into my heart. I am no longer a potter—but a parent.

29.

There is one class of men in whom the higher powers of insight, love, and faith, appear to want a sufficient apparatus of the meaner faculties, the quick perception and sturdy boldness required for working in this world of work. There are others of whom the reverse is true. They are *Torsos*—trunks and arms, but no heads. They have quick apprehensions and ready vigour; but in the higher movements of the spirit are confused, inert, crippled. The business of life for each is to supply what each wants; to strengthen the deep roots for the nourishment of the apparent and excessive branches; and to take care that the hidden and imperishable root shall struggle forth into the production of adequate stem and boughs, leaves, blossoms, and fruit. So each may murmur peacefully in the breeze, and calmly shade the soil; and each shall wave amid the storms with the roar of all its awakened being—brows, and a mantled head, dark with mysterious umbrage, propped upon an unshaken and columnar stem.

30.

Lies are the ghosts of truths—the masks of faces.

31.

Dulcidius is an extreme example of a kind of man not uncommon in an age like ours, of hectic, flatulent sympathies, and præter-human humanities. He shuts his eyes to all that annoy him, or would, if noticed, annoy him, in the existence of mankind; and you can work him no sorer injury than to say or do any thing which disturbs his waking dream. If men are not exempt from labours and sorrows, yet, in his eyes, they ought to be; and we must cheat ourselves and others with the pleasant delusion that it really is so; and must forget the miseries which we cannot altogether escape from. In face of the gravest calamities and toils he turns away his head with a wink and smirk, as if to let us know that he is in the secret, and that these horrors are but empty bugbears to frighten children. With a harlequin's leap, and a clown's grin, he whisks out of the throng, and press, and fierce contention; and chirps, or chatters that if people would only stand still, or lounge about and sip sugar and water, all evils under the sun would disappear. If men stare with blank consternation at the spot of a shipwreck or a massacre, he tries to draw off their attention, and raise their spirits with a puppet-show, or a penny trumpet. And, to one wrestling in the agonies of conscience, or nerved for severe and heroic effort, he proposes, with an air of the jauntiest kindliness, the relaxation of a farce, a masquerade, or a stroll in a green field. On this earth, where men so often wander amid graves and charnel houses, and hospitals, wrapped in funeral

mantles—or stand upon the lonely stormy ridges, sentinels armed for fight—he skips along with a Jew's harp, and a smelling bottle, as if these were divine preservatives, Moly and Hæmony, against all sense of ill and danger. Say to him that, after all his quips and gentlenesses, a living foot of blood and bone must have something firmer than cobwebs pearled with dew to stand upon, and must spurn those who would deny it any better support, and he is not indignant—he is too soft and sweet a thing for that—but fretted and hurt with a sense of undeserved wrong, and is unhappy till he has accomplished a formal reconciliation, to be celebrated with a hecatomb of sugar plums.

In support of his flagree and tinsel fancies, Dulcidiu has no lack of arguments, which sound plausible and specious, and bubble over with ingenuity and prettiness. But his reasonings buzz and twinkle like summer flies, and after all, leave each of them only a puny speck of dirt behind. Would not one fancy that he is some wealthy fop, who has never known the pressure of difficulty? Yet he has had his pains and crosses; has lost an arm and an eye; and with a face seamed with heavy wrinkles, and a head of snow-white hair, he goes prating, and quirking, and simmering, and flaunting away in all the good-humoured vacancy of a milliner's girl in the midst of her shreds and gauzes, or a doating country barber with his soap-froth and gossip. What stern, hard fierceness, what fantastic bigotry would be as melancholy and repulsive as the sight of this dreary baseless levity, and tawdry benevolence!

So says the high and pure, but somewhat narrow and haughty moralist. But is there not another side to the question? In a world where there are grains of dust as well as mountains, and where the thistle-down hangs upon the oak, may there not be room for weak and trivial men beside the noblest and most earnest? A fool with cap and bells may jingle away his life at the elbow of Rome-crowned Charlemagne. There are doubtless hours of desperate conflict for the gravest interests of mankind, when the slight and empty spirits are necessarily trampled down like sparrows' eggshells, or swept away like sparrows' feathers, by the holy will of the hero and the prophet. The chaff must fly when the storm blows; and the frogs of the pool, when its waters redden with blood of men, are squelched unpitied under the hoofs of the war-horses. So be it, for it must be so. But in quiet times, and the long interspaces of history, there is leave and license for the growth of weeds, and weedlike creatures, which also have their use. For this weed is an old woman's remedy, and that a child's plaything. The idle creepers grow up round the grey stone effigy for a century; but when the hour comes, and the figure feels new life, and wakes and starts, and flashes out with eyes and sword, it snaps the fettering growth

like worsted threads, and they perish rightfully. But while the poor and puffed-up worthlessness of our neighbour does no more harm than offend our more serious thoughts, or jar on our sensitive retiredness, it is justice to pardon him, and charity to endeavour to feel with him, and help him on. Fireflies are not stars, but neither are they mere nothings. We cannot steer by them, we must not worship them; but we need not crush them. The smallest, paltriest human creature may have pains and conflicts to maintain himself, even in his small paltriness, equal for him to the inward strivings of a Luther or a Shakspeare.

32.

There are looks and gestures of quiet, unheard of women, a house-keeper, a governess, a sodden washerwoman, and of men as commonplace as any whom Holborn, or Manchester, or May Fair generates, in which a thoughtful eye will read tragedies to draw deeper, bitterer tears than Shakspeare's Othello, Goethe's Tasso, or all the woes of Euripides. I have stood in a group of peasants before a painted crucifixion, and there were looks of sympathy which mine perhaps reflected. But I heard a hard heavy breathing behind me, and turning, I saw a woman who had brought her sorrows thither, not found them there. She stood with dull and heavy eyes on beholding the painted grief of the Holy Virgin Mother. I never knew what was her calamity. She too, doubtless, was mourning for a son, perhaps for his crimes. But I felt that to me sublime religion and perfect art were nothing while I saw so close to me a living genuine misery.

33.

The forests of utterance, with all their rustling raving seas of leaves, grow out of the deep and silent soil, the immeasurably deep boundlessly silent bosom of old earth. Yet the living utterances are better than the sublime silence; but for which also they could not be.

34.

If men's reason were laid to sleep, no doubt they would do by instinct many more as at present of the things to which instinct is equal. The instinctive powers are lost sight of under the presence of the rational consciousness, as the stars disappear in sunshine. Hence we may explain some of the startling ingenuities of savages. But the delights and capacities of the conscious spirit, instinct never can supply. For instinct is intelligence incapable of self-consciousness.

35.

Whatever has been seen of Fair and Excellent was first conceived in the sacred darkness of the Unseen. But because vitally, irrepressibly, fair and excellent, therefore, must it needs go forth, and so be seen in its true beauty.

36.

It is not a part, small or great, but the very whole of a man's work, having within himself (as all have) a world of dusky unembodied greatness, to bring this to utterance, first within his heart, clearly, honestly, and therefore, as must needs be, slowly; and next at ripe seasons, and with due precautions, by bold unconquerable flaming mouth and deed outwardly to utter it. His utterance must be this thing, and no other which he has truly intimately found within himself. Often this cannot to himself be altogether clear and evident till he has begun to impart it. And thus as the whole race of man is still but individual man, multiplied and completed, so all human history is but the striving towards full and mature utterance of that dark and seething reality which lies hidden and more or less turbulent in every breast. But as the true utterance of all the truth is the work and consummation of man's life, so the false utterance of the true, or the true utterance of the false, is, in one form or other, the whole of what is ruinous, chaotic, execrable.

Further, it is manifest that at the highest point to which man can reach there will always be something beyond him, higher, larger, holier, which he cannot yet utter, and can only yearn towards and apprehend. This is necessarily the greatest of all greatnesses, which he,—not as yet knows, but knows of, forebodes, dreamingly clutches. To hurry headlong towards the expression of this which lies as yet altogether inexpressible, profanes and mars the divine work, with regard to it now the only divine work possible, of learning, feeling, embracing, not apprehending, but comprehending it. Unseasonable idle speech, and such upon this matter all must be, scares and irritates the plastic gods, the high working powers in all; for whom the universe and our lives are a pliant material, and with whom our will is, at its best, a patient and devout fellow-worker and learner. Hence the meaning and sanctity of silence. But that same mute mysterious developement, which may be going on for years, and decades of years, in any one soul, and for ages on ages in the soul of man, comes out at last to inevitable utterance; and the word of some one heart expresses for a thousand years after him the feeling of countless millions. Thus do we find that the utterance of truth out of the infinite into the heart of man makes his real inward story; and the utterance of the same out of his heart into the world is all his outward work and duty.

37.

All the instruments that men employ are so many symbols, and, as it were, materializations of corresponding faculties; as the works which, by means of these instruments, we perform, are expressions of our analogous tendencies, affections, and wants. The knife

not only divides all separable subjects, but exhibits, and, as it were, prolongs into the outermost region of things about us that dividing faculty of which the rending hands are intermediate agents. So the lever, that is, lifter, embodies and applies our inward capacity of elevating, and consummates the work of our arms and shoulders. The rope which knots two things together is but the permanent gripe of one long tenacious finger, which does not relax when the flesh fingers fall loose in weariness or sleep; and it thus displays and exemplifies the uniting power inherent in men's spirits. But as these physical tools can work only with the palpable and visible, and the spirit has another world of its own, neither to be touched nor seen by means of the bodily senses, there must, in this inner and better region, be kindred operations in which the powers that the material images manifest and apply, work for themselves and without tools. Thus to separate by mental scission is to distinguish; to tie or lash together, is, in the region of mere thought, to combine notions or conceptions by an act of fancy; and to lift is, in the language of oracles, to raise an object out of dark and flat confusion into clear and individual existence; that is, to realize it for the mind. Now, in proportion as men use many and complete tools, they are advanced in mechanical civilization. But their higher spiritual culture has been forwarded only in the degree in which they have learnt the true laws and aims of these inward powers, which are at once the main-springs and the archetypes of all our instruments.

38.

If man be a reality, no empty vision in the dreaming soul of nature, but, as who shall doubt he is, inwardly substantial and personal, that which he most earnestly desires, which best satisfies his whole being, must be real too.

39.

Only by an act of arbitrary self-will dare we fancy that we belong to a system founded on the arbitrary self-will of any being, however superior to us in power.

40.

The fundamental affirmation of all reasonable and, therefore, of all right religion, the highest of truths revealed to man, is this, that the infinite, eternal, and absolute Being, wills all good, and only good, and that by good is meant not merely whatever we may dare to fancy that he might choose to will, but that which suits the wants, and completes, in the fullest form, the existence of all other beings. Every doctrine opposed to this is superstitious fanaticism or blasphemous scoffing.

41.

That men would be better than they are if they always chose good instead of evil is evident. But that they would be better, or indeed could have a rational

existence, if they had not the power of choosing evil instead of good, is the most foolish and presumptuous of fancies.

42.

You may indeed add sugar to vinegar, but cannot make it wine again.

43.

A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is a consolation to believe, as we must of any such a one, that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools; not only with the sad sublimity of the stars above him, and the haggard yet ever teeming earth beneath his feet, graves, houses, and temples around him, and the voices of hatred and pain, love and devotion, sounding in his ears, but also with a heart, however weak and dull, essentially capable of feeling and understanding the meaning of all these things. He is at worst a boy, slow at learning to read, and thinking more of toys and cakes than of books, but assuredly neither an idiot, nor incurably deaf, blind, and dumb. He is horrid and disastrous to look upon as we pass him by, but most when we see him coloured by the crimson glare of our own passionate vehemence. Every step forward which we really make, gives us a new mysterious power to draw him too on.

44.

Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them, while in truth the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face.

45.

The religion of all Pagans, indiscriminately, has often been written of by zealous Christians in the worst spirit of Paine and Voltaire.

46.

Whether is it nobler to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise?

47.

Seldom does a truly divine poet arise and teach all the poor toiling men in the land how far nobler an epic is the life of every one of them—did he but know it—than that of the imaginary Ulysses. The *Odyssey* is but the little that a man could learn, fancy, and feign of the life of a man. How far is this excelled by the all that the life of a man—of every man—is!

48.

It is no uncommon mistake to suppose that exaggeration is essential or at least proper to fiction. The truth is rather the reverse. A principal use and justification of fiction is to reduce and harmonize the seeming exaggerations of real life.

49.

Facts are often extravagant and monstrous, because

we do not know the whole system which explains and legitimises them. But none have any business in fiction which are not intelligible parts of the artificial whole that they appear in.

50.

Religion, conscience, affection, law, science, poetry, including the kindred arts, are for ever rectifying the disorders and miseries of mankind. But the mode in which the poetic art does this is by presenting a mankind, a world of its own, in which good and evil, true and false, fair and ugly, harmonious and discordant, and all such analogous pairs of contrasts, are mingled by just and intelligible principles of combination, and point to their own solution—not indeed a solution always for the understanding, but always one adequate for the feelings, and purifying and exalting them.

51.

Faith in a better than that which appears, is no less required by art than by religion.

52.

The three great perversions of education are those which tend to make children respectively—Dwarfs—Monkeys—Puppets. The Dwarfs are the prodigies, the over-sharpened, over-excited, over-accomplished, stunted men. In these, as there is no fullness and steadiness, such as belong only to mature life, and yet there is the appearance of these, the very principle of the thing is a quackery and falsehood. The Monkeys are the spoilt; the indulged petted creatures of mere self-will and appetite, in whom the human as distinguished from the animal is faint and undeveloped. The weakness of mind which trains such children, and delights in them, is that which led the ladies of another generation to keep natural and genuine apes for their amusement. The Puppets are produced by the plan of deadening, petrifying the mind, teaching words by rote, compelling obedience for its own sake, and not for that of a future moral freedom. These are the things that move in public only as the wires of masters and committees guide. But, because the life cannot be altogether crushed and turned back, it asserts itself secretly in a sense of benumbed misery and corroding hatred. The first class spoken of are those in whom a true ideal is misapplied. The second, those in whom none is aimed at. The third, those in whom the ideal pursued is altogether false and wretched.

53.

Speech is as a pump by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought—whither it flows back again.

54.

There is a kind of social civilization which rounds the rough and broken stones into smooth shapeliness, but also into monotonous uniformity. There is also a farther and better kind which again roughens the peb-

bles, not, however, to reproduce their former rude diversities, but to engrave them with divine heads and figures and significant mottoes.

55.

When we see the place to which some natural Reality is degraded by the hands of man,—the stately tree to be a dead wayside post, the fierce and fleet wild ass of the desert to be a broken and starved drudge,—we cannot but reflect that this wreck was once great and goodly, and possessed a wondrous inward endowment of independent life and power, was born out of the eternal Infinite into the sad and narrow round of Time, where men, its fellow-denizens of Time, have thus crushed and ruined it. But poor as is the place and function of each living thing which men enchain and use, when thus no longer existing for and by itself, yet the human order of its existence, with all its wants and contrivances, is an immeasurably higher one than any of these systems to which the weaker, meaner beings of earth originally belong. In this superiority of Man's destiny and rights lies the justification of his subjecting to his own purposes that which, for its purposes, he thus frustrates and dislocates.

56.

All France, under Louis XIV., was beaten and bribed into courtiership. Poetry, Law, Theology, all wore court-suits, and smoothed themselves into flatterers and liars. The Muses became maids of honour, and stage-confidants to royal mistresses; Religion was only permitted to appear masked in the abhorred disguise of a state chaplain, or a gold-laced trumpeter of sovereign worthlessness; and Truth and Conscience, in the mean-while, were fasting at Port-Royal, pining in the Bastille, fighting in the Cevennes, or emigrating to Spitalfields. Honesty could not have where to lay its head, when Falsehood, Cruelty, and insane Vanity had for their lacqueys and pimps Racine, Bossuet, and Molière. The Regent Orleans was but Louis XIV. in undress and half intoxicated, and Louis XV. the same type, drunk to stupidity. But while the family was sinking from generation to generation into utter lethargy, the nation was awakening from its sleep, till rising and finding itself starved, bruised, and shackled, it burst the remaining bonds, and strangled forever the corpse-like royalty which it found lying beside it.

57.

Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life, the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water, is an inscrutable wonder. That, in the infinity of time and space any thing should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abysmal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something pro-

digious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!

58.

The beauty of physical Nature strikes us with an immediate impresion of harmony and completeness. There is also a sense of harmony, the result of reflection engaged on scientific truth; and there is a livelier and deeper consciousness of the same kind, in which our personal sympathies and reverential awe of all personality are combined with the feeling of the beautiful, excited by whatever is fair, elevated, and harmonious in human will and character. In the aspect of the highest human beauty, the immediate impression produced by physical (that is involuntary) Nature, is inseparably united with this last or sympathetic emotion; and the mere beauty of form and colour is regarded as symbolic of the inward and supersensuous loveliness. On the other hand, in the visions of outward things, the evening or nightly sky, the meditative melancholy of a silent autumnal landscape, the blue sea rolling its foam into a rocky bay, the virgin shamefacedness of Nature in forest-nook, we spontaneously transfer in feeling and language something of a purely human quality to that which is properly below the human, but unchangeably connected with it, and pierced in all directions and bound together by the roots of our nobler life.

59.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

60.

Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

61.

The more sides a man has to his mind, the more certain he may be of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other.

62.

Persons immediately and universally recognised as laudable, must be either in the main negative characters, or capable of practising a good deal of falsehood and spurious sympathy in their intercourse with others.

63.

For a weak man to sympathise with weakness is easy, as for a strong man to sympathise with strength; but it is hard for the weak to sympathise with the strong. Far harder for the strong to sympathise with the weak, to bow down to weakness, and to say to it, "Be thou my better strength."

64.

The candles of man's night are doubtless burning out, but, like Alfred's candle-clocks, their decay mea-

sures the wearing on of the night itself. When they sink into the socket, lo! it is not dark, but day.

65.

The Caliph Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, the second in succession from Mahomet, and under whom many empires, and Jerusalem itself, were added to Islam, was journeying on the borders of the Egyptian desert, and heard of the fame of a holy and wise hermit, who lived retired in a cave of the rocks amid the sandy waste. Him he resolved to visit, hoping to learn from him where was concealed the buried treasure of the old idolatrous Kings of Egypt. When the Caliph, attended by several tall and dark Arabs, and by Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, entered the cavern, he found the hermit seated on a rude bench at a stone table, which supported a written volume. His eyes were bent downwards as if in thought rather than study, and the Arabs were surprised to see a man of low stature, with long and silvery hair floating round a face not like theirs, tawny and scorched, but smooth and ruddy. The large and light grey eyes were raised at their approach with a look of mild abstraction; and Amrou, who had conversed with many men of wisdom at Alexandria, was struck by the breadth of his head, the clear polish of the forehead, the well-cut and rather small nose, and the large, lightly-closed mouth, which seemed to quiver with feeling, and to be ready for the lively utterance of countless and sage proverbs and comparisons.

"Sage," said the Caliph, "I see that thou wouldst not approve of the act of justice by which I have destroyed the storehouse of Pagan errors, called the Library, in the city of Iskander! Thou hast a book before thee, and I see some others in that half-open chest, which do not resemble the Volumes of believers."

"In my youth, O Caliph! I read many books in that Library which thou hast destroyed, and by the study of these, and their clear presence in my mind, I became capable of sustaining, and even of profiting, by this solitude in which I live, without companions and with few writings."

"What profit couldst thou derive from those infidel volumes? The Koran teaches the one God, and to know him is to know all."

"The Koran indeed teaches truly that there is one God; and because we know that he exists, we should be careful to understand him as displayed in all his works. Of these the noblest is man, and of his mind we have so many several pictures in every book, however mistaken its doctrines; and in books can we also learn more clearly and fully to understand what other works of God inferior to man, but still most wonderful, reveal his will and power."

"Ah! shameless unbeliever!" exclaimed Omar, and stroked his beard, "now would I order thee to be slain

upon the spot, but that I have need of thy wisdom for the good of the faithful and of the true faith. Tell me where are concealed the riches of the Pharaohs, and I will spare thy life."

"I know not that I can teach thee this, but what I can show thee, thou shalt know." Then turning to Amrou, the fierce and conquering general of the Moslem armies—"Fetch me, I pray thee, a handful of sand from the desert, at the mouth of the cave." The warrior started, and his eyes turned disdainfully on the hermit. But they sunk under his quiet gaze, and Amrou went and brought the sand. The hermit received it into his palm, and turning to the Caliph, desired him to pick out a single grain, and lay it on the blade of Amrou's dagger. The bright weapon which had so often been red with blood, was drawn from its sheath, and the Caliph held it in his hand. Then following the hermit alone into the dark interior of the cave, he placed upon the blade, held horizontally, a single grain of sand. On this, he fixed his eyes. In the deep gloom, the grain brightened like a spark of fire, and grew larger and larger, even as the brightest planet of evening, and it paused not in its expansion, till it seemed a luminous ball of mild pale fire.

"Look steadily," said the hermit, "fear not; and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the Caliph, "a small goat-skin tent, under the shade of rocks, among palm-trees and wild vines. A man, naked save his girdle, sleeps in the cool, with his head upon a dark and sad-looking woman's lap, and two children are not far off. A thorn has pierced the foot of the infant girl, and the boy, her brother, is endeavouring to draw it from the flesh. Her tears fall upon his cheek, and his hand is red with her blood."

"Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a mountain covered with trees, fields, and villages, and, by Allah! with Pagan temples. But lo! an earthquake heaves the whole, and half the houses are overthrown or swallowed up. The survivors arm themselves for battle, and a fierce conflict rages for the enjoyment of those of their possessions which remain. Fire spreads through the ruined vineyards, woods, and houses; and by its light many men are slain, and women and children make captives. Some of those combatants, O Dervish, are sons of the giants, and the maidens whom I look upon are lovely as the damsels of Paradise."

"Look now again. What seest thou?"

"A lonely waste. The grey desert spreads far and wide, save where a dark sea beats heavily on its coast. Not a ship, not a camel, not a house is there. But among heaps of carved stones and fallen pillars, such as might build a royal city, a white-haired, withered man sits with his eyes upon the ground. A vulture is

perched upon a mound near, and looks at him; and a jackal eyes him from a shattered tomb, and gnaws a scull. The wind of the desert has blown the sand over his feet, and almost to his knees, but he cares not to rise and free himself. Dervish! God must have fallen asleep in heaven above that place, and left it to die utterly."

"What dost thou now behold?"

"I see around a broad bay of the ocean, a range of green hills with streams and torrents, and gardens reaching to the skies. Amid these are palaces, with pillars built doubtless by the genii, and along the wide terraces in front of the buildings, sons of wisdom, and daughters of beauty are walking or leaning. One is a storyteller, who has gathered round him a crowd of listeners, young and old. Another seems to have just shaped a figure of a woman out of stone. She is more than half naked, but looks as if none dare think her so. On the torch which she holds up in her hand, a flame of green fire burns like a bright star in the sunshine round her. A band of children are wreathing flowers and laying them before the Pagan image, which, not smiling, seems to delight in their smiles. The workman looks dissatisfied, though rejoicing as a bridegroom who has won his bride, but mourns that he cannot offer to her more precious gifts than all his substance. Elsewhere, I see living figures glancing among the trees. To the quay which borders the shore, some barks with deep blue sails are hastening; and one even now touches the porphyry wall, and pours out gold and spices—by Allah! I smell the sweetness of Yamen—on the smooth stones. Nay, as the sun goes down, I hear the faint song of the mariners, and the music of stringed instruments tinkling in reply from the distant mountain side."

"Is there nought more than this?"

"Yea, high upon the mountain I see a mosque of another fashion than ours, surrounded by a place of tombs, with many graves and cypresses. High above them all rises a shape, silvery as the flashing of a scymitar, or of water, gigantic, kingly, with a mantled head, and long folds covering his whole form. But he stretches his great moving hands over the palaces and bay, and flakes of pale fire fall from them, and kindle every window and capital of a pillar, and flash from every face, and shoot again upwards, and beam as stars in the dark sky. The mantled genie looks not like any one of the spirits of the past, but as if they were all combined in him."

"Look once more, O Caliph!"

"Juggler! there is but a grain of sand."

"Thine eyes are weary of looking, not the visions of displaying themselves. Thou canst see no more this day. But if all this be visible in a grain of sand by the open and fresh eye of man, what sights beyond this

thinkest thou that there must be in a man himself? Of these sights, a portion are in every book recorded."

"Slave!" said the Caliph—"tell me not of books, but of hidden treasures, or I will have thee impaled ere an hour is past."

"I have told thee of far more than thou thoughtest. The treasures of the Pharaohs would show thee little of what thou hast seen in that grain of sand. Farewell, O Caliph! I have been ordained but to live till I had seen and known thee, and then to depart. In that world where the hearts of men shall be more open to each other than their books are here, it will be read in mine that I hold thee ignorant and headstrong, but still a man, and, therefore, capable of good. Farewell! I am but a grain of sand; hide my corpse under those of the desert before me."

The hermit sank on the rocky floor of the cave, at Omar's feet, quite dead.

From the British Critic.

The Life of John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States, and Governor of New York. By his son, William Jay. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1837.

The authors of great events have seldom taken the pains to record them. The Duke of Wellington would never read Col. Napier's history of the war in Spain, lest he should be 'led into a literary controversy more troublesome'* than a winter campaign in La Mancha. What a rarity would be Queen Elizabeth's diary at Tilbury Fort, or the rough notes of Themistocles before the battle of Salamis! His unequalled versatility of talent, and the consciousness that he was acting in the world's foremost theatre, have made Cæsar an exception; yet his incomparable work was designed probably but as a preparatory sketch for some maturer composition. "Ceteri," wrote Hirtius, when this purpose had been frustrated by the dagger of Brutus, "quam bene atque emendate, nos etiam quam facile atque celeriter eos perfecere, scimus."

In this, as in every other respect, we seem destined to reverse the maxims of our fathers. Talleyrand, imitating the less distinguished miscreants, Vidocq and Barrington, has left a written detail of his intrigues. Chateaubriand has recorded the impression which the same half century has made on a man of honour and a Christian. The increase of correspondence has enabled us to study the character of some of our distinguished men in their undress, at home, and among their associates. The contrast between persons seen in this manner, "au naturel," and the constrained attitudes put on for exhibition, is self-evident. Yet as the world moves on, society seems to defile

*Perceval's Remarks on Colonel Napier, p. 59.

and sell the verdure to which it is admitted: men write letters to their wives and children as if the public looked over their shoulders; and diaries become pamphlets, dedicated to their executors. For ourselves, we protest against reading any private journal, which we do not know to have been destined to the fire; for it is not a great book with a lock and key to it, which can ensure the inimitable simplicity of Sir Walter Scott's diary . . . the soliloquy of the great novelist is perfect, till on a sudden he turns round to predict our remarks, when we read the confessions of the well-seeming baronet of Abbotsford.

This fashion of writing private papers for the public, the authors of the American Revolution have carried to a fearful extent. Marshall's *Life of Washington*, "*insanæ molis*," is entitled to a painful pre-eminence. Dr. Franklin's philosophical fame is attested by three quarto volumes of correspondence. Thomas Jefferson invented a copying machine, that not a word of his chit-chat to his friends might be lost to posterity. The public may be as thankful for the weakness of wrist which sometimes clogged his pen, as a school-boy when he hears that above 100 books of Livy are wanting. These collections are not without interest. Taken as the testimony of friends to the importance of their writers, they are natural; and the insight which they afford into the springs of action, are at times valuable. But that such documents should be preserved by their writers—that Jefferson, the stern republican, without heart or affection, should write frivolities to women with a polygraph pen, or send them letters marked by the copying press,—is, except in the case of Doddridge, without example on this side of the Atlantic.

The phenomenon may probably be referred to the change which took place in men's habits when attorneys were called to legislate, and book-keepers made treaties. The remark applies in a measure to the valuable work before us; but its subject was too sensible a man to enter in his "letter book" what he was not willing should be heard in Broadway, and that he might not come naked before the world, he seems to have sat in full dress at home. His letters are certainly very wanting in vivacity; but we have not the less respect for the man because we find he disliked to gossip about secrets of state, and that his own services were the last topic on which he loved to dwell. Those services, however, appear to have been valued by the better part of his countrymen; and if Washington be the great captain of the United States—Franklin, their philosopher—and Jefferson, their successful politician—the praise of being a most honest and disinterested labourer for the public good belongs to no man more pre-eminently than to the first chief justice of the Union, John Jay.

His family, though not sordid, was without distinc-

tion. It was of French extraction: his grandfather had fled after the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and so little did the emigrants forget the tie of kindred, that his boyhood was spent in a village and at a school where French was still vernacular. Thus did the future diplomatist acquire an accomplishment which could scarcely have been expected from the son of a retired New York merchant. At fourteen he was sent to Columbia (then King's) college, at New York; and before he left it, must have convinced the "High Tory" divine who presided there what combustible ingredients lay buried in the then tranquil soil of the colonies.

"A number of students being assembled in the college hall, some of them, either through a silly spirit of mischief, or in revenge for some fault imputed to the steward, began to break the table. The president, attracted by the noise, entered the room, but not so speedily as to find the offenders in the act. He immediately arranged the students in a line, and beginning at one end, asked, 'Did you break the table?' The answer was, 'No.' 'Do you know who did?' Passing along the line, the same questions and answers were asked and received, till he came to Mr. Jay, who was the last but one in the line. To the first question he replied as the others had done, and to the second he answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Who was it?' 'I do not choose to tell you, sir,' was the unexpected reply. The young gentleman below him returned the same answers. The president expostulated and threatened, but in vain. The contumacious students were called before a board of the professors, where Mr. Jay made their defence The defence was overruled, and the delinquents were sentenced to be suspended and rusticated. Mr. Jay returned to college at the expiration of his sentence; and Dr. Cooper, by the kindness of his reception, suffered him to perceive that he had not, by his conduct, forfeited any part of his good opinion."—vol. i. p. 15.

Our young Brutus had soon an opportunity of signaling himself in a wider sphere. In the year 1774, six years after he had been called to the bar, was passed the Boston Port Bill. This was the consummation of those measures by which the British Parliament proposed to tax its colonies. The attempt had been openly made nine years earlier by the Stamp Act, and its abandonment encouraged the Americans to oppose the commercial regulations by which the same end was attained more covertly. The other colonies had thought it sufficient to abstain from taxed commodities; but the boldness of the people of Boston, in destroying a vessel of tea, the property of the East India Company, provoked the parent state to interdict their trade, and suspend the provincial charter of Massachusetts. The announcement of this measure was the signal for a rising from Maine to Georgia. A meeting of the disaffected was held at New York: a committee was organized; and from the pen, apparently, of Jay, one of its members, proceeded nearly the earliest proposal for a general congress. The result is well known. A congress met at Philadelphia

in September, 1774. Jay represented his native city, New York. "He was in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and, it is believed, the youngest member of the house."—(vol. i. p. 30.) But he seems to have been more disposed to moderation than his elders. Though no man was more likely to rise to notoriety by turbulent attempts—though he was the author of the address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, a composition which "Jefferson, while still ignorant of the author, declared to be a production of the finest pen in America,"—yet the measure which he had most at heart was one which, if it did not prevent, might, as he hoped, excuse rebellion. "On the 8th of July," 1775, "Congress individually signed a petition to the King. This measure originated with Mr. Jay, and was carried by him against a very strong opposition in Congress." He "maintained that if the people were called to take up arms against their sovereign, they ought to be persuaded that such a measure was unavoidable, and that the conviction that no proper efforts to prevent such an event had been omitted, would reconcile the consciences of many to a course of conduct which would *otherwise* be inconsistent with their oaths of allegiance. The petition was lawful and respectful."—(vol. i. p. 36.) How Mr. Jay would have defended the "*otherwise*," which was such a peacemaker to his conscience, we pretend not to understand; but his scruples contrast well with the recklessness of many of his colleagues. Jefferson thus describes the petition:—"The disgust against its humility was general; and Mr. Dickinson's delight at its passage—(the petition had been of his drawing)—was the only circumstance which reconciled them to it. The vote being passed, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, and concluded by saying, 'there is but one word, Mr. President, in the paper which I disapprove, and that is the word *congress*.' On which Ben Harrison rose and said, 'There is but one word, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *congress*.'"

Little favour as Mr. Jay's scruples found with the violent partisans around him, they will recommend him to the esteem of good men in less turbulent times. Whether he was right in thinking rebellion necessary to the safety of himself and his fellow-countrymen—whether God's Providence could not have found a course for preventing oppression, without even a seeming violation of oaths—whether the most successful revolution is not germinant with its own punishment, while it is given to faith and patience to choose the good and refuse the evil; these are questions too large to be at present opened. One admission however we may freely make—that of all popular movements none admits of greater excuse than the American insurrection. There was but a single person in Great Britain who had any right to censure it; that person the one,

whose conduct by a strange obliquity has been the subject of greatest complaint, the king. Nation against nation, and assembly against assembly—we think there was no just ground for the feeling in this country against America; a feeling which made the war as popular in its outset, as it was loathed in its consequences. A few words will explain our meaning.

The rights of Englishmen depend on a set of laws, written or verbal, some of them drawn from general principles of justice, and some from accidental peculiarities of our various forefathers. The basis of the constitution thus derived is not any express code which the nation has ratified, much less those principles of abstract right in which philosophers seldom agree, and which demagogues never respect, but—the only thing on which any durable liberty has been ever built—the principle of *prescription*. The British Constitution, like all other valuable social institutions, has grown gradually out of the arrangements of Providence, and was not developed by the hand of man. At this day our national security and happiness—the liberty which, as Englishmen, we yet retain—our freedom from the various discomforts which beset the republics of the new world, or the monarchies of the old—are attributable not to those bungling alterations which the social fabric underwent during the hurricane of 1833, but to the old institutions which outlived it. We are satisfied, not because of Lord John Russell's bill, but notwithstanding it. Even the American Constitution, strange to say, owes its present stability, not to the wisdom of its designers, but to that basis of ancient principle and practice on which it was reared. Transplanted to Mexico it has failed altogether.

The British legislature therefore is not designed to create new rights, but to enforce old ones. It is an authorized expositor of what is already the Constitution. This is shown by the very terms of the complaint so often heard, that proposed measures are unconstitutional. The expression implies some fixed basis which ought to be respected. In theory then the business of parliament is to apply old principles to new emergencies, not by virtue of any authority delegated to it by the people, but as being itself part of the prescriptive system which it maintains. To this the sounder part of the American colonists made no opposition. They allowed the Imperial Parliament to be the authoritative expositor of the ancient laws. Their quarrel lay properly with the people, not with the king—not with his Majesty and the three estates, but with the House of Commons.

Among the most beneficial of our political principles is that which guarantees private property, and ordains that whatever is needed for public purposes should be obtained, not by force, but by the voluntary concession of its owners. If any abstract principle

were the basis of British rights it would unquestionably be Mr. Jay's favourite maxim that "those who own the country ought to govern it."—vol. i. p. 70. *Representation of property*, though it has no natural connection with the legislative power, is connected by usage with that of granting contributions. This it was on which the bulk of Americans insisted. They maintained that according to the theory of the British Constitution they ought to be taxed by their own assemblies. In this Lord Chatham supported them. "Parliament," he said, in 1766, "has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time I assert the authority of this kingdom to be sovereign and supreme in any circumstance of government and legislature whatever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power." The House of Commons and British nation judged differently; with them therefore the contest was waged, and it was their power which would have been increased by success.

The rights here assigned to the British legislature contrast curiously with those of a body to which in a measure it served as a model, the American Congress. The functions of these two legislative bodies have this difference, that Parliament *ought* not to change fundamental laws, and Congress *cannot*. The constitution however is often treated by Parliament as Holy Scripture by the Church of Rome; it is compelled to bear that meaning which is put upon it by the last enactments of the infallible body. In vain do the judges declare what was heretofore the authorized and constitutional notion; their decision goes for no more than the consent of antiquity with the papacy, the dictum of the living expositor is infallible. Parliament, says Lord Coke, can do any thing but make a man a woman or a woman a man. Not so the American Congress. It puts its meaning indeed upon the authorized constitution, but its decision may be reversed by a higher authority. The judges may declare its enactments to be inconsistent with the fundamental laws. It appeals to them, exactly as the Church of England does to the ancient Fathers, as an authority which it is not to guide but to follow. The judges therefore are evidently the great conservative point of the American Constitution; and much moment was attached to Washington's selection of a chief justice when he entered upon the office of President in 1788. His choice fell upon Jay.

Already had Mr. Jay displayed the integrity and decision which fitted him for such a post. After filling various offices at home, among them that of chief justice of the State of New York, he had been sent as ambassador from the United States to Spain. His familiarity with the French language may have pointed him out for this service, as we find that he had been employed in the very first intercourse between the colonies and a foreign power. This had occurred in the

year 1775, one year only after the formation of the American Congress, and eight months before it ventured on the declaration of independence.

"About the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenters' Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication. Upon which he said, 'that his most Christian majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them.'

"The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, 'Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head.' They then asked, what demonstration of friendship they might expect from the king of France. 'Gentlemen,' answered the foreigner, 'if you want arms you shall have them; if you want ammunition you shall have it; if you want money you shall have it!' The committee observed, that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'repeating his former gesture, I shall take care of my head;' and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give them indirect encouragement, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed if necessary. Mr. Jay stated that his communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of Congress."—vol. i. p. 39, 40.

Notwithstanding these assurances, the French government did not commit themselves to an acknowledgment of American Independence until after the capture of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, and Spain, at this time their close ally, was still slower in bestowing her sanction on colonial insurrection. But as Spain was now at war with England, the Americans naturally hoped for her co-operation, and Mr. Jay undertook to break ground there in 1779. After a disastrous voyage, he landed at Cadiz, January 22nd, 1780, "not only an entire stranger, but without letters of introduction or bills of credit."—p. 106.

His object when he reached Madrid was to obtain a loan from the Spanish government, and the difficulty of the task may be best estimated by the extremity of the need which dictated it.

"Shortly after Mr. Jay's departure from America, Congress ordered bills to be drawn on him for more than half a million of dollars, payable six months after sight, in the hope that before that time he would have obtained a subsidy from the Spanish court. With these bills supplies were purchased for the army, and the holders sent them to their European correspondents,

who presented them to Mr. Jay for payment. That Congress should have ventured on such a measure, not only without knowing that Mr. Jay could procure money in Spain, but even before they had heard of his arrival there, proves the desperate situation of their finances at the period of the revolution, and their conviction that the means of continuing the contest were to be provided for at every hazard. Similar bills were drawn upon Mr. Laurens, who had sailed as American minister for Holland; and unfortunately they arrived before the minister, who being captured by a British cruiser, was consigned to the Tower of London."—page 108.

Confinement in the "towers of Julius" was not much worse than freedom at Madrid without money. Spain had not even recognised the existence of the United States, and as a previous condition she claimed the surrender of the navigation of the Mississippi; a sacrifice in which nothing could induce Jay to concur. The expedient which he adopted shall be stated in his son's words:

"Anxious to save the credit of his country, and regardless of personal consequences, he now took a step no less remarkable for its boldness and decision, than for its variance with his usual habits of prudence. He resolved to accept all bills that should be presented to him, thus making himself personally responsible for their payment. This was done for the purpose of preserving the credit of the United States for at least the ensuing six months, and in the hope that within that time supplies would be obtained from either Spain or France. On the 22nd of September his acceptances amounted to 50,000 dollars. He then applied to the French court for assistance, and was informed that none could be afforded. It was not long however before he received from France, through Dr. Franklin, 25,000 dollars. This relief, small as it was, revived his hopes, and strengthened the resolution he had taken, and he continued to accept every bill that was presented."—page 109.

This willingness to run risks in the service of his country, contrasts strikingly with the prudence and frugality of Jay's personal habits; a frugality which Jefferson, if we rightly read his cypher,* seems to have thought a fit subject for a sneer, but which is obviously essential to the honest representative of a republic. Jay was now to fill this office in a yet more important scene. Relieved from his Spanish embarrassments by the success of Washington, he arrived at Paris in June, 1782, where, in conjunction with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, he was empowered to conclude a peace with Great Britain.

One circumstance made this task peculiarly critical:—"When you come to find by your instructions," wrote Gouverneur Morris,† "that you must ultimately obey the dictates of the French Minister, I am sure there is something in your bosom, which will revolt at the ser-

* Vide Jefferson's Memoirs, ii. 326.

† "A high-flying monarchy man," according to Jefferson; apparently because he did not choose to submit to the French party.

vility of the situation."—p. 130. Congress, however, had acquiesced in this demand, and Mr. Jay's opposition to it seems to have been the ground of that bitter hatred which he ever afterwards experienced from the French party in the United States. Dr. Franklin submitted to it without reluctance, blinded, probably, by that hostility towards Great Britain which led him into the littleness of recalling private insults, when he appeared as the representative of a nation. But Jay, though his hereditary partialities might be supposed to favour the country of his ancestors, soon penetrated the designs of the French ministry. The independence of the United States once admitted by England, they would stand in no need of the assistance of France and Spain. The necessity of conciliating their allies would not thenceforth oblige them to continue the war, nor would they, as the price of independence, be compelled to accept a disadvantageous peace. To obtain a recognition, therefore, previous to the treaty, was the object of America; an object to which England, weary of the war, offered no opposition. What then was the obstacle? Mr. Jay suspected that it was raised by the French Minister of War, the Count de Vergennes. His suspicions were soon confirmed by an intercepted letter from M. Marbois, the French Chargé d'Affairs, at Philadelphia, which betrayed the purposes of the French government in delaying the negotiation. Fresh proof was derived from the attempts of Vergennes's secretary to induce the negotiators to forego the Newfoundland fisheries and the navigation of the Mississippi, and from a private mission of the same party to England. Convinced at length of the treachery* which was intended, Mr. Jay induced his colleagues to sign a private treaty with Great Britain without the consent of the French minister. "Eh bien, mon amie," said next day the Spanish ambassador at Paris, tapping him good naturedly on the shoulder, "vous avez très bien fait."

Notwithstanding the success of his diplomacy, Mr. Jay seems to have had little relish for the employment, and declining any further engagement of the same kind, he entered, May, 1784, upon the office of Foreign Secretary to Congress. He could scarcely have been placed in a position where the deficiencies of the Union were more apparent. The people refused to pay their private debts to the subjects of Great Britain, the several states supported them, while the general government had no power to enforce obedience, or to fulfil its engagements towards foreigners. It was at this time that Jay is asserted, though without truth, to have meditated the revival of monarchy in the United States. The idea is expressly negatived by

* Mr. Jay seems to have suspected a much deeper plot on the part of the French, amounting even to a partition of the United States. It rested on the authority of a "Mr. Pultney," probably Sir William Pulteney, who was at Paris with his daughter at the time he mentions.

his confidential correspondence with Washington. "Shall we have a king? Not in my opinion, while other expedients remain untried. Might we not have a Governor-General, limited in his prerogatives or duration? Might not Congress be divided into an Upper and a Lower House, the former appointed for life, the latter annually?"—vol. i. p. 256.

Of these proposals a large part was carried into effect when the present constitution of the United States was adopted in the year 1788, and the dissolution of the Union, if not prevented, has been at least deferred. Nothing is more creditable to those eminent men to whom the change was owing, than that the detestation of injustice contributed as largely to their attempt as the apprehension of anarchy. In 1785 Mr. Jay "presented to Congress an elaborate report, in which he entered into a minute examination of the acts of the several states, and showed conclusively that Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, and New York, had each been guilty of violating the provisions of the treaty" with Great Britain. "Congress, in accordance with the advice of their secretary, called on the States to repeal such of their laws as were repugnant to the treaty: but unhappily they had no power to enforce the call. There was no federal judicature to which the injured and oppressed foreigner could appeal for protection against the vindictive and unjust enactments of the state legislatures."—p. 239, 241.

A democracy has no conscience. "I think," said Washington, when the degrading conduct of the local governments was brought before him, that "there is more wickedness than ignorance mixed with our councils.—Virtue, I fear, has in a great degree taken its departure from our land, and the want of disposition to do justice is the source of the national embarrassments."—p. 254. This fear was not likely to be removed by the conduct of the legislature of his own state, when ten years later it instructed its representative, Monroe, to move for the abrogation of that "article of the treaty of peace, which secured to British creditors the right of recovering in the United States their honest debts."—p. 314. "We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation" are his emphatic words.—p. 247. The sole remedy appeared to be a federal government, which should be less immediately dependant on the will of the majority. Such a measure was proposed in 1787 by a congress consisting of the ablest men in the United States. Jay contributed greatly to its success, as well by his personal exertions in the legislature of New York, as by his contributions to "The Federalist," a publication in which he was joined by Alexander Hamilton, the ablest, probably, of American statesmen, and by Madison, who afterwards courted popular favour by reversing his present mea-

asures. Their united efforts were successful; the federal constitution was accepted; Washington became first President, and Jay Chief Justice.

From the duties of this important office he was called in 1794 to undertake a special embassy to England. The fever of French revolutionism was at that moment raging in North America, and but for Washington's personal influence she would have been entangled in the hostilities of Europe. He was nobly seconded by Jay, who, in contempt of the threats and violence of the partisans of France, conducted his embassy with honesty and success, and obtained for his country the advantages of a commercial treaty with Great Britain. On the state of parties in England he looked with a discerning eye; he saw the great popularity of the king, and the hearty concurrence which the nation gave to the war with France.—vol. ii. pp. 247, 250. His own inclinations, as he explains them to Washington, were favourable to those proposals for a negotiation with France, which were made in parliament during his stay in London, and were productive of the conferences at Lisle.

"The minister would, I think, have stood on stronger ground if he had taken the first good opportunity of saying explicitly in the House of Commons that it was France who declared war against Great Britain, and not Great Britain who declared war against France, and that the government was disposed and ready to make peace, whenever France would do it on terms compatible with honour, &c."—vol. ii. p. 249.

Mr. Jay was well received in England; Lord Grenville treated him with marked attention; and some of the most interesting letters in these volumes are from persons with whom he became acquainted in London. On his return to America in June, 1795, public reasons induced him to exchange his situation as Chief Judge for the less lucrative office of Governor of New York. To this post he had been elected some years before, but had been excluded by a political manoeuvre,—falsification of votes,—on the part of the democrats.

Of his own high-minded repugnance to such practices,—the distinguishing merit of his character,—he gave a signal instance while Governor of New York. John Adams had by that time succeeded Washington in the Presidential chair, but with the political principles had not inherited the influence of his predecessor. Temporary circumstances, also, had alienated some of his partisans, so that the Presidential election in 1800 seemed likely to bring in Jefferson and anti-federalism. A greater evil could scarcely be inflicted on a nation than to place this bad man, a "fanatic in politics and infidel in religion," in its highest office. But from the equal division of other votes, it soon appeared that the result would depend upon New York, which, by leaving the appointment of Presidential electors to its local assembly, gave its whole influence commonly to

a single candidate. At this critical moment the Federalists lost their preponderance in the annual election for the New York legislature. One resource only was open to them. Some months must elapse before the new assembly would come into existence, while the old one, though its session had expired, was not extinct. If reassembled by the governor it could transfer the appointment of presidential electors from the state legislature to the people in districts, always a popular measure, and the division of votes thus produced would be almost as fatal to Jefferson as their concentration against him.

No appeal could be more trying than that made on this occasion to the governor. Providence seemed to have put in his hands his country's preservation. He was too good a man to be influenced by the personal hatred entertained for him by Jefferson, but he must have anticipated the various evils which resulted from a systematic attempt to undo what Washington and himself had effected. His conduct in other instances, more especially his opposition during the following year to the encroachments upon his legitimate authority, shows that he was not actuated by pusillanimity, and it is impossible therefore not to honour him for rejecting the proposal to reassemble the local legislature, as being, in his own words, "a measure for party purposes, which it would not become me to adopt."—vol. i. p. 414.

If such an example were needed anywhere it was under a republican government, of which the inherent vice is its want of fixed principles. When the voice of the people is admitted to be the voice of God, what human institutions can be too sacred to be assailed, or what divine laws? Reason and authority are equally unavailing, when the last decision of the majority is the standard of equity. It were well if this affected only the political arrangements of a republic, if such changes as that which Jay at this time prevented, and which twenty-four years afterwards,* under somewhat similar circumstances, he lived to witness, were alone to be apprehended. But it is the tendency of democracies to trample on natural as well as civil rights; to alter the standard of justice as well as of law. Of this the United States have given sufficient indication. It was one of their cardinal principles, (Jefferson brings it forward with no little éclat,) that the king did not possess the right which the usage of England gave him, to grant allotments of the unoccupied soil of the colonies. "All the lands, they said, within the limits which any society has circumscribed around itself are assumed by that society, and subject to its allotment." (*Jeff. Memoirs*, i. 117.) That the crown of England possessed any right to dispose of the countries of which its sub-

jects took possession we do not maintain; in this case the usage of Christendom is manifestly oppressive. But did the Americans abide by their declaration of rights? Their own new charters were hardly dry when they compelled the Indians to sell, at a nominal price, the territory of which their "particular society" had been in possession for countless centuries; so that in the same pages with this Bill of Rights to the American soil may be found Jefferson's concurrence in its infraction. (*Jeff.* i. 309.) The very debt incurred by the Americans in maintaining their own lands was thus paid by means of the expulsion of others. We are not at present concerned with the injustice of this, but with its inconsistency. Other cases (that of the Cherokees) might be more openly oppressive, but the calmness with which recent principles were forgotten best illustrates the habits of Democracy.

Jefferson's correspondence makes us acquainted with another example of the same kind. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States, its French inhabitants desired the same liberty which the British government had left to the Canadians whom it had conquered—the right of using their own laws. Perhaps the Canadians were too indulgently treated, yet the principle of interfering as little as possible with private liberty was excellent. But what said President Jefferson, whose whole life had been spent in maintaining the right of the several states to self-government. Through his creature, the Governor, he disallowed the decision of the local legislature, and proposed to swamp the French majority by settling 30,000 American volunteers within the limits they had "circumscribed around" themselves. (*Jeff. Mem.* iv. 65.) The laws of nature would then doubtless have regained their authority, and the sentence of the majority would have been once more the voice of God.

These remarks proceed from no hostility to America, where there are as many probably who disapprove the injustice of the majority as in Great Britain. The popular unfairness is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are the more to be pitied because their very opinions are under bondage. They have not even the privilege to complain. We know nothing more galling to a generous mind than to be compelled to assent to the shallow sophisms of the vulgar, to restrain its thoughts to that sluggish motion with which inferior spirits can keep pace, and to submit to be the "man of the age." It is from the humiliation thus imposed on its public servants that the statesmen of America afford so lamentable a contrast to the heroes of its revolution. Not that we trace its effect on individual character, but we think the Americans themselves cannot review the generation which sprang up in more independent habits of thought without perceiving the de-

* Vide Basil Hall's North America.

generacy. "Memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus si tam in nostra potentia esset oblivisci quam tacere."

The life of Jay affords many bitter traces of this feeling. And we are ourselves too near the danger to overlook them. Already do our republican periodicals insult us by the assumption that those who differ from the rabble must either be dishonest or infatuate. Let a man dissent from the popular cant of this shallow age, no matter how deeply conversant with the thoughts of the mightiest spirits of our race, no matter how refined his taste, how extensive his knowledge, how elevated his genius, and the pedants of the Mechanics' Institute will at once pronounce that he is of narrow and limited understanding. Now this assuredly is but the yell of the savage before he begins his work of blood. Were the majority really on the side of the liberty-mongers of the day, to differ from them would involve a bodily as well as a mental persecution. During the madness of the Reform Bill it was as dangerous for a Tory to vote in Roxburghshire as for a negro at Philadelphia, witness the motto of the Minto family, "Burke Sir Walter;" and the House of Commons has just shown that if men are not murdered as well as insulted during the next election, it will not be for want of impunity. As yet neither O'Connell nor the Lord Advocate have carried matters so far as the enlightened citizens of Missouri, and Lynch law has been more effective than Jedburg justice. But that it may be well understood to what point things are tending, we give, in parallel columns, a scene at Philadelphia and in the county of Limerick.

"I said one day to an inhabitant of Pennsylvania, 'Be so good as to explain to me how it happens that in a state founded by Quakers, and celebrated for its toleration, freed Blacks are not allowed to exercise civil rights. They pay the taxes: is it not fair that they should have a vote?'

"'You insult us,' replied my informant, 'if you imagine that our legislators could have committed so gross an act of injustice and intolerance.'

"'What, then the Blacks possess the right of voting in this country?'

"'Without the smallest doubt.'

"'How comes it then that in the polling-booth this morning I did not perceive a single negro in the whole meeting?'

"'This is not the fault of the law; the negroes have an undisputed right of voting;

"At the opening of the Limerick County Court this day, a fourth candidate was put in nomination. The great body of farmers and peasantry arrived about 10 o'clock, exhibiting a demonstration of physical strength and of martial organization never exceeded at any contest for the representation of Limerick. The countrymen came regularly marshalled by their leaders, respectable farmers on horseback. The Roman Catholic priests were conspicuous before each troop.

"The booths were opened about 10 o'clock, but scarce a tally was entered for any candidate when a desperate assault was made upon Mr. Stafford O'Brien's committee-room with sticks, stones, and brickbats; the porters at the entrance were both knocked down, and the gentlemen of the committee received several violent

but they voluntarily abstain from making their appearance.'

"'A very pretty piece of modesty on their parts,' rejoined I.

"'Why the truth is that they are not disinclined to vote, but they are afraid of being maltreated: in this country the law is sometimes unable to maintain its authority without the support of the majority. But in this case the majority entertains very strong prejudices against the Blacks, and the magistrates are unable to protect them in the exercise of their legal privileges.'

"'What, then the majority claims the right not only of making the laws, but of breaking the laws it has made?'" *Tocqueville's America. Reeve's Translation.*

blows from missiles and sticks now put in requisition by the storming party. The police charged to the rescue with fixed bayonets, and relieved the gentlemen and agents of Mr. O'Brien from their imminently perilous situation, or otherwise, in a few minutes, there is no doubt they would each and all have been sacrificed by the sanguinary miscreants, whose object was evidently slaughter on the instant.

"Mr. L. O'Brien withdrew from the contest, and would not prosecute a poll when his agents and voters were in peril of their lives. It was understood that he was at this moment in a majority in the morning's poll."—*Times*, Aug. 14, 1837.

In neither of these cases has there been any attempt to remedy so monstrous a state of things; "he that is in the lion's clutches knows it were useless." The Whigs continue to descant on the peace, order, and happiness of Ireland under the Mulgrave rule, as though the enormity we have described had been in one of his lordship's novels, not in a county which he was bound to protect; the perfect equality of their unrivalled constitution remains the favourite subject of congratulation at Philadelphia.

That a happier state of things as yet prevails in this country is owing, under Providence, to two causes—local institutions and an endowed Church. Did space permit, a curious contrast might be drawn between the conduct of our republicans in endeavouring to disturb our local liberties, and the opposition of the American democrats to centralization. The cause is the same, different as is the effect. The central government in America is less subject to the immediate control of the populace than the local legislatures; our agitators find officials in London more flexible than the independent institutions which have hitherto ramified through the national frame. Hence the wish or attempt to subject the magistracy and police to the home office, to put a minister of public instruction over schools, to abandon the poor to the three kings of Somerset House; political privileges being the alleged gain, the real loss, personal freedom.

But we turn to that, to which the work before us invites, the national effect of our ecclesiastical institutions. The good man whose life is detailed in these volumes had been brought up a churchman, and in the Episcopal communion he died. In 1801 he retired from public life, glad apparently to escape from the overbearing tyranny of the prevalent demagogues, and

fixed himself in a retired situation about fifty miles from New York. Here the newspapers could reach him but once a week to remind him of "the vanity of expecting that from the perfectibility of human nature and the lights of philosophy, the multitude will become virtuous and wise or their demagogues candid and honest."—(vol. i. p. 431.) "As to myself," he says in an interesting letter to Mr. Wilberforce, "both gratitude and resignation have strong claims to my attention. To find myself at this period of my life, and after so many years spent in affairs which naturally caused solicitude, placed by Providence in my present tranquil comfortable situation, is particularly grateful to my feelings." After mentioning some domestic trials, he resumes, "to you it will be an obvious reflection, that checkered scenes belong to a state of probation: and that being here as birds on their passage, this is not the proper place for us to build our nests."—vol. i. p. 432.

He had formed a right estimate of the only durable possession which man can raise, when he was "instrumental in erecting an Episcopal Church" in the neighbourhood of his new dwelling. And here it is natural to observe the source of that temper and moderation which marked his course. Whether men believe in religion or not—whether they suppose it but the disguise which is assumed in public, or are acquainted with its private benefits—yet that it does in fact exercise large influence over mankind is what cannot be controverted. Be it their weakness or their wisdom, men are bound together by the tie of a common faith, and its absence is a diminution of their national identity. When it is asked, then, why Jay, not of English ancestry, whose family had undergone real suffering from despotic power, displayed a fairness and moderation so unusual around him, we answer, that he was a member of the English Church. Had this "cheap defence of nations" taken firmer root, the battle of Bunker's Hill would never have been fought, nor Washington sacked by a hostile armament.

Yet it must not be supposed that Jay was a well-instructed Churchman. How could he be so? The Church of England had indeed spread her branches over her colonies, but she had never taken root there. Headmits, indeed, "that Episcopacy was of Apostolic institution"—vol. i. p. 435; but of the real office of a bishop he seems to have been about as ignorant as our countrymen of the privileges of a Mohawk chieftain.

To this state of things succeeded the revolutionary war; the bitterness of politics was added to that of schism; and such was the hostility towards those families which were by position most connected with the English Church, that "at this day," says Jefferson in 1813, "unpopularity continues attached to their names. A Randolph, a Carter, or a Burwell, must have great

personal superiority over a common competitor to be elected by the people."—*Jefferson's Corr.*

At length the infection of English alliance passed away. We rejoice to find the Virginian Church flourishing like a palm-tree.

* * * * *

To hasten to our immediate subject, the national influence of a Church independent by its endowments of popular caprice, and exempted by its Episcopal order from popular control. Of all preservatives of liberty, none is more important than the barrier thus formed against any sudden movement of the popular will. The insulation of a large portion of the most cultivated part of society from the ordinary current, its addiction to pursuits which lie apart from men's daily business, affords a constant corrective to those impulses by which the popular mind is led astray. It is the lake which moderates the else overflowing ebullitions of the tide of life—the fly-wheel which gives stability to the irregular impulses of society. Opinions receive gradually a new stamp—politicians learn the effect of principles—even political economists acquire wisdom. Where can this be more clearly evidenced than in North America? That a species of religion prevails in that country we do not question. Men cannot live in comfort without some faith which may enable them to die. But its religious system is the disciple, not the instructor of the people. It does not lead, but follow. It is but the echo of their voice—how can it alter the tide by which it is borne? Is there a crime, which is sanctioned by the law of the multitude;—Christianity shuts herself up for a season like Tamerlane while the streets of Aleppo were flowing with blood, and discusses abstract questions instead of checking the excesses of her subjects.

"Frangimur heu fatis inquit, ferimurque procella.

Nec plura locutus

Sepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas."

Whence comes it that in "religious America," when excesses have been committed, worse than the massacre at Thessalonica, no St. Ambrose has arisen to control the people? It was a natural complaint in the civil authority, "there is no bringing a people to justice;" but where was the Church, which is bound by its office to war with the passions of the multitude?

That the Church of this country has often withstood a popular delusion, we learn from the confession of its enemies. In 1833, the majority of the clergy, though anxious to see the representative system freed from corruption, yet opposed the reckless and unnecessary violation of private rights and established usage. In the popular publications of that day, the clergy, we must all remember, were charged with setting themselves in opposition to the public will, and were menaced with the national vengeance. Now that the delusion has

passed away, the clergy are but the more respected for their independence. What is the history of the Non-jurors—the best part of our Church during the last century—but a refusal to partake in popular crimes? We doubt not that there are those in America, who would be equally willing to witness for the truth by their private sufferings, but how could they bear the same testimony against national apostacy? It is the existence of a priesthood neither immediately dependent on popular bounty, nor amenable to popular will, which alone can produce this salutary effect.

Strange it is that to the blessings which such an institution has conferred on this country, our colonies have not been admitted. There was a time, indeed, when something better might have been hoped. In the year 1713, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel expressed its belief, that during the next year two bishops would be settled in our Western Colonies. What had happened during the previous thirteen years since Dr. Bray had given birth to an interest in the cause of missions, might at that moment have warranted expectations of the most sanguine success. But the next year saw power conferred upon a party systematically opposed to the extension of the Church. While the star of Walpole was in the ascendant, while Hoadley predominated over the clergy, what efforts could be expected? Sir Robert Walpole is said to have declared, that he did not venture on so dangerous an experiment as that of taxing the colonies, but he took a surer mode of destroying their attachment to the mother state, when he prevented the enterprising Berkeley from making the Bermudas the focus of their religious and intellectual growth. Unhappily during that very period, when the moral blight of latitudinarian indifference overspread the land, did the colonial system of Great Britain receive its direction. It bore token to the unwholesome atmosphere around it. So deep rooted was the evil that its very propriety was hardly questioned, and even Secker could consent to withhold the advantage of Church offices from the continent of America, if the attempt was supposed to be hostile to the administration of the day. For more than half a century did this state of things continue, and it was not till the celebrated resolutions which were moved by Mr. Wilberforce, in 1793, that the duty of a Christian government towards its dependences was even in form admitted.

The public judgment is now happily improved. But any efficient attempts to evangelize our wide-spread empire, are as much prevented as ever by sectarian jealousy. What indifference did in the last century, is done in this by misdirected zeal. That even the Dissenters ought not, on their own principles, to oppose a systematic attempt for the foundation of the Church throughout our wide dominions—that their jealousy is

little less unreasonable on their own principles than on ours, we may show on some other occasion. Meanwhile let us express our deep regret that our own rulers are still forgetful of that simplest of all truths, that Churches, like individuals, must live by FAITH. The Ministry and the Radicals have agreed between them, it seems, that no provision shall be made for a Bishop in Lower Canada. But does not Canada contain Christian souls in the unity of our Church? Ought they to be deprived of the blessings of ancient order? Such an income is not provided as befits a lord—but is a nation to be without its Apostle? Cannot He who founded the Church raise up friends for its support, or can no munificence be expected till men have ceased to be Christians? Where had been our own succession, if such cowardly policy had prevailed? Our ministers cannot be more careless about the Church than a well-remembered ruler at Corinth, and among its peddling Jews must have been many a forgotten maligner no less bitter than the member for Kilkenney. When will the time come that the Church of England, the noblest institution which it has pleased God to exhibit to mankind, shall go forth without fear upon its appointed task—trusting to its commission, not its wealth—not to acts of parliament, but to the precepts of its Founder—and determined that British speech and British law shall not be more widely spread over the globe, than its own sacred deposit—the everlasting line of the Apostles?

For the Museum.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1838.

Dear Sir,—

Will you be good enough to publish the enclosed in the next number of your "Museum." It will serve as an appendix to the article from the "Quarterly Review" on steam navigation. I wish our American claim on this subject to be recorded in some permanent work,—especially as in the proceedings at New York, on the arrival of the "Great Western," it was entirely overlooked.

Very respectfully yours, &c.

JOS. HOPKINSON.

MR. LITTELL.

LOG-BOOK OF THE FIRST STEAM SHIP THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

Without entertaining the least disapprobation of the interest which the American public has exhibited in the late voyages of the British steamers across the Atlantic, although the manifestation of this feeling has, in some instances, been so extravagant as to approach the ridiculous, I must protest against our losing sight, in this blaze of admiration, of our own claim to this honour,

nor forget that the same thing was achieved by our countryman, Moses Rogers, twenty years ago, when steamboats, even for internal navigation, were very scarce in Great Britain. It is true, that the experiment of Captain Rogers was much more imperfect and unsatisfactory than that of the "Great Western;" but it was the first, and he has the indisputable merit of leading the way in this great achievement, which he conducted with the courage and skill that such an attempt required. The whole business of steam navigation and steam machinery has improved immeasurably since that day. Passages in our rivers and bays are now made in less than half the time which they then occupied. The difference between the performance of the "Savannah" and the "Great Western," is not greater than that between the "Old Phoenix" and the "New Philadelphia." The former began her trips with going from this city to Bordentown (30 miles,) on one day and returning the next, making the passage, each way, in from four to five hours. It is now done in a period from two to two and a half hours; and the same boat, when need requires, passes over it three times in a day, without any derangement of her machinery.

The log-book of the Great Western has been published, and read with interest. This led me to desire an examination of the log-book of Captain Rogers, on his voyage in the steam ship "Savannah," from Savannah in Georgia, to Liverpool; thence to Stockholm, and thence to St. Petersburg, returning to the city of Washington. I have obtained it from one of his family, and trust it will be found an interesting document to Americans. I have examined every entry, and now give the results in relation to the use of steam.

The steam ship "Savannah," commanded by Captain Moses Rogers, started from New York for Savannah, on the 28th March, 1819. There being fresh breezes, the steam was not used for five days—arrived at Savannah on the 6th of April, having used the steam four days. On the 14th of April, left Savannah for Charleston, with the steam, and arrived there the next day. 30th April, returned to Savannah by the steam.

11th of May, a trial was made of the machinery, previous to her starting on her great voyage.

22nd May, started from Savannah, with steam. On the 18th June her coal was all consumed, having up to that time, used the steam *ten days*. On the 20th of June she arrived at Liverpool, of course, with her sails. On the 16th July, she took in 36 tons of coal. On the 21st she dropped down the river—on 23d, got under way, with steam, for St. Petersburg, going six knots an hour—9th of August, arrived at Elsineure—having used her steam *six days* on the passage.

She was there detained in quarantine, until the 14th, when she started for St. Petersburg, going first to Stockholm, where she arrived on the 22nd, having used her steam *six days* out of the eight.

On the 1st of September, the American Minister, Mr. Hughes, and his lady, and all the foreign ministers and their ladies at Stockholm, came on board—got under way, with steam, and took them to (*illegible*) and returned.

5th September, left Stockholm for St. Petersburg, arrived at Cronstadt on the 9th, having used the steam the whole passage. 15th September, went from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, with steam. On the 18th September, got under way, with steam, having the American and foreign ministers on board. The boat was

exercised in the harbour on the 21st and on other days, and on the 22nd the Lord High Admiral visited her.

On the 14th of December, the "Savannah" returned to the United States, and entered the Chesapeake Bay—and on the 16th came to the wharf at the city of Washington, where the writer of this article saw her.

This ship was eight days on her passage from New York to Savannah—she was from the 22nd of May to the 20th of June, on her passage from Savannah to Liverpool, having expended her coal on the 18th—from Liverpool to Elsineure, seventeen days—from Elsineure to Stockholm, between two and three days—from Stockholm to Cronstadt, four days. In the whole voyage from Savannah to St. Petersburg, she used steam twenty-six days.

In a late number of the "London Quarterly Review," re-published in the September number of "Littell's Museum," there is a very able and interesting article on "Atlantic Steam Navigation." The author has made himself well acquainted with the facts of his subject, and reasons from them in a powerful and interesting manner. In the conclusion, he mentions the voyage of the "Savannah," but omits the name of her captain, which was probably not known to him. He candidly says—"But the vessel to which the real honour of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was 'The Savannah.'" H.

From the Examiner.

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their possession. Vol. I. Murray.

This work is given to the public by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wright, the great grandsons of the great Pitt—"to illustrate an eventful period of England's story, and to develop the character of an Heroic Statesman." The first volume only lies before us, which, though deficient in many matters of interest it might have been expected to illustrate, is yet a book of much and undoubted value.

At page 444, Mr. Andrew Mitchell, the British representative at Berlin, reports to Pitt the opinion which was held of him by the great and sagacious Frederick of Prussia. "One must confess that England has laboured long, and suffered much, to produce Mr. Pitt; but at length she is delivered of a man."

'A few days before his Prussian Majesty left the camp of Schmotseifen, in order to fight the Russians, talking at table of England, he said:—'*Il faut avouer que l'Angleterre a été long-tems en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup souffert pour produire Monsieur Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchée d'un homme.*' Such a testimony, from such a prince, crowns you with honour, and fills me with pleasure."

The first and greatest of the Pitts had indeed deserved all the praise couched under that emphatic epithet; and the fame that followed him after death, and has graven his name on the heart of every Englishman solicitous for the honour of England, is unfailingly asso-

ciated with qualities that can have no better or more impressive exponent than the simple and unaffected phrase of Frederick of Prussia, that their possessor was ever, in deed and word, *A MAN*.

If the eloquence of Lord Chatham were sought to be expressed by a single word, we know of none more appropriate than to say that it was *MANLY*. It was the resuscitation of the eloquence of freedom, which had slept since the Commonwealth. From among the taudry and affected Bolingbrokes, the knavish Harleys and Wa'poles and Townshends, the stupid Pulteneys, the intriguing Pelhams, the fawning Butes, there rose a figure of grand and severe simplicity, of undaunted resolution and fearlessness, of astonishing intensity and *reality*, in the person of the Earl of Chatham. In him had met, for perhaps the first time, some of the best traits of the philosophic Brutus and the fiery Cassius. His lofty superiority to gain, and the austere beauty of his private life, kept vulgar calumny in awe; while the sudden, vehement, spontaneous passions of his eloquence reflected with a thousand-fold force the feelings and passions of every unbiassed man, whether high or low, that happened to come within its reach. It has been said of him that his "common sense" had the "effect of inspiration"—in other words, it was by the force and intensity, rather than by the novelty, of his ideas, that he electrified his hearers. *He spoke out, like a man*. He had the same thoughts that the masses round him might have had, but in a thousand times greater clearness, strength, and vividness—and this gave him a surprising influence over what other statesmen of his day had fearfully fled from, or madly opposed,—the force of public opinion. For he it was, who first fairly and unflinchingly launched himself, as a public man, on that stormy yet safest sea. While the Pelhams skulked under the skirts of aristocracy, the Walpoles fattened in nests of filthiest corruption, the Butes crawled at the feet of kings or heirs apparent,—Lord Chatham, hated by the oligarchy and hateful to the sovereign, yet forced himself, with erect head and undaunted heart, into the public councils, by the mere dint of unerring appeal to the great and despised middle classes of his countrymen, and because he had dared to put faith in the honour and good sense of the common people. Let this be his noblest excuse for whatever minor errors he may have committed—or if more excuse is needed, let not his bodily sufferings, severe and seldom ceasing, be forgotten; nor the deeper miseries of his last years; nor, above all, that grand and glorious blaze of patriotic light, in the midst of which, it may be truly said, his spirit was carried up into its native heaven.

In so short a notice as this of so great a man, it would be unbecoming even to glance at those errors. We may simply say that he seems, in the whirl of practical

statesmanship, to have now and then sacrificed wisdom to vigour—that he was clearly wrong in acquiescing in the patched up treaty with Spain—that he manifested an extraordinary change of opinion respecting subsidies—and scarcely treated the Duke of Newcastle as such a poor intriguer deserved.

ONE USE OF AFFLICTION.

Have you never seen a bird perched upon the lower branches of a tree, disturbed from his resting place by some noise or approaching peril, and tempted to fly a little higher; and again, by recurring alarm, a little higher, till he reaches the topmost bough, then spreads his wings and flies away! It is easy to apply all this to the troubles of the Christian, and the happy effect which they have in raising the grounds of his repose, or in making him nearer the safer resting place, till, having reached it, he only waits the final signal to scar on high!

MISFORTUNE.

My face and heart will wear many a scar and wrinkle before the arrival of autumn. However bright the sunset of my evening, the storms of the morning will leave their lingering tears to glitter on the leaves.

SOCIETY.

No one thing living in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you, or tears you to pieces.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

NO SURRENDER.

Air—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."

March! march! shoulder to shoulder—boys,
Firm, in the ranks that no treason can sunder.
Ne'er met hearts or hands bolder,—boys,
Round the true banner, that never went under.
Shall we fearless smile,
Ne'er shall we falter while
Freedom hath such gallant sons to defend her.
Oh! there is magic still,
Every true heart to thrill,
In our old battle cry, Never surrender!
Fame, fame, fame to the trophied dead;
Honour to those in the dark grave, who moulder.
Pure, pure the blood, that each hero shed
Freedom to raise,—and shall we not uphold her?
Bright be each warrior's fame,
Cloudless each honoured name,
Peace to the grave of each noble defender;
Those who have wisely thought,
Those who have bravely fought,
Those who have welcomed death, scorning surrender.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.—PART III.

The tryste between Connor and Una was held at the same place and hour as before, and so rapid a progress had love made in each of their hearts, that we question if the warmth of their interview, though tender and innocent, would be apt to escape the censure of our stricter readers. Both were depressed by the prospect that lay before them, for Connor frankly assured her that he feared no earthly circumstance could ever soften his father's heart, so far as to be prevailed upon to establish him in life.

'What then can I do, my darling Una? If your father and mother wont consent—as I fear they wont—am I to bring you into the miserable cabin of a day labourer? for to this the son of a man so wealthy as my father is, must sink. No, Una dear, I have sworn never to bring you to poverty, an' I will not.'

'Connor,' she replied, somewhat gravely, 'I thought you had formed a different opinion of me. You know but little of your own Una's heart, if you think she wouldn't live with you in a cabin a thousand an' a thousand times sooner than she would live with any other in a palace. I love you for your own sake, Connor; but it appears you don't think so.'

Woman can never bear to have her love undervalued, nor the moral dignity of a passion which can sacrifice all worldly and selfish considerations to its own purity of attachment unappreciated. When she uttered the last words, therefore, tears of bitter sorrow, mingled with offended pride, came to her aid. She sobbed for some moments, and again went on to reproach him with forming so unfair an estimate of her affection.

'I repeat that I loved you for yourself only, Connor, and think of what I would feel, if you refused to spend your life in a cottage with me. If I thought you wished to marry me, not because I am Una O'Brien, but the daughter of a wealthy man, my heart would break, and if I thought you were not true-minded, and pure-hearted, and honourable, I would rather be dead than united to you at all.'

'I love you so well, and so much, Una, that I doubt I'm not worthy of you—an' it's fear of seein' you brought down to daily labour that's crushing an' breaking my heart.'

'But, dear Connor—what is there done by any cottager's wife that I don't do every day of my life? Do you think that my mother lets me pass my time in idleness, or that I myself could bear to be unemployed even if she did; I can milk, make butter, spin, sew, wash, knit, and clean a kitchen;—why, you have no notion,' she added, with a smile, 'what a clever cottager's wife I'd make.'

'Oh Una,' said Connor, now melted into tenderness

greater than he had ever before felt; 'Una dear, it's useless—it's useless—I can't, no, I couldn't—an' I will not live without you, even if we were to beg together—but what is to be done?'

'Now, while my brother John is at home is the time to propose it to my father and mother, who look upon him with eyes of such affection and delight that I am half-inclined to think their consent may be gained.'

'Maybe, darling, his consent will be as hard to gain as their own.'

'Now,' she replied fondly, 'only you're a hard-hearted thing that's afraid to live in a cottage with me, I could tell you some good news—or rather you doubt me—an' fear that I wouldn't live in one with you.'

A kiss was the reply, after which he said—

'With you, my dear Una, now that you're satisfied, I would live and die in a prison—with you, with you—in whatever state of life we may be placed, with you, but without you—never, I could not—I could not—'

'Well, we are young, you know, and neither of us proud—and I am not a lazy girl—indeed I am not; but you forget the good news.'

'I forget that, and every thing else but yourself, darling, while I'm in your company; O heavens! if you were once my own, and that we were never to be separated!'

'Well, but the good news!'

'What is it, dear!'

'I have mentioned our affection to my brother, and he has promised to assist us. He has heard of your character, and of your mother's, and says that it's unjust to visit upon you—'

She paused—'you know my dear Connor that you must not be offended with anything I say.'

'I know, my sweet treasure, what you're going to say,' replied Connor with a smile; 'nobody need be delicate in sayin' that my father loves the money, and knows how to put guinea to guinea; that's no secret. I wished he loved it less, to be sure, but it cannot be helped; in the meantime, *ma colleen dhas dhun*—oh, how I love them words! God bless your brother, he must have a kind heart, Una dear, and he must love you very much, when he promises to assist us.'

'He has, and will; but Connor, why did you send such a disagreeable, forward, and prying person, as your father's servant to bring me your message? I do not like him—he almost stared me out of countenance.'

'Poor fellow,' said Connor, 'I feel a good dale for him, and I think he's an honest, good-hearted boy, an' besides, he's in love himself.'

'I know he was always a starrer, and I say again I don't like him.'

'But as the case stands, dear Una, I have no one else to trust to—at all events, he's in our secret, and the best way, if he's not honest, is to keep him in it; at laste if we put him out of it now, he might be talkin' to our disadvantage.'

'There's truth in that, and we must only trust him with as little of our real secrets as possible; I cannot account for the strong prejudice I feel against him, and have felt for the last two years. He always dressed above his means, and once or twice attempted to speak to me.'

'Well, but I know he's in love with some one, for he told me so; poor fellow, I'm bound, my dear Una, to show him any kindness in my power.'

After some further conversation, it was once more decided that Fardorougha should, on the next day, see the Bodagh and his wife, in order to ascertain whether their consent could be obtained to the union of our young and anxious lovers. This step, as the reader knows, was every way in accordance with Fardorougha's inclination. Connor himself would have preferred his mother's advocacy to that of a person possessing such a slender hold on their good will as his other parent. But upon consulting with her, she told him that the fact of the proposal coming from Fardorougha might imply a disposition on his part to provide for his son. At all events, she hoped that contradiction, the boast of superior wealth, or some fortunate collision of mind and principle might strike a spark of generous feeling out of her husband's heart, which nothing, she knew, under strong excitement, such as might arise from the bitter pride of the O'Briens, could possibly do. Besides, as she had no favourable expectations from the interview, she thought it an unnecessary and painful task to subject herself to the insults which she apprehended from the Bodagh's wife, whose pride and importance towered far and high over those even of her consequential husband.

This just and sensible view of the matter, on the part of the mother, satisfied Connor, and reconciled him to the father's disinclination to be accompanied by her to the scene of conflict; for in truth, Fardorougha protested against her assistance with a bitterness which could not easily be accounted for.

'If your mother goes, let her go by herself,' said he; 'for I'll not intherfare in't if she does. I'll take the dirty Bodagh and his fat wife my own way, which I can't do if Honor comes to be snibbin' an' makin' little o' me afore them. Maybe I'll pull down their pride for them better than you think, an' in a way they're not prepared for; them an' their jantin' car!'

Neither Connor nor his mother could help being highly amused at the singularity of the miserable pomp and parsimonious display resorted to by Fardorougha, in preparing for this extraordinary mission. Out of

an old strongly locked chest he brought forth a *gala* coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last twenty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *outré*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured, in it. Next came a pair of knee breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg. Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to the knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and brimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in those habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person when dressed, we shall endeavour at all events to present him with a loose outline. In the first place, his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size, and as he had become much stooped, its tail, which, at the best, had been preposterously long, now nearly swept the ground.—To look at him behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which piece of exquisite taste, he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his small-clothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a fullgrown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and buttermilk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his forefinger and thumb.

Bodagh Buie, his wife, and their two children, were very luckily assembled in the parlour, when the non-descript figure of the deputy wooer made his appearance on that part of the neat road which terminated at the gate of the little lawn that fronted the hall-door. Here there was another gate to the right that opened into the farm or kitchen yard, and as Fardorougha hesitated which to enter, the family within had an opportunity of getting a clearer view of his features and person.

'Who is that quare figure standin' there,' enquired the Bodagh; 'did you ever see sich a — ah thin, who can he be?'

'Somebody comin' to some o' the sarvings, I sup-

pose,' replied his wife; 'why, thin, it's not unlike little Dick *Croaithe*, the fairyman.'

In sober truth, Fardorougha was so completely disguised by his dress, especially by his hat, whose shallowness and want of brim gave his face and head so wild and eccentric an appearance, that we question if his own family, had they not seen him dress, could have recognised him! At length he turned into the kitchen-yard, and addressing a labourer whom he met, asked—

'I say, nabour, which is the right way into Bodagh Buie's house?'

'There's two right ways into it, an' you may take either o' them—but if you want any favour from him, you had better call him *Mr. O'Brien*. The Bodagh's a name was first given to his father, an' he bein' a dacent man, does'nt like it, although it sticks to him; so there's a lift for you, my hip-striddled little codger.'

'But which is the right door o' the house?'

'There it is, the kitchen—peg in—that's *your* inthrance, barrin' you're a gentleman in disguise—an' if you be, why turn out again to that other gate, strip off your shoes, and pass up ginteely on your tippy-toes, and give a thundherin' whack to the gyen ring that's hangin' from the door. But see, friend,' added the man, 'maybe you'd do one a sarvice?'

'How,' said Fardorougha, looking earnestly at him; 'what is it?'

'Why, to lave us a lock o' your hair before you go,' replied the wag, with a grin.

The miser took no notice whatsoever of this, but was turning quietly out of the yard, to enter by the lawn, when the man called out in a commanding voice—

'Back here, you codger—tundher an' thump—back I say—you wont be let in that way—thump back, you leprechaun, into the kitchen—eh? you wont—well, well, take what you'll get—an' that'll be the way back agin.'

'Twas at this moment that the keen eye of Una recognised the features of her lover's father, and a smile which she felt it impossible to subdue, settled upon her face, which became immediately mantled with blushes. On hurrying out of the room she plucked her brother's sleeve who followed her to the hall.

'I can scarcely tell you, dear John,' she said, speaking rapidly, 'it's Fardorougha O'Donovan, Connor's father; as you know his business, John, stay in the parlour,' she squeezed his hand, and added with a smile on her face, and a tear in her eye; 'I fear it's all over with me—I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but stay, John dear, an' fight my battle—poor Una's battle.'

She ran up stairs, and immediately one of the most

beggarly, sordid, and pusillanimous knocks that ever spoke of starvation and misery was heard at the door.

'I will answer it myself,' thought the amiable brother; 'for if my father or mother does, he surely will not be allowed in.'

John could scarcely preserve a grave face, when Fardorougha presented himself.

'Is *Misther* O'Brien widin,' enquired the usurer, shrewdly availing himself of the hint he received from the servant.

'My father is,' replied John; 'have the goodness to step in.'

Fardorougha entered immediately, followed by young O'Brien, who said,

'Father, this is Mr. O'Donovan, who, it appears, has some important business with the family.'

'Don't be mistherin' *me*,' replied Fardorougha, helping himself to a seat; 'I'm too poor to be misthered.'

'With this family!' exclaimed the father in amazement; 'what business can Fardorougha Donovan have with *this* family, John?'

'About our childhre,' replied the miser; 'about my son and your daughter.'

'An' what about them,' enquired Mrs. O'Brien; 'do you dar to mintion them in the same day together?'

'Why not,' said the miser; 'ay, an' on the same night too.'

'Upon my reputaytion, Mr. O'Donovan, you're extramely kind—now be a little more so, and let us understand you,' said the Bodagh.

'Poor Una,' thought John, 'all's lost; he will get himself kicked out to a certainty.'

'I think it's time we got them married,' replied Fardorougha; 'the sooner it's done the better and the safer for both o' them—especially for the *colleen*.'

'*Dar a Lorha*, he's cracked,' said Mrs. O'Brien; 'sarra one o' the poor sowl but's cracked about his money.'

'Poor sowl, woman alive! wor you never poor yourself?'

'Yis I wor; an' I'm not ashamed to own it; but, *Chierna*, Frank,' she added, addressing her husband, 'there's no use in spakin' to him.'

'Fardorougha,' said O'Brien, seriously, 'what brought you here?'

'Why, to tell you an' your wife the state that my son, Connor, and your daughter's in about one another; an' to advise you both, if you have sinse, to get them married afore worse happens. It's *your* business more nor *mine*.'

'You're right,' said the Bodagh, aside to his wife; 'he's sartinly deranged. Fardorougha,' he added, 'have you lost any money lately?'

'I'm losin' every day,' said the other; 'I'm broke assistin' them that won't thank me, let alone paying me as they ought.'

'Then you have lost nothing more than usual?'

'If I didn't, I tell you there's a good chance of losin' it before me;—can a man call any money of his safe that's in another man's pocket?'

'An' so you've come to propose a marriage between your son and my daughter, yet you lost no money, an' you're not mad!'

'Divil a morsel o' me's mad—but you'll be so if you refuse to let this match go an.'

'Out wid him—a *shan roghara*,' shouted Mrs. O'Brien, in a state of most dignified offence; '*Damho orth*, you ould knave, is it the son of a misert that has fleeced an' robbed the whole counthry side that we 'ud let our daughter, that resaved the finish to her education in a Dubling boordin' school, marry wid?—*Vich na hoiah* this day!'

'You had no sich scruple yourself, ma'am,' replied the bitter usurer; 'when you bounced at the son of the ould Bodagh Buie, an' every one knows what he was.'

'He!' said the good woman; 'an' is it runnin' up comparishments betuxt yourself an' him you are afther? Why, Saint Pether wouldn't thrive on your money, you nager.'

'Maybe Saint Pether thruv on worse—but have'nt you thruv as well on the Bodagh's, as if it had been *honestly* come by; I defy you an' the world both—to say that ever I tuck a penny from any one, more than my right. Lay that to the mimory of the ould Bodagh, an' see if it'll fit. It's no *light guinea*, any how.'

Had Fardorougha been a man of ordinary standing and character in the country, from whom an insult *could* be taken, he would no doubt have been by a very summary process expelled the parlour. The history of his querulous and irascible temper, however, was so well known, and his offensive eccentricity of manner, a matter of such established fact, that the father and son, on glancing at each other, were seized with the same spirit, and both gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'Is it a laughin' stock you're makin' of it,' said Mrs. O'Brien, highly indignant.

'Faith, achora, it may be *no* laughin' stock afther all,' replied the Bodagh.

'I think, mother,' observed John, 'that you and my father had better treat the matter with more seriousness. Connor O'Donovan is a young man not to be despised by any person at all near his own class of life who regards the peace and welfare of a daughter.—His character stands very high; indeed, in every way unimpeachable.'

The bitter scowl which had sat upon the small dark

features of Fardorougha, when replying to the last attack of Mrs. O'Brien, passed away as John spoke.—The old man turned hastily round, and surveying the eulogist of his son, said,

'God bless you, asthore, for thim words; and they're thrue—thru as the gospel, arrah what are you both so proud of? I defy you to get the aquil of my son in the barony of Lisnamona, either for face, figure or timper? I say he's fit to be a husband for as good a girl as ever stood in your daughter's shoes; an' from what I hear of her, she's as good a girl as ever the Almighty put breath in; God bless you, young man! you're a credit yourself to any parents.'

'An' we have nothin' to say aginst your son, nor aginst your wife aither,' replied the Bodagh; 'an' if your own name was as clear—if you wor looked upon as they are—tut, I'm spakin' nonsense! How do I know whether ever your son and my daughter spoke a word to one another or not.'

'I'll go bail Oona never opened her lips to him,' said her mother; 'I'll go bail she had more spirit.'

'An' I'll go bail she can't live widout him, an' will have him whether you like it or not,' said Fardorougha.

'Mother,' observed John, 'will you and my father come into the next room for a minute—I wish to say a word or two to each of you; and will you, Fardorougha, have the goodness to sit here till we return?'

'Devil a notion,' replied O'Donovan, 'I have of stirrin' my foot till the thing's settled one way or other.'

'Now,' said young O'Brien, when they had got into the back parlour, 'it's right that you both should know to what length the courtship between Una and Connor O'Donovan has gone.'

'Coortship! *Vich na hoiah!* sure she wouldn't go to coort wid the son o' that ould schamer.'

'I'm beginning to fear that it's too thrue,' observed the Bodagh; 'and if she has—but let us hear John.'

'It's perfectly true, indeed, mother, that she *has*,' said the son. 'Yes, and they are both this moment pledged, betrothed; promised, *solemnly* promised, to each other; and in my opinion the old man within is acting a more honourable part than either of you give him credit for.'

'Well, well, well,' exclaimed the mother; 'who afther that would ever thrust a daughter? The girl that we rared up as tindher as a chicking, to go to throw herself away upon the son of ould Fardorougha Donovan, the misert. Confusion to the ring ever he'll put an her! I'd see her *stretched** first.'

'I agree with you in that, Bridget,' said the husband; 'if it was only to punish her thrachery and desate, I'll take good care a ring will never go on them—but how do you know all this, John?'

'From Una's own lips, father.'

The Bodagh paced to and fro in much agitation; one hand in his small-clothes pocket, the other twirling his watch key as rapidly as he could. The mother, in the mean time, had thrown herself into a chair, and gave way to a violent fit of grief.

'And you have this from Una's own lips?'

'Indeed, father, I have; and it is much to her credit that she was candid enough to place such confidence in her brother.'

'Pledged and promised to one another! Bridget, who could believe this?'

'Believe it! I don't believe it—it's only a scheme of the hussey to get him. Oh, thin, Queen of heaven, this day, but it's black news to us!'

'John,' said the father, 'tell Una to come down to us.'

'Father, I doubt that's rather a trying task for her. I wish you wouldn't insist.'

'Go off, sir; she must come down immediately. I'll have it from her own lips, too.'

Without another word of remonstrance the son went to bring her down. When the brother and sister entered the room, O'Brien still paced the floor. He stood, and turning his eyes upon his daughter with severe displeasure, was about to speak, but he appeared to have lost the power of utterance; and after one or two ineffectual attempts, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

'See, see,' said the mother, 'see what you have brought us to. Is it true that you're promised to Fardorough's son?'

Una tottered over to a chair, and the blood left her cheeks; her lips became dry, and she gasped for breath.

'Why don't you think it worth your while to answer me?' continued the mother.

The daughter gave a look of deep distress and supplication at her brother; but when she perceived her father in tears, her head sank down upon her bosom.

'What! what! Una,' exclaimed the Bodagh, 'Una —' But ere he could complete the question, the timid creature fell senseless upon the floor.

For a long time she lay in that friendly trance; for such, in truth it was to a delicate being, subjected to an ordeal so painful as that she was called upon to pass through. We have, indeed, remarked that there is in the young, especially in those of the softer sex, a feeling of terror, and shame, and confusion, when called upon by their parents to disclose a forbidden passion, that renders its avowal perhaps the most formidable task which the young heart can undergo. It is a fearful trial for the youthful, and one which parents ought to conduct with surpassing delicacy and tenderness, unless they wish to drive the ingenuous spirit into the first steps of falsehood and deceit.

'Father,' said John, 'I think you may rest satisfied

with what you witness; and I am sure it cannot make you or my mother happy to see poor Una miserable.'

Una, who had been during the greater part of her swoon supported in her weeping and alarmed mother's arms, now opened her eyes, and after casting an affrighted look about the room, she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and exclaimed, as distinctly as the violence of sobbing grief would permit her:

'Oh, mother dear, have pity on me; bring me up stairs and I will tell you.'

'I do, I do pity you,' said the mother, kissing her; 'I know you'll be a good girl yet, Oona.'

'Una,' said her father, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, 'was I ever harsh to you, or did I —'

'Father dear,' she returned, interrupting him, 'I would have told you and my mother, but that I was afraid.'

There was something so utterly innocent and artless in this reply, that each of the three persons present felt sensibly affected by its extreme and childlike simplicity.

'Don't be afraid of me, Una,' continued the Bodagh, 'but answer me truly, like a good girl; and I swear upon my reputation, that I won't be angry. Do you love the son of this Fardorough?'

'Not, father, because he's Fardorough's son,' said Una, whose face was still hid in her mother's bosom; 'I would rather he wasn't.'

'But you *do* love him!'

'For three years he has scarcely been out of my mind.'

Something that might be termed a smile crossed the countenance of the Bodagh at this intimation.

'God help you for a foolish child,' said he; 'you're a poor counsellor when left to defend your own cause.'

'She won't defend it by a falsehood, at all events,' observed her trustworthy and affectionate brother.

'No, she wouldn't,' said the mother; 'and I did her wrong awhile ago, to say that she'd scheme any thing about it.'

'And are you and Connor O'Donovan promised to aich other?' enquired the father again.

'But it wasn't I that proposed the promise,' returned Una.

'Oh, the desperate villain,' exclaimed her father, 'to be guilty of such a thing; but you took the promise Una—you did—you did—I needn't ask.'

'No,' replied Una.

'No!' re-echoed the father; 'then you did not give the promise.'

'I mean,' she rejoined, 'that you needn't ask.'

'Oh, faith, that alters the case extramely. Now Una, this—all this promising that has past betune you and Connor O'Donovan, is mere folly. If you prove to be the good obadient girl that I hope you are, you'll

put him out of your head, and thin you can give back to one another whatever promises you made.'

This was succeeded by a silence of more than a minute. Una at length arose, and with a composed energy of manner, that was evident by her sparkling eye and bloodless cheek, she approached her father, and calmly kneeling down, said slowly but firmly:

'Father, if *nothing else* can satisfy you, *I will* give back my promise; but then, father, it will break my heart, for I know—I feel—how I love him, and how I'm loved by him.'

'I'll get you a better husband,' replied her father—'far more wealthy and more respectable than he is.'

'I'll give back the promise,' said she; 'but the man is not living, except Connor O'Donovan, that will ever call me wife. More wealthy! more respectable!—oh, it was only *himself* I loved. Father, I'm on my knees before you, and before my mother. I have only one request to make—oh, don't break your daughter's heart!'

'God direct us,' exclaimed her mother; 'it's hard to know how to act. If it would go so hard upon her, sure—'

'Amen,' said her husband; 'may God direct us to the best. I'm sure God knows,' he continued, now much affected, 'that I would rather break my own heart than your's, Una. Get up, dear—rise. John, how would *you* advise us?'

'I don't see what serious objection after all,' replied the son, 'either you or my mother can have to Connor O'Donovan. He is every way worthy of her, if he is equal to his character; and as for wealth, I have often heard it said that his father was a richer man than yourself.'

'After all,' said the mother, 'she might be very well wid him.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do then,' said the Bodagh—'let us see the ould man himself, and if he settles his son decently in life, as he can do if he wishes, why I won't see that poor, foolish, innocent girl breaking her heart.'

Una, who had sat with her face still averted, now ran to her father, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept aloud, but said nothing.

'Ay, ay,' said the latter, 'it's very fine now that you have every thing your own way, you girsha; but, sure, you're all the daughter we have, achora, and it would be too bad not to let you have a *little* of your own opinion in the choice of a husband. Now go up stairs, or where you please, till we see what can be done with Fardorougha himself.'

With smiling face and glistening eyes Una passed out of the room, scarcely sensible whether she walked, ran, or flew, while the others went to renew the discussion with Fardorougha.

'Well,' said the miser, 'you found out, I suppose, that she can't do widout him?'

'Provided we consent to the marriage,' asked the Bodagh, 'how will you settle your son in life?'

'Who would I settle in life if I wouldn't settle my only son?' replied the other; 'who else is there to get all I have?'

'That's very true,' observed the Bodagh; 'but state plainly what you'll do for him on his marriage.'

'Do you consent to the marriage all of yeess?'

'That's not the question,' said the other.'

'Divil a word I'll answer till I know whether yeess do or not,' said Fardorougha. 'Say at once that you consent, and thin I'll spake—I'll say what I'll do.'

The Bodagh looked enquiringly at his wife and son. The latter nodded affirmatively. 'We do consent,' he added.

'That shows your own sines,' said the old man. 'Now what fortune will you portion your *colleen* wid?'

'That depends upon what *you'll* do for your son,' returned the Bodagh.

'And that depends upon what *you'll* do for your daughter,' replied the sagacious old miser.

'At this rate we're not likely to agree.'

'Nothin's asier; you have only to spake out; besides it's your business, bein' the colleen's father.'

'Try him, and name something fair,' whispered John.

'If I give her a farm of thirty acres of good land, stocked and all, what will *you* do for Connor?'

'More than that, five times over; I'll give him all I have. An' now, when will we marry them? Throth it was best to make things clear,' added the knave, 'and undherstand one another at wanst. When will we marry them?'

'Not till you say out openly and fairly the exact sum of money you'll lay down on the nail—an' that before ever a ring goes upon them.'

'Give it up, acushla,' said the wife, 'you see there's no schrewin' a promise out of him, let alone a penny.'

'What 'ud yeess have me do?' said the old man, raising his voice. 'Won't he have all I'm worth? who else is to have it? Am I to make a beggar of myself to please you? Can't they live on your farm till I die, an' thin it'll all come to them?'

'And no thanks to you for that, Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh. 'No, no; I'll never buy a pig in a poke. If you won't act ginerously by your son, go home, in the name of goodness, and let us hear no more about it.'

'Why, why?' said the miser, 'are yeess mad to miss what I can lave him? If you knew how much it is, you'd snap—; but, God help me, what am I sayin'? I'm poorer than any body thinks. I am—I am; an' will starve among you all, if God hasn't sed it. Do

you think I don't love my son as well, an' a thousand times better than you do your daughter? God alone sees how my heart's in him—in my own Connor, that never gave me a sore heart—my brave, my beautiful boy!

He paused, and the scalding tears here ran down his shrunk and furrowed cheeks, whilst he wrung his hands, started to his feet, and looked about him like a man encompassed by dangers that threatened instant destruction.

'If you love your son so well,' said John, mildly, 'why do you grudge to share your wealth with him? It is but natural and it is your duty.'

'Natural! what's natural?—to give away—is it to love him you mane? It is, it's *unnatural* to give it away. He's the best son—the best—what do you mane, I say!—let me alone—let me alone—I could give him my blood, my blood—to such a boy; but, you want to kill me—you want to kill me, an' thin you'll get all; but he'll cross you, never fear—my boy will save me—he's not tired o' me—he'd give up fifty girls sooner than see a hair of his father's head injured—so do your best, while I have Connor I'm not afraid of yees. 'Thanks be to God that sent him,' he exclaimed, dropping suddenly on his knees—'oh, thanks be to God that sent him to comfort an' protect his father from the schames and villany of them that 'ud bring him to starvation for their own ends.'

'Father,' said John, in a low tone, 'this struggle between avarice and natural affection is awful. See how his small grey eyes glare, and the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips. What is to be done?'

'Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh, 'it's over; don't distress yourself—keep your money—there will be no match between our childre.'

'Why? why won't there?' he screamed—'why won't there, I say! Haven't *you* enough for them until I die? Would you see your child breakin' her heart? Bodagh, you have no nather in you—no bowels for your *colleen dhas*. But I'll spake for her—I'll argue wid you till this time to-morrow, or I'll make you show feelin' to her—an' if you don't—if you don't—'

'Wid the help o' God, the man's as mad as a March hare,' observed Mrs. O'Brien, 'and there's no use in losin' breath wid him.'

'If it's not insanity,' said John, 'I know not what it is.'

'Young man,' proceeded Fardorougha, who evidently paid no attention to what the mother and son said, being merely struck by the voice of the latter—'young man, you're kind, you have sinse and feelin'—spake to your father—don't let him destroy his child—don't ax him to starve me, that never did him harm. He loves you—he loves you, for he can't but love you—sure, I know how I love my own darlin' boy; oh, spake to him—here I go down on my two knees to you, to

beg, as you hope to see God in heaven, that you'll make him not brake his daughter's heart! She's your own sister—there's but the two of yees, an' oh, don't desert her in this throuble—this heavy, heavy, throuble!'

'I won't interfere farther in it,' replied the young man, who, however, felt disturbed and anxious in the extreme.

'Mrs. O'Brien,' said he, turning imploringly, and with a wild haggard look to the Bodagh's wife, 'I'm turnin' to you—you're her mother—oh think, think—'

'I'll think no more about it,' she replied. 'You're mad, an' thank God, we know it. Of coorse it'll run in the family, for which reasing my daughter 'ill never be joined to the son of a madman.'

He then turned as a last resource to O'Brien himself. 'Bodagh, Bodagh, I say,' here his voice rose to a frightful pitch, 'I enthrate, I ordher, I command you to listen to me! Marry them—don't kill your daughter, an' don't, don't, don't dare to kill my son. If you do I'll curse you till the marks of your feet will scorch the ground you tread on. Oh,' he exclaimed, his voice now sinking, and his reason awaking, apparently from exhaustion, 'what is come over me? what am I sayin'?—but it's all for my son, my son.' He then rose, sat down, and for more than twenty minutes wept like an infant, and sobbed, and sighed, as if his heart would break.

A feeling very difficult to be described, hushed his amazed auditory into silence; they felt something like pity towards the unfortunate old man, as well as respect for that affection which struggled with such moral heroism against the frightful vice that attempted to subdue this last surviving virtue in the breast of the miser.

On his getting calm, they spoke to him kindly, but in firm and friendly terms communicated their ultimate determination, that in consequence of his declining to make an adequate provision for his son, the marriage could by no means take place. He then got his hat, and attempted to reach the road which led to the little lawn, but so complete was his abstraction, and so exhausted his faculties, that it was not without John's assistance he could reach the gate which lay before his eyes. He first turned out of the walk to the right, then crossed over to the left, and felt surprised that a wall opposed him in each direction.

'You are too much disturbed,' said John, 'to perceive the way, but I will show you.'

'I suppose I thought it was at home I was,' he replied, 'bekase at my own house one must turn aither to the right or to the left, as, indeed, I'm in the custom of doin'.'

Whilst Fardorougha was engaged upon this ill-managed mission, his wife, who felt that all human efforts at turning the heart of her husband from his

wealth must fail, resolved to have recourse to a higher power. With this purpose in view, she put on her Sunday dress, and informed Connor that she was about to go for a short time from home.

'I'll be back if I can,' she added, 'before your father; and, indeed it's as good not to let him know anything about it.'

'About what, mother? for I know as little about it as he does.'

'Why, dear, I'm goin' to get a couple o' masses sed, for God to turn his heart from that cursed *airaghid* it's fixed upon. Sure it houlds sich a hard grip of his poor sowl, that it'll be the destruction of him here an' hereafter. It'll kill him afore his time, an' then I thrimble to think of his chance above.'

'The object is a good one, sure enough, an' it bein' for a spiritual purpose, I suppose the priest won't object to it.'

'Why would he, dear, an' it for the good of his sowl. Sure, when Pat Lanigan was jealous, his wife got three masses sed for him; and wid the help o' God, he was cured sound an' clane.'

Connor could not help smiling at this extraordinary cure for jealousy, nor at the simple piety of a heart, the strength of whose affection he knew so well. After her return she informed the son, that in addition to the masses to be said against his father's avarice, she had some notion of getting another said towards his marriage with Una.

'I was goin',' she proceeded, 'to slip it in along wid your father's business, but I thought it wouldn't be fair or honest to trick his reverence that way upon the bare price of the two he is to say; for alldough it 'ud be killin' two birds wid one stone, still it mighn't bring about the match in regard o' the roguery on *my* part.'

'God help you, mother,' said Connor, laughing; 'for I think you're one of the innocentest women that ever lived; but whisht!' he added, 'here's my father—God grant that he may bring good news!'

When Fardorougha entered he was paler or rather sallow than usual; and, on his thin, puckered face, the lines that marked it were exhibited with a distinctness greater than ordinary. His eyes appeared to have sunk back more deeply into his head; his cheeks had fallen farther into his jaws; his eyes was gleamy and disturbed; and his whole appearance bespoke trouble and care, and the traces of a strong and recent struggle within him.

'Father,' said Connor, with a beating heart, 'for heaven sake, what news—what tidings? I trust—I trust in God it's good.'

'They have no bowels, Connor—they have no bowels, thim O'Briens.'

'Then you didn't succeed.'

'The father's as great a *bodagh* as him he was called after—they're a bad pack—an' you musn't think of any one belongin' to them.'

'But tell us, man dear,' said the wife, 'what passed—let us know it all.'

'Why they would do nothin'—they wouldn't hear of it. I went on my knees to them—ay to every one of them, barrin' the colleen herself; but 'twas all no use—it's to be no match.'

'And why, father, did you go on your knees to *any* of them,' said Connor; 'I'm sorry you did *that*.'

'I did it on your account, Connor, an' I'd do it agin on your account, poor boy.'

'Well, well, it can't be helped.'

'But tell me, Fardorougha,' inquired Honor, 'was any of the fault your own—what did *you* offer to do for Connor?'

'Let me alone,' said he, peevishly; 'I wont be crass questioned about it. My heart's broke among you all—what did I offer to do for Connor? The match is knocked up I tell you—and it must be knocked up. Connor's young, an' it'll be time enough for him to marry this seven years to come.'

As he said this, the fire of avarice blazed in his eyes, and he looked angrily at Honor, then at the son; but while contemplating the latter, his countenance changed from anger to sorrow, and from sorrow to a mild and serene expression of affection.

'Connor, avick,' said he, 'Connor, sure you'll not blame *me* in this business! sure you won't blame your poor, heart-broken father let thim say what they will, sure you wont, avilish?'

'Don't fret on my account, father,' said the son; 'why should I blame you? God knows you're *strivin'* to do what you would wish for me.'

'No, Honor, I knew *he* wouldn't; no,' he shouted, leaping up, 'he wouldn't make a saicrefize o' me! Connor, save me, save me,' he shrieked, throwing his arms about his neck; 'save me; my heart's breakin'—some-thin's tearin' me different ways inside; I can cry, you see; I can cry, but I'm still as hard as a stone; it's terrible this I'm sufferin'—terrible all out for a weak ould man like me. Oh, Connor, avick, what 'ill I do! Honor, achora, what 'ill become o' me—am'n't I strugglin', strugglin' against it, whatever it is; don't yeas pity me? Don't ye, avick machree, don't ye, Honor! oh don't yeas pity me!'

'God pity you!' said the wife, bursting into tears; 'what will become of you? pray to God, Fardorougha, pray to him. No one alive can change your heart but God. I wint to the priest to-day, to get two masses said to turn your heart from that cursed money. I didn't intind to tell you, but I do, bekase it's your duty to pray now, above all times, an' to back the priest as well as you can.'

'It's the best advice, father, you could get,' said the son, as he helped the trembling old man to his seat.

'An' who bid you thin to go to lavish money that way?' said he, turning snappishly to Honor, and relapsing again into the peevish spirit of avarice; 'Saver o'

Heaven, but you'll kill me, woman, afore you have done wid me. How can I stand it, to have my hard-earned—an' for what? to turn my heart from money! I don't want to be turned from it—I don't wish it! Money!—I have no money—nothin'—nothin'—an' if there's not betther decreed for me, I'll be starved yet—an' is it any wondher? to be robbin' me the way you're doin'!"

His wife clasped her hands, and looked up towards heaven in silence, and Connor, shaking his head despairingly, passed out to join Flanagan at his labour, with whom he had not spoken that day. Briefly, and with a heavy heart, he communicated to him the unsuccessful issue of his father's interference, and asked his opinion as to how he should conduct himself under circumstances so disastrous to his happiness and prospects. Bartle advised him to seek another interview with Una, and for that purpose, offered, as before, to ascertain, in the course of that evening, at what time and place she would see him. This suggestion, in itself so natural, was adopted, and as Connor felt, with peculiar acuteness, the pain of the situation in which he was placed, he manifested little tendency to conversation, and the evening consequently passed heavily and in silence.

Dusk, however, arrived, and Bartle prepared himself to execute the somewhat difficult commission he had so obligingly undertaken. He appeared, however, to have caught a portion of Connor's despondency, for, when about to set out, he said 'that he felt his spirits sunk and melancholy; just,' he added, 'as if some misfortune, Connor, was afore either or both of us; for my part, I'd stake my life that things will go *ashaughran* one way or other, an' that you'll never call Una O'Brien your wife.'

'Bartle,' replied the other, 'I only want you to do my message, an' not to be prophesying ill—bad news comes too soon, without your tellin' us of it aforehand. God knows, Bartle dear, I'm distressed enough as it is, and want my spirits to be kept up rather than put down.'

'No, Connor, but you want somethin' to divart your mind off of this business altogether, for a while; an' upon my saunies it 'ud be a charity for some friend to give you a fresh piece of fun to think of—so keep up your heart, how do you know but I may do that much for you myself? But I want you to lend me the loan of a pair of shoes; divil a tatter of these will be together soon, barrin' I get them mended in time; you can't begrudge that, any how, an' me wearin' them on your own business.'

'Nonsense, man—to be sure I will; stop an' I'll bring them out to you in half a shake.'

He accordingly produced a pair of shoes, nearly new, and told Bartle that if he had no objection to accept of them as a present, he might consider them as his own.

This conversation took place in Fardorough's barn,

where Flanagan always slept, and kept his small deal trunk.

He paused a moment when this good-natured offer was made to him, but as it was dark no particular expression could be discovered on his countenance.

'No!' said he vehemently; 'may I go to perdition if I ought.—Connor—Connor O'Donovan—you'd turn the div—'

'Hut, Bartle, don't be angry—whin I offered them, I didn't mean to give you the slightest offence; it's enough for you to tell me you won't have them without gettin' into a passion.'

'Have what? what are you spakin' about?'

'Why—about the shoes; what else?'

'Yes, faith, sure enough—well, ay, the shoes!—don't think of it, Connor—I'm hasty; too much so, indeed, an' that's my fault. I'm like all good natured people in that respect; however I'll borrow them for a day or two, till I get my own patched up some way. But, death alive, why did you get at this sason o' the year three rows of sparables in the soles o' them?'

'Bekase they last longer, of coorse; and now, Bartle, be off, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till I see you agin.'

Connor's patience, or rather his impatience that night was severely taxed. Hour after hour elapsed, and yet Bartle did not return. At length he went to his father's sleeping room, and informed him of the message he had sent through Flanagan to Una.

'I will sleep in the barn to-night, father,' he added; 'an' never fear, let us talk as we may, but we'll be up early enough in the morning, please God. I couldn't sleep, or go to sleep, till I hear what news he brings back to us; so do you rise and secure the door, an' I'll make my shake down wid Bartle for this night.'

The father, who never refused him any thing unpecuniary, (if we may be allowed the word,) did as the son requested him, and again went to bed, unconscious of the thundercloud which was so soon to burst upon them both.

Bartle, however, at length returned, and Connor had the satisfaction of hearing that his faithful Una would meet him the next night, if possible, at the hour of twelve o'clock, in her father's haggard. Her parents, it appeared, had laid an injunction upon her never to see him again; she was watched too, and unless when the household were asleep, she found it altogether impracticable to effect any appointment whatsoever with her lover. She could not even promise with certainty to meet him on that night, but she desired him to come, and if she failed to be punctual, not to leave the place of appointment for an hour. After that, if she appeared not, then he was to wait no longer. Such was the purport of the message which Flanagan delivered him.

Flanagan was the first up the next morning, for the purpose of keeping an appointment which he had with

Biddy Neil, whom we have already introduced to the reader. On being taxed with meanness by this weak but honest creature, for having sought service with the man who had ruined his family, he promised to acquaint her with the true motive which had induced him to enter into Fardorougha's employment. Their conversation on this point, however, was merely a love scene, in which Bartle satisfied the credulous girl, that to an attachment for herself of some months' standing, might be ascribed his humiliation in becoming a servant to the oppressor and destroyer of his house. He then passed from themselves and their prospects to Connor and Una O'Brien, with whose attachment for each other, as the reader knows, he was first made acquainted by his fellow servant.

'It's terrible, Biddy,' said he, 'to think of the black and revengeful heart that Connor bears to Bodagh Buie and his family, merely becase they refuse to let him marry Una. I'm afeared, Biddy darlin', that there'll be dark work about it on Connor's side; an' if you hear of any thing bad happenin' to the Bodagh, you'll know where it comes from.'

'I don't b'lieve it, Bartle, nor I won't b'lieve it—not, any way, till I hear that it happens. But what is it he intends to do to them?'

'That's more than I know myself,' replied Bartle; 'I axed as much, an' he said till it was done nobody would be the wiser.'

'That's quare,' said the girl, 'for a better heart than Connor has, the Saver o' the world never made.'

'You think so, agra, but wait; do you watch, and you'll find that he won't come in to-night. I know nothin' myself of what he's about, for he's as close as his father's purse, an' as deep as a draw-well, ay, an' as fair-faced as the devil when he wants to tempt a priest; but this I know, that he has black business on his hands, whatever it is. Be the crass, I thrimble to think of it!'

Flanagan then got tender, and after pressing his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, they separated, he to his labour in the fields, and she to her domestic employment, and the unusual task of watching the motions of her master's son.

Flanagan, in the course of the day, suggested to Connor the convenience of sleeping that night *also* in the barn. The time of meeting, he said, was too late, and his father's family, who were early in their hours both night and morning, would be asleep even before they set out. He also added, that lest any of the O'Briens or their retainers should surprise him and Una, he had made up his mind to accompany him, and act as a *vidette* during their interview.

Connor felt this devotion of Bartle to his dearest interests, as every grateful and generous heart would.

'Bartle,' said he, 'when we are married, if it's ever in power to make you aisy in life, may I never prosper

if I don't do it; at all evints, in some way I'll reward you.'

'If you're ever able, Connor, I'll have no objection to be behouldin' to you; that is, if you're *ever able*, as you say.'

'And if there's a just God in heaven, Bartle, who sees my heart, however things may go against me for a time, I say I *will* be able to sarve you, or any other friend that deserves it. But about sleepin' in to-night—of coorse I would'nt be knockin' up my father, and disturbin' my poor mother for no rason; so of coorse, as I said, I'll sleep in the barn; it makes no difference one way or other.'

'Connor,' said Flanagan, with much solemnity, 'if Bodagh Buie's wise, he'll marry you an' his daughter as fast as he can.'

'An' why, Bartle?'

'Why, for rasons you know nothin' about. Of late he's got very much out o' favour, in regard of not comin' in to what *people* wish.'

'Spake plainer, Bartle; I'm in the dark now.'

'There's work goin' on in the country, that you and every one like you ought to be *up* to; but you know nothin', as I said, about it. Now Bodagh Buie, as far as I hear—for I'm in the dark myself nearly as much as you—Bodagh Buie houlds out against them; an' not only that, I'm tould, but gives them hard words, an' sets them at defiance.'

'But what has all this to do with me marrying his daughter?'

'Why, he wants some one badly to stand his friend wid them; an' if you were married to her, you should on his account become one o' thim; begad as it is you ought, for to tell you the truth there's talk—strong talk too, about payin' him a nightly visit that mayn't sarve him.'

'Then, Bartle, *you're* consarned in this business.'

'No, faith, not yet; but I suppose I must, if I wish to be *safe* in the country; an' so must you too, for the same rason.'

'And, if not *up*, how do you know so much about it?'

'From one o' themselves, that wishes the Bodagh well; ay, an' let me tell you, he's a marked man, an' the night was appointed to visit him; still it was put back to thry if he could be managed, but he couldn't; an' all I know about it is that the time to remember him is settled, an' he's *to get it*, an', along wid other things, he'll be ped for turnin' off—however I can't say any more about *that*.'

'How long is it since you knew this?'

'Not long—only since last night, or you'd 'a got it before this. The best way, I think, to put him on his guard 'ud be to send him a scrape of a line wid no name to it.'

'Bartle,' replied Connor, 'I'm as much behoulden to

you for this, as if it had been myself or my father that was marked. God knows you have a good heart, an' if you don't sleep sound, I'm at a loss to know who ought.'

'*Ma choirp an' diouel* but it's hard to tell *who* has a good heart, Connor; I'd never say any one has till I'd see them well tried.'

At length the hour for setting out arrived, and both, armed with good oaken cudgels, proceeded to Bodagh Buie's haggard, whither they arrived a little before the appointed hour. An utter stillness prevailed around the place—not a dog barked—not a breeze blew, nor did a leaf move on its stem, so calm and warm was the night. Neither moon nor stars shone in the firmament, and the darkness seemed kindly to throw its dusky mantle over this sweet and stolen interview of our young lovers. As yet, however, Una had not come, nor could Connor, on surveying the large massy farm-house of the Bodagh, perceive any appearance of light, or hear a single sound, however faint, to break the stillness in which it slept. Bartle, immediately after their arrival in the haggard, separated from his companion, in order, he said, to give notice of interruption, should Una be either watched or followed.

'Besides, you know,' he added, 'sweethearts like nobody to be present but themselves, when they do be spakin' soft to one another. So I'll jist keep dodgin' about, from place to place, wid' my eye an' ear both open, an' if any intherloper comes I'll give yees the hard word.'

Heavily and lazily creep those moments during which an impatient lover awaits the approach of his mistress; and woe betide the wooer of impetuous temperament who is doomed, like our hero, to watch a whole hour and a half in vain. Many a theory did his fancy body forth, and many a conjecture did he form as to the probable causes of her absence. Was it possible that they watched her even in the dead hour of night? Perhaps the grief she felt at her father's refusal to sanction the match, had brought on indisposition; and,—oh, harrowing thought! perhaps they had succeeded in prevailing upon her to renounce him and his hopes for ever. But no; their affection was too pure and steadfast to admit of a supposition so utterly unreasonable. What then could have prevented her from keeping an appointment so essential to their future prospects, and to the operations necessary for them to pursue? Some plan of intercourse—some settled mode of communication must be concerted between them, a fact as well known to herself as to him.

'Well, well,' thought he, 'whatever's the reason of her not coming, I'm sure the fault is not her's; as it is, there's no use in waitin' this night any longer.'

Flanagan, it appeared, was of the same opinion, for in a minute or two he made his appearance, and urged

their return home. It was clear, he said, that no interview *could* take place that night, and the sooner they reached the barn and got to bed the better.'

'Folly me,' he added; 'we can pass through the yard, cross the road before the hall-door, and get over the stile, by the near way through the fields that's behind the orchard.'

Connor, who was by no means so well acquainted with the path as his companion, followed him in the way pointed out, and in a few minutes they found themselves walking at a brisk pace in a direction that led homewards by a shorter cut. Connor's mind was too much depressed for conversation, and both were proceeding in silence, when Flanagan started in alarm, and pointed out the figure of some one walking directly towards them. In less than a minute the person, whoever he might be, had come within speaking distance, and, as he shouted out 'who comes there?' Flanagan bolted across the ditch along which they had been going, and disappeared.

'A friend,' returned Connor, in reply to the question.

The other man advanced, and with a look of deep scrutiny peered into his face. 'A friend,' he exclaimed; 'faith, it's a quare hour for a friend to be out. Who are you, eh? Is this Connor O'Donovan?'

'It is; but you have the advantage of me.'

'If your father was here he would know Phil Curtis, any way.'

'I ought to 'a known the voice myself,' said Connor; 'Phil, how are you? an' what's bringin' *yourself* out at this hour?'

'Why, I want to buy a couple o' milk cows in the fair o' Kilturbit, an' I'm goin' to catch my horse, an' make ready. It's a stiff ride from this, an' by the time I'm there it'll be late enough for business, I'm thinkin'. There was some one wid' you; who was it?'

'Come, come,' said Connor good-humouredly, 'he was out coortin', and doesn't wish to be known; and Phil, as you *had* the luck to meet me, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to breathe that you seen me near Bodagh Buie's to-night; I have various reasons for it.'

'It's no sacret to me as it is,' replied Curtis; 'half the parish knows it; so make your mind asy on that head. Good night, Connor! I wish you success, any how; you'll be a happy man if you get her; although from what I hear has happened, you *have* a bad chance, except herself stands to you.'

The truth was, that Fardorough's visit to the Bodagh, thanks to the high tones of his own shrill voice, had drawn female curiosity, already suspicious of the circumstances, to the key-hole of the parlour-door, where the issue and object of the conference soon became known. In a short time it had gone among the servants, and from them was transmitted in the course

of that and the following day, to the tenants and day-labourers; who contrived to multiply it with such effect, that, as Curtis said, it was indeed no secret to the greater part of the parish.

Flanagan soon rejoined Connor, who, on taxing him with his flight, was informed, with an appearance of much regret, that a debt of old standing due to Curtis had occasioned it.

'And upon my saunies, Connor, I'd rather any time go up to my neck in wather than meet a man that I owe money to, whin I can't pay him. I knew Phil very well, even before he spoke, and that was what made me cut an' run.'

'What!' said Connor, looking towards the east, 'can it be day-light so soon?'

'Begad it surely cannot,' replied his companion. 'Holy mother above, what is this?'

Both involuntarily stood to contemplate the strange phenomenon which presented itself to their observation; and, as it was certainly both novel and startling in its appearance, we shall pause a little to describe it more minutely.

The night, as we have already said, was remarkably dark, and warm to an unusual degree. To the astonishment, however, of our two travellers, a gleam of light, extremely faint, and somewhat resembling that which precedes the rising of a summer sun, broke upon their path, and passed on in undulating sweeps for a considerable space before them. Connor had scarcely time to utter the exclamation just alluded to, and Flanagan to reply to him, when the light around them shot farther into the distance, and deepened from its first pale hue into a rich and gorgeous purple. Its effect, however, was limited within a circle of about a mile, for they could observe that it got faint gradually from the centre to the extreme verge, where it melted into utter darkness.

'They must mean something extraordinary,' said Connor; 'whatever it is, it appears to be behind the hill that divides us from Bodagh Buie's house. Blessed earth! it looks as if the sky was on fire!'

The sky indeed presented a fearful but sublime spectacle. One spot appeared to glow with the red-white heat of a furnace, and to form the centre of a fiery cupola, from which the flame was flung in redder and grosser masses, that darkened away into wild and dusky indistinctness, in a manner that corresponded with the same light, as it danced in red and frightful mirth upon the earth. As they looked, the cause of this awful phenomenon soon became visible. From behind the hill was seen a thick shower of burning particles rushing up into the mid air, and presently the broad point of a huge pyramid of fire, wavering in terrible and capricious power, seemed to disport itself far up in the very depths of the glowing sky. On looking again upon the earth they perceived that this ter-

rible circle was extending itself over a wider circumference of country, marking every prominent object around them with a dark blood-red tinge, and throwing those that were more remote into a visionary but appalling relief.

'*Dhar Christha,*' exclaimed Flanagan, 'I have it; *thim* I spoke about has paid Bodagh Buie the visit they promised him.'

'Come round the hip o' the hill,' said Connor, 'till we see where it really is; but I'll tell you what, Bartle, if you be right, woe betide you; all the water in Europe wouldn't wash you free in my mind, of being connected in this same Ribbon business that's spread through the country. As sure as that sky—that fearful sky's—above us, you must prove to me an' others, how you came to know that this hellish business was to take place. God of heaven! let us run—surely it couldn't be the dwelling-house!'

His speed was so great that Bartle could find neither breath nor leisure to make any reply.

'Thank God,' he exclaimed; oh, thank God it's not the house, and their lives are safe; but, blessed Father, there's the man's whole haggard in flames.'

'Oh, the *netarnal* villains!' was the simple exclamation of Flanagan.

'Bartle,' said his companion, 'you heard what I said this minute?'

Their eyes met as he spoke, and for the first time O'Donovan was struck by the pallid malignity of his features. The servant gazed steadily upon him, his lips slightly but firmly drawn back, and his eye, in which was neither sympathy nor alarm, charged with the spirit of a cool and devilish triumph.

Connor's blazed at the bare idea of his villany, and, in a fit of manly and indignant rage, he seized Flanagan and hurled him headlong to the earth at his feet. 'You have hell in your face, you villain,' he exclaimed; and if I thought that—if I did—I'd drag you down like a dog, an' pitch you head-foremost into the flames!'

Bartle rose, and in a voice wonderfully calm, simply observed, 'God knows, Connor, if I know either your heart or mine, you'll be sorry for this tratement you've given me for no rason. You know yourself that, as soon as I heard anything of the ill-will against the Bodagh, I tould it to you, in ordher—mark that—in ordher that you might let *him* know it the best way you thought proper, an' for *that* you've knocked me down!'

'Why, I believe you may be right, Bartle—there's truth in that—but I can't forgive you the *look* you gave me.'

'That red light was in my face, maybe; I'm sure if that wasn't it, I can't tell—I was myself wondherin' at your own looks, the same way; but then it was that quare light that was in your face.'

'Well, well, maybe I'm wrong—I hope I am. Do you think we could be of any use there?'

'Of use! an' how would we account for bein' there at all, Connor? how would *you* do it, at any rate, wid-out maybe bringin' the girl into blame.'

'You're right agin, Bartle; I'm not half so cool as you are; our best plan is to go home——'

'And go to bed; it is; an' the sooner we're there the better; sowl, Connor, you gev me a murdherin' crash.'

'Think no more of it—think no more of it—I'm not often hasty, so you must overlook it.'

It was, however, with an anxious and distressed heart that Connor O'Donovan reached his father's barn, where, in the same bed with Flanagan, he enjoyed towards morning a brief and broken slumber that brought back to his fancy images of blood and fire, all so confusedly mingled with Una, himself, and their parents, that the voice of his father, calling upon them to rise, came to him as a welcome and manifest relief.

At the time laid in this story, neither burnings nor murders were so familiar nor *patriotic*, as the fancied necessity for working out political purposes has recently made them. Such atrocities, in these bad and unreformed days, were certainly looked upon as criminal, rather than meritorious, however *unpatriotic* it may have been to form so erroneous an estimate of human villany. The consequence of all this was, that the destruction of Bodagh Buie's property created a sensation in the county, of which, familiarized as we are to such crimes, we can entertain but a very faint notion. In three days a reward of five hundred pounds, exclusive of two hundred from government, was offered for such information as might bring the incendiary, or incendiaries, to justice. The Bodagh and his family were stunned as much with amazement at the occurrence of a calamity so incomprehensible to them, as with the loss they had sustained, for that indeed was heavy. The man was extremely popular, and by many acts of kindness had won the attachment and good-will of all who knew him, either personally or by character. How then account for an act so wanton and vindictive? They could not understand it; it was not only a crime, but a crime connected with some mysterious motive, beyond their power to detect.

But of all who became acquainted with the outrage, not one sympathized more sincerely and deeply with O'Brien's family than did Connor O'Donovan; although of course that sympathy was unknown to those for whom it was felt. The fact was, that his own happiness became in some degree involved in their calamity; and, as he came in to breakfast on the fourth morning of its occurrence, he could not help observing as much to his mother. His suspicions of Flanagan, as to possessing some clue to the melancholy business, were by no means removed. On the

contrary, he felt that he ought to have him brought before the bench of magistrates who were conducting the investigation from day to day, and, with this determination, he himself resolved to state fully and candidly to the bench, all the hints which had transpired from Flanagan respecting the denunciations said to be held out against O'Brien, and the causes assigned for them. Breakfast was now ready, and Fardorougha himself entered, uttering petulant charges of neglect and idleness against his servant.

'He deserves *no* breakfast,' said he; 'not a morsel; it's robbing me by his idleness and schaming he is. What is he doin', Connor? or what has become of him? He's not in the field nor about the place.'

Connor paused.

'Why, now that I think of it, I didn't see him to-day,' he replied; 'I thought he was mendin' the slap at the Three-Acres. I'll thry if he's in the barn.'

And he went accordingly to find him. 'I'm afraid, father,' said he, on his return, 'that Bartle's a bad boy, an' a dangerous one; he's not in the barn, an' it appears, from the bed, that he didn't sleep there last night. The thruth is, he's gone; at laste he has brought all his clothes, his box, an' everything with him; an' what's more, I suspect the rason of it; he thinks he has let out too much to me; an' *dhar ma chorp*, it 'ill go hard but I'll make him let out more.'

The servant-maid, Biddy, now entered and informed them that four men, evidently strangers, were approaching the house from the rear, and ere she could add anything further on the subject, two of them walked in, and seizing Connor informed him that he was their prisoner.

'Your prisoner!' exclaimed his mother, getting pale; 'why what could our poor boy do to make him your prisoner? He never did hurt or harm to the child unborn.'

Fardorougha's keen grey eye rested sharply upon them for a moment; it then turned to Honor, afterwards to Connor, and again gleamed bitterly at the intruders—'What is this,' said he, starting up; 'what is this? you don't mane to rob us?'

'I think,' said the son, 'you must be undher a mistake; you surely can have no business with *me*. It's very likely you want some one else.'

'What is your name?' enquired he who appeared to be the principal of them.

'My name is Connor O'Donovan; an' I know no rason why I should deny it.'

'Then you are the very man we come for,' said the querist, 'so you had better prepare to accompany us; in the mean time you must excuse us if we search your room. This is unpleasant, I grant, but we have no discretion, and must perform our duty.'

'What do you want in this room?' said Fardorougha; 'it's robbery you're on for—it's robbery you're on for—in open day-light, too; but you're late; I lodged the last

penny yestherday; that's one comfort; you're late—you're late.'

'What did my boy do,' exclaimed the affrighted mother; 'what did he do that you come to drag him away from us?'

This question she put to the other constable, the first having entered her son's bed-room.

'I am afraid, ma'am, you'll know it too soon,' replied the man; 'it's a heavy charge, if it proves to be true.'

As he spoke, his companion re-entered the apartment, with Connor's Sunday coat in his hand, from the pocket of which he drew a steel and tinder-box.

'I'm sorry for this,' he observed; 'it corroborates what has been sworn against you by your accomplice, and here I fear comes additional proof.'

At the same moment the other two made their appearance, one of them holding in his hand the shoes which Connor had lent to Flanagan, and which he wore on the night of the conflagration.

On seeing this, and comparing the two circumstances together, a fearful light broke on the unfortunate young man, who had already felt conscious of the snare into which he had fallen. With an air of sorrow and manly resignation he thus addressed his parents:—

'Don't be alarmed; I see that there is an attempt made to swear away my life; but, whatever happens, you both know that I am innocent of doin' an injury to any one. If I die, I would rather die innocent than live as guilty as he will that must have my blood to answer for.'

His mother, on hearing this, ran to him, and with her arms about his neck, exclaimed,

'Die! die! Connor darlin'—my brave boy—my only son—why do you talk about death? what is it for? what is it about? Oh, for the love of God, tell us what did our boy do?'

'He is charged by Bartle Flanagan,' replied one of the constables, 'with burning Bodagh Buie's O'Brien's haggard, because he refused him his daughter. He must now come with us to jail.'

'I see the whole plot,' said Connor, 'and a deep one it is; the villain will do his worst; still I can't but have dependence upon justice and my own innocence. I can't but have dependence upon God, who knows my heart.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.
OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Containing an account of what passed between Mr. and Mrs. Bumble and Monks at their nocturnal interview.

It was a dull, close, overcast summer evening, when the clouds, which had been threatening all day, spread

out in a dense and sluggish mass of vapour, already yielded large drops of rain, and seemed to presage a violent thunder-storm, as Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, turning out of the main street of the town, directed their course towards a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it some mile and a half, or thereabouts, and erected on a low unwholesome swamp, bordering upon the river.

They were both wrapped in old and shabby outer garments, which might perhaps serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering them from observation; the husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone, and trudged on a few paces in front, as though—the way being dirty—to give his wife the benefit of treading in his heavy foot-prints. They went on in profound silence; every now and then Mr. Bumble relaxed his pace, and turned his head round, as if to make sure that his helpmate was following, and, discovering that she was close at his heels, mended his rate of walking, and proceeded at a considerable increase of speed towards their place of destination.

This was far from being a place of doubtful character, for it had long been known as the residence of none but low and desperate ruffians, who, under various pretences of living by their labour, subsisted chiefly on plunder and crime. It was a collection of mere hovels, some hastily built with loose bricks, and others of old worm-eaten ship timber, jumbled together without any attempt at order or arrangement, and planted, for the most part, within a few feet of the river's bank. A few leaky boats drawn up on the mud, and made fast to the dwarf wall which skirted it, and here and there an oar or coil of rope, appeared at first to indicate that the inhabitants of these miserable cottages pursued some avocation on the river; but a glance at the shattered and useless condition of the articles thus displayed would have led a passer-by without much difficulty to the conjecture that they were disposed there, rather for the preservation of appearances than with any view to their being actually employed.

In the heart of this cluster of huts, and skirting the river, which its upper stories overhung, stood a large building formerly used as a manufactory of some kind, and which had in its day probably furnished employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding tenements. But it had long since gone to ruin. The rat, the worm, and the action of the damp, had weakened and rotted the piles on which it stood, and a considerable portion of the building had already sunk down into the water beneath, while the remainder, tottering and bending over the dark stream, seemed but to wait a favourable opportunity of following its old companion, and involving itself in the same fate.

It was before this ruinous building that the worthy

couple paused as the first peal of distant thunder reverberated in the air, and the rain commenced pouring violently down.

'The place should be somewhere here,' said Bumble, consulting a scrap of paper he held in his hand.

'Halloa there!' cried a voice from above.

Following the sound, Bumble raised his head, and descried a man looking out of a door, breast-high, on the second story.

'Stand still a minute,' cried the voice; 'I'll be with you directly.' With which the head disappeared, and the door closed.

'Is that the man?' asked Mr. Bumble's good lady.

Mr. Bumble nodded in the affirmative.

'Then, mind what I told you,' said the matron, 'and be careful to say as little as you can, or you'll betray us at once.'

Mr. Bumble, who had eyed the building with very rueful looks, was apparently about to express some doubts relative to the advisability of proceeding any farther with the enterprise just then, when he was prevented by the appearance of Monks, who opened a small door, near which they stood, and beckoned them inwards.

'Come!' he cried impatiently, stamping his foot upon the ground. 'Don't keep me here!'

The woman, who had hesitated at first, walked boldly in without any further invitation, and Mr. Bumble, who was ashamed, or afraid to hang behind, followed, obviously very ill at his ease, and with scarcely any of that remarkable dignity which was usually his chief characteristic.

'What the devil made you stand lingering there in the wet?' said Monks, turning round, and addressing Bumble, after he had bolted the door behind them.

'We—we were only cooling ourselves,' stammered Bumble, looking apprehensively about him.

'Cooling yourselves!' retorted Monks. 'Not all the rain that ever fell, or ever will fall, will put as much of hell's fire out as a man can carry about with him. You won't cool yourself so easily, don't think it!'

With this agreeable speech Monks turned short upon the matron, and bent his fierce gaze upon her, till even she who was not easily cowed, was fain to withdraw her eyes, and turn them towards the ground.

'This is the woman, is it?' demanded Monks.

'Hem! That is the woman,' replied Mr. Bumble, mindful of his wife's caution.

'You think women never can keep secrets, I suppose?' said the matron, interposing, and returning as she spoke the searching look of Monks.

'I know they will always keep *one* till it's found out,' said Monks contemptuously.

'And what may that be?' asked the matron in the same tone.

'The loss of their good name,' replied Monks: 'so, by the same rule, if a woman's a party to a secret that might hang or transport her, I'm not afraid of her telling it to anybody, not I. Do you understand me?'

'No,' rejoined the matron, slightly colouring as she spoke.

'Of course you don't!' said Monks ironically. 'How should you?'

Bestowing something half-way between a sneer and a scowl upon his two companions, and again beckoning them to follow him, the man hastened across the apartment, which was of considerable extent, but low in the roof, and was preparing to ascend a steep staircase, or rather ladder, leading to another floor of warehouses above, when a bright flash of lightning streamed down the aperture, and a peal of thunder followed, which shook the crazy building to its centre.

'Hear it!' he cried, shrinking back. 'Hear it rolling and crashing away as if it echoed through a thousand caverns, where the devils are hiding from it. Fire the sound! I hate it.'

He remained silent for a few moments, and then removing his hands suddenly from his face, showed, to the unspeakable discomposure of Mr. Bumble, that it was much distorted, and nearly blank.

'These fits come over me now and then,' said Monks, observing his alarm, 'and thunder sometimes brings them on. Don't mind me now; it's all over for this once.'

Thus speaking, he led the way up the ladder, and hastily closing the window-shutter of the room into which it led, lowered a lantern which hung at the end of a rope and pulley passed through one of the heavy beams in the ceiling, and which cast a dim light upon an old table and three chairs that were placed beneath it.

'Now,' said Monks, when they had all three seated themselves, 'the sooner we come to our business, the better for all. The woman knows what it is, does she?'

The question was addressed to Bumble; but his wife anticipated the reply, by intimating that she was perfectly acquainted with it.

'He is right in saying that you were with this hag the night she died, and that she told you something—'

'About the mother of the boy you named,' replied the matron interrupting him. 'Yes.'

'The first question is, of what nature was her communication?' said Monks.

'That's the second,' observed the woman with much deliberation. 'The first is, what may the communication be worth?'

'Who the devil can tell that, without knowing of what kind it is?' asked Monks.

'Nobody better than you, I am persuaded,' answered Mrs. Bumble, who did not want for spirit, as her yokefellow could abundantly testify.

'Humph!' said Monks significantly, and with a look of eager enquiry, 'there may be money's worth to get, eh?'

'Perhaps there may,' was the composed reply.

'Something that was taken from her,' said Monks eagerly; 'something that she wore—something that—'

'You had better bid,' interrupted Mrs. Bumble. 'I have heard enough already to assure me that you are the man I ought to talk to.'

Mr. Bumble, who had not yet been admitted by his better half into any greater share of the secret than he had originally possessed, listened to this dialogue with outstretched neck and distended eyes, which he directed towards his wife and Monks by turns in undisguised astonishment; increased, if possible, when the latter sternly demanded what sum was required for the disclosure.

'What's it worth to you?' asked the woman, as collectedly as before.

'It may be nothing; it may be twenty pounds,' replied Monks; 'speak out, and let me know which.'

'Add five pounds to the sum you have named; give me five-and-twenty pounds in gold,' said the woman, and I'll tell you all I know—not before.'

'Five-and-twenty pounds!' exclaimed Monks drawing back.

'I spoke as plainly as I could,' replied Mrs. Bumble, 'and it's not a large sum either.'

'Not a large sum for a paltry secret, that may be nothing when it's told!' cried Monks impatiently, 'and which has been lying dead for twelve years past, or more!'

'Such matters keep well, and, like good wine, often double their value in course of time,' answered the matron, still preserving the resolute indifference she had assumed. 'As to lying dead, there are those who will lie dead for twelve thousand years to come, or twelve million, for anything you or I know, who will tell strange tales at last.'

'What if I pay it for nothing?' asked Monks, hesitating.

'You can easily take it away again,' replied the matron. 'I am but a woman, alone here, and unprotected.'

'Not alone, my dear, nor unprotected neither,' submitted Mr. Bumble, in a voice tremulous with fear, 'I am here, my dear. And besides,' said Mr. Bumble, his teeth chattering as he spoke, 'Mr. Monks is too much of a gentleman to attempt any violence on porochial persons. Mr. Monks is aware that I am not a young man, my dear, and also that I am a little run to seed, as I may say; but he has heard—I say I have no doubt Mr. Monks has heard, my dear—that I am a very determined officer, with very uncommon strength, if I'm once roused. I only want a little rousing, that's all.'

As Mr. Bumble spoke, he made a melancholy feint of grasping his lantern with fierce determination, and plainly showed, by the alarmed expression of every feature, that he did want a little rousing, and not a little, prior to making any very warlike demonstration, unless, indeed, against paupers, or other person or persons trained down for the purpose.

'You are a fool,' said Mrs. Bumble in reply, 'and had better hold your tongue.'

'He had better have cut it out before he came, if he can't speak in a lower tone,' said Monks grimly. 'So he's your husband, eh?'

'He my husband!' tittered the matron, parrying the question.

'I thought as much when you came in,' rejoined Monks, marking the angry glance which the lady darted at her spouse as she spoke. 'So much the better; I have less hesitation in dealing with two people, when I find that there's only one will between them. I'm in earnest—see here.'

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket, and producing a canvass bag, told out twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.

'Now,' he said, 'gather them up; and when this cursed peal of thunder, that I feel is coming up to break over the house-top, is gone, let's hear your story.'

The roar of thunder, which seemed in fact much nearer, and to shiver and break almost over their heads, having subsided, Monks, raising his face from the table, bent forward to listen to what the woman should say. The faces of the three nearly touched as the two men leant over the small table in their eagerness to hear, and the woman also leant forward to render her whisper audible. The sickly rays of the suspended lantern falling directly upon them, aggravated the paleness and anxiety of their countenances, which, encircled by the deepest gloom and darkness, looked ghastly in the extreme.

'When this woman, that we called old Sally, died,' the matron began, 'she and I were alone.'

'Was there no one by?' asked Monks in the same hollow whisper, 'no sick wretch or idiot in some other bed?—no one who could hear, and might by possibility understand?'

'Not a soul,' replied the woman; 'we were alone: I stood alone beside the body when death came over it.'

'Good,' said Monks, regarding her attentively: 'go on.'

'She spoke of a young creature,' resumed the matron, 'who had brought a child into the world some years before: not merely in the same room, but in the same bed in which she then lay dying.'

'Ay!' said Monks with quivering lip, and glancing over his shoulder. 'Blood! How things come about at last.'

'The child was the one you named to him last night,' said the matron, nodding carelessly towards her husband; 'the mother this nurse had robbed.'

'In life?' asked Monks.

'In death,' replied the woman with something like a shudder. 'She stole from the corpse, when it had hardly turned to one, that which the dead mother had prayed her with her last breath to keep for the infant's sake.'

'She sold it?' cried Monks with desperate eagerness; 'did she sell it!—where?—when?—to whom?—how long before?'

'As she told me with great difficulty that she had done this,' said the matron, 'she fell back and died.'

'Without saying more?' cried Monks in a voice which, from its very suppression, seemed only the more furious. 'It's a lie! I'll not be played with. She said more—I'll tear the life out of you both, but I'll know what it was.'

'She didn't utter another word,' said the woman, to all appearance unmoved (as Mr. Bumble was very far from being) by the strange man's violence; 'but she clutched my gown violently with one hand, which was partly closed, and when I saw that she was dead, and so removed the hand by force, I found it clasped a scrap of dirty paper.'

'Which contained—' interposed Monks, stretching forward.

'Nothing,' replied the woman; 'it was a pawnbroker's duplicate.'

'For what?' demanded Monks.

'In good time I'll tell you,' said the woman. 'I judge that she had kept the trinket for some time, in the hope of turning it to better account, and then pawned it, and saved or scraped together money to pay the pawnbroker's interest year by year, and prevent its running out, so that if anything came of it, it could still be redeemed. Nothing had come of it; and, as I tell you, she died with the scrap of paper, all worn and tattered, in her hand. The time was out in two days; I thought something might one day come of it too, and so redeemed the pledge.'

'Where is it now?' asked Monks quickly.

'*There,*' replied the woman. And, as if glad to be relieved of it, she hastily threw upon the table a small kid bag scarcely large enough for a French watch, which Monks pouncing upon, tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold locket, in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding ring.

'It has the word "*Agnes*" engraved on the inside,' said the woman. 'There is a blank left for the surname, and then follows the date, which is within a year before the child was born; I found out that.'

'And this is all?' said Monks, after a close and eager scrutiny of the contents of the little packet.

'All,' replied the woman.

Mr. Bumble drew a long breath, as if he were glad to find that the story was over, and no mention made of taking the five-and-twenty pounds back again; and now took courage to wipe off the perspiration, which had been trickling over his nose unchecked during the whole of the previous conversation.

'I know nothing of the story beyond what I can guess at,' said his wife, addressing Monks after a short silence, 'and I want to know nothing, for it's safer not. But I may ask you two questions, may I?'

'You may ask,' said Monks, with some show of surprise, 'but whether I answer or not is another question.'

'—Which makes three,' observed Mr. Bumble, essaying a stroke of facetiousness.

'Is that what you expected to get from me?' demanded the matron.

'It is,' replied Monks. 'The other question?—'

'What you propose to do with it. Can it be used against me?'

'Never,' rejoined Monks; 'nor against me either. See here; but don't move a step forward, or your life's not worth a bulrush!'

With these words he suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large trap-door which opened close at Mr. Bumble's feet, and caused that gentleman to retire several paces backward with great precipitation.

'Look down,' said Monks, lowering the lantern into the gulf. 'Don't fear me. I could have let you down quietly enough when you were seated over it, if that had been my game.'

Thus encouraged, the matron drew near to the brink, and even Mr. Bumble himself, impelled by curiosity, ventured to do the same. The turbid water, swollen by the heavy rain, was rushing rapidly on below, and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing and eddying against the green and slimy piles. There had once been a water-mill beneath, and the tide foaming and chafing round the few rotten stakes, and fragments of machinery, that yet remained, seemed to dart onward with a new impulse when freed from the obstacles which had unavailingly attempted to stem its headlong course.

'If you flung a man's body down there, where would it be to-morrow morning?' said Monks, swinging the lantern to and fro in the dark well.

'Twelve miles down the river, and cut to pieces besides,' replied Bumble, recoiling at the very notion.

Monks drew the little packet from his breast, into which he had hurriedly thrust it, and tying it firmly to a leaden weight which had formed a part of some pulley, and was lying on the floor, dropped it into the stream. It fell straight, and true as a die, clove the water with a scarcely audible splash, and was gone.

The three looked into each other's faces, and seemed to breathe more freely.

'There!' said Monks, closing the trap-door, which fell heavily back into its former position. 'If the sea ever gives up its dead—as books say it will—it will keep its gold and silver to itself, and that trash among it. We have nothing more to say, and may break up our pleasant party.'

'By all means,' observed Mr. Bumble with great alacrity.

'You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, will you?' said Monks, with a threatening look. 'I am not afraid of your wife.'

'You may depend upon me, young man,' answered Mr. Bumble, bowing himself gradually towards the ladder with excessive politeness. 'On everybody's account, young man; on my own, you know, Mr. Monks.'

'I am glad for your sake to hear it,' remarked Monks. 'Light your lantern, and get away from here as fast as you can.'

It was fortunate that the conversation terminated at this point, or Mr. Bumble, who had bowed himself to within six inches of the ladder, would infallibly have pitched headlong into the room below. He lighted his lantern from that which Monks had detached from the rope, and now carried in his hand, and, making no effort to prolong the discourse, descended in silence, followed by his wife. Monks brought up the rear, after pausing on the steps to satisfy himself that there were no other sounds to be heard than the beating of the rain without, and the rushing of the water.

They traversed the lower room slowly, and with caution, for Monks started at every shadow, and Mr. Bumble, holding his lantern a foot above the ground, walked not only with remarkable care, but with a marvellously light step for a gentleman of his figure: looking nervously about him for hidden trap-doors. The gate at which they had entered was softly unfastened and opened by Monks, and merely exchanging a nod with their mysterious acquaintance, the married couple emerged into the wet and darkness outside.

They were no sooner gone, than Monks, who appeared to entertain an evincible repugnance to being left alone, called to a boy who had been hidden somewhere below, and bidding him go first, and bear the light, returned to the chamber he had just quitted.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Introduces some respectable characters with whom the reader is already acquainted, and shows how Monks and the Jew laid their worthy heads together.

It was about two hours earlier on the evening following that upon which the three worthies mentioned in the last chapter disposed of their little matter of business as therein narrated, when Mr. William Sikes,

awakening from a nap, drowsily growled forth an inquiry what time of night it was.

The room in which Mr. Sikes propounded this question was not one of those he had tenanted previous to the Chertsey expedition, although it was in the same quarter of the town, and was situated at no great distance from his former lodgings. It was not in appearance so desirable a habitation as his old quarters, being a mean and badly-furnished apartment of very limited size, lighted only by one small window in the shelving roof, and abutting upon a close and dirty lane. Nor were there wanting other indications of the good gentleman's having gone down in the world of late; for a great scarcity of furniture, and total absence of comfort, together with the disappearance of all such small moveables as spare clothes and linen, bespoke a state of extreme poverty, while the meagre and attenuated condition of Mr. Sikes himself would have fully confirmed these symptoms if they had stood in need of corroboration.

The housebreaker was lying on the bed wrapped in his white great coat, by way of dressing-gown, and displaying a set of features in no degree improved by the cadaverous hue of illness, and the addition of a soiled nightcap, and a stiff, black beard of a week's growth. The dog sat at the bedside, now eyeing his master with a wistful look, and now pricking his ears, and uttering a low growl as some noise in the street, or in the lower part of the house, attracted his attention. Seated by the window, busily engaged in patching an old waistcoat which formed a portion of the robber's ordinary dress, was a female, so pale and reduced with watching and privation that there would have been considerable difficulty in recognising her as the same Nancy who has already figured in this tale, but for the voice in which she replied to Mr. Sikes's question.

'Not long gone seven,' said the girl. 'How do you feel to-night, Bill?'

'As weak as water,' replied Mr. Sikes, with an imprecation on his eyes and limbs. 'Here; lend us a hand, and let me get off this thundering bed, anyhow.'

Illness had not improved Mr. Sikes's temper, for, as the girl raised him up, and led him to a chair, he muttered various curses upon her awkwardness, and struck her.

'Whining, are you?' said Sikes. 'Come; don't stand snivelling there. If you can't do anything better than that, cut off altogether. D'ye hear me?'

'I hear you,' replied the girl, turning her face aside, and forcing a laugh. 'What fancy have you got in your head now?'

'Oh! you've thought better of it, have you?' growled Sikes, marking the tear which trembled in her eye. 'All the better for you, you have.'

'Why, you don't mean to say you'd be hard upon me to-night, Bill?' said the girl, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

'No!' cried Mr. Sikes. 'Why not?'

'Such a number of nights,' said the girl, with a touch of woman's tenderness, which communicated something like sweetness of tone even to her voice,—'such a number of nights as I've been patient with you, nursing and caring for you as if you had been a child, and this the first that I've seen you like yourself; you wouldn't have served me as you did just now, if you'd thought of that, would you? Come, come; say you wouldn't.'

'Well, then,' rejoined Mr. Sikes, 'I wouldn't. Why, damme, now, the girl's whining again!'

'It's nothing,' said the girl, throwing herself into a chair. 'Don't you seem to mind me, and it'll soon be over.'

'What'll be over?' demanded Mr. Sikes in a savage voice. 'What foolery are you up to now again? Get up, and bustle about, and don't come over me with your woman's nonsense.'

At any other time this remonstrance, and the tone in which it was delivered, would have had the desired effect; but the girl being really weak and exhausted, dropped her head over the back of the chair, and fainted, before Mr. Sikes could get out a few of the appropriate oaths with which on similar occasions he was accustomed to garnish his threats. Not knowing very well what to do in this uncommon emergency, for Miss Nancy's hysterics were usually of that violent kind which the patient fights and struggles out of without much assistance, Mr. Sikes tried a little blasphemy, and, finding that mode of treatment wholly ineffectual, called for assistance.

'What's the matter here, my dear?' said the Jew, looking in.

'Lead a hand to the girl, can't you?' replied Sikes impatiently, 'and don't stand chattering and grinning at me!'

With an exclamation of surprise Fagin hastened to the girl's assistance, while Mr. John Dawkins, (otherwise the Artful Dodger,) who had followed his venerable friend into the room, hastily deposited on the floor a bundle with which he was laden, and, snatching a bottle from the grasp of Master Charles Bates who came close at his heels, uncorked it in a twinkling with his teeth, and poured a portion of its contents down the patient's throat; previously taking a taste himself to prevent mistakes.

'Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley,' said Mr. Dawkins; 'and you slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticoats.'

These united restoratives, administered with great energy, especially that department consigned to Master Bates, who appeared to consider his share in the

proceeding a piece of unexampled pleasantry, were not long in producing the desired effect. The girl gradually recovered her senses, and, staggering to a chair by the bedside, hid her face upon the pillow, leaving Mr. Sikes to confront the new-comers, in some astonishment at their unlooked-for appearance.

'Why, what evil wind has blowed you here?' he asked of Fagin.

'No evil wind at all my dear,' replied the Jew; 'for ill winds blow nobody any good, and I've brought something good with me that you'll be glad to see. Dodger, my dear, open the bundle, and give Bill the little trifles that we spent all our money on this morning.'

In compliance with Mr. Fagin's request, the Artful untied his bundle, which was of large size, and formed of an old table-cloth, and handed the articles it contained, one by one, to Charley Bates, who placed them on the table, with various encomiums on their rarity and excellence.

'Sitch a rabbit pie, Bill!' exclaimed that young gentleman, disclosing to view a huge pasty; 'sitch delicate creeturs, with sitch tender limbs, Bill, that the very bones melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em; half a pound of seven and sixpenny green, so precious strong that if you mix it with boiling water, it'll go nigh to blow the lid of the teapot off; a pound and a half of moist sugar that the niggers didn't work at all at afore they got it to sitch a pitch of goodness,—oh no! two half-quartern brans; pound of best fresh; piece of double Glo'ster, and, to wind up all, some of the rightest sort you ever lushed.' Uttering this last panegyric, Master Bates produced from one of his extensive pockets a full-sized wine-bottle, carefully corked, while Mr. Dawkins at the same instant poured out a wine-glassful of raw spirits from the bottle he carried, which the invalid tossed down his throat without a moment's hesitation.

'Ah!' said the Jew, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. 'You'll do, Bill; you'll do now.'

'Do!' exclaimed Mr. Sikes; 'I might have been done for twenty times over, afore you'd have done anything to help me. What do you mean by leaving a man in this state three weeks and more, you false-hearted wagabond?'

'Only hear him, boys!' said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders; 'and us come to bring him all these beautiful things.'

'The things is well enough in their way,' observed Mr. Sikes, a little soothed as he glanced over the table; 'but what have you got to say for yourself why you should leave me here, down in the mouth, health, blunt, and everything else, and take no more notice of me all this mortal time than if I was that ere dog.—Drive him down, Charley.'

'I never see such a jolly dog as that,' cried Master

Bates, doing as he was desired. 'Smelling the grub like a old lady a-going to market! He'd make his fortun' on the stage that dog would, and revive the drama besides.'

'Hold your din,' cried Sikes, as the dog retreated under the bed, still growling angrily. 'And what have you got to say for yourself, you withered old fence, eh?'

'I was away from London a week and more, my dear, on a plant,' replied the Jew.

'And what about the other fortnight?' demanded Sikes. 'What about the other fortnight that you've left me lying here, like a sick rat in his hole?'

'I couldn't help it, Bill,' replied the Jew. 'I can't go into a long explanation before company; but I couldn't help it, upon my honour.'

'Upon your what?' growled Sikes with excessive disgust. 'Here, cut me off a piece of the pie, one of you boys, to take the taste of that out of my mouth, or it'll choke me dead.'

'Don't be out of temper, my dear,' urged the Jew submissively. 'I have never forgot you, Bill; never once.'

'No, I'll pound it, that you han't,' replied Sikes with a bitter grin. 'You've been scheming and plotting away every hour that I've laid shivering and burning here; and Bill was to do this, and Bill was to do that, and Bill was to do it all dirt cheap, as soon as he got well, and was quite poor enough for your work. If it hadn't been for the girl, I might have died.'

'There now,' Bill, remonstrated the Jew, eagerly catching at the word. 'If it hadn't been for the girl! Who was the means of your having such a handy girl about you but me?'

'He says true enough there, God knows!' said Nancy, coming hastily forward. 'Let him be, let him be.'

Nancy's appearance gave a new turn to the conversation, for the boys, receiving a sly wink from the wary old Jew, began to ply her with liquor, of which, however, she partook very sparingly; while Fagin, assuming an unusual flow of spirits, gradually brought Mr. Sikes into a better temper, by affecting to regard his threats as a little pleasant banter, and, moreover, laughing very heartily at one or two rough jokes, which, after repeated applications to the spirit-bottle, he condescended to make.

'It's all very well,' said Mr. Sikes; 'but I must have some blunt from you to-night.'

'I haven't a piece of coin about me,' replied the Jew.

'Then you've got lots at home,' retorted Sikes, 'and I must have some from there.'

'Lots!' cried the Jew holding up his hands. 'I have'nt so much as would —'

'I don't know how much you've got, and I dare say

you hardly know yourself, as it would take a pretty long time to count it,' said Sikes; 'but I must have some to-night, and that's flat.'

'Well, well,' said the Jew with a sigh, 'I'll send the Artful round presently.'

'You won't do nothing of the kind,' rejoined Mr. Sikes. 'The Artful's a deal too artful, and would forget to come, or lose his way, or get dodged by traps and so be perwented, or anything for an excuse, if you put him up to it. Nancy shall go to the ken and fetch it, to make all sure, and I'll lie down and have a snooze while she's gone.'

After a great deal of haggling and squabbling, the Jew beat down the amount of the required advance from five pounds to three pounds four and sixpence, protesting with many solemn asseverations that that would only leave him eighteenpence to keep house with; Mr. Sikes, sullenly remarking that if he could'nt get any more he must be content with that, Nancy prepared to accompany him home, while the Dodger and Master Bates put the eatables in the cupboard. The Jew then, taking leave of his affectionate friend, returned homewards, attended by Nancy and the boys, Mr. Sikes meanwhile flinging himself on the bed, and composing himself to sleep away the time until the young lady's return.

In due time they arrived at the Jew's abode, where they found Toby Crackit and Mr. Chitling intent upon their fifteenth game at cribbage, which it is scarcely necessary to say the latter gentleman lost, and with it his fifteenth and last sixpence, much to the amusement of his young friends. Mr. Crackit, apparently somewhat ashamed at being found relaxing himself with a gentleman so much his inferior in station and mental endowments, yawned heavily, and, inquiring after Sikes, took up his hat to go.

'Has nobody been, Toby?' asked the Jew.

'Not a living leg,' answered Mr. Crackit, pulling up his collar: 'it's been as dull as swipes. You ought to stand something handsome, Fagin, to recompense me for keeping house so long. Damme, I'm as flat as a juryman, and should have gone to sleep as fast as Newgate, if I hadn't had the good natur' to amuse this youngster. Horrid dull, I'm blessed if I an't.'

With these and other ejaculations of the same kind, Mr. Toby Crackit swept up his winnings, and crammed them into his waistcoat pocket with a haughty air, as though such small pieces of silver were wholly beneath the consideration of a man of his figure, and swaggered out of the room with so much elegance and gentility, that Mr. Chitling, bestowing numerous admiring glances on his legs and boots till they were out of sight, assured the company that he considered his acquaintance cheap at fifteen sixpences an interview, and that he didn't value his losses the snap of a little finger.

'Wot a rum chap you are, Tom,' said Master Bates, highly amused by this declaration.

'Not a bit of it,' replied Mr. Chitling: 'am I, Fagin!'

'A very clever fellow, my dear,' said the Jew, patting him on the shoulder, and winking to his other pupils.

'And Mr. Crackit is a heavy swell, an't he, Fagin?' asked Tom.

'No doubt at all of that my dear,' replied the Jew.

'And it is a creditable thing to have his acquaintance, an't it, Fagin?' pursued Tom.

'Very much so indeed, my dear,' replied the Jew. 'They're only jealous, Tom, because he won't give it to them.'

'Ah!' cried Tom triumphantly, 'that's where it is. He has cleaned me out; but I can go and earn some more when I like,—can't I, Fagin?'

'To be sure you can,' replied the Jew; 'and the sooner you go, the better, Tom; so make up your loss at once, and don't lose any more time. Dodger, Charley, it's time you were on the lay:—come, it's near ten, and nothing done yet.'

In obedience to this hint, the boys nodding to Nancy, took up their hats and left the room; the Dodger and his vivacious friend indulging as they went in many witticisms at the expense of Mr. Chitling, in whose conduct, it is but justice to say, there was nothing very conspicuous or peculiar, inasmuch as there are a great number of spirited young bloods upon town who pay a much higher price than Mr. Chitling for being seen in good society, and a great number of fine gentlemen (composing the good society aforesaid) who establish their reputation upon very much the same footing as flash Toby Crackit.

'Now,' said the Jew, when they had left the room, 'I'll go and get you that cash, Nancy. This is only the key of a little cupboard where I keep a few odd things the boys get, my dear. I never lock up my money, for I've got none to lock up, my dear—ha! ha! ha!—none to lock. It's a poor trade, Nancy, and no thanks; but I'm fond of seeing the young people about me, and I bear it all; I bear it all. Hush!' he said, hastily concealing the key in his breast; 'who's that? Listen!'

The girl, who was sitting at the table with her arms folded, appeared in no way interested in the arrival, or to care whether the person, whoever he was, came or went, until the murmur of a man's voice reached her ears. The instant she caught the sound she tore off her bonnet and shawl with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table. The Jew turning round immediately afterwards, she muttered a complaint of the heat in a tone of languor that contrasted very remarkably with the extreme haste and

violence of this action, which, however, had been unobserved by Fagin, who had his back towards her at the time.

'Bah!' whispered the Jew, as though nettled by the interruption; 'it's the man I expected before; he's coming down stairs. Not a word about the money while he's here, Nance. He won't stop long—not ten minutes, my dear.'

Laying his skinny fore-finger upon his lip, the Jew carried a candle to the door as a man's step was heard upon the stairs without, and reached it at the same moment as the visitor, who, coming hastily into the room, was close upon the girl before he observed her.

It was Monks.

'Only one of my young people,' said the Jew, observing that Monks drew back on beholding a stranger. 'Don't move, Nancy.'

The girl drew closer to the table, and glancing at Monks with an air of careless levity, withdrew her eyes; but as he turned his towards the Jew, she stole another look, so keen and searching, and full of purpose, that if there had been any bystander to observe the change he could hardly have believed the two looks to have proceeded from the same person.

'Any news?' inquired the Jew.

'Great.'

'And—and—good?' asked the Jew hesitatingly, as though he feared to vex the other man by being too sanguine.

'Not bad any way,' replied Monks with a smile. 'I have been prompt enough this time. Let me have a word with you.'

The girl drew closer to the table, and made no offer to leave the room, although she could see that Monks was pointing to her. The Jew—perhaps fearing that she might say something aloud about the money, if he endeavoured to get rid of her—pointed upwards, and took Monks out of the room.

'Not that infernal hole we were in before,' she could hear the man say as they went up-stairs. The Jew laughed, and making some reply which did not reach her, seemed by the creaking of the boards to lead his companion to the second story.

Before the sound of their footsteps had ceased to echo through the house, the girl had slipped off her shoes, and drawing her gown loosely over her head, and muffling her arms in it, stood at the door listening with breathless interest. The moment the noise ceased she glided from the room, ascended the stairs with incredible softness and silence, and was lost in the gloom above.

The room remained deserted for a quarter of an hour or more; the girl glided back with the same unearthly tread, and immediately afterwards the two men were heard descending. Monks went at once into the street,

and the Jew crawled up stairs again for the money. When he returned, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to be gone.

'Why, Nance,' exclaimed the Jew, starting back as he put down the candle, 'how pale you are!'

'Pale!' echoed the girl, shading her eyes with her hand as if to look steadily at him.

'Quite horrible,' said the Jew. 'What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Nothing that I know of, except sitting in this close place for I don't know how long and all,' replied the girl carelessly. 'Come, let me get back; that's a dear.'

With a sigh for every piece of money, Fagin told the amount into her hand, and they parted without more conversation than interchanging a 'good-night.'

When the girl got into the open street she sat down upon a door-step, and seemed for a few moments wholly bewildered and unable to pursue her way. Suddenly she arose, and hurrying on in a direction quite opposite to that in which Sikes was awaiting her return, quickened her pace, until it gradually resolved into a violent run. After completely exhausting herself, she stopped to take breath, and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, and deploring her inability to do something she was bent upon, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

It might be that her tears relieved her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back, and hurrying with nearly as great rapidity in the contrary direction, partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violent current of her own thoughts, soon reached the dwelling where she had left the housebreaker.

If she betrayed any agitation by the time she presented herself to Mr. Sikes, he did not observe it; for merely inquiring if she had brought the money, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he laid his head upon his pillow, and resumed the slumbers which her arrival had interrupted.

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XV.

Acquaints the reader with the cause and origin of the interruption described in the last chapter, and with some other matters necessary to be known.

Newman Noggs scrambled in violent haste up stairs with the steaming beverage, which he had so uncere- moniously snatched from the table of Mr. Kenwigs, and indeed from the very grasp of the water-rate col-

lector, who was eyeing the contents of the tumbler at the moment of its unexpected abstraction, with lively marks of pleasure visible in his countenance, and bore his prize straight to his own back garret, where, foot- sore and nearly shoeless, wet, dirty, jaded, and dis- figured with every mark of fatiguing travel, sat Nicho- las, and Smike, at once the cause and partner of his toil: both perfectly worn out by their unwonted and protracted exertion.

Newman's first act was to compel Nicholas, with gentle force, to swallow half of the punch at a breath, nearly boiling as it was, and his next to pour the re- mainder down the throat of Smike, who, never having tasted anything stronger than aperient medicine in his whole life, exhibited various odd manifestations of surprise and delight, during the passage of the liquor down his throat, and turned up his eyes most emphati- cally when it was all gone.

'You are wet through,' said Newman, passing his hand hastily over the coat which Nicholas had thrown off; 'and I—I—haven't even a change,' he added, with a wistful glance at the shabby clothes he wore him- self.

'I have dry clothes, or at least such as will serve my turn well, in my bundle,' replied Nicholas. 'If you look so distressed to see me, you will add to the pain I feel already, at being compelled for one night to cast myself upon your slender means for aid and shelter.'

Newman did not look the less distressed to hear Nicholas talking in this strain; but upon his young friend grasping him heartily by the hand, and assuring him that nothing but implicit confidence in the sincerity of his professions, and kindness of feeling towards himself, would have induced him, on any considera- tion, even to have made him acquainted with his arri- val in London, Mr. Noggs brightened up again, and went about making such arrangements as were in his power for the comfort of his visitors, with extreme alacrity.

These were simple enough, poor Newman's means halting at a very considerable distance short of his in- clinations; but, slight as they were, they were not made without much bustling and running about. As Nicholas had husbanded his scanty stock of money so well that it was not yet quite expended, a supper of bread and cheese, with some cold beef from the cook's shop, was soon placed upon the table; and these viands being flanked by a bottle of spirits and a pot of porter, there was no ground for apprehension on the score of hunger and thirst, at all events. Such preparations as Newman had it in his power to make, for the accom- modation of his guests during the night, occupied no very great time in completing; and as he had insisted, as an express preliminary, that Nicholas should change his clothes, and that Smike should invest himself in

his solitary coat (which no entreaties would dissuade him from stripping off for the purpose), the travellers partook of their frugal fare, with more satisfaction than one of them at least had derived from many a better meal.

They then drew near the fire, which Newman Noggs had made up as well as he could, after the inroads of Crawl upon the fuel; and Nicholas, who had hitherto been restrained by the extreme anxiety of his friend that he should refresh himself after his journey, now pressed him with earnest questions concerning his mother and sister.

'Well,' replied Newman, with his accustomed taciturnity; 'both well.'

'They are living in the city still?' inquired Nicholas.

'They are,' said Newman.

'And my sister'—added Nicholas. 'Is she still engaged in the business which she wrote to tell me she thought she should like so much?'

Newman opened his eyes rather wider than usual, but merely replied by a gasp, which, according to the action of the head that accompanied it, was interpreted by his friends as meaning yes or no. In the present instance, the pantomime consisted of a nod, and not a shake, so Nicholas took the answer as a favourable one.

'Now listen to me,' said Nicholas, laying his hand on Newman's shoulder. 'Before I would make an effort to see them, I deemed it expedient to come to you, lest, by gratifying my own selfish desire, I should inflict an injury upon them which I can never repair. What has my uncle heard from Yorkshire?'

Newman opened and shut his mouth several times, as though he were trying his utmost to speak, but could make nothing of it, and finally fixed his eyes on Nicholas with a grim and ghastly stare.

'What has he heard?' urged Nicholas, colouring. 'You see that I am prepared to hear the very worst that malice can have suggested. Why should you conceal it from me? I must know it sooner or later; and what purpose can be gained by trifling with the matter for a few minutes, when half the time would put me in possession of all that has occurred? Tell me at once, pray.'

'To-morrow morning,' said Newman; 'hear it to-morrow.'

'What purpose would that answer?' urged Nicholas.

'You would sleep the better,' replied Newman.

'I should sleep the worse,' answered Nicholas, impatiently. 'Sleep! Exhausted as I am, and standing in no common need of rest, I cannot hope to close my eyes all night, unless you tell me everything.'

'And if I should tell you everything,' said Newman, hesitating.

'Why, then you may rouse my indignation or wound my pride,' rejoined Nicholas; 'but you will not break

my rest; for if the scene were acted over again, I could take no other part than I have taken; and whatever consequences may accrue to myself from it, I shall never regret doing as I have—never, if I starve or beg in consequence. What is a little poverty or suffering, to the disgrace of the basest and most inhuman cowardice! I tell you, if I had stood by, tamely and passively, I should have hated myself, and merited the contempt of every man in existence. The black-hearted scoundrel!'

With this gentle allusion to the absent Mr. Squeers, Nicholas repressed his rising wrath, and relating to Newman exactly what had passed at Dotheboys Hall, entreated him to speak out without further pressing. Thus adjured, Mr. Noggs took from an old trunk a sheet of paper, which appeared to have been scrawled over in great haste; and after sundry extraordinary demonstrations of reluctance, delivered himself in the following terms:

'My dear young man, you mustn't give way to—this sort of thing will never do, you know—as to getting on in the world; if you take everybody's part that's ill-treated—Damn it, I am proud to hear of it; and would have done it myself!'

Newman accompanied this very unusual outbreak with a violent blow upon the table, as if, in the heat of the moment, he had mistaken it for the chest or ribs of Mr. Wackford Squeers; and having, by this open declaration of his feelings, quite precluded himself from offering Nicholas any cautious worldly advice (which had been his first intention), Mr. Noggs went straight to the point.

'The day before yesterday,' said Newman, 'your uncle received this letter. I took a hasty copy of it while he was out. Shall I read it?'

'If you please,' replied Nicholas. Newman Noggs accordingly read as follows:—

*'Dotheboys Hall,
'Thursday Morning.'*

'SIR,

'My pa requests me to write to you. The doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuver the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

'We are in a state of mind beyond everything, and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steeped in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. You may judge from this that he has been brought very low.

'When your newew that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewt my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull.

We have a medical certifiket that if it had, the torter-shell would have affected the brain.

'Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we have received some injury in our insides, especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather, and I hope will excuse mistakes.

'The monster having satiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate character that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belonging to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage-coach. My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and that you will let the thief and assassin go, as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long, which will save us trouble, and be much more satisfactory. Hoping to hear from you when convenient

'I remain

'Yours and cetrer

'FANNY SQUEERS.

'P. S. I pity his ignorance and dispise him.'

A profound silence succeeded to the reading of this choice epistle, during which Newman Noggs, as he folded it up, gazed with a kind of grotesque pity at the boy of desperate character therein referred to; who, having no more distinct perception of the matter in hand, than that he had been the unfortunate cause of heaping trouble and falsehood upon Nicholas, sat mute and dispirited, with a most woe-begone and heart-stricken look.

'Mr. Noggs' said Nicholas, after a few moments reflection, 'I must go out at once.'

'Go out!' cried Newman.

'Yes,' said Nicholas, 'to Golden Square. Nobody who knows me would believe this story of the ring; but it may suit the purpose, or gratify the hatred, of Mr. Ralph Nickleby to feign to attach credence to it. It is due—not to him, but to myself—that I should state the truth; and moreover, I have a word or two to exchange with him, which will not keep cool.'

'They must,' said Newman.

'They must not, indeed,' rejoined Nicholas firmly, as he prepared to leave the house.

Hear me speak,' said Newman, planting himself before his impetuous young friend. 'He is not there. He is away from town. He will not be back for three days; and I know that letter will not be answered before he returns.'

'Are you sure of this?' asked Nicholas, chafing violently, and pacing the narrow room with rapid strides.

'Quite,' rejoined Newman. 'He had hardly read it

when he was called away. Its contents are known to nobody but himself and us.'

'Are you certain?' demanded Nicholas, precipitately; 'not even to my mother or sister? If I thought that they—I will go there—I must see them. Which is the way? Where is it?'

'Now be advised by me,' said Newman, speaking for the moment, in his earnestness, like any other man—'make no effort to see even them, till he comes home. I know the man. Do not seem to have been tampering with anybody. When he returns, go straight to him, and speak as boldly as you like. Guessing at the real truth, he knows it as well as you or I. Trust him for that.'

'You mean well to me, and should know him better than I can,' replied Nicholas, after some further thought. 'Well; let it be so.'

Newman, who had stood during the foregoing conversation with his back planted against the door ready to oppose any egress from the apartment by force, if necessary, resumed his seat with much satisfaction; and as the water in the kettle was by this time boiling, made a glass-full of spirits and water for Nicholas, and a cracked mug-full for the joint accommodation of himself and Smike, of which the two partook in great harmony, while Nicholas, leaning his head upon his hand, remained buried in melancholy meditation.

Meanwhile the company below stairs, after listening attentively and not hearing any noise which would justify them in interfering for the gratification of their curiosity, returned to the chamber of the Kenwigses, and employed themselves in hazarding a great variety of conjectures relative to the cause of Mr. Noggs's sudden disappearance and detention.

'Lor, I'll tell you what,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Suppose it should be an express sent up to say that his property has all come back again!'

'Dear me,' said Mr. Kenwigs; 'it's not impossible. Perhaps, in that case, we'd better send up and ask if he won't take a little more punch.'

'Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillyvick, in a loud voice, 'I'm surprised at you.'

'What's the matter, Sir?' asked Mr. Kenwigs, with becoming submission to the collector of water rates.

'Making such a remark as that, Sir,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, angrily. 'He has had punch already, has he not, Sir? I consider the way in which that punch was cut off, if I may use the expression, highly disrespectful to this company; scandalous, perfectly scandalous. It may be the custom to allow such things in this house, but it's not the kind of behaviour that I've been used to see displayed, and so I don't mind telling you, Kenwigs. A gentleman has a glass of punch before him to which he is just about to set his lips, when another gentleman comes and collars that glass of punch, without a 'with your leave,' or 'by

your leave,' and carries that glass of punch away. This may be good manners—I dare say it is—but I don't understand it, that's all; and what's more, I don't care if I never do. It's my way to speak my mind, Kenwigs, and that is my mind; and if you don't like it, it's past my regular time for going to bed, and I can find my way home without making it later.'

Here was an untoward event. The collector had sat swelling and fuming in offended dignity for some minutes, and had now fairly burst out. The great man—the rich relation—the unmarried uncle—who had it in his power to make Morleena an heiress, and the very baby a legatee—was offended. Gracious Powers, where was this to end!

'I am very sorry, Sir,' said Mr. Kenwigs, humbly. 'Don't tell me you're sorry,' retorted Mr. Lillyvick, with much sharpness. 'You should have prevented it, then.'

The company were quite paralysed by this domestic crash. The back parlour sat with her mouth wide open, staring vacantly at the collector in a stupor of dismay, and the other guests were scarcely less overpowered by the great man's irritation. Mr. Kenwigs not being skilful in such matters, only fanned the flame in attempting to extinguish it.

'I didn't think of it, I am sure, Sir,' said that gentleman. 'I didn't suppose that such a little thing as a glass of punch would have put you out of temper.'

'Out of temper! What the devil do you mean by that piece of impertinence, Mr. Kenwigs?' said the collector. 'Morleena, child—give me my hat.'

'Oh, you're not going, Mr. Lillyvick, Sir,' interposed Miss Petowker, with her most bewitching smile.

But still Mr. Lillyvick, regardless of the siren, cried obdurately, 'Morleena, my hat!' upon the fourth repetition of which demand Mrs. Kenwigs sunk back in her chair, with a cry that might have softened a water-butt, not to say a water collector; while the four little girls (privately instructed to that effect) clasped their uncle's corduroy shorts in their arms, and prayed him in imperfect English to remain.

'Why should I stop here, my dears?' said Mr. Lillyvick; 'I'm not wanted here.'

'Oh, do not speak so cruelly, uncle,' sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs, 'unless you wish to kill me.'

'I shouldn't wonder if some people were to say I did,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, glancing angrily at Kenwigs. 'Out of temper!'

'Oh! I cannot bear to see him look so at my husband,' cried Mrs. Kenwigs. 'It's so dreadful in families. Oh!'

'Mr. Lillyvick,' said Kenwigs, 'I hope, for the sake of your niece, that you won't object to be reconciled.'

The collector's features relaxed, as the company added their entreaties to those of his nephew-in-law. He gave up his hat and held out his hand.

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'There, Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillyvick; 'and let me tell you at the same time, to show you how much out of temper I was, that if I had gone away without another word, it would have made no difference respecting that pound or two which I shall leave among your children when I die.'

'Morleena Kenwigs,' cried her mother, in a torrent of affection. 'Go down upon your knees to your dear uncle, and beg him to love you all his life through, for he's more a angel than a man, and I've always said so.'

Miss Morleena approaching to do homage in compliance with this injunction, was summarily caught up and kissed by Mr. Lillyvick, and thereupon Mrs. Kenwigs darted forward and kissed the collector, and an irrepressible murmur of applause broke from the company who had witnessed his magnanimity.

The worthy gentleman then became once more the life and soul of the society, being again reinstated in his old post of lion, from which high station the temporary distraction of their thoughts had for a moment dispossessed him. Quadruped lions are said to be savage only when they are hungry; biped lions are rarely sulky longer than when their appetite for distinction remains unappeased. Mr. Lillyvick stood higher than ever, for he had shown his power, hinted at his property and testamentary intentions; gained great credit for disinterestedness and virtue; and in addition to all, he was finally accommodated with a much larger tumbler of punch than that which Newman Noggs had so feloniously made off with.

'I say, I beg everybody's pardon for intruding again,' said Crowl, looking in at this happy juncture; 'but what a queer business this is, isn't it? Noggs has lived in this house now going on for five years, and nobody has ever been to see him before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.'

'It's a strange time of night to be called away, Sir, certainly,' said the collector; 'and the behaviour of Mr. Noggs himself is, to say the least of it, mysterious.'

'Well, so it is,' rejoined Crowl; 'and I'll tell you what's more—I think these two geniuses, whoever they are, have run away from somewhere.'

'What makes you think that, Sir?' demanded the collector, who seemed by a tacit understanding to have been chosen and elected mouth-piece to the company. 'You have no reason to suppose that they have run away from anywhere without paying the rates and taxes due, I hope?'

Mr. Crowl, with a look of some contempt, was about to enter a general protest against the payment of rates or taxes, under any circumstances, when he was checked by a timely whisper from Kenwigs, and several frowns and winks from Mrs. K., which providentially stopped him.

'Why the fact is,' said Crawl, who had been listening at Newman's door, with all his might and main; 'the fact is, that they have been talking so loud, that they quite disturbed me in my room, and so I couldn't help catching a word here, and a word there; and all I heard certainly seemed to refer to their having bolted from some place or other. I don't wish to alarm Mrs. Kenwigs; but I hope they haven't come from any jail or hospital, and brought away a fever or some unpleasantness of that sort, which might be catching for the children.'

Mrs. Kenwigs was so overpowered by this supposition, that it needed all the tender attentions of Miss Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to restore her to anything like a state of calmness; not to mention the assiduity of Mr. Kenwigs, who held a fat smelling-bottle to his lady's nose, until it became matter of some doubt whether the tears which coursed down her face, were the result of feelings or *sal volatile*.

The ladies, having expressed their sympathy, singly and separately, fell, according to custom, into a little chorus of soothing expressions, among which, such condolences as 'Poor dear!'—'I should feel just the same, if I was her'—'To be sure, it's a very trying thing'—and 'Nobody but a mother knows what a mother's feelings is,' were amongst the most prominent and most frequently repeated. In short, the opinion of the company was so clearly manifested, that Mr. Kenwigs was on the point of repairing to Mr. Nogg's room, to demand an explanation; and had indeed swallowed a preparatory glass of punch, with great inflexibility and steadiness of purpose, when the attention of all present was diverted by a new and terrible surprise.

This was nothing less than the sudden pouring forth of a rapid succession of the shrillest and most piercing screams, from an upper story; and to all appearance from the very two-pair back in which the infant Kenwigs was at that moment enshrined. They were no sooner audible, than Mrs. Kenwigs, opining that a strange cat had come in, and sucked the baby's breath while the girl was asleep, made for the door, wringing her hands, and shrieking dismally; to the great consternation and confusion of the company.

'Mr. Kenwigs, see what it is; make haste!' cried the sister, laying violent hands upon Mrs. Kenwigs, and holding her back by force. 'Oh don't twist about so, dear, or I can never hold you.'

'My baby, my blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed baby,' screamed Mrs. Kenwigs, making every blessed louder than the last. 'My own darling, sweet, innocent Lillyvick—Oh let me go to him. Let me go-o-o-o.'

Pending the utterance of these frantic cries, and the wails and lamentations of the four little girls, Mr. Kenwigs rushed up stairs to the room whence the sounds proceeded, at the door of which he encountered

Nicholas, with the child in his arms, who darted out with such violence, that the anxious father was thrown down six stairs, and alighted on the nearest landing-place, before he had found time to open his mouth to ask what was the matter.

'Don't be alarmed,' cried Nicholas, running down; 'here it is; it's all out, it's all over; pray compose yourself; there's no harm done;' and with these, and a thousand other assurances, he delivered the baby (which, in his hurry, he had carried upside down), to Mrs. Kenwigs, and ran back to assist Mr. Kenwigs, who was rubbing his head very hard, and looking much bewildered by his tumble.

Reassured by this cheering intelligence, the company in some degree recovered from their fears, which had been productive of some most singular instances of a total want of presence of mind; thus the bachelor friend had for a long time supported in his arms Mrs. Kenwigs's sister, instead of Mrs. Kenwigs; and the worthy Mr. Lillyvick had been actually seen, in the perturbation of his spirits, to kiss Miss Petowker several times, behind the room door, as calmly as if nothing distressing were going forward.

'It is a mere nothing,' said Nicholas, returning to Mrs. Kenwigs; 'the little girl, who was watching the child, being tired I suppose, fell asleep, and set her hair on fire.'

'Oh you malicious little wretch!' cried Mrs. Kenwigs, impressively shaking her fore-finger at the small unfortunate, who might be thirteen years old, and was looking on with a singed head and a frightened face.

'I heard her cries,' continued Nicholas, 'and ran down in time to prevent her setting fire to any thing else. You may depend upon it that the child is not hurt; for I took it off the bed myself, and brought it here to convince you.'

This brief explanation over, the infant, who, as he was christened after the collector, rejoiced in the names of Lillyvick Kenwigs, was partially suffocated under the caresses of the audience, and squeezed to his mother's bosom, until he roared again. The attention of the company was then directed, by a natural transition, to the little girl who had had the audacity to burn her hair off, and who, after receiving sundry small slaps and pushes from the more energetic of the ladies, was mercifully sent home; the ninepence, with which she was to have been rewarded, being escheated to the Kenwigs family.

'And whatever we are to say to you, Sir,' exclaimed Mrs. Kenwigs, addressing young Lillyvick's deliverer, 'I am sure I don't know.'

'You need not say at all,' replied Nicholas. 'I have done nothing to found any very strong claim upon your eloquence, I am sure.'

'He might have been burnt to death, if it hadn't been for you, Sir,' simpered Miss Petowker.

'Not very likely, I think,' replied Nicholas; 'for

there was abundance of assistance here, which must have reached him before he had been in any danger.'

'You will let us drink your health, anyways, Sir?' said Mr. Kenwigs, motioning towards the table.

'— In my absence, by all means,' rejoined Nicholas, with a smile. 'I have had a very fatiguing journey, and should be most indifferent company—a far greater check upon your merriment, than a promoter of it, even if I kept awake, which I think very doubtful. If you will allow me, I'll return to my friend, Mr. Noggs, who went up stairs again, when he found nothing serious had occurred. Good night.'

Excusing himself in these terms from joining in the festivities, Nicholas took a most winning farewell of Mrs. Kenwigs and the other ladies, and retired, after making a very extraordinary impression upon the company.

'What a delightful young man!' cried Mrs. Kenwigs.

'Uncommon gentlemanly, really,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Don't you think so, Mr. Lillyvick?'

'Yes,' said the collector, with a dubious shrug of his shoulders. 'He is gentlemanly, very gentlemanly—in appearance.'

'I hope you don't see anything against him, uncle?' inquired Mrs. Kenwigs.

'No, my dear,' replied the collector, 'no. I trust he may not turn out—well—no matter—my love to you, my dear, and long life to the baby.'

'Your namesake,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, with a sweet smile.

'And I hope a worthy namesake,' observed Mr. Kenwigs, willing to propitiate the collector. 'I hope a baby as will never disgrace his godfather, and as may be considered in after years of a piece with the Lillyvicks whose name he bears. I do say—and Mrs. Kenwigs is of the same sentiment, and feels it as strong as I do—that I consider his being called Lillyvick one of the greatest blessings and honours of my existence.'

'The greatest blessing, Kenwigs,' murmured his lady.

'The greatest blessing,' said Mr. Kenwigs, correcting himself. 'A blessing that I hope one of these days I may be able to deserve.'

This was a politic stroke of the Kenwigses, because it made Mr. Lillyvick the great head and fountain of the baby's importance. The good gentleman felt the delicacy and dexterity of the touch, and at once proposed the health of the gentleman, name unknown, who had signalized himself that night by his coolness and alacrity.

'Who, I don't mind saying,' observed Mr. Lillyvick, as a great concession, 'is a good-looking young man enough, with manners that I hope his character may be equal to.'

'He has a very nice face and style, really,' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'He certainly has,' added Miss Petowker. 'There's

something in his appearance quite—dear, dear, what's that word again?'

'What word?' inquired Mr. Lillyvick.

'Why—dear me, how stupid I am,' replied Miss Petowker, hesitating. 'What do you call it when Lords break off door-knockers and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money, and all that sort of thing?'

'Aristocratic!' suggested the collector.

'Ah! aristocratic,' replied Miss Petowker; 'something very aristocratic about him, isn't there?'

The gentlemen held their peace and smiled at each other, as who should say, 'Well! there's no accounting for tastes;' but the ladies resolved unanimously that Nicholas had an aristocratic air, and nobody caring to dispute the position, it was established triumphantly.

The punch being by this time drunk out and the little Kenwigses (who had for some time previously held their little eyes open with their little fore-fingers) becoming fractious, and requesting rather urgently to be put to bed, the collector made a move by pulling out his watch, and acquainting the company that it was nigh two o'clock; whereat some of the guests were surprised and others shocked, and hats and bonnets being groped for under the tables, and in course of time found, their owners went away, after a vast deal of shaking of hands, and many remarks how they had never spent such a delightful evening, and how they marvelled to find it so late, expecting to have heard that it was half-past ten at the very latest, and how they wished that Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs had a wedding-day once a week, and how they wondered by what hidden agency Mrs. Kenwigs could possibly have managed so well; and a great deal more of the same kind. To all of which flattering expressions Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs replied, by thanking every lady and gentleman, *seriatim*, for the favour of their company, and hoping they might have enjoyed themselves only half as well as they said they had.

As to Nicholas, quite unconscious of the impression he had produced, he had long since fallen asleep, leaving Mr. Newman Noggs and Smike to empty the spirit bottle between them; and this office they performed with such extreme good will, that Newman was equally at a loss to determine whether he himself was quite sober, and whether he had ever seen any gentleman so heavily, drowsily, and completely intoxicated as his new acquaintance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nicholas seeks to employ himself in a new capacity, and being unsuccessful, accepts an engagement as tutor in a private family.

The first care of Nicholas next morning was, to look after some room in which, until better times dawned

upon him, he could contrive to exist, without trenching upon the hospitality of Newman Noggs, who would have slept upon the stairs with pleasure, so that his young friend was accommodated.

The vacant apartment to which the bill in the parlour window bore reference, appeared on inquiry to be a small back room on the second floor, reclaimed from the leads, and overlooking a soot-bespeckled prospect of tiles and chimney-pots. For the letting of this portion of the house from week to week, on reasonable terms, the parlour lodger was empowered to treat, he being deputed by the landlord to dispose of the rooms as they became vacant, and to keep a sharp look-out that the lodgers didn't run away. As a means of securing the punctual discharge of which last service he was permitted to live rent-free, lest he should at any time be tempted to run away himself.

Of this chamber Nicholas became the tenant; and having hired a few common articles of furniture from a neighbouring broker, and paid the first week's hire in advance, out of a small fund raised by the conversion of some spare clothes into ready money, he sat himself down to ruminate upon his prospects, which, like that outside his window, were sufficiently confined and dingy. As they by no means improved on better acquaintance, and as familiarity breeds contempt, he resolved to banish them from his thoughts by dint of hard walking. So, taking up his hat, and leaving poor SMIKE to arrange and re-arrange the room with as much delight as if it had been the costliest palace, he betook himself to the streets, and mingled with the crowd which thronged them.

Although a man may lose a sense of his own importance when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a very strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares. The unhappy state of his own affairs was the one idea which occupied the brain of Nicholas, walk as fast as he would; and when he tried to dislodge it by speculating on the situation and prospects of the people who surrounded him, he caught himself in a few seconds contrasting their condition with his own, and gliding almost imperceptibly back into his old train of thought again.

Occupied in these reflections, as he was making his way along one of the great public thoroughfares of London, he chanced to raise his eyes to a blue board, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold, 'General Agency Office; for places and situations of all kinds inquire within.' It was a shop-front, fitted up with a gauze blind and an inner door; and in the window hung a long and tempting array of written placards, announcing vacant places of every grade, from a secretary's to a footboy's.

Nicholas halted instinctively before this temple of

promise, and ran his eye over the capital-text openings in life which were so profusely displayed. When he had completed his survey he walked on a little way, and then back, and then on again; at length, after pausing irresolutely several times before the door of the General Agency Office, he made up his mind and stepped in.

He found himself in a little floor-clothed room, with a high desk railed off in one corner, behind which sat a lean youth with cunning eyes and a protruding chin, whose performances in capital-text darkened the window. He had a thick ledger lying open before him, and with the fingers of his right hand inserted between the leaves, and his eyes fixed on a very fat old lady in a mob-cap—evidently the proprietress of the establishment—who was airing herself at the fire, seemed to be only waiting her directions to refer to some entries contained within its rusty clasps.

As there was a board outside, which acquainted the public that servants-of-all-work were perpetually in waiting to be hired from ten till four, Nicholas knew at once that some half-dozen strong young women, each with pattens and an umbrella, who were sitting upon a form in one corner, were in attendance for that purpose, especially as the poor things looked anxious and weary. He was not quite so certain of the callings and stations of two smart young ladies who were in conversation with the fat lady before the fire, until—having sat himself down in a corner, and remarked that he would wait until the other customers had been served—the fat lady resumed the dialogue which his entrance had interrupted.

'Cook, Tom,' said the fat lady, still airing herself as aforesaid.

'Cook,' said Tom, turning over some leaves of the ledger. 'Well.'

'Read out an easy place or two,' said the fat lady.

'Pick out very light ones, if you please, young man,' interposed a genteel female in shepherd's-plaid boots, who appeared to be the client.

'“Mrs. Marker,”’ said Tom, reading, ‘“Russell Place, Russell Square; offers eighteen guineas, tea and sugar found. Two in family, and see very little company. Five servants kept. No man. No followers.”’

'Oh Lor!' tittered the client. 'That won't do. Read another, young man, will you?'

'“Mrs. Wrymug,”’ said Tom. ‘“Pleasant Place, Finsbury. Wages, twelve guineas. No tea, no sugar. Serious family—”’

'Ah! you needn't mind reading that,' interrupted the client.

'“Three serious footmen,”’ said Tom, impressively.

'Three, did you say?' asked the client, in an altered tone.

'Three serious footmen,' replied Tom. '“Cook,

housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel Congregation three times every Sunday—with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook.”

‘I’ll take the address of that place,’ said the client; ‘I don’t know but what it mightn’t suit me pretty well.’

‘Here’s another,’ remarked Tom, turning over the leaves; ‘“Family of Mr. Gallanbile, M. P. Fifteen guineas, tea and sugar, and servants allowed to see male cousins, if godly. Note. Cold dinner in the kitchen on the Sabbath, Mr. Gallanbile being devoted to the Observance question. No victuals whatever cooked on the Lord’s day, with the exception of dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Gallanbile, which, being a work of piety and necessity, is exempted. Mr. Gallanbile dines late on the day of rest, in order to prevent the sinfulness of the cook’s dressing herself.”’

‘I don’t think that’ll answer as well as the other,’ said the client, after a little whispering with her friend. ‘I’ll take the other direction, if you please, young man. I can but come back again, if it don’t do.’

Tom made out the address, as requested, and the genteel client, having satisfied the fat lady with a small fee meanwhile, went away, accompanied by her friend.

As Nicholas opened his mouth, to request the young man to turn to letter S, and let him know what secretaryships remained undisposed of, there came into the office an applicant, in whose favour he immediately retired, and whose appearance both surprised and interested him.

This was a young lady who could be scarcely eighteen, of very slight and delicate figure, but exquisitely shaped, who, walking timidly up to the desk, made an inquiry, in a very low tone of voice, relative to some situation as governess, or companion to a lady. She raised her veil for an instant, while she preferred the inquiry, and disclosed a countenance of most uncommon beauty, although shaded by a cloud of sadness, which in one so young was doubly remarkable. Having received a card of reference to some person on the books, she made the usual acknowledgment, and glided away.

She was neatly, but very quietly attired; so much so, indeed, that it seemed as though her dress, if it had been worn by one who imparted fewer graces of her own to it, might have looked poor and shabby. Her attendant—for she had one—was a red-faced, round-eyed, slovenly girl, who, from a certain roughness about the bare arms that peeped from under her draggled shawl, and the half-washed-out traces of

smut and blacklead which tattooed her countenance, was clearly of a kin with the servants-of-all-work on the form, between whom and herself there had passed various grins and glances, indicative of the freemasonry of the craft.

This girl followed her mistress; and before Nicholas had recovered from the first effects of his surprise and admiration, the young lady was gone. It is not a matter of such complete and utter improbability as some sober people may think, that he would have followed them out, had he not been restrained by what passed between the fat lady and her book-keeper.

‘When is she coming again, Tom?’ asked the fat lady.

‘To-morrow morning,’ replied Tom, mending his pen.

‘Where have you sent her to?’ asked the fat lady.

‘Mrs. Clark’s,’ replied Tom.

‘She’ll have a nice life of it, if she goes there,’ observed the fat lady, taking a pinch of snuff from a tin box.

Tom made no other reply than thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and pointing the feather of his pen towards Nicholas—reminders which elicited from the fat lady an inquiry of ‘Now, Sir, what can we do for you?’

Nicholas briefly replied, that he wanted to know whether there was any such post as secretary or amanuensis to a gentleman to be had.

‘Any such!’ rejoined the mistress; ‘a dozen such. An’t there, Tom?’

‘I should think so,’ answered that young gentleman; and as he said it, he winked towards Nicholas, with a degree of familiarity which he no doubt intended for a rather flattering compliment, but with which Nicholas was most ungratefully disgusted.

Upon reference to the book, it appeared that the dozen secretaryships had dwindled down to one. Mr. Gregsbury, the great member of parliament, of Manchester Buildings, Westminster, wanted a young man, to keep his papers and correspondence in order; and Nicholas was exactly the sort of young man that Mr. Gregsbury wanted.

‘I don’t know what the terms are, as he said he’d settle them himself with the party,’ observed the fat lady; ‘but they must be pretty good ones, because he’s a member of parliament.’

Inexperienced as he was, Nicholas did not feel quite assured of the force of this reasoning, or the justice of this conclusion; but without troubling himself to question it, he took down the address, and resolved to wait upon Mr. Gregsbury without delay.

‘I don’t know what the number is,’ said Tom; ‘but Manchester Buildings isn’t a large place; and if the worst comes to the worst, it won’t take you very long

to knock at all the doors on both sides of the way till you find him out. I say, what a good-looking gal that was, wasn't she?' 'What girl, Sir,' demanded Nicholas, sternly.

'Oh yes. I know—what gal, eh?' whispered Tom, shutting one eye, and cocking his chin in the air. 'You didn't see her, you didn't—I say, don't you wish you was me, when she comes to-morrow morning?'

Nicholas looked at the ugly clerk, as if he had a mind to reward his admiration of the young lady by beating the ledger about his ears, but he refrained, and strode haughtily out of the office; setting at defiance, in his indignation, those ancient laws of chivalry, which not only made it proper and lawful for all good knights to hear the praise of the ladies to whom they were devoted, but rendered it incumbent upon them to roam about the world, and knock at head all such matter-of-fact and unpoetical characters, as declined to exalt, above all the earth, damsels whom they had never chanced to look upon or hear of—as if that were any excuse.

Thinking no longer of his own misfortunes, but wondering what could be those of the beautiful girl he had seen, Nicholas, with many wrong turns, and many inquiries, and almost as many misdirections, bent his steps towards the place whither he had been directed.

Within the precincts of the ancient city of Westminster, and within half a quarter of a mile of its ancient sanctuary, is a narrow and dirty region, the sanctuary of the smaller members of Parliament in modern days. It is all comprised in one street of gloomy lodging-houses, from whose windows in vacation time there frown long melancholy rows of bills, which say as plainly as did the countenances of their occupiers, ranged on ministerial and opposition benches in the session which slumbers with its fathers, 'To Let'—'To Let.' In busier periods of the year these bills disappear, and the houses swarm with legislators. There are legislators in the parlours, in the first floor, in the second, in the third, in the garrets; the small apartments reek with the breath of deputations and delegates. In damp weather the place is rendered close by the steams of moist acts of parliament and frowzy petitions; general postmen grow faint as they enter its infected limits, and shabby figures in quest of franks, flit restlessly to and fro like the troubled ghosts of Complete Letter-writers departed. This is Manchester Buildings; and here, at all hours of the night, may be heard the rattling of latch-keys in their respective keyholes, with now and then—when a gust of wind sweeping across the water which washes the Buildings' feet, impels the sound towards its entrance—the weak, shrill voice of some young member practising the morrow's speech. All the live-long day there is a grinding of organs and clashing and clanging of little

boxes of music, for Manchester Buildings is an eel-pot, which has no outlet but its awkward mouth—a case-bottle which has no thoroughfare, and a short and narrow neck—and in this respect it may be typical of the fate of some few among its more adventurous residents, who, after wriggling themselves into Parliament by violent efforts and contortions, find that it too is no thoroughfare for them; that, like Manchester Buildings, it leads to nothing beyond itself; and that they are fain at last to back out, no wiser, no richer, not one whit more famous, than they went in.

Into Manchester Buildings Nicholas turned, with the address of the great Mr. Gregsbury in his hand; and as there was a stream of people pouring into a shabby house not far from the entrance, he waited until they had made their way in, and then making up to the servant, ventured to inquire if he knew where Mr. Gregsbury lived.

The servant was a very pale, shabby boy, who looked as if he had slept under ground from his infancy, as very likely he had. 'Mr. Gregsbury?' said he; 'Mr. Gregsbury lodges here. It's all right. Come in.'

Nicholas thought he might as well get in while he could, so in he walked; and he had no sooner done so, than the boy shut the door and made off.

This was odd enough, but what was more embarrassing was, that all long the narrow passage, and all along the narrow stairs, blocking up the window, and making the dark entry darker still, was a confused crowd of persons with great importance depicted in their looks; who were, to all appearance, waiting in silent expectation of some coming event; from time to time one man would whisper his neighbour, or a little group would whisper together, and then the whisperers would nod fiercely to each other, or give their heads a relentless shake, as if they were bent upon doing something very desperate, and were determined not to be put off, whatever happened.

As a few minutes elapsed without anything occurring to explain this phenomenon, and as he felt his own position a peculiarly uncomfortable one, Nicholas was on the point of seeking some information from the man next him, when a sudden move was visible on the stairs, and a voice was heard to cry, 'Now, gentlemen, have the goodness to walk up.'

So far from walking up, the gentlemen on the stairs began to walk down with great alacrity, and to entreat, with extraordinary politeness, that the gentlemen nearest the street would go first; the gentlemen nearest the street retorted, with equal courtesy, that they couldn't think of such a thing on any account; but they did it without thinking of it, inasmuch as the other gentlemen pressing some half-dozen (among whom was Nicholas) forward, and closing up behind, pushed them, not merely up the stairs, but into the very sitting-room of Mr. Gregsbury, which they were

thus compelled to enter with most unseemly precipitation, and without the means of retreat; the press behind them more than filling the apartment.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'you are welcome. I am rejoiced to see you.'

For a gentleman who was rejoiced to see a body of visitors, Mr. Gregsby looked as uncomfortable as might be; but perhaps this was occasioned by senatorial gravity, and a statesmanlike habit of keeping his feelings under control. He was a tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them, and in short every requisite for a very good member indeed.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Mr. Gregsby, tossing a great bundle of papers into a wicker basket at his feet, and throwing himself back in his chair with his arms over the elbows, 'you are dissatisfied with my conduct, I see by the newspapers.'

'Yes, Mr. Gregsby, we are,' said a plump old gentleman in a violent heat, bursting out of the throng, and planting himself in the front.

'Do my eyes deceive me,' said Mr. Gregsby, looking towards the speaker, 'or is that my old friend Pugstyles?'

'I am that man, and no other, Sir,' replied the plump old gentleman.

'Give me your hand, my worthy friend,' said Mr. Gregsby. 'Pugstyles, my dear friend, I am very sorry to see you here.'

'I am very sorry to be here, Sir,' said Mr. Pugstyles; 'but your conduct, Mr. Gregsby, has rendered this deputation from your constituents imperatively necessary.'

'My conduct, Pugstyles,' said Mr. Gregsby, looking round upon the deputation with gracious magnanimity—'My conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the true and real interests of this great and happy country. Whether I look at home or abroad, whether I behold the peaceful industrious communities of our island home, her rivers covered with steam-boats, her roads with locomotives, her streets with cabs, her skies with balloons of a power and magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of aeronautics in this or any other nation—I say, whether I look merely at home, or stretching my eyes further, contemplate the boundless prospect of conquest and possession—achieved by British perseverance and British valour—which is outspread before me, I clasp my hands, and turning my eyes to the broad expanse above my head, exclaim, "Thank Heaven, I am a Briton!"'

The time had been when this burst of enthusiasm would have been cheered to the very echo; but now the deputation received it with chilling coldness. The general impression seemed to be, that as an explanation of Mr. Gregsby's political conduct, it did not

enter quite enough into detail, and one gentleman in the rear did not scruple to remark aloud, that for his purpose it savoured rather too much of a 'gammon' tendency.

'The meaning of that term—gammon,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'is unknown to me. If it means that I grow a little too fervid, or perhaps even hyperbolic, in extolling my native land, I admit the full justice of the remark. I *am* proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves, my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her greatness and her glory.'

'We wish, Sir,' remarked Mr. Pugstyles, calmly, 'to ask you a few questions.'

'If you please, gentlemen; my time is yours—and my country's—and my country's—' said Mr. Gregsby.

This permission being conceded, Mr. Pugstyles put on his spectacles, and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket, whereupon nearly every other member of the deputation pulled a written paper from his pocket, to check Mr. Pugstyles off, as he read the questions.

This done, Mr. Pugstyles proceeded to business.

'Question number one.—Whether, Sir, you did not give a voluntary pledge previous to your election, that in the event of your being returned you would immediately put down the practice of coughing and groaning in the House of Commons. And whether you did not submit to be coughed and groaned down in the very first debate of the session, and have since made no effort to effect a reform in this respect? Whether you did not also pledge yourself to astonish the government, and make them shrink in their shoes. And whether you have astonished them and made them shrink in their shoes, or not?'

'Go on to the next one, my dear Pugstyles,' said Mr. Gregsby.

'Have you any explanation to offer with reference to that question, Sir?' asked Mr. Pugstyles.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Gregsby.

The members of the deputation looked fiercely at each other, and afterwards at the member, and 'dear Pugstyles' having taken a very long stare at Mr. Gregsby over the tops of his spectacles, resumed his list of inquiries.

'Question number two.—Whether, Sir, you did not likewise give a voluntary pledge that you would support your colleague on every occasion; and whether you did not, the night before last, desert him and vote upon the other side, because the wife of a leader on that other side had invited Mrs. Gregsby to an evening party?'

'Go on,' said Mr. Gregsby.

'Nothing to say on that, either, Sir!' asked the spokesman.

'Nothing whatever,' replied Mr. Gregsby. The

deputation, who had only seen him at canvassing or election time, were struck dumb by his coolness. He didn't appear like the same man; then he was all milk and honey—now he is all starch and vinegar. But men *are* so different at different times!

'Question number three—and last—' said Mr. Pugstyles, emphatically. 'Whether, Sir, you did not state upon the hustings, that it was your firm and determined intention to oppose everything proposed; to divide the house upon every question, to move for returns on every subject, to place a motion on the books every day, and, in short, in your own memorable words, to play the devil with everything and everybody?' With this comprehensive inquiry Mr. Pugstyles folded up his list of questions, as did all his backers.

Mr. Gregsbury reflected, blew his nose, threw himself further back in his chair, came forward again, leaning his elbows on the table, made a triangle with his two thumbs and his two forefingers, and tapping his nose with the apex thereof, replied (smiling as he said it), 'I deny everything.'

At this unexpected answer a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation; and the same gentleman who had expressed an opinion relative to the gammoning nature of the introductory speech, again made a monosyllabic demonstration, by growling out 'Resign;' which growl being taken up by his fellows, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

'I am requested, Sir, to express a hope,' said Mr. Pugstyles, with a distant bow, 'that on receiving a requisition to that effect from a great majority of your constituents, you will not object at once to resign your seat in favour of some candidate whom they think they can better trust.'

To which Mr. Gregsbury read the following reply, which, anticipating the request, he had composed in the form of a letter, whereof copies had been made to send round to the newspapers.

'MY DEAR PUGSTYLES,

'Next to the welfare of our beloved island—this great and free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable—I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics, I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so.

'Will you do me the favour to present my compliments to the constituent body, and acquaint them with this circumstance?

'With great esteem, my dear Pugstyles,
&c. &c.'

'Then you will not resign, under any circumstances?' asked the spokesman.

Mr. Gregsbury smiled, and shook his head.

'Then good morning, Sir,' said Pugstyles, angrily.

'God bless you,' said Mr. Gregsbury. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

The last man being gone, Mr. Gregsbury rubbed his hands and chuckled, as merry fellows will, when they think they have said or done a more than commonly good thing; he was so engrossed in this self-congratulation, that he did not observe that Nicholas had been left behind in the shadow of the window-curtains, until that young gentleman fearing he might otherwise overhear some soliloquy intended to have no listeners, coughed twice or thrice to attract the member's notice.

'What's that?' said Mr. Gregsbury, in sharp accents.

Nicholas stepped forward and bowed.

'What do you do here, Sir?' asked Mr. Gregsbury; 'a spy upon my privacy! A concealed voter! You have heard my answer, Sir!' Pray follow the deputation.'

'I should have done so if I had belonged to it, but I do not,' said Nicholas.

'Then how came you here, Sir?' was the natural inquiry of Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. 'And where the devil have you come from, Sir?' was the question which followed it.

'I brought this card from the General Agency Office, Sir,' said Nicholas, 'wishing to offer myself as your secretary, and understanding that you stood in need of one.'

'That's all you have come for, is it?' said Mr. Gregsbury, eyeing him in some doubt.

Nicholas replied in the affirmative.

'You have no connexion with any of these rascally papers, have you?' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?'

'I have no connexion, I am sorry to say, with anything at present,' rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

'Oh!' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'How did you find your way up here, then?'

Nicholas related how he had been forced up by the deputation.

'That was the way, was it?' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'Sit down.'

Nicholas took a chair, and Mr. Gregsbury stared at him for a long time, as if to make certain, before he asked any further questions, that there were no objections to his outward appearance.

'You want to be my secretary, do you?' he said at length.

'I wish to be employed in that capacity,' replied Nicholas.

'Well,' said Mr. Gregsby; 'Now what can you do?'

'I suppose,' replied Nicholas, smiling, 'that I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries.'

'What's that?' inquired Mr. Gregsby.

'What is it?' replied Nicholas.

'Ah! What is it?' retorted the member, looking shrewdly at him, with his head on one side.

'A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps,' said Nicholas, considering. 'They include, I presume, correspondence.'

'Good,' interposed Mr. Gregsby.

'The arrangements of papers and documents—'

'Very good.'

'Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly,'—said Nicholas, with a half smile, 'the copying of your speech, for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance.'

'Certainly,' rejoined Mr. Gregsby. 'What else?'

'Really,' said Nicholas, after a moment's reflection, 'I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply.'

Mr. Gregsby looked fixedly at Nicholas for a short time, and then glancing warily round the room, said in a suppressed voice—

'This is all very well, Mr. — what is your name?'

'Nickleby.'

'This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, Sir.'

'I beg your pardon,' interposed Nicholas, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

'— To be crammed, Sir,' repeated Mr. Gregsby.

'May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean?' said Nicholas.

'My meaning, Sir, is perfectly plain,' replied Mr. Gregsby, with a solemn aspect. 'My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?'

'I think I do, Sir,' replied Nicholas.

'Then,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'it would be necessary

for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events; such as 'Mysterious disappearance, and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half a dozen lines of leader, to the effect, that I was always to be found in my place in parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see!

Nicholas bowed.

'Besides which,' continued Mr. Gregsby, 'I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?'

'I think I understand,' said Nicholas.

'With regard to such questions as are not political,' continued Mr. Gregsby, warming; 'and which one can't be expected to care a damn about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves, else where are our privileges? I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches, of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing devils of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say, that I for one would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among *the people*,—you understand? that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's ought as a matter of course to belong to the people at large—and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity, should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the house, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me or my jokes either—don't you see?'

'I see that, Sir,' replied Nicholas.

'You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you

could be as funny as you liked about the authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—'You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury—' with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary,' said Mr. Gregsbury, winding up with great rapidity; for he was out of breath—'And for salary, I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There.'

With this handsome offer Mr. Gregsbury once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who has been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

'Fifteen shillings a week is not much,' said Nicholas, mildly.

'Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man?' cried Mr. Gregsbury. 'Fifteen shillings a—'

'Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum,' replied Nicholas; 'for I am not ashamed to confess, that whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them.'

'Do you decline to undertake them, Sir?' inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

'I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be,' replied Nicholas.

'That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little,' said Mr. Gregsbury, ringing. 'Do you decline it, Sir?'

'I have no alternative but to do so,' replied Nicholas.

'Door, Matthews,' said Mr. Gregsbury, as the boy appeared.

'I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'I am sorry you have,' rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back upon him. 'Door, Matthews.'

'Good morning,' said Nicholas.

'Door, Matthews,' cried Mr. Gregsbury.

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and tumbling lazily down stairs before him, opened the door and ushered him into the street. With a sad and pensive air he retraced his steps homewards.

Smike had scraped a meal together from the remnant of last night's supper, and was anxiously awaiting his return. The occurrences of the morning had not im-

proved Nicholas's appetite, and by him the dinner remained untasted. He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, with the plate which the poor fellow had assiduously filled with the choicest morsels untouched, by his side, when Newman Noggs looked into the room.

'Come back?' asked Newman.

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, 'tired to death; and what is worse, might have remained at home for all the good I have done.'

'Couldn't expect to do much in one morning,' said Newman.

'May be so, but I am sanguine, and did expect,' said Nicholas, 'and am proportionately disappointed.' Saying which, he gave Newman an account of his proceedings.

'If I could do anything,' said Nicholas, anything however slight, until Ralph Nickleby returns, and I have eased my mind by confronting him, I should feel happier. I should think it no disgrace to work, Heaven knows. Lying indolently here like a half-tamed sullen beast distracts me.'

'I don't know,' said Newman; 'small things offer—they would pay the rent, and more—but you wouldn't like them; no, you could hardly be expected to undergo it—no, no.'

'What could I hardly be expected to undergo?' asked Nicholas, raising his eyes. 'Show me, in this wide waste of London, any honest means by which I could even defray the weekly hire of this poor room, and see if I shrink from resorting to them. Undergo! I have undergone too much, my friend, to feel pride or squeamishness now. Except—' added Nicholas hastily, after a short silence, 'except such squeamishness as is common honesty, and so much pride as constitutes self-respect. I see little to choose, between the assistant to a brutal pedagogue, and the toad-eater of a mean and ignorant upstart, be he member or no member.'

'I hardly know whether I should tell you what I heard this morning or not,' said Newman.

'Has it any reference to what you said just now?' asked Nicholas.

'It has.'

'Then in Heaven's name, my good friend, tell it me,' said Nicholas. 'For God's sake consider my deplorable condition; and while I promise to take no step without taking counsel with you, give me, at least, a vote in my own behalf.'

Moved by this entreaty, Newman stammered forth a variety of most unaccountable and entangled sentences, the upshot of which was, that Mrs. Kenwigs had examined him at great length that morning touching the origin of his acquaintance with, and the whole life, adventures, and pedigree of Nicholas; that Newman had parried these questions as long as he could, but

being at length hard pressed and driven into a corner, had gone so far as to admit, that Nicholas was a tutor of great accomplishments, involved in some misfortunes which he was not at liberty to explain, and bearing the name of Johnson. That Mrs. Kenwigs, impelled by gratitude, or ambition, or maternal pride, or maternal love, or all four powerful motives, conjointly, had taken secret conference with Mr. Kenwigs, and finally returned to propose that Mr. Johnson should instruct the four Miss Kenwigses in the French language as spoken by natives, at the weekly stipend of five shillings current coin of the realm, being at the rate of one shilling per week per each Miss Kenwigs, and one shilling over, until such time as the baby might be able to take it out in grammar.

'Which, unless I am very much mistaken,' observed Mrs. Kenwigs in making the proposition, 'will not be very long; for such clever children, Mr. Noggs, never were born into this world I do believe.'

'There,' said Newman, 'that's all. It's beneath you, I know; but I thought that perhaps you might—'

'Might!' said Nicholas, with great alacrity; 'of course I shall. I accept the offer at once. Tell the worthy mother so without delay, my dear fellow; and that I am ready to begin whenever she pleases.'

Newman hastened with joyful steps to inform Mrs. Kenwigs of his friend's acquiescence, and soon returning, brought back word that they would be happy to see him in the first floor as soon as convenient; that Mrs. Kenwigs had upon the instant sent out to secure a second-hand French grammar and dialogues, which had long been fluttering in the sixpenny box at the book-stall round the corner; and that the family, highly excited at the prospect of this addition to their gentility, wished the initiatory lesson to come off immediately.

And here it may be observed, that Nicholas was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a young man of high spirit. He would resent an affront to himself, or interpose to redress a wrong offered to another, as boldly and freely as any knight that ever set lance in rest, but he lacked that peculiar excess of coolness and great-minded selfishness, which invariably distinguish gentlemen of high spirit. In truth for our own part, we are rather disposed to look upon such gentlemen as being rather incumbrances than otherwise in rising families, happening to be acquainted with several whose spirit prevents their settling down to any grovelling occupation, and only displays itself in a tendency to cultivate mustachios, and look fierce; and although mustachios and ferocity are both very pretty things in their way, and very much to be commended, we confess to a desire to see them bred at the owner's proper cost, rather than at the expense of low-spirited people.

Nicholas, therefore, not being a high spirited young man according to common parlance, and deeming it a greater degradation to borrow, for the supply of his necessities, from Newman Noggs, than to teach French to the little Kenwigses for five shillings a week, accepted the offer with the alacrity already described, and betook himself to the first floor with all convenient speed.

Here he was received by Mrs. Kenwigs with a genteel air, kindly intended to assure him her protection and support; and here too he found Mr. Lillyvick and Miss Petowker: the four Miss Kenwigses on their form of audience, and the baby in a dwarf porter's chair with a deal tray before it, amusing himself with a toy horse without a head; the said horse being composed of a small wooden cylinder supported on four crooked pegs, not unlike an Italian iron, and painted in ingenious resemblance of red wafers set in black-ink.

'How do you do, Mr. Johnson?' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Uncle—Mr. Johnson.'

'How do you do, Sir?' said Mr. Lillyvick—rather sharply; for he had not known what Nicholas was, on the previous night, and it was rather an aggravating circumstance if a tax collector had been too polite to a teacher.

'Mr. Johnson is engaged as private master to the children, uncle,' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'So you said just now, my dear,' replied Mr. Lillyvick.

'But I hope,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, drawing herself up, 'that that will not make them proud; but that they will bless their own good fortune, which has born them superior to common people's children. Do you hear, Morleena?'

'Yes, ma,' replied Miss Kenwigs.

'And when you go out in the street, or elsewhere, I desire that you don't boast of it to the other children,' said Mrs. Kenwigs; 'and that if you must say anything about it, you don't say no more than 'We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful.' Do you hear, Morleena?'

'Yes, ma,' replied Miss Kenwigs again.

'Then mind you recollect, and do as I tell you,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Shall Mr. Johnson begin, uncle?'

'I am ready to hear, if Mr. Johnson is ready to commence, my dear,' said the collector, assuming the air of a profound critic. 'What sort of language do you consider French, Sir?'

'How do you mean?' asked Nicholas.

'Do you consider it a good language, Sir?' said the collector; 'a pretty language, a sensible language?'

'A pretty language, certainly,' replied Nicholas; 'and as it has a name for everything, and admits of

elegant conversation about everything, I presume it is a sensible one.'

'I don't know,' said Mr. Lillyvick, doubtfully. 'Do you call it a cheerful language, now?'

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, 'I should say it was, certainly.'

'It's very much changed since my time, then,' said the collector, 'very much.'

'Was it a dismal one in your time?' asked Nicholas, scarcely able to repress a smile.

'Very,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, with some vehemence of manner. 'It's the war time that I speak of; the last war. It may be a cheerful language. I should be sorry to contradict anybody; but I can only say that I've heard the French prisoners, who were natives, and ought to know how to speak it, talking in such a dismal manner, that it made one miserable to hear them. Ay, that I have, fifty times, Sir—fifty times.'

Mr. Lillyvick was waxing so cross, that Mrs. Kenwigs thought it expedient to motion to Nicholas not to say anything; and it was not until Miss Petowker had practised several blandishments, to soften the excellent old gentleman, that he deigned to break silence, by asking,

'What's the water in French, Sir?'

'*L'Eau*,' replied Nicholas.

'Ah!' said Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head mournfully, 'I thought as much. Lo, eh? I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all.'

'I suppose the children may begin, uncle?' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'Oh yes; they may begin, my dear, replied the collector, discontentedly. 'I have no wish to prevent them.'

This permission being conceded, the four Miss Kenwigses sat in a row, with their tails all one way, and Morleena at the top, while Nicholas, taking the book, began his preliminary explanations. Miss Petowker and Mrs. Kenwigs looked on, in silent admiration, broken only by the whispered assurances of the latter, that Morleena would have it all by heart in no time; and Mr. Lillyvick regarded the group with frowning and attentive eyes, lying in wait for something upon which he could open a fresh discussion on the language.

CHAPTER XVII.

Follows the fortunes of Miss Nickleby.

It was with a heavy heart, and many sad forebodings which no effort could banish, that Kate Nickleby, on the morning appointed for the commencement of her engagement with Madame Mantalini, left the city when its clocks yet wanted a quarter of an hour of eight, and threaded her way alone, amid the noise and bustle of the streets, towards the west end of London.

At this early hour many sickly girls, whose business, like that of the poor worm, is to produce with patient toil the finery that bedecks the thoughtless and luxurious, traverse our streets, making towards the scene of their daily labour, and catching, as if by stealth, in their hurried walk, the only gasp of wholesome air and glimpse of sunlight which cheers their monotonous existence during the long train of hours that make a working day. As she drew nigh to the more fashionable quarter of the town, Kate marked many of this class as they passed by, hurrying like herself to their painful occupation, and saw, in their unhealthy looks and feeble gait, but too clear an evidence that her misgivings were not wholly groundless.

She arrived at Madame Mantalini's some minutes before the appointed hour, and after walking a few times up and down, in the hope that some other female might arrive and spare her the embarrassment of stating her business to the servant, knocked timidly at the door, which after some delay was opened by the footman, who had been putting on his striped jacket as he came up stairs, and was now intent on fastening his apron.

'Is Madame Mantalini in?' faltered Kate.

'Not often out at this time, Miss,' replied the man in a tone which rendered 'Miss,' something more offensive than 'My dear.'

'Can I see her?' asked Kate.

'Eh?' replied the man, holding the door in his hand, and honouring the inquirer with a stare and a broad grin, 'Lord, no.'

'I came by her own appointment,' said Kate; 'I am—I am—to be employed here.'

'Oh! you should have rung the workers' bell,' said the footman, touching the handle of one in the doorpost. 'Let me see, though, I forgot—Miss Nickleby, is it?'

'Yes,' replied Kate.

'You're to walk up stairs then, please,' said the man. 'Madame Mantalini wants to see you—this way—take care of these things on the floor.'

Cautioning her in these terms not to trip over a heterogeneous litter of pastry-cook's trays, lamps, waiters full of glasses, and piles of rout seats which were strewn about the hall, plainly bespeaking a late party on the previous night, the man led the way to the second story, and ushered Kate into a back room, communicating by folding-doors with the apartment in which she had first seen the mistress of the establishment.

'If you'll wait here a minute,' said the man, 'I'll tell her presently.' Having made this promise with much affability, he retired and left Kate alone.

There was not much to amuse in the room; of which the most attractive feature was, a half-length

portrait in oil of Mr. Mantalini, whom the artist had depicted scratching his head in an easy manner, and thus displaying to advantage a diamond ring, the gift of Madame Mantalini before her marriage. There was, however, the sound of voices in conversation in the next room; and as the conversation was loud and the partition thin, Kate could not help discovering that they belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini.

'If you will be odiously, demnebly, outrigeously jealous, my soul,' said Mr. Mantalini, 'you will be very miserable—horrid miserable—demnition miserable.' And then there came a sound as though Mr. Mantalini were sipping his coffee.

'I *am* miserable,' returned Madame Mantalini, evidently pouting.

'Then you are an ungrateful, unworthy, demd unthankful little fairy,' said Mr. Mantalini.

'I am not,' returned Madame with a sob.

'Do not put itself out of humour,' said Mr. Mantalini, breaking an egg. 'It is a pretty bewitching little demd countenance, and it should not be out of humour, for it spoils its loveliness, and makes it cross and gloomy like a frightful, naughty, demd hobgoblin.'

'I am not to be brought round in that way, always,' rejoined Madame, sulkily.

'It shall be brought round in any way it likes best, and not brought round at all if it likes that better,' retorted Mr. Mantalini, with his egg-spoon in his mouth.

'It's very easy to talk,' said Mrs. Mantalini.

'Net so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,' replied Mr. Mantalini; 'for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit.'

'You were flirting with her during the whole night,' said Madame Mantalini, apparently desirous to lead the conversation back to the point from which it had strayed.

'No, no, my life.'

'You were,' said Madame; 'I had my eye upon you all the time.'

'Bless the little winking twinkling eye; was it on me all the time!' cried Mantalini, in a sort of lazy rapture. 'Oh, demmit!'

'And I say once more,' resumed Madame, 'that you ought not to waltz with anybody but your own wife; and I will not bear it, Mantilini, if I take poison first.'

'She will not take poison and have horrid pains, will she?' said Mantalini; who, by the altered sound of his voice, seemed to have moved his chair and taken up his position nearer to his wife. 'She will not take poison, because she had a demd fine husband who might have married two countesses and a dowager—'

'Two countesses,' interposed Madame. 'You told me one before!'

'Two!' cried Mantalini. 'Two demd fine women, real countesses and splendid fortunes, demmit.'

'And why didn't you?' asked Madame, playfully.

'Why didn't I?' replied her husband. 'Had I not seen at a morning concert the demdest little fascinator in all the world, and while that little fascinator is my wife, may not all the countesses and dowagers in England be'—

Mr. Mantalini did not finish the sentence, but he gave Madame Mantalini a very loud kiss, which Madame Mantalini returned; after which there seemed to be some more kissing mixed up with the progress of the breakfast.

'And what about the cash, my existence's jewel?' said Mantalini, when these endearments ceased. 'How much have we in hand?'

'Very little indeed,' replied Madame.

'We must have some more,' said Mantalini; 'we must have some discount out of old Nickleby to carry on the war with, demmit.'

'You can't want any more just now,' said Madame coaxingly.

'My life and soul,' returned her husband, 'there is a horse for sale at Scrubbs's, which it would be a sin and crime to lose—going, my senses' joy, for nothing.'

'For nothing,' cried Madame, 'I am glad of that.'

'For actually nothing,' replied Mantalini. 'A hundred guineas down will buy him; mane, and crest, and legs, and tail, all of the demdest beauty. I will ride him in the park before the very chariots of the rejected countesses. The demd old dowager will faint with grief and rage; the other two will say 'He is married, he has made away with himself, it is a demd thing, it is all up.' They will hate each other demnebly, and wish you dead and buried. Ha! ha! Demmit.'

Madame Mantalini's prudence, if she had any, was not proof against these triumphal pictures; after a little jingling of keys, she observed that she would see what her desk contained, and rising for that purpose, opened the folding-door, and walked into the room where Kate was seated.

'Dear me, child!' exclaimed Madame Mantalini, recoiling in surprise. 'How came you here?'

'Child!' cried Mantalini, hurrying in. 'How came it—eh!—oh—demmit, how d'ye do?'

'I have been waiting here some time, ma'am,' said Kate, addressing Madame Mantalini. 'The man must have forgotten to let you know that I was here, I think.'

'You really must see to that man,' said Madame, turning to her husband. 'He forgets everything.'

'I will twist his demd nose off his countenance for leaving such a very pretty creature all alone by herself,' said her husband.

'Mantalini,' cried Madame, 'you forget yourself.'

'I don't forget *you*, my soul, and never shall, and never can,' said Mantalini, kissing his wife's hand,

and grimacing, aside, to Miss Nickleby, who turned contemptuously away.

Appeased by this compliment, the lady of the business took some papers from her desk, which she handed over to Mr. Mantalini, who received them with great delight. She then requested Kate to follow her, and after several feints on the part of Mr. Mantalini to attract the young lady's attention, they went away, leaving that gentleman extended at full length on the sofa, with his heels in the air and a newspaper in his hand.

Madame Mantalini led the way down a flight of stairs, and through a passage, to a large room at the back of the premises, where were a number of young women employed in sewing, cutting out, making up, altering, and various other processes known only to those who are cunning in the arts of millinery and dress-making. It was a close room with a skylight, and as dull and quiet as a room could be.

On Madame Mantalini calling aloud for Miss Knag, a short, bustling, over-dressed female, full of importance, presented herself, and all the young ladies suspending their operations for the moment, whispered to each other sundry criticisms upon the make and texture of Miss Nickleby's dress, her complexion, cast of features, and personal appearance, with as much good-breeding as could have been displayed by the very best society in a crowded ball-room.

'Oh, Miss Knag,' said Madame Mantalini, 'this is the young person I spoke to you about.'

Miss Knag bestowed a reverential smile upon Madame Mantalini, which she dexterously transformed into a gracious one for Kate, and said that certainly, although it was a great deal of trouble, to have young people, who were wholly unused to the business, still she was sure the young person would try to do her best—impressed with which conviction she (Miss Knag) felt an interest in her already.

'I think that, for the present at all events, it will be better for Miss Nickleby to come into the show-room with you, and try things on for people,' said Madame Mantalini. 'She will not be able for the present to be of much use in any other way; and her appearance will—'

'Suit very well with mine, Madame Mantalini,' interrupted Miss Knag. 'So it will; and to be sure I might have known that you would not be long in finding that out; for you have so much taste in all those matters, that really, as I often say to the young ladies, I do not know how, when, or where, you possibly could have acquired all you know—hem—Miss Nickleby and I are quite a pair, Madame Mantalini, only I am a little darker than Miss Nickleby, and—hem—I think my foot may be a little smaller. Miss Nickleby, I am sure, will not be offended at my saying that, when she hears that our family always have been celebrated for

small feet ever since—hem—ever since our family had any feet at all, indeed, I think. I had an uncle once, Madame Mantalini, who lived in Cheltenham, and had a most excellent business as a tobacconist—hem—who had such small feet, that they were no bigger than those which are usually joined to wooden legs—the most symmetrical feet, Madame Mantalini, that even you can imagine.'

'They must have had something the appearance of club feet, Miss Knag,' said Madame.

'Well now, that is so like you,' returned Miss Knag. 'Ha! ha! ha! Of club feet! Oh very good! As I often remarked to the young ladies, 'Well I must say, and I do not care who knows it, of all the ready humour—hem—I ever heard anywhere'—and I have heard a good deal; for when my dear brother was alive (I kept house for him, Miss Nickleby), we had to supper once a week two or three young men, highly celebrated in those days for their humour, Madame Mantalini—'Of all the ready humour,' I say to the young ladies, 'I ever heard, Madame Mantalini's is the most remarkable—hem. It is so gentle, so sarcastic, and yet so good-natured (as I was observing to Miss Simmonds only this morning), that how, or when, or by what means she acquired it, is to me a mystery indeed.''

Here Miss Knag paused to take breath, and while she pauses, it may be observed—not that she was marvellously loquacious and marvellously deferential to Madame Mantalini, since these are facts which require no comment; but that every now and then she was accustomed, in the torrent of her discourse, to introduce a loud, shrill, clear 'hem!' the import and meaning of which was variously interpreted by her acquaintance; some holding that Miss Knag dealt in exaggeration, and introduced the monosyllable, when any fresh invention was in course of coinage in her brain; and others, that when she wanted a word, she threw it in to gain time, and prevent anybody else from striking into the conversation. It may be further remarked, that Miss Knag still aimed at youth, though she had shot beyond it years ago; and that she was weak and vain, and one of those people who are best described by the axiom, that you may trust them as far as you can see them, and no farther.

'You'll take care that Miss Nickleby understands her hours, and so forth,' said Madame Mantalini; 'and so I'll leave her with you. You'll not forget my directions, Miss Knag?'

Miss Knag of course replied, that to forget anything Madame Mantalini had directed, was a moral impossibility; and that lady, dispensing a general good morning among her assistants, sailed away.

'Charming creature, isn't she, Miss Nickleby?'

'Miss Knag, rubbing her hands together.

'I have seen very little of her,' said Kate. 'I hardly know yet.'

'Have you seen Mr. Mantalini?' inquired Miss Knag.

'Yes; I have seen him twice.'

'Isn't he a charming creature?'

'Indeed he does not strike me as being so, by any means,' replied Kate.

'No, my dear!' cried Miss Knag, elevating her hands.

'Why, goodness gracious mercy, where's your taste? Such a fine tall, full-whiskered dashing gentlemanly man, with such teeth and hair, and—hem—well now, you *do* astonish me.'

'I dare say I am very foolish,' replied Kate, laying aside her bonnet; 'but as my opinion is of very little importance to him or any one else, I do not regret having formed it, and shall be slow to change it, I think.'

'He is a very fine man, don't you think so?' asked one of the young ladies.

'Indeed he may be, for anything I could say to the contrary,' replied Kate.

'And drives very beautiful horses, doesn't he?' inquired another.

'I dare say he may, but I never saw them,' answered Kate.

'Never saw them!' interposed Miss Knag. 'Oh, well, there it is at once you know; how can you possibly pronounce an opinion about a gentleman—hem—if you don't see him as he turns out altogether?'

There was so much of the world—even of the little world of the country girl—in this idea of the old milliner, that Kate, who was anxious for every reason to change the subject, made no further remark, and left Miss Knag in possession of the field.

After a short silence, during which most of the young people made a closer inspection of Kate's appearance, and compared notes respecting it, one of them offered to help her off with her shawl, and the offer being accepted, inquired whether she did not find black very uncomfortable wear.

'I do indeed,' replied Kate, with a bitter sigh.

'So dusty and hot,' observed the same speaker, adjusting her dress for her.

Kate might have said, that mourning was the coldest wear which mortals can assume; that it not only chills the breasts of those it clothes, but extending its influence to summer friends, freezes up their sources of good-will and kindness, and withering all the buds of promise they once so liberally put forth, leaves nothing but bared and rotten hearts exposed. There are few who have lost a friend or relative constituting in life their sole dependence, who have not keenly felt this chilling influence of their sable garb. She had felt it acutely, and feeling it at the moment, could not restrain her tears.

'I am very sorry to have wounded you by my thoughtless speech,' said her companion. 'I did not think of it. You are in mourning for some near relation.'

'For my father,' answered Kate, weeping.

'For what relation, Miss Simmonds?' asked Miss Knag in an audible voice.

'Her father,' replied the other softly.

'Her father, eh?' said Miss Knag, without the slightest depression of her voice. 'Ah! A long illness, Miss Simmonds?'

'Hush—pray,' replied the girl; 'I don't know.'

'Our misfortune was very sudden,' said Kate, turning away, 'or I might perhaps, at a time like this, be enabled to support it better.'

There had existed not a little desire in the room, according to invariable custom when any new 'young person' came, to know who Kate was, and what she was, and all about her; but although it might have been very naturally increased by her appearance and emotion, the knowledge that it pained her to be questioned, was sufficient to repress even this curiosity, and Miss Knag, finding it hopeless to attempt extracting any further particulars just then, reluctantly commanded silence, and bade the work proceed.

In silence, then, the tasks were plied until half-past one, when a baked leg of mutton, with potatoes to correspond, were served in the kitchen. The meal over, and the young ladies having enjoyed the additional relaxation of washing their hands, the work began again, and was again performed in silence, until the noise of carriages rattling through the streets, and of loud double knocks at doors, gave token that the day's work of the unfortunate members of society was proceeding in its turn.

One of these double knocks at Madame Mantalini's door announced the equipage of some great lady—or rather rich one, for there is occasionally a wide distinction between riches and greatness—who had come with her daughter to approve of some court-dresses which had been a long time preparing, and upon whom Kate was deputed to wait, accompanied by Miss Knag, and officered of course by Madame Mantalini.

Kate's part in the pageant was humble enough, her duties being limited to holding articles of costume until Miss Knag was ready to try them on, and now and then tying a string or fastening a hook-and-eye. She might, not unreasonably, have supposed herself beneath the reach of any arrogance, or bad humour; but it happened that the rich lady and the rich daughter were both out of temper that day, and the poor girl came in for her share of their revilings. She was awkward—her hands were cold—dirty—coarse—she could do nothing right; they wondered how Madame Mantalini could have such people about her: requested they might see some other young woman the next time they came, and so forth.

So common an occurrence would be hardly deserving of mention, but for its effect. Kate shed many bitter tears when these people were gone, and felt, for

the first time, humbled by her occupation. She had, it is true, quailed at the prospect of drudgery and hard service; but she had felt no degradation in working for her bread, until she found herself exposed to insolence and the coarsest pride. Philosophy would have taught her that the degradation was on the side of those who had sunk so low as to display such passions habitually, and without cause; but she was too young for such consolation, and her honest feeling was hurt. May not the complaint, that common people are above their station, often take its rise in the fact of *uncommon* people being below theirs?

In such scenes and occupations the time wore on until nine o'clock, when Kate, jaded and dispirited with the occurrences of the day, hastened from the confinement of the work-room, to join her mother at the street corner, and walk home:—the more sadly, from having to disguise her real feelings, and feign to participate in all the sanguine visions of her companion.

'Bless my soul, Kate,' said Mrs. Nickleby; 'I've been thinking all day, what a delightful thing it would be for Madame Mantalini to take you into partnership—such a likely thing too, you know. Why your poor dear papa's cousin's sister-in-law—a Miss Browndock—was taken into partnership by a lady that kept a school at Hammersmith, and made her fortune in no time at all; I forget, by the bye, whether that Miss Browndock was the same lady that got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, but I think she was; indeed, now I come to think of it, I am sure she was. 'Mantalini and Nickleby,' how well it would sound!—and if Nicholas has any good fortune, you might have Doctor Nickleby, the head-master of Westminster School, living in the same street.'

'Dear Nicholas!' cried Kate, taking from her reticule her brother's letter from Dotheboys Hall. 'In all our misfortunes, how happy it makes me, mamma, to hear he is doing well, and to find him writing in such good spirits. It consoles me for all we may undergo, to think that he is comfortable and happy.'

Poor Kate! she little thought how weak her consolation was, and how soon she would be undeceived.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

ZICCI.—A TALE.

[The following are the chapters which were omitted in the early part of the story.]

CHAPTER III.

Zicci was left alone with the young Italian; she had thrown aside her cloak and headgear: her hair, somewhat dishevelled, fell down her ivory neck, which the

dress partially displayed; she seemed, as she sat in that low and humble chamber, a very vision of light and glory.

Zicci gazed at her with an admiration mixed with compassion; he muttered a few words to himself, and then addressed her aloud:—

'Isabel di Pisani, I have saved you from a great peril; not from dishonour only, but, perhaps, from death. The Prince di —, under the weak government of a royal child and a venal administration, is a man above the law. He is capable of every crime; but amongst his passions he has such prudence as belongs to ambition; if you were not to reconcile yourself to your shame you would never enter the world again to tell your tale. The ravisher has no heart for repentance, but he has a hand that can murder: I have saved thee, Isabel di Pisani. Perhaps you would ask me wherefore?' Zicci paused and smiled mournfully, as he added, 'My life is not that of others, but I am still human; I know pity, and more, Isabel, I can feel gratitude for affection. You love me: it was my fate to fascinate your eye, to arouse your vanity, to inflame your imagination. It was to warn you from this folly that I consented for a few minutes to become your guest. The Englishman Glyndon loves thee well—better than I can ever love; he may wed thee—he may bear thee to his own free and happy land, the land of thy mother's kin. Forget me, teach thyself to return and to deserve his love; and I tell thee that thou wilt be honoured and be happy.'

Isabel listened with silent wonder and deep blushes to this strange address; and when the voice ceased, she covered her face with her hands and wept.

Zicci rose: 'I have fulfilled my duty to you, and I depart. Remember that you are still in danger from the Prince; be wary and be cautious. Your best precaution is in flight: farewell.'

'Oh do not leave me yet; you have read a secret of which I myself was scarcely conscious: you despise me—you, my preserver! Ah, do not misjudge me; I am better, higher than I seem. Since I saw thee, I have been a new being.' The poor girl clasped her hands passionately as she spoke, and her tears streamed down her cheeks.

'What would you that I should answer?' said Zicci, pausing, but with a cold severity in his eye.

'Say that you do not despise—say that you do not think me light and shameless.'

'Willingly, Isabel; I know your heart and your history: you are capable of great virtues; you have the seeds of a rare and powerful genius. You may pass through the brief period of your human life with a proud step and a cheerful heart, if you listen to my advice. You have been neglected from your childhood; you have been thrown among natures at once frivolous and coarse; your nobler dispositions, your

higher qualities are not developed. You were pleased with the admiration of Glyndon; you thought that the passionate stranger might marry you, while others had only uttered the vows that dishonour. Poor child, it was the instinctive desire of right within thee that made thee listen to him; and if my fatal shadow had not crossed thy path, thou wouldst have loved him well enough, at least for content. Return to that hope, and nurse again that innocent affection; this is my answer to thee: art thou contented?

'No, ah no; severe as thou art, I love better to hear thee than, than—what am I saying? And now you have saved me, I shall pray for you, bless you, think of you; and am I never to see you more? Alas, the moment you leave me, danger and dread will darken round me. Let me be your servant, your slave; with you I should have no fear.'

A dark shade fell over Zicci's brow; he looked from the ground on which his eyes had rested while she spoke, upon the earnest and imploring face of the beautiful creature that now knelt before him, with all the passions of an ardent and pure but wholly untutored and half-savage nature, speaking from the tearful eyes and trembling lips. He looked at her with an aspect she could not interpret; in his eyes were kindness, sorrow, and even something, she thought, of love; yet the brow frowned, and the lip was stern.

'It is in vain that we struggle with our doom,' said he, calmly; 'listen to me yet.—I am a man, Isabel, in whom there are some good impulses yet left, but whose life is, on the whole, devoted to a systematic and selfish desire to enjoy whatever life can afford. To me it is given to warn; the warning neglected, I interfere no more; I leave her victories to that Fate that I cannot baffle of her prey. You do not understand me; no matter: what I am now about to say will be more easy to comprehend. I tell thee to tear from thy heart all thought of me; thou hast yet the power. If thou wilt not obey me, thou must reap the seeds that thou wilt sow. Glyndon, if thou acceptest his homage, will love thee throughout life; I, too, can love thee.'

'You,—you'—

'But with a lukewarm and selfish love; and one that cannot last. Thou wilt be a flower in my path:—I inhale thy sweetness, and pass on,—caring not what wind shall nip thee, or what step shall tread thee to the dust. Which is the love thou would'st prefer?'

'But do you—can you love me!—you—you, Zicci; even for an hour? say it again.'

'Yes, Isabel;—I am not dead to beauty; and yours is that rarely given to the daughters of men. Yes, Isabel; I could love thee.'

'Isabel uttered a cry of joy; seized his hand, and kissed it through burning and impassioned tears. Zicci

raised her in his arms, and imprinted one kiss upon her forehead.

'Do not deceive thyself,' he said, 'consider well. I tell thee again, that my love is subjected to the certain curse of change. For my part, I shall seek thee no more. Thy fate shall be thine own, and not mine. For the rest, fear not the Prince di ——. At present, I can save thee from every harm.'

With these words he withdrew himself from her embrace, and had gained the outer door, just as Gionetta came from the kitchen with her hands full of such cheer as she had managed to collect together. Zicci laid his hand on the old woman's arm—

'Signior Glyndon,' said he, 'loves Isabel;—he may wed her. You love your mistress;—plead for him. Disabuse her, if you can, of any caprice for me. I am a bird ever on the wing.'

He dropped a purse, heavy with gold, into Gionetta's bosom—and was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

The palace of Zicci was among the noblest in Naples. It still stands, though ruined and dismantled, in one of those antique streets, from which the old races of the Norman and the Spaniard have long since vanished.

He ascended the vast staircase, and entered the rooms reserved for his private hours. They were nowise remarkable except for their luxury and splendour, and the absence of what, men, so learned as Zicci was reputed, generally prize; viz: books. Zicci seemed to know every thing that books can teach; yet, of books themselves he spoke and thought with the most profound contempt.

He threw himself on a sofa, and dismissed his attendants for the night; and here it may be observed, that Zicci had no one servant who knew any thing of his origin, birth, or history. Some of his attendants he had brought with him from other cities; the rest, he had engaged at Naples. He hired those, only, whom wealth can make subservient. His expenditure was most lavish; his generosity, regal: but his orders were ever given as those of a general to his army. The least disobedience—the least hesitation, and the offender was at once dismissed. He was a man who sought tools, and never made confidants.

Zicci remained for a considerable time motionless and thoughtful. The hand of the clock before him pointed to the first hour of morning. The solemn voice of the time-piece aroused him from his reverie:—

'One sand more out of the mighty hour-glass,' said he, rising: 'one hour nearer to the last! I am weary of humanity. I will enter into one of the countless worlds around me.' He lifted the arras that clothed the walls,

and touching a strong iron door (then made visible) with a minute key which he wore in a ring, passed into an inner apartment lighted by a single lamp of extraordinary lustre. The room was small: a few phials and some dried herbs were ranged in shelves on the wall, which was hung with snow-white cloth of coarse texture. From the shelves, Zicci selected one of the phials, and poured the contents into a crystal cup. The liquid was colourless, and sparkled rapidly up in bubbles of light: it almost seemed to evaporate ere it reached his lips;—but when the strange beverage was quaffed, a sudden change was visible in the countenance of Zicci: his beauty became yet more dazzling; his eyes shone with intense fire, and his form seemed to grow more youthful and ethereal.

* * * * *

CHAPTER V.

The next day, Glyndon bent his steps towards Zicci's palace. The young man's imagination, naturally inflammable, was singularly excited by the little he had seen and heard of this strange being—a spell, he could neither master nor account for, attracted him towards the stranger. Zicci's power seemed mysterious and great—his motives kindly and benevolent, yet his manners chilling and repellant. Why at one moment reject Glyndon's acquaintance, at another save him from danger? How had Zicci thus acquired the knowledge of enemies unknown to Glyndon himself? His interest was deeply roused, his gratitude appealed to; he resolved to make another effort to conciliate Zicci.

The Signior was at home, and Glyndon was admitted into a lofty saloon, where in a few moments Zicci joined him.

'I am come to thank you for your warning last night,' said he; 'and to entreat you to complete my obligation by informing me of the quarter to which I may look for enmity and peril.'

'You are a gallant, Mr. Glyndon,' said Zicci, with a smile; 'and do you know so little of the south as not to be aware that gallants have always rivals?'

'Are you serious?' said Glyndon, colouring.

'Most serious. You love Isabel di Pisani; you have for rival one of the most powerful and relentless of the Neapolitan princes. Your danger is indeed great.'

'But pardon me—how came it known to you?'

'I give no account of myself to mortal man,' replied Zicci, haughtily; 'and to me it matters nothing whether you regard or scorn my warning.'

'Well, if I may not question you, be it so;—but at least advise me what to do.'

'You will not follow my advice.'

'You wrong me! why?'

'Because you are constitutionally brave; you are fond of excitement and mystery; you like to be the hero of a romance. I should advise you to leave Naples; and you will disdain to do so while Naples contains a foe to shun, or a mistress to pursue.'

'You are right,' said the young Englishman, with energy; 'and you cannot reproach me for such a resolution.'

'No, there is another course left to you: do you love Isabel di Pisani truly and fervently? if so, marry her, and take a bride to your native land.'

'Nay,' answered Glyndon, embarrassed; 'Isabel is not my rank; her character is strange and self-willed; her education neglected. I am enslaved by her beauty, but I cannot wed her.'

Zicci frowned.

'Your love then is selfish lust, and by that love will you be betrayed. Young man, Destiny is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the Universe are not so scanty and so stern as to deny to men the divine privilege of Free Will; all of us can carve out our own way, and God can make our very contradictions harmonize with his solemn ends. You have before you an option. Honourable and generous love may even now work out your happiness, and effect your escape; a frantic and interested passion will but lead you to misery and doom.'

'Do you pretend then to read the Future?'

'I have said all that it pleases me to utter.'

'While you assume the moralist to me, Signior Zicci,' said Glyndon, with a smile, 'if report say true, you do not yourself reject the allurements of unfettered love.'

'If it were necessary that practice square with precept,' said Zicci, with a sneer, 'our pulpits would be empty. Do you think it matters, in the great aggregate of human destinies, what one man's *conduct* may be? Nothing; not a grain of dust: but it matters much what are the *sentiments* he propagates. His acts are limited and momentary; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom. All our virtues, all our laws, are drawn from books and maxims, which *are* sentiments, not from deeds. Our opinions, young Englishman, are the angel part of us; our acts the earthly.'

'You have reflected deeply for an Italian,' said Glyndon.

'Who told you I was an Italian?'

'Are you not of Corsica?'

'Tush,' said Zicci, impatiently turning away. Then after a pause he resumed in a mild voice—'Glyndon, do you renounce Isabel di Pisani? Will you take three days to consider of what I have said?'

'Renounce her—never!'

'Then you will marry her?'

'Impossible!'

'Be it so: she will then renounce you.—I tell you that you have rivals.'

'Yes; the Prince d ———; but I do not fear him.'

'You have another whom you will fear more.'

'And who is he?'

'Myself.'

Glyndon turned pale, and started from his seat.

'You, Signior Zicci!—you—and you dare to tell me so?'

'Dare! Alas! you know not that there is nothing on earth left for me to fear!'

These arrogant words were not uttered arrogantly, but in a tone of the most mournful dejection. Glyndon was enraged, confounded, and yet awed. However, he had a brave English heart within his breast, and he recovered himself quickly.

'Signior,' said he, calmly, 'I am not to be duped by these solemn phrases, and these mystical assumptions. You may have power which I cannot comprehend or emulate, or you may be but a keen impostor.'

'Well, sir, your logical position is not ill taken—proceed.'

'I mean, then,' continued Glyndon, resolutely, though somewhat disconcerted, 'I mean you to understand, that, though I am not to be persuaded or compelled by a stranger to marry Isabel di Pisani, I am not the less determined never tamely to yield her to another.'

Zicci looked gravely at the young man, whose sparkling eyes and heightened colour testified the spirit to support his words, and replied—"So bold! well; it becomes you. You have courage then—I thought it. Perhaps it may be put to a sharper test than you now dream of. But take my advice: wait three days, and tell me then if you will marry this young person.'

'But if you love her, why—why'——

'Why am I anxious that she should wed another:—to save her from myself! Listen to me. That girl, humble and uneducated though she be, has in her the seeds of the most lofty qualities and virtues. She can be all to the man she loves—all that man can desire in wife or mistress. Her soul, developed by affection, will elevate your own: it will influence your fortunes, exalt your destiny: you will become a great and a prosperous man. If, on the contrary, she fall to me, I know not what may be her lot; but I know that few can pass the ordeal, and hitherto no woman has survived the struggle.'

As Zicci spoke his face became livid, and there was something in his voice that froze the warm blood of his listener.

'What is this mystery which surrounds you?' exclaimed Glyndon, unable to repress his emotion. 'Are you, in truth, different from other men? Have you passed the boundary of lawful knowledge? Are you, as some declare, a sorcerer, or only a ———'

'Hush!' interrupted Zicci, gently, and with a smile of singular but melancholy sweetness: 'have you earned the right to ask me these questions? The days of torture and persecution are over; and a man may live as he pleases, and talk as it suits him, without fear of the stake and the rack. Since I can defy persecution, pardon me if I do not succumb to curiosity.'

Glyndon blushed, and rose. In spite of his love for Isabel, and his natural terror of such a rival, he felt himself irresistibly drawn towards the very man he had most cause to suspect and dread. It was like the fascination of the basilisk. He held out his hand to Zicci, saying, 'Well, then, if we are to be rivals, our swords must settle our rights: till then I would fain be friends.'

'Friends! Pardon me: I like you too well to give you my friendship. You know not what you ask.'

'Enigmas again!'

'Enigmas!' cried Zicci, passionately, 'ay: can you dare to solve them? Would you brave all that human heart can conceive of peril and of horror, so that at last you might stand separated from this visible universe side by side with me? When you can dare this, and when you are fit to dare it, I may give you my right hand, and call you friend.'

'I could dare every thing and all things for the attainment of super-human wisdom,' said Glyndon; and his countenance was lighted up with wild and intense enthusiasm.

Zicci observed him in thoughtful silence.

'He may be worthy,' he muttered; 'he may, — yet' — He broke off abruptly; then, speaking aloud—'Go, Glyndon,' said he: 'in three days we shall meet again.'

'Where?'

'Perhaps where you can least anticipate. In any case we shall meet.'

CHAPTER VI.

Glyndon thought seriously and deeply over all that the mysterious Zicci had said to him relative to Isabel. His imagination was inflamed by the vague and splendid promises that were connected with his marriage with the poor actress. His fears, too, were naturally aroused by the threat that by marriage alone could he save himself from the rivalry of Zicci—Zicci, born to dazzle and command—Zicci, who united to the apparent wealth of a monarch the beauty of a god—Zicci, whose eye seemed to foresee, whose hand to frustrate, every danger. What a rival! and what a foe!

But Glyndon's pride, as well as jealousy, was aroused. He was *brave comme son épée*. Should he shrink from the power or the enmity of a man mortal as himself? And why should Zicci desire him to give his name and station to one of a calling so equivocal?

Might there not be motives he could not fathom? Might not the actress and the Corsican be in league with each other? Might not all this jargon of prophecy and menace be but artifices to dupe him?—the tool, perhaps, of a mountebank and his mistress!—mistress! ah, no!—If ever maidenhood wrote its modest characters externally—that pure eye—that noble forehead—that mien and manner, so ingenuous even in their coquetry—their pride—assured him that Isabel was not the base and guilty thing he dared for a moment to suspect her.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and surmises, Glyndon turned to the practical sense of the sober Merton to assist and enlighten him.

As may be well supposed, his friend listened to his account of his interview with Zicci with a half-suppressed and ironical smile:—

‘Excellent! my dear friend. This Zicci is another Appollonius of Tyana; nothing less will satisfy you. What! is it possible that you are the Clarence Glyndon of whose career such glowing hopes are entertained? You the man whose genius has been extolled by all the graybeards! Not a boy turned out from a village school but would laugh you to scorn!—And so, because Signior Zicci tells you that you will be a marvellously great man, if you revolt all your friends, and blight all your prospects, by marrying a Neapolitan actress, you begin already to think of — By Jupiter! I cannot talk patiently on the subject. Let the girl alone; that would be the proper plan; or else —’

‘You talk very sensibly,’ interrupted Glyndon, ‘but you distract me. I will go to Isabel’s house;—I will see her;—I will judge for myself.’

‘That is certainly the best way to forget her!’ said Merton.

Glyndon seized his hat and sword, and was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

She was seated outside her door—the young actress! The sea, which in that heavenly bay literally seems to sleep in the arms of the shore, bounded the view in front; while, to the right, not far off, rose the dark and tangled crags to which the traveller of to-day is duly brought to gaze on the tomb of Virgil, or compare with the cavern of Pausilippo the archway of Highgate-hill. There were a few fishermen loitering by the cliffs, on which their nets were hung to dry; and, at a distance, the sound of some rustic pipe (more common at that day than in this,) mingled now and then with the bells of the lazy mules, broke the volup-tuous silence—the silence of declining noon on the shores of Naples;—never, till you have enjoyed it, never, till you have felt its enervating, but delicious

charm, believe that you can comprehend all the meaning of the *Dolce far niente*; and when that luxury has been known—when you have breathed that atmosphere of faëry land—then you will no longer wonder why the heart ripens with so sudden and wild a power beneath the rosy skies, and amidst the glorious foliage, of the south.

The young actress was seated by the door of her house: overhead, a rude canvass awning sheltered her from the sun: on her lap lay the manuscript of a new part in which she was shortly to appear. By her side was the guitar on which she had been practising the airs that were to ravish the ears of the cognoscenti. But the guitar had been thrown aside in despair: her voice this morning did not obey her will. The manuscript lay unheeded; and the eyes of the actress were fixed on the broad blue deep beyond. In the unwonted negligence of her dress might be traced the abstraction of her mind. Her beautiful hair was gathered up loosely, and partially bandaged by a kerchief, whose purple colour served to deepen the golden hue of the tresses. A stray curl escaped, and fell down the graceful neck. A loose morning robe, girded by a sash, left the breeze, that came ever and anon from the sea, to die upon the bust half disclosed:—and the tiny slipper, that Cinderella might have worn, seemed a world too wide for the tiny foot which it scarcely covered. It might be the heat of the day that deepened the soft bloom of the cheeks, and gave an unwonted languor to the large dark eyes. In all the pomp of her stage attire—in all the flush of excitement before the intoxicating lamps—never had Isabel looked so lovely.

By the side of the actress, and filling up the threshold, stood Gionetta, with her hands thrust up to the elbow in two huge recesses on either side her gown—pockets, indeed, they might be called in courtesy;—such pockets as Beelzebub’s grandmother might have shaped for herself,—bottomless pits in miniature.

‘But I assure you,’ said the nurse, in that sharp, quick, ear-splitting tone in which the old women of the south are more than a match for those of the north, ‘but I assure you, my darling, that there is not a finer cavalier in all Naples, nor a more beautiful, than this *Inglese*: and I am told that all the *Inglese* are much richer than they seem. Though they have no trees in their country, poor people, and instead of twenty-four they have only twelve hours to the day, yet I hear, *cospetto!* that they shoe their horses with *scudi*; and since they cannot (the poor heretics!) turn grapes into wine, for they have no grapes, they turn gold into physic; and a take glass or two of *pistoles* whenever they are troubled with the cholera. But you don’t hear me! Little pupil of my eyes, you don’t hear me!’

‘Gionetta, is he not godlike!’

'*Santa Maria!* he is handsome! *bellissimo*; and when you are his wife—for they say these English are never satisfied unless they marry——'

'Wife!—English!—Whom are you talking of?'

'Why, the young English signior to be sure.'

'Chut!—I thought you spoke of Zicci.'

'O! Signior Zicci is very rich and very generous; but he wants to be your cavalier, not your husband! I see that—leave me alone. When you are married, then you will see how amiable Signior Zicci will be. Oh! *per fede*, but he will be as close to your husband as the yolk to the white—that he will.'

'Silence, Gionetta! How wretched I am to have no one else to speak to—to advise me. Oh, beautiful sun!' and the girl pressed her hand to her heart, with wild energy—'why do you light every spot but *this*? Dark!—dark! And a little while ago I was so calm, so innocent, so gay. I did not hate you then, Gionetta, hateful as your talk was; I hate you now. Go in—leave me alone—leave me.'

'And indeed it is time I should leave you; for the *polenta* will be spoiled, and you have eat nothing all day. If you don't eat you will lose your beauty, my darling, and then nobody will care for you. Nobody cares for us when we grow ugly—I know that—and then you must, like old Gionetta, get some Isabel of your own to spoil. I'll go and see to the *polenta*.'

'Since I have known this man,' said the actress, half aloud, 'since his dark eyes have fascinated me, I am no longer the same. I long to escape from myself—to glide with the sunbeam over hill tops—to become something that is not of earth. Is it, indeed, that he is a sorcerer, as I have heard? Phantoms float before me at night; and a fluttering, like the wing of a bird, within my heart, seems as if the spirit were terrified, and would break its cage.'

While murmuring these incoherent rhapsodies, a step that she did not hear approached the actress, and a light hand touched her arm:—

'Isabella!—*carissima!*—Isabella!'

She turned, and saw Glyndon. The sight of his fair young face calmed her at once. She did not love him, yet his sight gave her pleasure: she had for him a kind and grateful feeling.—Ah! if she had never beheld Zicci!

'Isabel,' said the Englishman, drawing her again to the bench from which she had risen, and seating himself beside her—

'You know how passionately I love thee. Hitherto thou hast played with my impatience and my ardour: thou hast sometimes smiled, sometimes frowned, away my importunities for a reply to my suit; but this day—I know not how it is—I feel a more sustained and settled courage to address thee, and learn the happiest or the worst. I have rivals, I know,—rivals who are

more powerful than the poor artist:—are they also more favoured?'

Isabel blushed faintly; but her countenance was grave and distressed. Looking down, and marking some hieroglyphical figures in the dust with the point of her slipper, she said, with some hesitation, and a vain attempt to be gay, 'Signior, whoever wastes his thoughts on an actress must submit to have rivals. It is our unhappy destiny not to be sacred even to ourselves.'

'But you have told me, Isabel, that you do not love this destiny, glittering though it seem; that your heart is not in the vocation which your talents adorn.'

'Ah, no!' said the actress, her eyes filling with tears: 'it is a miserable lot to be slave to a multitude.'

'Fly, then, with me,' said the artist, passionately. 'Quit for ever the calling that divides that heart I would have all my own. Share my fate now and for ever—my pride, my delight, my ideal. Thou shalt inspire my canvass and my song: thy beauty shall be made at once holy and renowned. In the galleries of princes, crowds shall gather round the effigy of a Venus or a Saint, and a whisper shall break forth, 'It is Isabel di Pisani!' Ah! Isabel, I adore thee: tell me that I do not worship in vain.'

'Thou art good and fair,' said Isabel, gazing on her lover, as he pressed his cheek nearer to hers, and clasped her hand in his. 'But what should I give thee in return?'

'Love—love—only love!'

'A sister's love?'

'Ah! speak not with such cruel coldness!'

'It is all I have for thee. Listen to me, Signior: when I look on your face, when I hear your voice, a certain serene and tranquil calm creeps over and lulls thoughts—oh! how feverish, how wild! When thou art gone the day seems a shade more dark; but the shadow soon flies. I miss thee not; I think not of thee; no, I love thee not; and I will give myself only where I love.'

'But I would teach thee to love me: fear it not. Nay, such love as thou now describest, in our tranquil climates is the love of innocence and youth.'

'And it is the innocence he would destroy!' said Isabel, rather to herself than to him.

Glyndon drew back conscience-stricken.

'No, it may not be!' she said, rising, and extricating her hand gently from his clasp. 'Leave me, and forget me. You do not understand, you could not comprehend, the nature of her whom you think to love. From my childhood upward, I have felt as if I were marked out for some strange and preternatural doom; as if I were singled from my kind: this feeling (and, oh! at times it is one of delirious and vague delight, at others of the darkest gloom,) deepens within me

MIDNIGHT.

Soft be thy step! Night, the meek mother, lies
In the deep bosom of the silent wood,
Around her nestled all the feather'd brood;
The sainted stars, that sentinel the skies,
Take watchword from the River Mysteries
(Whose streamlets skirt this silvan neighbourhood,
Tuning their music to their dreamiest mood,
To shed their influence on her sleeping eyes.

So some pale Abbess, in her shadowed cell—
While all around her the pure sisters rest—
Blends in her dreams the organ's distant swell
And bright-eyed Angels hovering o'er her breast.
Here Heavenly Peace, and Peace on Earth combine—
Night be thy pillow too, their guarded shrine.

NOVEMBER.

She was a lusty maid, to Winter wed,
Young Winter, a fresh bridegroom—yet full soon
Came Sorrow, ere 'twas half the honeymoon;
And gusty Passion stormed—then tears she shed—
And when she fain would smile, she hung her head.
Overseer Poverty, a surly loon,
Knocked at the door, and chilled their sunless noon;
Hard was their fare, and harder still their bed—
Then Winter rigorous was. This ill she brooked,
And in her pinched consumption, as she bowed,
The impatient Bridegroom daily on her looked,
And soon he wrapped her in her snowy shroud;
Then, while the winds moaned o'er her lonely grave,
He sped—and tuned his voice to many a merry stave.

INFINITY OF ART.

Say what is Art? Th' acquirement of a sense
Discoverable, dormant, incomplete—
Poetry, Painting, Music; do they cheat
The understanding with false ravishments
Of things that are not? No: when man invents
He but discovers; and, with favoured feet,
Walks privileged where Angels pass and meet—
And bringeth back, as 'twere, the rudiments
Of their high language, that in perfect state
Of Being transformed celestial shall be ours;
With thorough knowledge to communicate,
Though there were neither Eye nor Ear. O Powers
Illimitable!—'tis but the outer hem
Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.

DEATH.

Time was that Death and I were bitterest foes,
And oft I pictured him with noiseless feet
Threading the busy crowds from street to street,
While his fell finger touch'd and thinn'd their rows—
And still the waves of Life did round him close,
And then the Tyrant left his wonted beat,
Stealing 'mong children at their play, unmeet
For his strong grasp—and chill'd their vernal rose.

But now methinks a kinder form he takes—
The good Physician, bringing anodyne
For aching hearts—and oft his glass he shakes
To speed Life's woes, that with the sands combine.
Now, like a gentle friend, my pillow makes,
And with soft pressure lays his hand in mine.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delightful
to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are

endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love! Every dissension of man with man, excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those, whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

MAN'S ORIGINAL STATE.

Adam, when he was made in God's own image, proceeded from no earthly parentage, but, at the word of the Lord, starting into existence perfect, both in his outward form and his intellectual and moral faculties, was neither subject to decay nor dissolution. And had he continued in his innocence, there would no blight of death have ever passed upon our race. The whole family of man would have for ever flourished in immortal youth, amid the transports of the terrestrial paradise, or have been seen, it may be, like holy angels, ascending and descending between heaven and earth.

From the Spectator.

NEW EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Remarks on his Life and Writings. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. Moxon.

The Complete Works of Shakspeare. With Life, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M. and forty illustrations. Orr and Co.; Fraser and Crawford, Edinburgh.

The larger of these publications forms the first of a trio of English dramatists—Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, which Mr. Moxon is preparing for popular use in single volumes. It contains the whole of the Plays, clearly and even hand-

somely printed; a very excellent glossary, including words used in a peculiar sense, as well as those which are obsolete, and no fewer than seven indexes, classified according to the subjects referred to, as "Speeches," "Thoughts or Sentiments," &c.; with copies of Shakspeare's marriage-bond and will; and a table of the supposed date of the composition of each of his dramas. A view of the house in which Shakspeare was born, and a portrait after the Chandos picture, (which, if the best, is not the best-looking,) form the pictorial illustrations of this edition.

The literary feature is Campbell's Remarks on Shakspeare's Life and Writings; which, however, neither support the reputation of the author, nor rise to the character of the subject. Without a living rival in verse, Campbell in prose rarely passes mediocrity, and sometimes falls below it; being deficient in marrow, nerve, and strength, often dashed by feeble or ill-timed jocularity, and only redeemed from commonplace by a pervading feeling of *bonhumie* and an equable and pleasant flow. Such is the character of the Remarks before us. Mr. Campbell brings, of course, no new facts to illustrate the Life; nor is there much of novelty in his comments, or of acute sagacity in his conjectures; but he carries the reader pleasantly along, with a good deal of gossip, and occasionally a bit of sensible reflection. His criticism also exhibits nothing very profound or penetrating, or even a perfectly familiar acquaintance with his author. At the same time, what he says is generally judicious. Perhaps the following sketch of Othello's character goes beyond this praise; though Macready had previously embodied the idea in his conception of the part, bating the tenderness, which he seems unable to attain.

"The Moor is at once one of the most complex and astonishing and yet most intelligible pictures that fiction ever portrayed of human character. His grandeur of soul is natural, and we admire it; his gentleness is equally natural, and we love him for it; his appearance we cannot but conceive to be majestic, and his physiognomy benevolent. The Indian prince, Ramoon Roy, who delighted all hearts in London a few years ago, and who died to our sorrow, was the only living being I ever saw who came up to my conception of Othello's appearance. But the Moor had been bred a barbarian; and though his bland nature and intercourse with the more civilized world had long warred against and conquered the half-natural habits of barbarism, yet those habits at last broke out, and prevailed in the moments of his jealousy. He is not a jealous man by nature, but, being once made jealous, he reverts to savageness, and becomes as terrible as he had before been tender. This contrast in his conduct, however, is not an Ovidian metamorphosis, but a transition so probably managed as to seem unavoidable; yet the naturalness of the change prevents neither our terror nor pity: on the contrary, the sweetness of his character before its fall is the smoothness of the stream before its cataract; and his bland dispositions heretofore displayed appear like a rich autumnal day contrasted with the thunderstorm of its evening."

One thing, however, Mr. Campbell has done for the students of Shakspeare: by giving his critical comments on the plays in the chronological order of the composition, the reader is enabled to perceive clearly how Shakspeare advanced from merely retouching dramas to a recasting which had all the points and merits of an original production. We can almost trace him displaying at each step increased knowledge of life and nature, and a maturer judgment in his art, till, starting with *Pericles Prince of Tyre* at twenty-six, he com-

passed *Othello Moor of Venice* at forty, and *Macbeth* at forty-two years of age.

Another point to which our editor makes some allusion, though he does not see the full riches of the mine he has stumbled upon, is the thorough and exact learning of Shakspeare.

"There is a tradition," says Mr. Campbell, "that our poet was bound apprentice to an attorney; and I have never mentioned this hypothesis to one of the legal fraternity who has not jumped to the same conclusion, arguing that Shakspeare's knowledge of legal phrases seems not to be merely such as might have been acquired by accident, but that it has all the appearance of technical skill. The lawyers will even make out a case to you, without a fee, showing that our poet's barefaced improbabilities, audacious fictions, sly evasions, and quips and rogueries, could have proceeded from none but an apprentice-bred lawyer. So ambitious are they to make us believe that our bird of Paradise was bred in their black rookery! But what is Mr. Malone's argument on this point? He surmises that the youthful poet's ardent curiosity, about the age of fourteen, led him frequently to attend the Court of Record, which sat in Stratford once a fortnight. Here is a fine fiction, to be sure, worthy of the law itself; the forms of a petty court of law kindling an ardent interest in the mind of a boy poet!"

But Shakspeare never "mentions nautical matters without an appearance of correct skill." For this remark Mr. Campbell was indebted to Captain Glasscock—

"Who further observes, 'that our poet draws a nice but palpable distinction between the fishermen and the veritable blue-water mariners. The fishermen in *Pericles* are the seafaring folk of the coast. One of them says, Act II. Scene I, 'When I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled! They say they are half flesh, half fish. A plague on them, they never come but I look to be dashed.' 'How true the appearance of the tumbling porpoise, which is always portentous of a gusty gale! How could he have picked up this seafaring fact—a man born and bred in a perfectly inland county?'

"Then on the blue water," my friend continues, 'the boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the fore-castle.'

"Nevertheless, Captain G. conceives that the boatswain's order, 'Let her two courses off' is a mistake in the punctuation, and that the reading should be, 'Let her two courses—off to sea again.' 'Let the two courses, and lay her off,' is perfect. It means that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated 'the two courses.' Were I in command of a vessel to-morrow, on a lee shore, I should say, 'Let the two courses—we must claw-off under that canvass.' How differently does Dryden make his mariners speak! In his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, b. iii. l. 525, we find the following nautical nonsense—

'Where proud Peloris opes a readier way,
Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard. Sea and land.'

the last of these lines is sheer absurdity.

"Swift, when he described a storm, in the 'Voyage to Brobdingnag,' must have been laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of those whom he anticipated gulling by his sea-gibberish. Dibdin himself is often ridiculously incorrect."

Indeed, we have somewhere seen it asserted, that Shakspeare's knowledge of every pursuit is so thorough, that when his allusions are brought under the notice of its exclusive practitioners, they are always tempt-

ed to suppose he must have had some practical knowledge of the respective craft. His acquaintance with remote national manners or local characteristics is equally striking, as well as of physical points which he must have intuitively jumped to, so little means existed in that age for learning them. Dr. Crichton, in his *Scandinavia*, remarks, that when Hamlet makes Horatio and Marcellus swear by his sword, he imposes the most solemn oath an ancient Scandinavian could take. Young Mr. Barrow tells us, that on arriving at Iceland, he ascertained that the "*crop-ear'd cur* of Iceland" was even now the exact description of the dogs of that remote and rarely-frequented island. Abernethy said, that Shakespeare's "something that wars with nature" was the best definition of poison. Sir Henry Hallford mentions a case of incipient lunacy, involving a point of delicacy and importance, as it related to the devise of a large property to a stranger, in which all the ordinary modes of examination were vainly exhausted without detecting any trace of aberration: the lawyer and the physicians were beaten to a stand: suddenly it struck Sir Henry to try the touchstone which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet—

"It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from."

The hint was tried, and the patient could not stand the test: he "gambolled" from the matter of will he had but just read and discussed at large. When Iago says—

"the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,"

he exactly describes the effect of mineral poison, which acts by destroying the coats of the stomach.

Before we quit Mr. Campbell, let us point out a few slips on a point for which he is famous—erroneous quotation. Byron has alluded to one or two things of this kind; and the book before us maintains the Bard of Hope's consistency. He quotes Prince Hal's exclamation on seeing Falstaff as "I better could have spared a better man;" although his ear might have guided him to the right reading—

"I could have better spared a better man."

He attributes to Swift, (as, indeed, others have attributed,) Pope's "Song by a Person of Quality;" and quotes the line

"Nature must give way to art,"

as "Nature must resign to art,"—which is scarcely English.

These little slips, however, like the other points we have mentioned, are merely blemishes or "shortcomings." For the library or parlour-table, as for the limited shelves of a small study, this volume will be capitally fitted, either by itself, or in conjunction with its comates that are to follow.

For the pocket, the post-chaise, the travelling-trunk, or the *chiffonnière*, let us recommend a very neat and very accurate edition of the *Complete Works of Shakespeare*—the Poems as well as the Plays, with a Life by Chalmers. This little diamond duodecimo is also embellished by forty outline etchings, from the best designs of the illustrated editions of Boydell and Bell. And the price is a wonder in itself—the whole of

Shakespeare's Works, with a Life and forty engravings, compressed into the most compact form, and neatly bound in green and gold, for half-a-guinea!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

From the legacy of the late F. Purcell, P. P. of Drum-coolagh.

"All this he told with some confusion and Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand To expound their vain and visionary gleams. I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned Prophetically, as that which one deems 'A strange coincidence,' to use a phrase By which such things are settled now-a-days."

BYRON.

DREAMS—What age, or what country of the world has not felt and acknowledged the mystery of their origin and end? I have thought not a little upon the subject, seeing it is one which has been often forced upon my attention, and sometimes strangely enough; and yet I have never arrived at any thing which at all appeared a satisfactory conclusion. It does appear that a mental phenomenon so extraordinary cannot be wholly without its use. We know, indeed, that in the olden times it has been made the organ of communication between the Deity and his creatures; and when, as I have seen, a dream produces upon a mind, to all appearance hopelessly reprobate and depraved, an effect so powerful and so lasting as to break down the inveterate habits, and to reform the life of an abandoned sinner. We see in the result, in the reformation of morals, which appeared incorrigible in the reclamation of a human soul which seemed to be irretrievably lost, something more than could be produced by a mere chimæra of the slumbering fancy, something more than could arise from the capricious images of a terrified imagination; but once prevented, we behold in all these things, in the tremendous and mysterious results, the operation of the hand of God. And while Reason rejects as absurd the superstition which will read a prophecy in every dream, she may, without violence to herself, recognise, even in the wildest and most incongruous of the wanderings of a slumbering intellect, the evidences and the fragments of a language which may be spoken, which *has* been spoken to terrify, to warn, and to command. We have reason to believe too, by the promptness of action, which in the age of the prophets, followed all intimations of this kind, and by the strength of conviction and strange permanence of the effects resulting from certain dreams in latter times, which effects ourselves may have witnessed, that when this medium of communication has been

employed by the Deity, the evidences of his presence have been unequivocal. My thoughts were directed to this subject, in a manner to leave a lasting impression upon my mind, by the events which I shall now relate, the statement of which, however extraordinary, is nevertheless *accurately correct*.

About the year 17—, having been appointed to the living of C—h, I rented a small house in the town, which bears the same name: one morning, in the month of November, I was awakened before my usual time, by my servant, who bustled into my bed-room for the purpose of announcing a sick call. As the Catholic Church holds her last rights to be totally indispensable to the safety of the departing sinner, no conscientious clergyman can afford a moment's unnecessary delay, and in little more than five minutes I stood ready cloaked and booted for the road in the small front parlour, in which the messenger, who was to act as my guide, awaited my coming. I found a poor little girl crying piteously near the door, and after some slight difficulty I ascertained that her father was either dead, or just dying.

"And what may be your father's name, my poor child?" said I. She held down her head, as if ashamed. I repeated the question, and the wretched little creature burst into floods of tears, still more bitter than she had shed before. At length, almost provoked by conduct which appeared to me so unreasonable, I began to lose patience, spite of the pity which I could not help feeling towards her, and I said rather harshly, "If you will not tell me the name of the person to whom you would lead me, your silence can arise from no good motive, and I might be justified in refusing to go with you at all."

"Oh! don't say that, don't say that," cried she "Oh! sir, it was that I was afraid of when I would not tell you—I was afraid when you heard his name you would not come with me; but it is no use hidin' it now—it's Pat Connell, the carpenter, your honour."

She looked in my face with the most earnest anxiety, as if her very existence depended upon what she should read there; but I relieved her at once. The name, indeed, was most unpleasantly familiar to me; but, however fruitless my visits and advice might have been at another time, the present was too fearful an occasion to suffer my doubts of their utility as my reluctance to re-attempting what appeared a hopeless task to weigh even against the lightest chance, that a consciousness of his imminent danger might produce in him a more docile and tractable disposition. Accordingly I told the child to lead the way, and followed her in silence. She hurried rapidly through the long narrow street which forms the great thoroughfare of the town. The darkness of the hour, rendered still deeper by the close approach of the old fashioned houses, which lowered in tall obscurity on either side

of the way; the damp dreary chill which renders the advance of morning peculiarly cheerless, combined with the object of my walk, to visit the death-bed of a presumptuous sinner, to endeavour, almost against my own conviction, to infuse a hope into the heart of a dying reprobate—a drunkard, but too probably perishing under the consequences of some mad fit of intoxication; all these circumstances united served to enhance the gloom and solemnity of my feelings, as I silently followed my little guide, who with quick steps traversed the uneven pavement of the main street. After a walk of about five minutes she turned off into a narrow lane, of that obscure and comfortless class which are to be found in almost all small old fashioned towns, chill without ventilation, reeking with all manner of offensive effluvia, dingy, smoky, sickly and pent-up buildings, frequently not only in a wretched but in a dangerous condition.

"Your father has changed his abode since I last visited him, and, I am afraid, much for the worse," said I.

"Indeed he has, sir, but we must not complain," replied she; "we have to thank God that we have lodging and food, though it's poor enough, it is, your honour."

Poor child! thought I, how many an older head might learn wisdom from thee—how many a luxurious philosopher, who is skilled to preach but not to suffer, might not thy patient words put to the blush! The manner and language of this child were alike above her years and station; and, indeed, in all cases in which the cares and sorrows of life have anticipated their usual date, and have fallen, as they sometimes do, with melancholy prematurity to the lot of childhood, I have observed the result to have proved uniformly the same. A young mind, to which joy and indulgence have been strangers, and to which suffering and self-denial have been familiarized from the first, acquires a solidity and an elevation which no other discipline could have bestowed, and which, in the present case, communicated a striking but mournful peculiarity to the manners, even to the voice of the child. We paused before a narrow, crazy door, which she opened by means of a latch, and we forthwith began to ascend the steep and broken stairs, which led upwards to the sick man's room. As we mounted flight after flight towards the garret floor, I heard more and more distinctly the hurried talking of many voices. I could also distinguish the low sobbing of a female. On arriving upon the uppermost lobby, these sounds became fully audible.

"This way, your honour," said my little conductress, at the same time pushing open a door of patched and half rotten plank, she admitted me into the squalid chamber of death and misery. But one candle, held in the fingers of a scared and haggard-looking child, was burning in the room, and that so dim that all was

twilight or darkness except within its immediate influence. The general obscurity, however, served to throw into prominent and startling relief the death-bed and its occupant. The light was nearly approximated to, and fell with horrible clearness upon, the blue and swollen features of the drunkard. I did not think it possible that a human countenance could look so terrific. The lips were black and drawn apart—the teeth were firmly set—the eyes a little unclosed, and nothing but the whites appearing—every feature was fixed and livid, and the whole face wore a ghastly and rigid expression of despairing terror such as I never saw equalled; his hands were crossed upon his breast, and firmly clenched, while, as if to add to the corpse-like effect of the whole, some white cloths, dipped in water, were wound about the forehead and temples. As soon as I could remove my eyes from this horrible spectacle, I observed my friend Dr. D——, one of the most humane of a humane profession, standing by the bed-side. He had been attempting, but unsuccessfully, to bleed the patient, and had now applied his finger to the pulse.

"Is there any hope?" I inquired in a whisper.

A shake of the head was the reply. There was a pause while he continued to hold the wrist; but he waited in vain for the throb of life, it was not there, and when he let go the hand it fell stiffly back into its former position upon the other.

"The man is dead," said the physician, as he turned from the bed where the terrible figure lay.

Dead! thought I, scarcely venturing to look upon the tremendous and revolting spectacle—dead! without an hour for repentance, even a moment for reflection—dead! without the rites which even the best should have. Is there a hope for him? The glaring eyeball, the grinning mouth, the distorted brow—that unutterable look in which a painter would have sought to embody the fixed despair of the nethermost hell—these were my answer.

The poor wife sat at a little distance, crying as if her heart would break—the younger children clustered round the bed, looking, with wondering curiosity, upon the form of death, never seen before. When the first tumult of uncontrollable sorrow had passed away, availing myself of the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, I desired the heart-stricken family to accompany me in prayer, and all knelt down, while I solemnly and fervently repeated some of those prayers which appeared most applicable to the occasion. I employed myself thus in a manner which, I trusted, was not unprofitable, at least to the living, for about ten minutes, and having accomplished my task, I was the first to arise. I looked upon the poor, sobbing, helpless creatures who knelt so humbly around me, and my heart bled for them. With a natural transition, I turned my eyes from them to the bed in which the body lay, and, great God! what was the revulsion,

the horror which I experienced on seeing the corpse-like, terrific thing seated half upright before me—the white cloths, which had been wound about the head, had now partly slipped from their position, and were hanging in grotesque festoons about the face and shoulders, while the distorted eyes leered from amid them—

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

I stood actually rivetted to the spot. The figure nodded its head and lifted its arm, I thought with a menacing gesture. A thousand confused and horrible thoughts at once rushed upon my mind. I had often read that the body of a presumptuous sinner, who, during life, had been the willing creature of every satanic impulse, after the human tenant had deserted it, had been known to become the horrible sport of demoniac possession. I was roused from the stupefaction of terror in which I stood, by the piercing scream of the mother, who now, for the first time, perceived the change which had taken place. She rushed towards the bed, but, stunned by the shock and overcome by the conflict of violent emotions, before she reached it, she fell prostrate upon the floor. I am perfectly convinced that had I not been startled from the torpidity of horror in which I was bound, by some powerful and arousing stimulant, I should have gazed upon this unearthly apparition until I had fairly lost my senses. As it was, however, the spell was broken, superstition gave way to reason: the man whom all believed to have been actually dead, was living! Dr. D—— was instantly standing by the bedside, and, upon examination, he found that a sudden and copious flow of blood had taken place from the wound which the lancet had left, and this, no doubt, had effected his sudden and almost preternatural restoration to an existence from which all thought he had been for ever removed. The man was still speechless, but he seemed to understand the physician when he forbid his repeating the painful and fruitless attempts which he made to articulate, and he at once resigned himself quietly into his hands.

I left the patient with leeches upon his temples, and bleeding freely—apparently with little of the drowsiness which accompanies apoplexy; indeed, Dr. D—— told me that he had never before witnessed a seizure which seemed to combine the symptoms of so many kinds, and yet which belonged to none of the recognised classes; it certainly was not apoplexy, catalepsy, nor *delirium tremens*, and yet it seemed, in some degree, to partake of the properties of all—it was strange, but stranger things are coming.

During two or three days Dr. D—— would not allow his patient to converse in a manner which could excite or exhaust him, with any one; he suffered him merely, as briefly as possible, to express his immediate wants, and it was not until the fourth day after my

early visit, the particulars of which I have just detailed, that it was thought expedient that I should see him, and then only because it appeared that his extreme importunity and impatience were likely to retard his recovery more than the mere exhaustion attendant upon a short conversation could possibly do; perhaps, too, my friend entertained some hope that if by holy confession his patient's bosom were eased of the perilous stuff, which, no doubt, oppressed it, his recovery would be more assured and rapid. It was, then, as I have said, upon the fourth day after my first professional call, that I found myself once more in the dreary chamber of want and sickness. The man was in bed, and appeared low and restless. On my entering the room he raised himself in the bed, and muttered twice or thrice—"Thank God! thank God." I signed to those of his family who stood by, to leave the room, and took a chair beside the bed. So soon as we were alone, he said, rather doggedly—"There's no use now in telling me of the sinfulness of bad ways—I know it all—I know where they lead to—I seen everything about it with my own eyesight, as plain as I see you." He rolled himself in the bed, as if to hide his face in the clothes, and then suddenly raising himself, he exclaimed with startling vehemence—"Look, sir, there is no use in mincing the matter; I'm blasted with the fires of hell; I have been in hell; what do you think of that!—in hell—I'm lost for ever—I have not a chance—I am damned already—damned—damned——" The end of this sentence he actually shouted; his vehemence was perfectly terrific; he threw himself back, and laughed, and sobbed hysterically. I poured some water into a tea-cup, and gave it to him. After he had swallowed it, I told him if he had anything to communicate, to do so as briefly as he could, and in a manner as little agitating to himself as possible; threatening at the same time, though I had no intention of doing so, to leave him at once, in case he again gave way to such passionate excitement. "It's only foolishness," he continued, "for me to try to thank you for coming to such a villain as myself at all; it's no use for me to wish good to you; for such as me has no blessings to give." I told him that I had but done my duty, and urged him to proceed to the matter which weighed upon his mind; he then spoke nearly as follows:—"I came in drunk on Friday night last, and got to my bed here, I don't remember how; sometime in the night, it seemed to me, I awakened, and feeling uneasy in myself, I got up out of the bed. I wanted the fresh air, but I would not make a noise to open the window, for fear I'd waken the crathurs. It was very dark, and troublesome to find the door; but at last I did get it, and I groped my way out, and went down as easy as I could. I felt quite sober, and I counted the steps one after another, as I was going down, that I might not stumble at the bottom. When I came to the first

landing-place, God be about us always! the floor of it sunk under me, and I went down, down, down, till the senses almost left me. I do not know how long I was falling, but it seemed to me a great while. When I came rightly to myself at last, I was sitting at a great table, near the top of it; and I could not see the end of it, if it had any, it was so far off; and there were men beyond reckoning, sitting down, all along by it, at each side, as far as I could see at all. I did not know at first what it was in the open air; but there was a close smothering feel in it, that was not natural, and there was a kind of light that my eyesight never saw before, red and unsteady, and I did not see for a long time where it was coming from, until I looked straight up, and then I seen that it came from great balls of blood-coloured fire, that were rolling high over head with a sort of rushing, trembling sound, and I perceived that they shone on the ribs of a great roof of rock that was arched overhead instead of the sky. When I seen this, scarce knowing what I did, I got up, and I said, 'I have no right to be here; I must go,' and the man that was sitting at my left hand, only smiled, and said, 'sit down again, you can never leave this place,' and his voice was weaker than any child's voice I ever heard, and when he was done speaking he smiled again. Then I spoke out very loud and bold, and I said—"in the name of God, let me out of this bad place." And there was a great man, that I did not see before, sitting at the end of the table that I was near, and he was taller than twelve men, and his face was very proud and terrible to look at, and he stood up and stretched out his hand before him, and when he stood up, all that was there, great and small, bowed down with a sighing sound, and a dread came on my heart, and he looked at me, and I could not speak. I felt I was his own, to do what he liked with, for I knew at once who he was, and he said, 'if you promise to return, you may depart for a season;' and the voice he spoke with was terrible and mournful, and the echoes of it went rolling and swelling down the endless cave, and mixing with the trembling of the fire over-head; so that, when he sate down, there was a sound after him, all through the place like the roaring of a furnace, and I said, with all the strength I had, 'I promise to come back; in God's name let me go,' and with that I lost the sight and the hearing of all that was there, and when my senses came to me again, I was sitting in the bed with the blood all over me, and you and the rest praying around the room." Here he paused and wiped away the chill drops of horror which hung upon his forehead.

I remained silent for some moments. The vision which he had just described struck my imagination not a little, for this was long before Vatheck and the "Hall of Eblae" had delighted the world; and the description which he gave had, as I received it, all the

attractions of novelty beside the impressiveness which always belongs to the narration of an *eye-witness*, whether in the body or in the spirit, of the scenes which he describes. There was something, too, in the stern horror with which the man related these things, and in the incongruity of his description, with the vulgarly received notions of the great place of punishment, and of its presiding spirit, which struck my mind with awe, almost with fear. At length he said, with an expression of horrible, imploring earnestness, which I shall never forget—"Well, sir, is there any hope; is there any chance at all? or, is my soul pledged and promised away for ever? is it gone out of my power? must I go back to the place?"

In answering him I had no easy task to perform; for however clear might be my internal conviction of the groundlessness of his fears, and however strong my scepticism respecting the reality of what he had described, I nevertheless felt that his impression to the contrary, and his humility and terror resulting from it, might be made available as no mean engines in the work of his conversion from profligacy, and of his restoration to decent habits, and to religious feeling. I therefore told him that he was to regard his dream rather in the light of a warning than in that of a prophecy; that our salvation depended not upon the word or deed of a moment, but upon the habits of a life; that, in fine, if he at once discarded his idle companions and evil habits, and firmly adhered to a sober, industrious, and religious course of life, the powers of darkness might claim his soul in vain, for that there were higher and firmer pledges than human tongue could utter, which promised salvation to him who should repent and lead a new life.

I left him much comforted, and with a promise to return upon the next day. I did so, and found him much more cheerful, and without any remains of the dogged sullenness which I suppose had arisen from his despair. His promises of amendment were given in that tone of deliberate earnestness, which belongs to deep and solemn determination; and it was with no small delight that I observed, after repeated visits, that his good resolutions, so far from failing, did but gather strength by time; and when I saw that man shake off the idle and debauched companions, whose society had for years formed alike his amusement and his ruin, and revive his long discarded habits of industry and sobriety, I said within myself, there is something more in all this than the operation of an idle dream. One day, sometime after his perfect restoration to health, I was surprised on ascending the stairs, for the purpose of visiting this man, to find him busily employed in nailing down some planks upon the landing place, through which, at the commencement of his mysterious vision, it seemed to him that he had sunk. I perceived at once that he was strengthening the floor

with a view to securing himself against such a catastrophe, and could scarcely forbear a smile as I bid "God bless his work."

He perceived my thoughts, I suppose, for he immediately said,

"I can never pass over that floor without trembling. I'd leave this house if I could, but I can't find another lodging in the town so cheap, and I'll not take a better till I've paid off all my debts, please God; but I could not be easy in my mind till I made it as safe as I could. You'll hardly believe me, your honour, that while I'm working, maybe a mile away, my heart is in a flutter the whole way back, with the bare thoughts of the two little steps I have to walk upon this bit of a floor. So it's no wonder, sir, I'd thry to make it sound and firm with any idle timber I have."

I applauded his resolution to pay off his debts, and the steadiness with which he pursued his plans of conscientious economy, and passed on.

Many months elapsed, and still there appeared no alteration in his resolutions of amendment. He was a good workman, and with his better habits he recovered his former extensive and profitable employment. Every thing seemed to promise comfort and respectability. I have little more to add, and that shall be told quickly. I had one evening met Pat Connell, as he returned from his work, and as usual, after a mutual, and on his side respectful salutation, I spoke a few words of encouragement and approval. I left him industrious, active, healthy—when next I saw him, not three days after, he was a corpse. The circumstances which marked the event of his death were somewhat strange—I might say fearful. The unfortunate man had accidentally met an early friend, just returned, after a long absence, and in a moment of excitement, forgetting every thing in the warmth of his joy, he yielded to his urgent invitation to accompany him into a public house, which lay close by the spot where the encounter had taken place. Connell, however, previously to entering the room, had announced his determination to take nothing more than the strictest temperance would warrant. But oh! who can describe the inveterate tenacity with which a drunkard's habits cling to him through life. He may repent—he may reform—he may look with actual abhorrence upon his past profligacy; but amid all this reformation and compunction, who can tell the moment in which the base and ruinous propensity may not recur, triumphing over resolution, remorse, shame, everything, and prostrating its victim once more in all that is destructive and revolting in that fatal vice.

The wretched man left the place in a state of utter intoxication. He was brought home nearly insensible, and placed in his bed, where he lay in the deep calm lethargy of drunkenness. The younger part of the family retired to rest much after their usual

hour; but the poor wife remained up sitting by the fire, too much grieved and shocked at the recurrence of what she had so little expected, to settle to rest; fatigue, however, at length overcame her, and she sunk gradually into an uneasy slumber. She could not tell how long she had remained in this state, when she awakened, and immediately on opening her eyes, she perceived by the faint red light of the smouldering turf embers, two persons, one of whom she recognised as her husband, noiselessly gliding out of the room.

"Pat, darling, where are you going?" said she. There was no answer—the door closed after them; but in a moment she was startled and terrified by a loud and heavy crash, as if some ponderous body had been hurled down the stair. Much alarmed, she started up, and going to the head of the stair-case, she called repeatedly upon her husband, but in vain. She returned to the room, and with the assistance of her daughter, whom I had occasion to mention before, she succeeded in finding and lighting a candle, with which she hurried again to the head of the staircase. At the bottom lay what seemed to be a bundle of clothes, heaped together, motionless, lifeless—it was her husband. In going down the stairs, for what purpose can never now be known, he had fallen helplessly and violently to the bottom, and coming head foremost, the spine at the neck had been dislocated by the shock, and instant death must have ensued. The body lay upon that landing-place to which his dream had referred. It is scarcely worth endeavouring to clear up a single point in a narrative where all is mystery; yet I could not help suspecting that the second figure which had been seen in the room by Connell's wife on the night of his death, might have been no other than his own shadow. I suggested this solution of the difficulty; but she told me that the unknown person had been considerably in advance of the other, and on reaching the door, had turned back as if to communicate something to his companion—it was then a mystery. Was the dream verified?—whither had the disembodied spirit sped?—who can say? We know not. But I left the house of death that day in a state of horror which I could not describe. It seemed to me that I was scarce awake. I heard and saw every thing as if under the spell of a nightmare. The coincidence was terrible.

From the United Service Journal.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

A long tour of duty in a North American garrison would be insupportable, were it not for the ease with which the scene may be varied by an occasional visit to the States. The first winter, full six months in

duration, has, I own, fairly sickened me with New Brunswick; and gladly, therefore, do I now inform you, that I have obtained my furlough, and am actually on my way to that interesting republic which has sprung up with such wonderful rapidity, from infancy to full and vigorous maturity, and is now hastening with giant strides either to a dissolution of the union, or to the highest rank among the nations of the earth.

My route has led me through a section of New Brunswick which I have not yet touched upon, and I will, therefore, conclude these slight and hasty sketches with a short notice of the country that lies between St. John's and the frontier town of St. Andrew's.

The only approach to this town, the second in point of size and importance in the province, leads from the city of St. John's. From Fredericton, *direct*, there is indeed a foot-path, but it is of the very worst description, although it runs through a line of country apparently well adapted to settlement and cultivation. The distance between the latter points does not exceed 60 miles, whereas by the route which we are about to take it amounts to 150.

Having reached St. John's by steam, we crossed the harbour to Carlton, and at seven o'clock on a fine September morning we took our places in the mail-waggon for St. Andrew's. This expeditious post-conveyance is allowed two days to perform the journey of sixty-seven miles; but as there are steamers, which ply twice a week between the sea ports, whose average run is seven hours, it may be supposed that no one who values time travels by the mail, unless he may wish, as we did, to see the bleak inhospitable country that lies between them. I have already somewhere said that the seaboard of New Brunswick is in general sterile and forbidding, and there is certainly nothing to be seen between its two chief sea ports on the bay shore, which should induce me to modify the assertion; yet are there not only spots of great fertility to be found upon that line, but there are also many glimpses of scenery to be met with, of such peculiar wildness, as cannot fail to repay any lover of Nature for the fatigue and inconvenience of the journey. The road for the first few miles is tolerable, but by far the greater portion of it is as wretched a path as is to be found, even in North America, under the title of a high road, and long before we had completed half the distance we were heartily glad to call a halt for the refreshment of our cattle and ourselves. The house chosen for this purpose by our driver was the neat and tidy cottage of a Scotch settler, whose bustling and obliging helpmate gave us, in less than half an hour, an excellent dinner, served up with scrupulous neatness, and for which she charged us 1s. 6d. each. These good people are from Galloway, and although it is only five years since they came to the country

attractions of novelty beside the impressiveness which always belongs to the narration of an *eye-witness*, whether in the body or in the spirit, of the scenes which he describes. There was something, too, in the stern horror with which the man related these things, and in the incongruity of his description, with the vulgarly received notions of the great place of punishment, and of its presiding spirit, which struck my mind with awe, almost with fear. At length he said, with an expression of horrible, imploring earnestness, which I shall never forget—"Well, sir, is there any hope; is there any chance at all? or, is my soul pledged and promised away for ever! is it gone out of my power? must I go back to the place?"

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with a view to securing himself against such a catastrophe, and could scarcely forbear a smile as I bid "God bless his work."

He perceived my thoughts, I suppose, for he immediately said,

"I can never pass over that floor without trembling. I'd leave this house if I could, but I can't find another lodging in the town so cheap, and I'll not take a better till I've paid off all my debts, please God; but I could not be asy in my mind till I made it as safe as I could. You'll hardly believe me, your honour, that while I'm working, maybe a mile away, my heart is in a flutter the whole way back, with the bare thoughts of the two little steps I have to walk upon this bit of a floor. So it's no wonder, sir, I'd thry to make it sound and firm with any idle timber I have."

I applauded his resolution to pay off his debts, and the steadiness with which he pursued his plans of conscientious economy, and passed on.

Many months elapsed, and still there appeared no alteration in his resolutions of amendment. He was a good workman, and with his better habits he recovered his former extensive and profitable employment. Every thing seemed to promise comfort and respectability. I have little more to add, and that shall be told quickly. I had one evening met Pat Connell, as he returned from his work, and as usual, after a mutual, and on his side respectful salutation, I spoke a few words of encouragement and approval. I left him industrious, active, healthy—when next I saw him, not three days after, he was a corpse. The circumstances which marked the event of his death were somewhat strange—I might say fearful. The unfortunate man had accidentally met an early friend, just returned, after a long absence, and in a moment of excitement, forgetting every thing in the warmth of his joy, he yielded to his urgent invitation to accompany him into a public house, which lay close by the spot where the encounter had taken place. Connell, however, previously to entering the room, had announced his determination to take nothing more than the strictest temperance would warrant. But oh! who can describe the inveterate tenacity with which a drunkard's habits cling to him through life. He may repeat—

My reform—he may look with actual abhorrence upon his former prodigality; but amid all this reformation and amendment, who can tell the moment in which the old propensity may not recur, triumphantly, remorse, shame, everything, and all that is destructive to the soul.

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hour; but the poor wife remained up sitting by the fire, too much grieved and shocked at the recurrence of what she had so little expected, to settle to rest; fatigue, however, at length overcame her, and she sunk gradually into an uneasy slumber. She could not tell how long she had remained in this state, when she awakened, and immediately on opening her eyes, she perceived by the faint red light of the smouldering turf embers, two persons, one of whom she recognised as her husband, noiselessly gliding out of the room.

"Pat, darling, where are you going?" said she. There was no answer—the door closed after them; but in a moment she was startled and terrified by a loud and heavy crash, as if some ponderous body had been hurled down the stair. Much alarmed, she started up, and going to the head of the stair-case, she called repeatedly upon her husband, but in vain. She returned to the room, and with the assistance of her daughter, whom I had occasion to mention before, she succeeded in finding and lighting a candle, with which she hurried again to the head of the stair-case. At the bottom lay what seemed to be a bundle of clothes, heaped together, motionless, lifeless—it was her husband. In going down the stairs, for what purpose can never now be known, he had fallen helplessly and violently to the bottom, and coming head foremost, the spine at the neck had been dislocated by the shock, and instant death must have ensued. The body lay upon that landing-place to which his dream had referred. It is scarcely worth endeavouring to clear up a single point in a narrative where all is mystery; yet I could not help suspecting that the second figure which had been seen in the room by Connell's wife on the night of his death, might have been no other than his own shadow. I suggested this solution of the difficulty; but she told me that the unknown person had been considerably in advance of the other, and on reaching the door, had turned back as if to communicate something to his companion—it

was then a mystery. Was the dream verified?—whither had the disembodied spirit sped?—who can say? We know not. But I left the house of death that day in a state of horror which I could not describe. It seemed to me that I was scarce awake. I heard and saw every thing as if under the spell of a nightmare. The coincidence was terrible.

From the United Service Journal.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.

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duration, has, I own, fairly sickened me with New Brunswick; and gladly, therefore, do I now inform you, that I have obtained my furlough, and am actually on my way to that interesting republic which has sprung up with such wonderful rapidity, from infancy to full and vigorous maturity, and is now hastening with giant strides either to a dissolution of the union, or to the highest rank among the nations of the earth.

My route has led me through a section of New Brunswick which I have not yet touched upon, and I will, therefore, conclude these slight and hasty sketches with a short notice of the country that lies between St. John's and the frontier town of St. Andrew's.

The only approach to this town, the second in point of size and importance in the province, leads from the city of St. John's. From Fredericton, *direct*, there is indeed a foot-path, but it is of the very worst description, although it runs through a line of country apparently well adapted to settlement and cultivation. The distance between the latter points does not exceed 60 miles, whereas by the route which we are about to take it amounts to 150.

Having reached St. John's by steam, we crossed the harbour to Carlton, and at seven o'clock on a fine September morning we took our places in the mail-waggon for St. Andrew's. This expeditious post-conveyance is allowed two days to perform the journey of sixty-seven miles; but as there are steamers, which ply twice a week between the sea ports, whose average run is seven hours, it may be supposed that no one who values time travels by the mail, unless he may wish, as we did, to see the bleak inhospitable country that lies between them. I have already somewhere said that the seaboard of New Brunswick is in general sterile and forbidding, and there is certainly nothing to be seen between its two chief sea ports on the bay shore, which should induce me to modify the assertion; yet are there not only spots of great fertility to be found upon that line, but there are also many glimpses of scenery to be met with, of such peculiar wildness, as cannot fail to repay any lover of Nature for the fatigue and inconvenience of the journey. The road for the first few miles is tolerable, but by far the greater portion of it is as wretched a path as is to be found, even in North America, under the title of a high road, and long before we had completed half the distance we were heartily glad to call a halt for the refreshment of our cattle and ourselves. The house chosen for this purpose by our driver was the neat and tidy cottage of a Scotch settler, whose bustling and obliging helpmate gave us, in less than half an hour, an excellent dinner, served up with scrupulous neatness, and for which she charged us 1s. 6d. each. These good people are from Galloway, and although it is only five years since they came to the country

day by day. It is like the shadow of twilight, spreading slowly and solemnly round. My hour approaches: a little while and it will be night!"

As she spoke, Glyndon listened with visible emotion and perturbation. 'Isabel!' he exclaimed, as she ceased, 'your words more than ever enchain me to you. As you feel, I feel. I, too, have been ever haunted with a chill and unearthly foreboding. Amidst the crowds of men I have felt alone. In all my pleasures, my toils, my pursuits, a warning voice has murmured in my ear; 'Time has a dark mystery in store for thy manhood.' When you spoke, it was as the voice of my own soul.'

Isabel gazed upon him in wonder and fear. Her countenance was as white as marble: and those features, so divine in their rare symmetry, might have served the Greek with a study for the Pythoness, when, from the mystic cavern and the bubbling spring, she first hears the voice of the inspiring God. Gradually the rigour and tension of that wonderful face relaxed—the colour returned, the pulse beat, the heart animated the frame.

'Tell me,' she said, turning partially aside, 'tell me, have you seen, do you know, a stranger in this city? one of whom wild stories are afloat.'

'You speak of Zicci: I have seen him! I know him? and you? Ah! he, too, would be my rival!—he, too, would bear thee from me!'

'You err,' said Isabel, hastily, and with a deep sigh; 'he pleads for you: he informed me of your love; he besought me not—not to reject it.'

'Strange being! incomprehensible enigma! why did you name him?'

'Why? ah! I would have asked, whether, when you first saw him, the foreboding, the instinct, of which you spoke came on you more fearfully, more intelligibly than before—whether you felt at once repelled from him, yet attracted towards him—whether you felt (and the actress spoke with hurried animation) that with him was connected the secret of your life!'

'All this I felt,' answered Glyndon, in a trembling voice, 'the first time I was in his presence; though all around me was gay;—music, amidst lamp-lit trees, light converse near, and Heaven without a cloud above, my knees knocked together, my hair bristled, and my blood curdled like ice; since then he has divided my thoughts with thee.'

'No more, no more,' said Isabel, in a stifled tone; 'there must be the hand of fate in this; I can speak to you no more now; farewell.' She sprung past him into the house, and closed the door. Glyndon did not dare to follow her, nor, strange as it may seem, was he so inclined. The thought and recollection of that moonlit hour in the gardens,—of the strange address of Zicci, froze up all human passion; Isabel herself, if not forgotten, shrunk back like a shadow into the

recesses of his breast. He shivered as he stepped into the sunlight, and musingly retraced his steps into the more populous parts of that liveliest of Italian cities.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER.

THOUGHTS.

Come, living Thoughts—envelope me around
With your voluminous Beings—clear away,
For ye are spirits creative, and ye may
With your ethereal presence this dark ground
Beneath, and my unburthen'd feet surround
With th' unfelt pavement of your golden way,
T' ascend from out the darkness of Earth's day,
That to the Mind's large kingdom we may bound—
To reign, if perfect will and knowledge be
To reign—and aught *may* reign, but God above;
Where Life, in Spiritual conception free,
Sees all is Beauty, and feels all is Love.
And, ministering Thoughts, ye come more bright
Than wings of Angels glistening in their flight.

THE CONCERT.

Last eve, a Concert gave me such high pleasure
As I can ill express—not as you think
In painted Hall—where painted warblers wink
In ecstasy of some long-dying measure,
Whose silly words bequeath no sense to treasure.
But on a primrose bank, and on the brink
Of a sweet streamlet, whence the pure leaves drink
Their freshness, lying there in endless leisure.
I felt the boughs o'ershadow me—and closed
Mine eyes—and the quick Spirits that haunt the stream,
Each with his lyre upon my lids reposed—
Then floating gently broke into my dream—
Whence in a bark, moor'd by a golden strand,
We sailed right merrily to Fairy-land.

THE GLOW-WORM.

O Gem, more precious than the thrice-tried ore,
And jewels that the cavern'd treasures hold,
(For what rare diamond ere did life enfold?)
Thee at her bridal hour the chaste Earth wore,
When Æther, her proud bridegroom, came, and o'er
Heaven's Archway spread his mantle, gemm'd with gold
Of Stars in all their glory manifold—
Yet deem'd Earth's bosom still adorned more.
They call thee worm, thy love ungently name,
Whilst thou, like Hero, lightest to thy nook
Some bold Leander with thy constant flame,
Whose Hellespont may be this running brook.
O let the wise-man-worm his pride abjure,
And his own love be half as bright and pure!

THE BEST INFANT-SCHOOL.

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book
Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie
Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.
Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—

*Erratum in the first Number (Zicci), chapter 1, near the end. *Delete* the words, 'Her father was ill, dear girl, and she could not see him;' which crept into the text by a mistake of the copyist of the MS.

For some thou dost attune the play-mate brook;
For thy sole Ushers are the ear and eye,
That give to growing hearts their due supply,
And call sweet tastes from every silvan nook.

Dismiss thy Infant-school, good Mistress Starch;
Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties
That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,
And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.
Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—
Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

THE SICK DREAM.

A wintry night:—my casement with the blast
Shook; the thin smoke from the dim hearth uprept,
Like dew of slumber, on my lids—I slept.
Methought my Spirit, to the whirlwind cast,
Was hurled to vapoury caverns, thick and vast,
Through which the scourged ghosts, all howling, swept,
And forked lightnings pierced them as they pass'd;
And there were angels hid their eyes and wept.
I woke, and op'd my casement, as if there
Some Spirit escaped for pity moan'd loud.
No fierce blast enter'd but a gentle air;
And wrathful mutterings ran from cloud to cloud.
If well I did, or ill, He knoweth best
Who made my after-slumbers calm and blest.

HARMONY.

O wouldst thou give me Music, let it be
Now loud and soft, in indulating motion,
Now swelling, now subsiding like the Ocean,
And, like it, wild or gentle ever free—
But add no words—for simple melody
Flows to my heart like an enchanted potion
From Fairy hand—that would expel from me
In potency of Love all earthly notion.

O language is not for the Spirits of Air,
That sing as they awake. They hide themselves
From speech and unclosed eyes—wouldst thou repair
To their loved haunts—the woods—the rocky shelves—
They to thy lute, beside the mountain stream,
Will come to thee in Music and in Dream.

THE SUMMER OF 1838.

Ye Summer Winds, ye come upon mine ear
In the vex'd Midnight, more like Spirits unblest,
That shake the wintry drift—there is no rest.
And I am weary of this World of fear;
Eclipse hath quench'd the beauty of the year;
And Danger, in the darkness of the breast,
Sits breeding Fiends, that from their teeming nest
Of black suggestions growl their birthright cheer.

O, on green Nature's lap to lay one's head,
And in that quiet hear no more the surge
Of men and things, and wind's; by Rivulet's bed,
That Argument of Peace doth ever urge!
It will not be—methinks sweet Nature's dead—
O come, ye gentler airs, and sing her dirge.

FATHER AND SON.

O check not, thoughtless Parent, Childhood's tear;
Let him pour out the sorrow of his breast,
And know that thou, too, feeblest them, and best.
Too soon come iron days, and thoughts that sear
Young Virtue such as his; the Child revere—
That, while his limbs enlarge with man imprest,
His little heart grow freely with the rest,
Nor learn alone one coward lesson—Fear.

Open thy heart to me, ingenuous Boy!
And know by thine own tears what 'tis to weep,
By thine own mirth how blessed to enjoy;
Truth part thy lips, not niggard Caution keep.
Open thy heart—no narrow door for Sin,
But wide, "that all the Virtues may rush in."

NIGHT.

Mysterious hour, that wrappeth me around
With the dark mantle of ill-boding Night;
Thou dost awake within more ghastly bright
The Mind's eye to discern the prison ground,
Where, with far worse than iron fetters bound—
Its own sad thoughts—it seeks, yet loathes the sight,
What lies between me and yon casement light,
Blank solitude, invisible, profound.

Yon little beam tells of a gentle Home,
Looks that the Night illumine, and Love's warm breath—
Dark is the gulf between us—and this dome
Of starry Heaven wears now a pall of Death.
I stand, enclosed in nights and thoughts forlorn—
But thou wilt beam on me again, sweet Morn!

THE BROOK—THE WATERS OF CONSOLATION.

Ah! well do I remember thee, sweet Brook,
How on thy margin once I did complain,
When Grief was at my heart, and in my brain;
How thou didst pour thy song, that gently shook
The curious boughs that into thee did look;
That sometimes Pity 'twas—sometimes 'twas Pain,
And now 'twas changed to prattling sport again;
Now low, like evening hymn from Holy book.

That Grief has left no trace—thy banks I tread—
And hear those tones that rise through all the way,
Like Memory's Music from enchanted bed.
So when some gusty Storm hath passed away,
This little Flower uplifts its humbled head,
In thankful wonder at thy water's play.

THE LOVER'S MOONLIGHT.

I saw a Lover—on his upraised brow
The Midnight Moon had in sweet token lighted.
Then knew he that his absent Love, his plighted,
Was present—in her thought and in her vow.
Blest Creatures! whom night-wandering Angels bow
To bless, and leave the low sunk world benighted:
Love knows no Time—for it is ever—Now!
Love knows no space—for Hearts must live united!

Blest Creatures ye! for Nature's self doth plot
Your communing, and levels this terrene,
And prostrates all it holds, as it were not;
And lifts her lamp up in the sky serene,
That both might gaze upon one Heavenly spot,
And Love alone might live and breathe between.

THE CONTRAST.

Ungentle Love wakes Love of gentler mood,
As tenderest Pity liveth link'd to Pain.
What else shall soothe the frenzy of the brain?
Once I remember on a cliff I stood,
And gave a name out to the winds. The Wood
Down the ravine moan'd with it to the plain—
The river bore it onward to the main
That roll'd it back again in every flood.

It called the Fiends out of the passing clouds,
As they th' uprooted rocks would on me cast,
And the dim wood gleamed pale with ghostly shrouds.
Then Laura came—she smil'd—the Frenzy pass'd.
She kneel'd to me—and laid upon her breast
My aching head—and look'd me into rest.

MIDNIGHT.

Soft be thy step! Night, the meek mother, lies
In the deep bosom of the silent wood,
Around her nestled all the feather'd brood;
The sainted stars, that sentinel the skies,
Take watchword from the River Mysteries
(Whose streamlets skirt this silvan neighbourhood,
Tuning their music to their dreamiest mood,)
To shed their influence on her sleeping eyes.

So some pale Abbess, in her shadowed cell—
While all around her the pure sisters rest—
Blends in her dreams the organ's distant swell
And bright-eyed Angels hovering o'er her breast.
Here Heavenly Peace, and Peace on Earth combine—
Night be thy pillow too, their guarded shrine.

NOVEMBER.

She was a lusty maid, to Winter wed,
Young Winter, a fresh bridegroom—yet full soon
Came Sorrow, ere 'twas half the honeymoon;
And gusty Passion stormed—then tears she shed—
And when she fain would smile, she hung her head.
Overseer Poverty, a surly loon,
Knocked at the door, and chilled their sunless noon;
Hard was their fare, and harder still their bed—
Then Winter rigorous was. This ill she brooked,
And in her pinched consumption, as she bowed,
The impatient Bridegroom daily on her looked,
And soon he wrapped her in her snowy shroud;
Then, while the winds moaned o'er her lonely grave,
He sped—and tuned his voice to many a merry stave.

INFINITY OF ART.

Say what is Art? Th' acquirement of a sense
Discoverable, dormant, incomplete—
Poetry, Painting, Music; do they cheat
The understanding with false ravishments
Of things that are not? No: when man invents
He but discovers; and, with favoured feet,
Walks privileged where Angels pass and meet—
And bringeth back, as 'twere, the rudiments
Of their high language, that in perfect state
Of Being transformed celestial shall be ours;
With thorough knowledge to communicate,
Though there were neither Eye nor Ear. O Powers
Illimitable!—'tis but the outer hem
Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.

DEATH.

Time was that Death and I were bitterest foes,
And oft I pictured him with noiseless feet
Threading the busy crowds from street to street,
While his fell finger touch'd and thinn'd their rows—
And still the waves of Life did round him close,
And then the Tyrant left his wonted beat,
Stealing 'mong children at their play, unmeet
For his strong grasp—and chill'd their vernal rose.

But now methinks a kinder form he takes—
The good Physician, bringing anodyne
For aching hearts—and oft his glass he shakes
To speed Life's woes, that with the sands combine.
Now, like a gentle friend, my pillow makes,
And with soft pressure lays his hand in mine.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delight-
ful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are

endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love! Every dissension of man with man, excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those, whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

MAN'S ORIGINAL STATE.

Adam, when he was made in God's own image, proceeded from no earthly parentage, but, at the word of the Lord, starting into existence perfect, both in his outward form and his intellectual and moral faculties, was neither subject to decay nor dissolution. And had he continued in his innocence, there would no blight of death have ever passed upon our race. The whole family of man would have for ever flourished in immortal youth, amid the transports of the terrestrial paradise, or have been seen, it may be, like holy angels, ascending and descending between heaven and earth.

From the Spectator.

NEW EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Remarks on his Life and Writings. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. MOXON.

The Complete Works of Shakspeare. With Life, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M. and forty illustrations. Orr and Co.; Fraser and Crawford, Edinburgh.

The larger of these publications forms the first of a trio of English dramatists—Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, which Mr. Moxon is preparing for popular use in single volumes. It contains the whole of the Plays, clearly and even hand-

somely printed; a very excellent glossary, including words used in a peculiar sense, as well as those which are obsolete, and no fewer than seven indexes, classified according to the subjects referred to, as "Speeches," "Thoughts or Sentiments," &c.; with copies of Shakspeare's marriage-bond and will; and a table of the supposed date of the composition of each of his dramas. A view of the house in which Shakspeare was born, and a portrait after the Chandos picture, (which, if the best, is not the best-looking,) form the pictorial illustrations of this edition.

The literary feature is Campbell's Remarks on Shakspeare's Life and Writings; which, however, neither support the reputation of the author, nor rise to the character of the subject. Without a living rival in verse, Campbell in prose rarely passes mediocrity, and sometimes falls below it; being deficient in marrow, nerve, and strength, often dashed by feeble or ill-timed jocularities, and only redeemed from commonplace by a pervading feeling of *bonhumie* and an equable and pleasant flow. Such is the character of the Remarks before us. Mr. Campbell brings, of course, no new facts to illustrate the Life; nor is there much of novelty in his comments, or of acute sagacity in his conjectures; but he carries the reader pleasantly along, with a good deal of gossip, and occasionally a bit of sensible reflection. His criticism also exhibits nothing very profound or penetrating, or even a perfectly familiar acquaintance with his author. At the same time, what he says is generally judicious. Perhaps the following sketch of Othello's character goes beyond this praise; though Macready had previously embodied the idea in his conception of the part, bating the tenderness, which he seems unable to attain.

"The Moor is at once one of the most complex and astonishing and yet most intelligible pictures that fiction ever portrayed of human character. His grandeur of soul is natural, and we admire it; his gentleness is equally natural, and we love him for it; his appearance we cannot but conceive to be majestic, and his physiognomy benevolent. The Indian prince, Ramoon Roy, who delighted all hearts in London a few years ago, and who died to our sorrow, was the only living being I ever saw who came up to my conception of Othello's appearance. But the Moor had been bred a barbarian; and though his bland nature and intercourse with the more civilized world had long warred against and conquered the half-natural habits of barbarism, yet those habits at last broke out, and prevailed in the moments of his jealousy. He is not a jealous man by nature, but, being once made jealous, he reverts to savageness, and becomes as terrible as he had before been tender. This contrast in his conduct, however, is not an Ovidian metamorphosis, but a transition so probably managed as to seem unavoidable; yet the naturalness of the change prevents neither our terror nor pity: on the contrary, the sweetness of his character before its fall is the smoothness of the stream before its cataract; and his bland dispositions heretofore displayed appear like a rich autumnal day contrasted with the thunderstorm of its evening."

One thing, however, Mr. Campbell has done for the students of Shakspeare: by giving his critical comments on the plays in the chronological order of the composition, the reader is enabled to perceive clearly how Shakspeare advanced from merely retouching dramas to a recasting which had all the points and merits of an original production. We can almost trace him displaying at each step increased knowledge of life and nature, and a maturer judgment in his art, till, starting with *Pericles Prince of Tyre* at twenty-six, he com-

passed *Othello Moor of Venice* at forty, and *Macbeth* at forty-two years of age.

Another point to which our editor makes some allusion, though he does not see the full riches of the mine he has stumbled upon, is the thorough and exact learning of Shakspeare.

"There is a tradition," says Mr. Campbell, "that our poet was bound apprentice to an attorney; and I have never mentioned this hypothesis to one of the legal fraternity who has not jumped to the same conclusion, arguing that Shakspeare's knowledge of legal phrases seems not to be merely such as might have been acquired by accident, but that it has all the appearance of technical skill. The lawyers will even make out a case to you, without a fee, showing that our poet's barefaced improbabilities, audacious fictions, sly evasions, and quips and rogueries, could have proceeded from none but an apprentice-bred lawyer. So ambitious are they to make us believe that our bird of Paradise was bred in their black rookery! But what is Mr. Malone's argument on this point? He surmises that the youthful poet's ardent curiosity, about the age of fourteen, led him frequently to attend the Court of Record, which sat in Stratford once a fortnight. Here is a fine fiction, to be sure, worthy of the law itself; the forms of a petty court of law kindling an ardent interest in the mind of a boy poet!"

But Shakspeare never "mentions nautical matters without an appearance of correct skill." For this remark Mr. Campbell was indebted to Captain Glasscock—

"Who further observes, 'that our poet draws a nice but palpable distinction between the fishermen and the veritable blue-water mariners. The fishermen in *Pericles* are the seafaring folk of the coast. One of them says, Act II. Scene I, 'When I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled! They say they are half flesh, half fish. A plague on them, they never come but I look to be dashed.' 'How true the appearance of the tumbling porpoise, which is always portentous of a gusty gale! How could he have picked up this seafaring fact—a man born and bred in a perfectly inland county?'

"Then on the blue water," my friend continues, 'the boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the fore-castle.'

"Nevertheless, Captain G. conceives that the boatswain's order, 'Let her two courses off,' is a mistake in the punctuation, and that the reading should be, 'Let her two courses—off to sea again.' 'Let the two courses, and lay her off,' is perfect. It means that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated 'the two courses.' Were I in command of a vessel to-morrow, on a lee shore, I should say, 'Let the two courses—we must claw-off under that canvass.' How differently does Dryden make his mariners speak! In his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*, b. iii. l. 525, we find the following nautical nonsense—

'Where proud Peloris opes a readier way,
Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard. Sea and land.'

the last of these lines is sheer absurdity.

"Swift, when he described a storm, in the 'Voyage to Brobdingnag,' must have been laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of those whom he anticipated gulling by his sea-gibberish. Dibdin himself is often ridiculously incorrect."

Indeed, we have somewhere seen it asserted, that Shakspeare's knowledge of every pursuit is so thorough, that when his allusions are brought under the notice of its exclusive practitioners, they are always tempt-

ed to suppose he must have had some practical knowledge of the respective craft. His acquaintance with remote national manners or local characteristics is equally striking, as well as of physical points which he must have intuitively jumped to, so little means existed in that age for learning them. Dr. Crichton, in his *Scandinavia*, remarks, that when Hamlet makes Horatio and Marcellus swear by his sword, he imposes the most solemn oath an ancient Scandinavian could take. Young Mr. Barrow tells us, that on arriving at Iceland, he ascertained that the "*crop-ear'd cur of Iceland*" was even now the exact description of the dogs of that remote and rarely-frequented island. Abernethy said, that Shakspeare's "something that wars with nature" was the best definition of poison. Sir Henry Hallford mentions a case of incipient lunacy, involving a point of delicacy and importance, as it related to the devise of a large property to a stranger, in which all the ordinary modes of examination were vainly exhausted without detecting any trace of aberration: the lawyer and the physicians were beaten to a stand: suddenly it struck Sir Henry to try the touchstone which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet—

"It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from."

The hint was tried, and the patient could not stand the test: he "gambolled" from the matter of will he had but just read and discussed at large. When Iago says—

"the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,"

he exactly describes the effect of mineral poison, which acts by destroying the coats of the stomach.

Before we quit Mr. Campbell, let us point out a few slips on a point for which he is famous—erroneous quotation. Byron has alluded to one or two things of this kind; and the book before us maintains the Bard of Hope's consistency. He quotes Prince Hal's exclamation on seeing Falstaff as "I better could have spared a better man;" although his ear might have guided him to the right reading—

"I could have better spared a better man."

He attributes to Swift, (as, indeed, others have attributed,) Pope's "Song by a Person of Quality;" and quotes the line

"Nature must give way to art,"

as "Nature must resign to art,"—which is scarcely English.

These little slips, however, like the other points we have mentioned, are merely blemishes or "shortcomings." For the library or parlour-table, as for the limited shelves of a small study, this volume will be capitally fitted, either by itself, or in conjunction with its comates that are to follow.

For the pocket, the post-chaise, the travelling-trunk, or the *chiffonnière*, let us recommend a very neat and very accurate edition of the *Complete Works of Shakspeare*—the Poems as well as the Plays, with a Life by Chalmers. This little diamond duodecimo is also embellished by forty outline etchings, from the best designs of the illustrated editions of Boydell and Bell. And the price is a wonder in itself—the whole of

Shakspeare's Works, with a Life and forty engravings, compressed into the most compact form, and neatly bound in green and gold, for half-a-guinea!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

From the legacy of the late F. Purcell, P. P. of Drum-coolagh.

"All this he told with some confusion and Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand To expound their vain and visionary gleams. I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned Prophetically, as that which one deems 'A strange coincidence,' to use a phrase By which such things are settled now-a-days."

BYRON.

DREAMS—What age, or what country of the world has not felt and acknowledged the mystery of their origin and end? I have thought not a little upon the subject, seeing it is one which has been often forced upon my attention, and sometimes strangely enough; and yet I have never arrived at any thing which at all appeared a satisfactory conclusion. It does appear that a mental phenomenon so extraordinary cannot be wholly without its use. We know, indeed, that in the olden times it has been made the organ of communication between the Deity and his creatures; and when, as I have seen, a dream produces upon a mind, to all appearance hopelessly reprobate and depraved, an effect so powerful and so lasting as to break down the inveterate habits, and to reform the life of an abandoned sinner. We see in the result, in the reformation of morals, which appeared incorrigible in the reclamation of a human soul which seemed to be irretrievably lost, something more than could be produced by a mere chimera of the slumbering fancy, something more than could arise from the capricious images of a terrified imagination; but once prevented, we behold in all these things, in the tremendous and mysterious results, the operation of the hand of God. And while Reason rejects as absurd the superstition which will read a prophecy in every dream, she may, without violence to herself, recognise, even in the wildest and most incongruous of the wanderings of a slumbering intellect, the evidences and the fragments of a language which may be spoken, which *has* been spoken to terrify, to warn, and to command. We have reason to believe too, by the promptness of action, which in the age of the prophets, followed all intimations of this kind, and by the strength of conviction and strange permanence of the effects resulting from certain dreams in latter times, which effects ourselves may have witnessed, that when this medium of communication has been

employed by the Deity, the evidences of his presence have been unequivocal. My thoughts were directed to this subject, in a manner to leave a lasting impression upon my mind, by the events which I shall now relate, the statement of which, however extraordinary, is nevertheless *accurately correct*.

About the year 17—having been appointed to the living of C—h, I rented a small house in the town, which bears the same name: one morning, in the month of November, I was awakened before my usual time, by my servant, who bustled into my bed-room for the purpose of announcing a sick call. As the Catholic Church holds her last rights to be totally indispensable to the safety of the departing sinner, no conscientious clergyman can afford a moment's unnecessary delay, and in little more than five minutes I stood ready cloaked and booted for the road in the small front parlour, in which the messenger, who was to act as my guide, awaited my coming. I found a poor little girl crying piteously near the door, and after some slight difficulty I ascertained that her father was either dead, or just dying.

"And what may be your father's name, my poor child?" said I. She held down her head, as if ashamed. I repeated the question, and the wretched little creature burst into floods of tears, still more bitter than she had shed before. At length, almost provoked by conduct which appeared to me so unreasonable, I began to lose patience, spite of the pity which I could not help feeling towards her, and I said rather harshly, "If you will not tell me the name of the person to whom you would lead me, your silence can arise from no good motive, and I might be justified in refusing to go with you at all."

"Oh! don't say that, don't say that," cried she "Oh! sir, it was that I was afraid of when I would not tell you—I was afraid when you heard his name you would not come with me; but it is no use hidin' it now—it's Patt Connell, the carpenter, your honour."

She looked in my face with the most earnest anxiety, as if her very existence depended upon what she should read there; but I relieved her at once. The name, indeed, was most unpleasantly familiar to me; but, however fruitless my visits and advice might have been at another time, the present was too fearful an occasion to suffer my doubts of their utility as my reluctance to re-attempting what appeared a hopeless task to weigh even against the lightest chance, that a consciousness of his imminent danger might produce in him a more docile and tractable disposition. Accordingly I told the child to lead the way, and followed her in silence. She hurried rapidly through the long narrow street which forms the great thoroughfare of the town. The darkness of the hour, rendered still deeper by the close approach of the old fashioned houses, which lowered in tall obscurity on either side

of the way; the damp dreary chill which renders the advance of morning peculiarly cheerless, combined with the object of my walk, to visit the death-bed of a presumptuous sinner, to endeavour, almost against my own conviction, to infuse a hope into the heart of a dying reprobate—a drunkard, but too probably perishing under the consequences of some mad fit of intoxication; all these circumstances united served to enhance the gloom and solemnity of my feelings, as I silently followed my little guide, who with quick steps traversed the uneven pavement of the main street. After a walk of about five minutes she turned off into a narrow lane, of that obscure and comfortless class which are to be found in almost all small old fashioned towns, chill without ventilation, reeking with all manner of offensive effluvia, dingy, smoky, sickly and pent-up buildings, frequently not only in a wretched but in a dangerous condition.

"Your father has changed his abode since I last visited him, and, I am afraid, much for the worse," said I.

"Indeed he has, sir, but we must not complain," replied she; "we have to thank God that we have lodging and food, though it's poor enough, it is, your honour."

Poor child! thought I, how many an older head might learn wisdom from thee—how many a luxurious philosopher, who is skilled to preach but not to suffer, might not thy patient words put to the blush! The manner and language of this child were alike above her years and station; and, indeed, in all cases in which the cares and sorrows of life have anticipated their usual date, and have fallen, as they sometimes do, with melancholy prematurity to the lot of childhood, I have observed the result to have proved uniformly the same. A young mind, to which joy and indulgence have been strangers, and to which suffering and self-denial have been familiarized from the first, acquires a solidity and an elevation which no other discipline could have bestowed, and which, in the present case, communicated a striking but mournful peculiarity to the manners, even to the voice of the child. We paused before a narrow, crazy door, which she opened by means of a latch, and we forthwith began to ascend the steep and broken stairs, which led upwards to the sick man's room. As we mounted flight after flight towards the garret floor, I heard more and more distinctly the hurried talking of many voices. I could also distinguish the low sobbing of a female. On arriving upon the uppermost lobby, these sounds became fully audible.

"This way, your honour," said my little conductress, at the same time pushing open a door of patched and half rotten plank, she admitted me into the squalid chamber of death and misery. But one candle, held in the fingers of a scared and haggard-looking child, was burning in the room, and that so dim that all was

twilight or darkness except within its immediate influence. The general obscurity, however, served to throw into prominent and startling relief the death-bed and its occupant. The light was nearly approximated to, and fell with horrible clearness upon, the blue and swollen features of the drunkard. I did not think it possible that a human countenance could look so terrific. The lips were black and drawn apart—the teeth were firmly set—the eyes a little unclosed, and nothing but the whites appearing—every feature was fixed and livid, and the whole face wore a ghastly and rigid expression of despairing terror such as I never saw equalled; his hands were crossed upon his breast, and firmly clenched, while, as if to add to the corpse-like effect of the whole, some white cloths, dipped in water, were wound about the forehead and temples. As soon as I could remove my eyes from this horrible spectacle, I observed my friend Dr. D——, one of the most humane of a humane profession, standing by the bed-side. He had been attempting, but unsuccessfully, to bleed the patient, and had now applied his finger to the pulse.

"Is there any hope?" I inquired in a whisper.

A shake of the head was the reply. There was a pause while he continued to hold the wrist; but he waited in vain for the throb of life, it was not there, and when he let go the hand it fell stiffly back into its former position upon the other.

"The man is dead," said the physician, as he turned from the bed where the terrible figure lay.

Dead! thought I, scarcely venturing to look upon the tremendous and revolting spectacle—dead! without an hour for repentance, even a moment for reflection—dead! without the rites which even the best should have. Is there a hope for him? The glaring eyeball, the grinning mouth, the distorted brow—that unutterable look in which a painter would have sought to embody the fixed despair of the nethermost hell—these were my answers.

The poor wife sat at a little distance, crying as if her heart would break—the younger children clustered round the bed, looking, with wondering curiosity, upon the form of death, never seen before. When the first tumult of uncontrollable sorrow had passed away, availing myself of the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, I desired the heart-stricken family to accompany me in prayer, and all knelt down, while I solemnly and fervently repeated some of those prayers which appeared most applicable to the occasion. I employed myself thus in a manner which, I trusted, was not unprofitable, at least to the living, for about ten minutes, and having accomplished my task, I was the first to arise. I looked upon the poor, sobbing, helpless creatures who knelt so humbly around me, and my heart bled for them. With a natural transition, I turned my eyes from them to the bed in which the body lay, and, great God! what was the revulsion,

the horror which I experienced on seeing the corpse-like, terrific thing seated half upright before me—the white cloths, which had been wound about the head, had now partly slipped from their position, and were hanging in grotesque festoons about the face and shoulders, while the distorted eyes leered from amid them—

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

I stood actually rivetted to the spot. The figure nodded its head and lifted its arm, I thought with a menacing gesture. A thousand confused and horrible thoughts at once rushed upon my mind. I had often read that the body of a presumptuous sinner, who, during life, had been the willing creature of every satanic impulse, after the human tenant had deserted it, had been known to become the horrible sport of demoniac possession. I was roused from the stupefaction of terror in which I stood, by the piercing scream of the mother, who now, for the first time, perceived the change which had taken place. She rushed towards the bed, but, stunned by the shock and overcome by the conflict of violent emotions, before she reached it, she fell prostrate upon the floor. I am perfectly convinced that had I not been startled from the torpidity of horror in which I was bound, by some powerful and arousing stimulant, I should have gazed upon this unearthly apparition until I had fairly lost my senses. As it was, however, the spell was broken, superstition gave way to reason: the man whom all believed to have been actually dead, was living! Dr. D—— was instantly standing by the bedside, and, upon examination, he found that a sudden and copious flow of blood had taken place from the wound which the lancet had left, and this, no doubt, had effected his sudden and almost preternatural restoration to an existence from which all thought he had been forever removed. The man was still speechless, but he seemed to understand the physician when he forbid his repeating the painful and fruitless attempts which he made to articulate, and he at once resigned himself quietly into his hands.

I left the patient with leeches upon his temples, and bleeding freely—apparently with little of the drowsiness which accompanies apoplexy; indeed, Dr. D—— told me that he had never before witnessed a seizure which seemed to combine the symptoms of so many kinds, and yet which belonged to none of the recognised classes; it certainly was not apoplexy, catalepsy, nor *delirium tremens*, and yet it seemed, in some degree, to partake of the properties of all—it was strange, but stranger things are coming.

During two or three days Dr. D—— would not allow his patient to converse in a manner which could excite or exhaust him, with any one; he suffered him merely, as briefly as possible, to express his immediate wants, and it was not until the fourth day after my

early visit, the particulars of which I have just detailed, that it was thought expedient that I should see him, and then only because it appeared that his extreme importunity and impatience were likely to retard his recovery more than the mere exhaustion attendant upon a short conversation could possibly do; perhaps, too, my friend entertained some hope that if by holy confession his patient's bosom were eased of the perilous stuff, which, no doubt, oppressed it, his recovery would be more assured and rapid. It was, then, as I have said, upon the fourth day after my first professional call, that I found myself once more in the dreary chamber of want and sickness. The man was in bed, and appeared low and restless. On my entering the room he raised himself in the bed, and muttered twice or thrice—"Thank God! thank God." I signed to those of his family who stood by, to leave the room, and took a chair beside the bed. So soon as we were alone, he said, rather doggedly—"There's no use now in telling me of the sinfulness of bad ways—I know it all—I know where they lead to—I seen everything about it with my own eyesight, as plain as I see you." He rolled himself in the bed, as if to hide his face in the clothes, and then suddenly raising himself, he exclaimed with startling vehemence—"Look, sir, there is no use in mincing the matter; I'm blasted with the fires of hell; I have been in hell; what do you think of that?—in hell—I'm lost for ever—I have not a chance—I am damned already—damned—damned—"

The end of this sentence he actually shouted; his vehemence was perfectly terrific; he threw himself back, and laughed, and sobbed hysterically. I poured some water into a tea-cup, and gave it to him. After he had swallowed it, I told him if he had anything to communicate, to do so as briefly as he could, and in a manner as little agitating to himself as possible; threatening at the same time, though I had no intention of doing so, to leave him at once, in case he again gave way to such passionate excitement. "It's only foolishness," he continued, "for me to try to thank you for coming to such a villain as myself at all; it's no use for me to wish good to you; for such as me has no blessings to give." I told him that I had but done my duty, and urged him to proceed to the matter which weighed upon his mind; he then spoke nearly as follows:—I came in drunk on Friday night last, and got to my bed here, I don't remember how; sometime in the night, it seemed to me, I awakened, and feeling uneasy in myself, I got up out of the bed. I wanted the fresh air, but I would not make a noise to open the window, for fear I'd waken the crathurs. It was very dark, and troublesome to find the door; but at last I did get it, and I groped my way out, and went down as easy as I could. I felt quite sober, and I counted the steps one after another, as I was going down, that I might not stumble at the bottom. When I came to the first

landing-place, God be about us always! the floor of it sunk under me, and I went down, down, down, till the senses almost left me. I do not know how long I was falling, but it seemed to me a great while. When I came rightly to myself at last, I was sitting at a great table, near the top of it; and I could not see the end of it, if it had any, it was so far off; and there were men beyond reckoning, sitting down, all along by it, at each side, as far as I could see at all. I did not know at first what it was in the open air; but there was a close smothering feel in it, that was not natural, and there was a kind of light that my eyesight never saw before, red and unsteady, and I did not see for a long time where it was coming from, until I looked straight up, and then I seen that it came from great balls of blood-coloured fire, that were rolling high over head with a sort of rushing, trembling sound, and I perceived that they shone on the ribs of a great roof of rock that was arched overhead instead of the sky. When I seen this, scarce knowing what I did, I got up, and I said, 'I have no right to be here; I must go,' and the man that was sitting at my left hand, only smiled, and said, 'sit down again, you can never leave this place,' and his voice was weaker than any child's voice I ever heard, and when he was done speaking he smiled again. Then I spoke out very loud and bold, and I said—'in the name of God, let me out of this bad place.' And there was a great man, that I did not see before, sitting at the end of the table that I was near, and he was taller than twelve men, and his face was very proud and terrible to look at, and he stood up and stretched out his hand before him, and when he stood up, all that was there, great and small, bowed down with a sighing sound, and a dread came on my heart, and he looked at me, and I could not speak. I felt I was his own, to do what he liked with, for I knew at once who he was, and he said, 'if you promise to return, you may depart for a season;' and the voice he spoke with was terrible and mournful, and the echoes of it went rolling and swelling down the endless cave, and mixing with the trembling of the fire over-head; so that, when he sat down, there was a sound after him, all through the place like the roaring of a furnace, and I said, with all the strength I had, 'I promise to come back; in God's name let me go,' and with that I lost the sight and the hearing of all that was there, and when my senses came to me again, I was sitting in the bed with the blood all over me, and you and the rest praying around the room." Here he paused and wiped away the chill drops of horror which hung upon his forehead.

I remained silent for some moments. The vision which he had just described struck my imagination not a little, for this was long before Vathek and the "Hall of Eblis" had delighted the world; and the description which he gave had, as I received it, all the

attractions of novelty beside the impressiveness which always belongs to the narration of an *eye-witness*, whether in the body or in the spirit, of the scenes which he describes. There was something, too, in the stern horror with which the man related these things, and in the incongruity of his description, with the vulgarly received notions of the great place of punishment, and of its presiding spirit, which struck my mind with awe, almost with fear. At length he said, with an expression of horrible, imploring earnestness, which I shall never forget—"Well, sir, is there any hope; is there any chance at all? or, is my soul pledged and promised away for ever? is it gone out of my power? must I go back to the place?"

In answering him I had no easy task to perform; for however clear might be my internal conviction of the groundlessness of his fears, and however strong my scepticism respecting the reality of what he had described, I nevertheless felt that his impression to the contrary, and his humility and terror resulting from it, might be made available as no mean engines in the work of his conversion from profligacy, and of his restoration to decent habits, and to religious feeling. I therefore told him that he was to regard his dream rather in the light of a warning than in that of a prophecy; that our salvation depended not upon the word or deed of a moment, but upon the habits of a life; that, in fine, if he at once discarded his idle companions and evil habits, and firmly adhered to a sober, industrious, and religious course of life, the powers of darkness might claim his soul in vain, for that there were higher and firmer pledges than human tongue could utter, which promised salvation to him who should repent and lead a new life.

I left him much comforted, and with a promise to return upon the next day. I did so, and found him much more cheerful, and without any remains of the dogged sullenness which I suppose had arisen from his despair. His promises of amendment were given in that tone of deliberate earnestness, which belongs to deep and solemn determination; and it was with no small delight that I observed, after repeated visits, that his good resolutions, so far from failing, did but gather strength by time; and when I saw that man shake off the idle and debauched companions, whose society had for years formed alike his amusement and his ruin, and revive his long discarded habits of industry and sobriety, I said within myself, there is something more in all this than the operation of an idle dream. One day, sometime after his perfect restoration to health, I was surprised on ascending the stairs, for the purpose of visiting this man, to find him busily employed in nailing down some planks upon the landing place, through which, at the commencement of his mysterious vision, it seemed to him that he had sunk. I perceived at once that he was strengthening the floor

with a view to securing himself against such a catastrophe, and could scarcely forbear a smile as I bid "God bless his work."

He perceived my thoughts, I suppose, for he immediately said,

"I can never pass over that floor without trembling. I'd leave this house if I could, but I can't find another lodging in the town so cheap, and I'll not take a better till I've paid off all my debts, please God; but I could not be asy in my mind till I made it as safe as I could. You'll hardly believe me, your honour, that while I'm working, maybe a mile away, my heart is in a flutter the whole way back, with the bare thoughts of the two little steps I have to walk upon this bit of a floor. So it's no wonder, sir, I'd try to make it sound and firm with any idle timber I have."

I applauded his resolution to pay off his debts, and the steadiness with which he pursued his plans of conscientious economy, and passed on.

Many months elapsed, and still there appeared no alteration in his resolutions of amendment. He was a good workman, and with his better habits he recovered his former extensive and profitable employment. Every thing seemed to promise comfort and respectability. I have little more to add, and that shall be told quickly. I had one evening met Pat Connell, as he returned from his work, and as usual, after a mutual, and on his side respectful salutation, I spoke a few words of encouragement and approval. I left him industrious, active, healthy—when next I saw him, not three days after, he was a corpse. The circumstances which marked the event of his death were somewhat strange—I might say fearful. The unfortunate man had accidentally met an early friend, just returned, after a long absence, and in a moment of excitement, forgetting every thing in the warmth of his joy, he yielded to his urgent invitation to accompany him into a public house, which lay close by the spot where the encounter had taken place. Connell, however, previously to entering the room, had announced his determination to take nothing more than the strictest temperance would warrant. But oh! who can describe the inveterate tenacity with which a drunkard's habits cling to him through life. He may repent—he may reform—he may look with actual abhorrence upon his past profligacy; but amid all this reformation and compunction, who can tell the moment in which the base and ruinous propensity may not recur, triumphing over resolution, remorse, shame, everything, and prostrating its victim once more in all that is destructive and revolting in that fatal vice.

The wretched man left the place in a state of utter intoxication. He was brought home nearly insensible, and placed in his bed, where he lay in the deep calm lethargy of drunkenness. The younger part of the family retired to rest much after their usual

hour; but the poor wife remained up sitting by the fire, too much grieved and shocked at the recurrence of what she had so little expected, to settle to rest; fatigue, however, at length overcame her, and she sunk gradually into an uneasy slumber. She could not tell how long she had remained in this state, when she awakened, and immediately on opening her eyes, she perceived by the faint red light of the smouldering turf embers, two persons, one of whom she recognised as her husband, noiselessly gliding out of the room.

"Pat, darling, where are you going?" said she. There was no answer—the door closed after them; but in a moment she was startled and terrified by a loud and heavy crash, as if some ponderous body had been hurled down the stair. Much alarmed, she started up, and going to the head of the stair-case, she called repeatedly upon her husband, but in vain. She returned to the room, and with the assistance of her daughter, whom I had occasion to mention before, she succeeded in finding and lighting a candle, with which she hurried again to the head of the staircase. At the bottom lay what seemed to be a bundle of clothes, heaped together, motionless, lifeless—it was her husband. In going down the stairs, for what purpose can never now be known, he had fallen helplessly and violently to the bottom, and coming head foremost, the spine at the neck had been dislocated by the shock, and instant death must have ensued. The body lay upon that landing-place to which his dream had referred. It is scarcely worth endeavouring to clear up a single point in a narrative where all is mystery; yet I could not help suspecting that the second figure which had been seen in the room by Connell's wife on the night of his death, might have been no other than his own shadow. I suggested this solution of the difficulty; but she told me that the unknown person had been considerably in advance of the other, and on reaching the door, had turned back as if to communicate something to his companion—it was then a mystery. Was the dream verified?—whither had the disembodied spirit sped?—who can say! We know not. But I left the house of death that day in a state of horror which I could not describe. It seemed to me that I was scarce awake. I heard and saw every thing as if under the spell of a nightmare. The coincidence was terrible.

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From the United Service Journal.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

A long tour of duty in a North American garrison would be insupportable, were it not for the ease with which the scene may be varied by an occasional visit to the States. The first winter, full six months in

duration, has, I own, fairly sickened me with New Brunswick; and gladly, therefore, do I now inform you, that I have obtained my furlough, and am actually on my way to that interesting republic which has sprung up with such wonderful rapidity, from infancy to full and vigorous maturity, and is now hastening with giant strides either to a dissolution of the union, or to the highest rank among the nations of the earth.

My route has led me through a section of New Brunswick which I have not yet touched upon, and I will, therefore, conclude these slight and hasty sketches with a short notice of the country that lies between St. John's and the frontier town of St. Andrew's.

The only approach to this town, the second in point of size and importance in the province, leads from the city of St. John's. From Fredericton, *direct*, there is indeed a foot-path, but it is of the very worst description, although it runs through a line of country apparently well adapted to settlement and cultivation. The distance between the latter points does not exceed 60 miles, whereas by the route which we are about to take it amounts to 150.

Having reached St. John's by steam, we crossed the harbour to Carlton, and at seven o'clock on a fine September morning we took our places in the mail-waggon for St. Andrew's. This expeditious post-conveyance is allowed two days to perform the journey of sixty-seven miles; but as there are steamers, which ply twice a week between the sea ports, whose average run is seven hours, it may be supposed that no one who values time travels by the mail, unless he may wish, as we did, to see the bleak inhospitable country that lies between them. I have already somewhere said that the seaboard of New Brunswick is in general sterile and forbidding, and there is certainly nothing to be seen between its two chief sea ports on the bay shore, which should induce me to modify the assertion; yet are there not only spots of great fertility to be found upon that line, but there are also many glimpses of scenery to be met with, of such peculiar wildness, as cannot fail to repay any lover of Nature for the fatigue and inconvenience of the journey. The road for the first few miles is tolerable, but by far the greater portion of it is as wretched a path as is to be found, even in North America, under the title of a high road, and long before we had completed half the distance we were heartily glad to call a halt for the refreshment of our cattle and ourselves. The house chosen for this purpose by our driver was the neat and tidy cottage of a Scotch settler, whose bustling and obliging helpmate gave us, in less than half an hour, an excellent dinner, served up with scrupulous neatness, and for which she charged us 1s. 6d. each. These good people are from Galloway, and although it is only five years since they came to the country

with very trifling means, they are now living comfortably on a farm of their own, of 150 acres, a considerable part of which is cleared, while the house and offices attached to it are much superior to those of the common class of settlers. It ought, however, to be stated that this man worked hard for two years at his original trade—a plasterer, which enabled him to lay by a part, enough to purchase and stock his farm, and he is now independent.

Another stage of nine miles brought us to the half-way-house, where we were to have passed the night, but as the accommodation was of a most uninviting kind, we found means to persuade our new driver to break through regulations, and to proceed at once upon the journey. Night soon afterwards threw her dark mantle over us, and we more than once wished ourselves back again at the hovel we had quitted, as we floundered through the wilderness at the imminent risk of a break down, or overturn into some ravine or water-course: the horses, however, knew the road, and the wagon bravely resisted the rude shocks which it sustained. We still jogged onwards, snatching, like old campaigners, an unrefreshing doze as often as the motion of the vehicle would sanction it, dreaming of precipices, cataracts, and windfalls, until roused again by some dislocating crash against a stump, a stone, or fallen tree.

The moon at length arose serene and bright, and as we emerged from the forest shed her silvery rays with phantasmagoria effect upon the wild landscape which lay before us. On our left the bold outline of the coast of Passamaquoddy, deeply indented with coves and inlets, was distinctly visible; beyond it lay the bay itself studded with fairy islands, and the white sails of the coasting craft gliding smoothly before the breeze: in our front lay the pretty village of Maquaquarick, while to the right the dark shadow of the forest filled up the back-ground. We procured a cup of tea at an uncomfortable tavern kept by an American in the village, and our onward road proved so good that I contrived to steal a march on time, and awoke only when the wagon was pulled up at the door of a friend's house in St. Andrew's.

This little town is situated at the bottom of a sloping ridge of hills, and at the mouth of the St. Croix, which separates New Brunswick from the United States. The harbour is spacious and well-protected; and here, as in other parts of the Bay of Fundy, the rise in the tide is very great,—not less than twenty-five feet perpendicular. The timber trade is prosecuted to a considerable extent by the merchants of the place, many of whom are wealthy, and carry on besides a lucrative traffic with the West India islands; but their industry and exertions are much cramped from the want of inland communication, and the port can never attain much prosperity until it is connected

by good roads with the settlements on the St. John River. This important object, it is now hoped, will be accomplished, for the enterprising merchants of the town, looking far beyond mere intercourse with the interior of the country, aspire to connect their sea-port with Quebec by a rail-road, which, if completed, could not fail to change entirely the prospects and destinies of St. Andrew's. The distance does not exceed two hundred and sixty miles, and the line has already been surveyed and favourably reported on by Captain Yule of the Royal Engineers; but I greatly fear that the country is not yet sufficiently advanced to command, or sanction the investment of, so large a sum as this gigantic undertaking would require.

The town is distinguished for cleanliness, and the regularity, not to say magnificence, of its plan: the main streets run at equi-distances, parallel to each other and the shore. They are very wide, and there are as many good buildings, both public and private, as are generally to be seen in small towns on this side of the Atlantic. The surrounding country is not deficient in beauty. From a hill behind the town the view is very striking: before you lies the Bay of Passamaquoddy, separated from that of Fundy by innumerable islands, varying in size and shape from the naked rock and wooded islet, to Captain Owen's noble principality of Campo Bello. To these islands St. Andrew's is probably indebted for the absence of the fogs which pervade the outer bay and render St. John's so disagreeable a residence; but the passage between them is at all times attended with some danger, from the violence with which the tides rush through the narrow channels which divide them.

There is little good land near the town, and it is not the fashion in New Brunswick to employ artificial means for its improvement, even in the immediate vicinity of a market for its produce. Here, as in other parts of the province, lumbering appears to be the chief employment of all classes; and smuggling, it is said, contributes not a little to the support of its inhabitants, who may, perhaps, consider themselves entitled to seek in this way some indemnity from the provincial revenue for its scanty contributions towards the construction of inland communications. Be this as it may, illicit trade has certainly succeeded in this quarter to an extent that is neither beneficial to the morals of the people, nor advantageous to the community at large. Collisions of a violent nature have sometimes occurred in consequence, and I am informed that little fleets of smuggling craft have sometimes been seen assembled on the imaginary water-line that forms the boundary between the Island of Campo Bello and Eastport, carrying on their business within sight of the custom-house on either side.

The population of St. Andrew's does not exceed four thousand, and there is a want of life and anima-

tion about the place, which is more sensibly felt from its vicinity to the States, where all is activity, enterprise, and energy. There is a subaltern's detachment stationed here; but both the barracks and the mouldering remains of an old redoubt, with its dismantled cannon lying neglected on the ground, are discreditable to our military establishments, and I cannot but consider it an unwise and parsimonious policy which leaves a frontier station in so ruinous a condition as this is now reduced to. It should either be placed upon a footing to command respect or abandoned altogether. It is not judicious to maintain even so small a force as this in a position which has been allowed to fall into decay. The ground is naturally strong, and a respectable post might be erected at no very ruinous expense; and if only as a *place d'armes* for the militia, this should undoubtedly be done.

The Schoodiac—properly so called—which flows into the sea at that place, is a fine stream, and well settled on both its banks. The town of St. Stephen's, on the British side, is sixteen miles above St. Andrew's, and opposite to it is the American town of Calais. Upon this unpretending little stream the American negotiators, unfortunately for British interest, succeeded in imposing the more sonorous appellation of St. Croix—the St. Croix designated in the treaty of 1723—as the future boundary between the two countries; although few people now-a-days doubt that the framers of that treaty had a much nobler river in view, and that the true St. Croix is no other than the Penobscot, which would indeed have formed a well defined line of demarcation between New Brunswick and the State of Maine. It is now too late to complain of this unwise concession, but it ought to render us doubly guarded in our future negotiations upon this important question. The Americans will certainly overreach us if they can, and fully alive as they are to the real value of the territory, they seem determined to listen to no compromise upon the subject, "calculating" largely, no doubt, on the apathy if not ignorance which prevails on the other side of the Atlantic upon a claim which involves the connexion, and, in time of war, the actual safety of our North American provinces.

I do not mean to tire you with any lengthened dissertation on this long-pending question; but as the time is now probably at hand when some decisive measure will be forced upon the Government, it may not be amiss to inform you, in as few words as possible, how the matter stands at present. Shortly after the rejection by America of the King of Holland's arbitration, which Great Britain had, I believe, declared her willingness to abide by, the authorities of the State of Maine either authorized, or winked at, an attempt on the part of her citizens to establish a right of occupation to the territory. The time was deemed propitious.

An interregnum had taken place in the Provincial Government, the administration of which had usually been confided to a General Officer, in whose absence it was thought that the scheme might have a better chance of success. It so happened, however, that Sir Archibald Campbell arrived in New Brunswick at the very time when this Yankee plot was going on, and, with the promptitude and vigour belonging to his character, he proceeded instantly to Madawaska, and took into custody all the American agents, who were there busily employed in electing township officers, representatives to serve in the Legislature of Maine, and in other acts of aggression amounting to an absolute assumption of the sovereignty of a country, which, although claimed by America, had ever been under British jurisdiction. These men were carried to Fredericton, tried by the Supreme Court, sentenced to a heavy fine, and, in default of payment, imprisoned in the county jail at that place. Great was the outcry and uproar in Maine, when the incarceration of their audacious agents became known. The State Government was declared to be insulted by this outrage, as they called it, on their citizens; the Militia was ordered out, and the poor New-Brunswickers were threatened with fire and sword for daring to assert their rights, and protect their country from aggression. The General Government appears, however, to have taken a very different view of the subject. It could not but feel, that the State Government was in the wrong, and that its agents had been guilty of a violation of the law of nations, in attempting to seduce from their allegiance a primitive and ignorant people, who not only hold their lands from Great Britain, but have been, for two generations back, subjects of the British Crown. It is presumed that some such acknowledgment as this must have been made by the President of the United States, as the American prisoners were soon liberated from confinement; the provincial authorities contenting themselves with the well-timed and energetic vindication of its legitimate authority, and to which we are probably indebted for the prevention of more serious differences between the two nations.

Since that period nothing has occurred to disturb our amicable relations with our neighbours; peace has been maintained upon the border, and the turbulent settlers on both sides have been effectually restrained from strife and encroachment, by the knowledge that the local Government is neither wanting in energy or power to repress disorder, and preserve the country from unauthorized settlement or depredations, until it may be decided to whom it shall definitively belong. In the mean time, quires of paper have been consumed in fruitless endeavours to procure the adjustment of the claim. Nothing short of the line of the St. John, from its source to its mouth—a modest stride this, from the Penobscot to the St. John—with the free

navigation of that river, will satisfy America. This is her ultimatum! She obviously attaches the highest value to this district; and, probably, for the very reason which makes it all-important to Great Britain—as an indispensable connexion between the Canadas and the Lower Provinces, an abandonment of which would be scarcely less inconvenient in peace than dangerous in war.

The exploration of a line for the projected rail-road, although it has enhanced the value of the property, whoever may succeed to it, has again awakened the jealousy of the State Government, which, at its last session, passed resolutions for the immediate running of their frontier line agreeably to the treaty of 1783; that is, agreeably to their reading of it. These resolutions have been sanctioned and confirmed by Congress, and the establishment of an American military post in the "British" settlement of Madawaska is also seriously spoken of among our neighbours. What steps our Government may see fit to take in these circumstances, I cannot, of course, determine; but it requires no great stretch of foresight to predict, that unless some arrangement can be effected, the sword will one of these days supersede the pen, and become a more effectual arbitrator than the King of Holland. It is not for me to decide what should be done; but this I will say, if we give up the country, worse still, or listen to the insidious compromise offered by America, of the river St. John for our future boundary, far from establishing permanent peace upon our frontier, and staying that spirit of encroachment which exists beyond it, we shall only give rise to new claims and new disputes, and increase the chances of collision when we no longer occupy so favourable a position for resisting that progressive movement, which, in the language of its leaders, can only be arrested by those limits which nature has assigned to this great continent. It is useless, perhaps, to revert to the past; but had we, in 1814, when our hands at length were free to strike with vigour, followed out that unholy war so ungenerously forced upon us by America, at a time when our whole strength and resources were engaged in the great struggle for European liberty—Had we then, I say, struck home, we should not now be required to speculate on the probabilities of a renewal of hostilities on this side of the Atlantic! At the close of that war, indeed, we held possession of the country as far as the Penobscot, and the States would gladly have acceded to a boundary line so far within that river as the one which we now claim; but the favourable moment was allowed to pass unheeded, while every subsequent proposal for an arrangement of the question seems only to have proved the hopelessness of the attempt, and the utter impracticability of negotiating to any purpose, with the jarring and complicated machinery of a federal republic; and we are now manifestly reduced to the al-

ternative, either of abandoning our claim *in toto*, or of sustaining it with something stronger than old documents and maps, however incontestably they may support its justice. One more effort should be made upon the fair principle of an equal division, with a stipulation that the half to be surrendered may be paid for in money, at the market price of land. This outlay might be met by making over the property upon liberal terms to a land company; and should the proposal be again rejected,—should Maine and Massachusetts still recklessly insist upon the cession of the whole territory, I really see nothing for it,—much as I should deprecate the necessity,—but to tell these doughty States, in the language of the Spartan of old, "to come and take it." Seriously! the adjustment of this protracted question can no longer, with safety, be delayed; it has in more than one instance brought us to the very verge of war; and there is no telling how soon the vapourings and threatenings of the "sovereign people" may "eventuate" (to use a word of their own coinage) in aggressions, which can only be repelled by force of arms.*

I must now bid adieu both to you and to New Brunswick for a season. I have, I hope, fulfilled my

* Since the above was written, these border troubles have been renewed to an extent that must have convinced Lord Palmerston, that whatever object America (by her inadmissible pretensions) may have in keeping the question open as a "bone of contention," to be taken up at a fitting opportunity, it is clearly the policy of England to adopt immediate and decisive measures for its settlement. An agent from Maine, of the name of Greely, was twice during the last summer arrested by the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick within the disputed territory, where he was employed under instructions from the state authorities, in taking a census of the population, and in tampering with the ignorant Acadians of Madawaska. In the execution of his duty, Sir John Harvey appears to have evinced both moderation and forbearance; and the early release of Mr. Greely, at the request of the federal Government, ought to have satisfied our neighbours that the provincial Government was disposed to maintain its jurisdiction over a district, which, from its first settlement, has been subject to its laws, without unnecessary harshness or severity. This forbearance had, however, little effect upon the inflammable populace of Maine, who loudly proclaimed their intention of marching to Fredericton, to resent the insult offered to the republic in the person of one of its citizens. The State Government, as in duty bound, followed the example of the mob, and a general order was published requiring the militia to hold themselves in readiness for service. It was at the same time deemed expedient to make some corresponding demonstrations on one side of the line:—detachments were stationed at Woodstock and the Grand Falls, and things looked rather warlike for a time. But although the storm has again passed over without bursting, the thunder-cloud may still be seen lowering to the westward, and the slightest breeze may bring it back upon us with redoubled fury, at a moment, perhaps, when we are least prepared to meet it. The States have a numerous and efficient militia at all times disposable for service. It has been our policy to permit these provinces to abrogate the laws under which a respectable constitutional force might have been maintained, and to trust in Providence and patriots for their defence.

promise, by giving you a tolerable "notion" of the country you are likely soon to visit, and should I meet with anything worth relating in my intended ramble through the States, you may probably hear from me again. In the mean time believe me your affectionate brother soldier,

PETER PIVOT.

[NOTE.—The Editor of the Museum does not often intrude any remarks of his own; but peace between Great Britain and the United States is so important—war would be so great a sin and so great a folly, that he cannot copy these bravadoes of some idle young soldier, without bearing testimony against their spirit—a spirit which is not felt in England, although it may to some extent, exist in the Provinces. If our right to the disputed territory be so clear as it was last winter asserted to be by our eminent men of all parties, it can certainly be made to appear so to the English nation.]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE.*

Though so many distinguished authors of the present day have devoted their talents to describing the habits and feelings of the Irish, there is, perhaps, no class of writers whose works exhibit greater variety, or who have infringed each so little on the province chosen by the others. It is almost as easy to know the works of Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, Banim, Lady Morgan, and, though last not least, Mrs. Hall, from each other, as it is to distinguish between the styles of Hudibras and Paradise Lost. They have, each, their peculiar merits and peculiar faults: with these, however, it is not now our business to meddle. It is at all times a most invidious kind of praise that extols one author at the expense of another; and Mrs. Hall's high character as an Irish writer, is so long established, and so generally admitted, that it could not add to her fame to depreciate her cotemporaries. There are, however, one or two characteristics which distinguish her works from those of several other writers on Irish subjects, which we cannot avoid remarking. One is the total absence of all appearance of party prejudice, or, what on the stage would be termed "political clap-traps," from everything she has published. It has become so much the fashion to associate the term *Irish* with certain principles in politics, that many who affix it to their books seem to consider it indispensable to make them the vehicle of violent political sentiments of the same stamp. Just as the title "Irish members" is assumed exclusively by the section of our representatives who profess *liberal* opinions, the epithet "national" is selected by authors who choose to pur-

chase the approval of one portion of their countrymen by exhibiting a bigoted hostility to the other. No one can read the works of Banim or Lady Morgan, not to mention any more recent and more violent, without being painfully sensible of this. From this fault all Mrs. Hall's writings are perfectly free. She has no party objects in view; she can be national without being politically bigotted; she can shew herself the friend of Ireland without being the enemy of England; and can exert her talents to inform and interest her readers without pandering to their party prejudices. Her sole object seems to be, in truth, what it professes to be, "To make the character of the Irish more extensively known and better understood—to excite a generous sympathy for their sufferings, a kind indulgence towards their faults, and a just appreciation of their virtues."

Another characteristic which distinguishes Mrs. Hall's writings is, that she always dwells on the foibles of her countrymen rather as subjects of sympathy than of ridicule: her characters are calculated to interest our feelings, and not merely to excite our laughter. The time is, indeed, now past, when the unnatural absurdities of Teagues or O'Blunders can pass for genuine pictures of Irishmen; and we now seldom find an Irish character introduced in a tale merely to amuse by his extravagance and discharge the humble task of the buffoon in an old play. Miss Edgeworth set the example; and modern authors can generally find something too solemn for ridicule in the strength of feeling that distinguishes the Irish peasant, and the forcible, though, perhaps, uncouth language in which Irish metaphor expresses it. But still it is too common an error to sacrifice the interest of a story for the sake of introducing too much that is ludicrous. This Mrs. Hall never does. Her sketches contain many scenes of genuine humour—they would not be Irish without them—but then they are so brought forward as not to interfere with the interest of the plot. She knows the value of the precept—

—non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris—

and while, in every tale, there is enough to amuse, there is still more to love and admire.

The best illustration of our remarks, and, indeed, the surest means of securing the reader's praise for the subject of our criticism, is to extract some of their contents from the volumes before us. They are a collection of tales and sketches, some of which, as the preface informs us, have appeared in print before; but their merits are such as amply to entitle them to a republication. The tale which occupies the first volume, "The Groves of Blarney," has since its publication been adapted to the stage; but is too long to attempt its abridgement, so as to give any idea of its real beauties, in our limited space. We will make an

* *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of "The Buccaneer," "Uncle Horace," "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1838.

extract, at random, from the chapter of "Ruins," in vol. ii. We do not select it as the best sketch in the volume; but it is a good specimen of the author's style. It is part of the tale told by an old man whose sole delight is to restore the crumbling monuments of by-gone days. Like "Old Mortality," he wanders, lonely and desolate, from ruin to ruin, replacing the tottering stones and patching up holes in the old walls. His head is always bare, though, to use the language of his own forcible metaphor, "the four winds of heaven have been blowin' upon it for these sixty years, till they have hardly left a grey hair to cover it." The poor wanderer's name is Clooney Blaney. We have seldom met anything more pathetic than the picture he draws of what had passed in the scene of his youth. His former patron, Terence O'Toole, of Mount Brandon, he describes as "the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's sayin' a bould word," high-spirited and generous to an excess, feared by his own sex and loved by the other. His father had left him "a power of lands and a power of debts," and his reckless generosity continues to increase the latter, at the expense of the former. After sketching his character, the old man proceeds:

"These were his young days, and, I suppose, he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one in the country thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that by bearing shame for his sake; and, God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is tould by the ould people of Connemara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a could, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only *dote*, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her weeping in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was thronged with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine afther dinner; and the masher never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down on his bended knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop: and when he had finished his cursing, he turned his back upon them all and stalked right away, without another word or a sigh. It struck the masher, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set: and soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her trouble in a neighbour's house, and that now she had a babby on her bosom. I, to be sure, he ordered every thing for her, like a

lady, and went home, consolag himself for the sin, and thinking all the good he would do for her and for every one else; and how he'd get her proud father over. But, before the morning broke, he was waked by the small cry of a babby under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the woe of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babby, coaxed the stupid woman that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father, come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in a blanket, as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well, to be sure, O'Toole roused the country, and for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the ould man's steps to the border of the broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice! The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marble; and some talked of her end, but more talked of O'Toole's generosity."

The old man then describes, in simple but pathetic language, the effect of this incident in changing the character of the gay and generous O'Toole. To drown recollection, he goes into parliament, and marries a "weakly, concealed little lady," for the sake of her money. At length he looses an election, gets wounded in a duel, and ruin stares him in the face.

"Where is your mistress?" said the masher to the ould housekeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the narvous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?'—'Indeed, then, they are just amusing themselves with shooting each other, now the election is over.' 'This is not wine whey?' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no sir; but it's good two-milk,' she made answer: 'Sorra a drop of wine in the cellars; and the devil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough for to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the trouble, my darlint masher, while the wakeness is on you.' She might well think of the wakeness, and he almost fainting.—'Where's the boy?' said he again, and by 'the boy' he meant me. 'He's below,' she said, 'afther hiding some of the plate under the turf rick; for fear of them vagabonds seeing it.' 'Send him up,' says the masher; and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then sighed from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed. 'May I go, your honour?' I said. 'Aye,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? Those I trusted in are all gone.' 'May be your honour would let me try to turn the luck by stayin',' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it, and I never left him from that day till the day of his death.

"The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but two) were fine, proud, wilful boys; that on the tip-top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and, indeed, they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him; and she had none of that love for her husband which makes people cling to the trouble sooner than leave the troubled. She soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations, poor wake lady! The best property that could be sold, was sold; and at last, if it wasn't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they were for the master's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! it's untold what I've seen him suffer—trying, in his grey-headed years, to swallow the pride; and when, at last, we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted *that* to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out. And one night the master says, in his strange way, 'It's a fine clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I could'n't tell you how his health was gone, and his strength along with it—everything but his pride! And the old housekeeper and myself went along with him, and he romanced so much, as he went, that I thought the trouble had turned his brain. He sat down on an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says—I remember the very words—

'Boy,' says he, 'the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to old families and old ruins will be done away intirely; and the world will hear tell of old customs and the like, but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take delight in restoring all them things. No wonder I should have sympathy with ruins—I, who have ruined and am ruined.'

"Sir," says the old housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear—"Sir," said she, "sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this old chapel, if it's any fancy for it ye have." So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of smile, cold and chilly, without anything happy in it—like the smile you see sometimes on the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. "Sir," keeps on the old silly crayther, "come away home, for it is not safe for you to be anything like out of the house, which you hav'n't been for many a long month before." "True," said he, "true—just let me look here;" and he turned to where the little monument stood, to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a sudden, as if he had not thought it would have been so cold. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell so, four men, vagabonds of the law, sprang upon him. Whether he felt their hold or not is between him and heaven; but this I know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass—he was dead!

"And that was the end of the most beautiful and accomplished Irishman of the last century!" said I.

"It was his end, God help us! and the murdering villains kept possession of his body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would'n't suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his old tenants would not hear of that. They rose to a man, over the estates that once belonged to him and his; bolted the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the master the finest funeral the country had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables, when the body was moving; but they bet them off—and then, whew! who'd follow them to the Connemara hills?"

"What became of his sons?"

"They are both dead; and there's not one stone on another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! did'n't you hear that *he* wished the old ruins of old Ireland looked to? and did'n't he who was so high and so great die, that bitter night, bareheaded?"

"One other question, Clooney—the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"Did'n't he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to kiss? and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and mother? The poor girl's baby was the only child who loved him!"

In the character of O'Toole, some of our elder readers, who can recall the memory of "old times," may recognise a strong resemblance to the fate of a gentleman who died, some time since, in France. He was one of the last and best of the Irish gentry of the old school, who still retained over his tenantry that extraordinary influence almost peculiar to feudal authority.—The leading incidents of his career, except the circumstances of his death, were very similar to those which the old man tells of his former master, and might have suggested to the authoress the subject of her tale.

But it is in the description of her own sex that Mrs. Hall particularly excels. The finer and gentler feelings of the female heart she paints with a truth and delicacy that is strikingly beautiful. The character of Moyna Roden, in the story of "Harry O'Reardon," is an exquisite delineation of the constancy and purity of a woman's affection as we have met with. There is none of the desolate melancholy and wild devotion which distinguish the sketch of Clooney Blaney, but there is a meekness and firmness exhibited by the gentle and lovely victim of another's pride, that is even more affecting.*

Solomon has said, "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman." We may say, with equal truth, "there is no love like the love of a woman." There are thousands of instances on record of its out-living every other feeling—the very circumstances which make all else desert the object of a woman's affections appearing but to confirm her attachment—

"Like the ivy to the oak,
Still in ruin clinging round it."

* This tale has been published in the Museum.

The character of Moyna Roden is not in the least over-drawn; indeed, the truth of the sketch is one of its greatest beauties.

In the "lights and shadows of Irish life" there are fewer specimens of the *brogue* than are usually found in Irish stories. This arises partly from the nature of the subject chosen, and partly, perhaps, because the author wishes to adapt her book to the comprehension of English readers, who are not so much accustomed to the cutting and clipping of the English language which characterizes the phraseology of her native country. But she shows a perfect acquaintance with what is of much greater importance—the habits of thought and natural quickness which make the conversation of an Irish so different from that of an English peasant. This cannot fail to strike the reader in every dialogue. The turn of expression, the choice of metaphors, the little irrelevant sentences, suddenly introduced, the natural consequence of strong feelings operating on a lively imagination, the skilfully-managed compliments—all, in fact, that is peculiarly Irish in an Irishman's conversation, except his accent, is sketched with admirable fidelity.

In several parts of the work the author has taken opportunities of analyzing different thoughts and expressions which she has observed in Ireland. This has given her an extraordinary power of delineating points of character, merely by the language used by the speaker in a dialogue. The attachment which the Irish feel for any thing that has been endeared to them by domestic associations is well known. What could express this feeling more strongly, than the following address of a poor peasant, to the bailiff who was seizing the scanty remainder of his furniture for rent?

"God bless you," he exclaimed, "and don't take that, *it's nothing but a kish*: it's not worth two pence to you; its fallen to pieces; but it's more to me than thousands: *it's nothing but a kish*; but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his blessed mother hadn't gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch him: *it's nothing but a kish*; yet many a time little Kathleen crow'd, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy: *it's nothing but a kish*; but many a day, in the middle of my slavery, have I and my wife (the blessed saints take her soul to glory!) and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom, sat round it, and cut the praytie and salt out of it fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, it was little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to: *it's nothing but a kish*; but it has been with me full, and it has been with me empty, for many a long year, and its used to me, it knows my troubles: for since the bed was sold from under me for the last gale, what had I but it to keep my head from the cold earth? Don't take it, *it's nothing but a kish*."

There is not much to make the reader laugh in these volumes. Their general tone is rather melancholy; still

there are several scenes that contain a considerable quantity of humour, and they have one great merit—they never degenerate into coarseness—there is not a line that even the most sensitive prude could censure. But it is, certainly, not in the lighter portions of the work that we are to look for its chief beauties. It is on the attributes of the heart, not of the head, that Mrs. Hall delights to dwell; and even where the gay and sprightly imagination of her Irish characters appears through the workings of their strong and irritable passions, it is often a "smile through sorrow's beam" almost too melancholy to unite in.

From her residence in England, Mrs. Hall has acquired a habit of contrasting the conduct and opinions of the English and Irish. The result of the contrast is sometimes not very favourable to her own country; but the reproof is conveyed in such a spirit of kindness, that it is impossible to regard it otherwise than as the advice of a friend. "It has always been impressed upon my mind," says the author, "that I ought to write for the Irish as well as for the English reader; with this feeling I have never hesitated to exhibit and condemn in my countrymen and countrywomen that which I considered wrong and capable of alteration. If I have at times seemed to adhere but slightly to the old caution 'be to their faults a little blind,' I trust it cannot be said of me that I have been aught but 'to their virtues ever kind.'" It is only to be regretted that she has never availed herself of a better opportunity for effecting the object she desires, by devoting her talents to the composition of a "novel," the scene of which was laid in Ireland. The necessary limits of a short tale or sketch, are too narrow to allow sufficient scope for the delineation of character, or to admit of much variety in the incidents introduced, and for the reasons given at the commencement of this notice, we think there are few writers whom we would rather see engaged in the production of a *national* novel.

In concluding our remarks we may add, that whatever expectations the name of "lights and shadows of Irish life" may excite in the reader, from its resemblance to the name of the exquisite volumes on Scottish life, which bear a similar title, it is not too much to say they will be satisfied. The author modestly apologizes for this name as not chosen by herself, and adopted with reluctance when suggested to her. The apology is unnecessary. There is nothing which requires an excuse, in endeavouring to do for her country what Professor Wilson has done for Scotland; and even if she had put forward her book as a rival to his, it would scarcely be too high praise to congratulate her on the success of her undertaking.

From the Spectator.

BROUGHAM'S SPEECHES AND INTRODUCTIONS.

Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham, upon Questions relating to Public Rights, Duties, and Interests; with Historical Introductions, and a Critical Disquisition upon the Eloquence of the Ancients. In 4 vols. Longman and Co.; Black, Edinburgh.

Lord Brougham has availed himself of his enforced leisure during the last few years, to select for publication such of his speeches as may be considered the most important, either from their subjects, their intrinsic value, or perhaps their applicability to existing circumstances. These great oratorical efforts have been subjected to a revisal; classified according to their nature, so as to bring orations upon kindred topics together without regard to the period of their delivery; and these divisions are prefaced by introductions, containing a brief historical view of the questions discussed, and portraits, often very elaborate, of the public men connected with them. The revision does not appear to us invariably unsuccessful, warmth and raciness seeming now and then sacrificed to compression; the arrangement, in a second edition, might easily be improved by adhering to a stricter chronology, which is sometimes departed from without any obvious advantage or purpose; but the introductions are planned with remarkable skill, and possess very considerable interest. As historical sketches, they bring under the mind's eye the great events of the last thirty or forty years: they present, if not the true likeness, yet Lord Brougham's striking, broad, and vigorous portraiture, of what he deems the true likeness of the most eminent men of thought or action who were his contemporaries or companions: without the appearance of art or effort, they connect their author with the most arduous struggles for civil and religious liberty, and with some of its greatest triumphs; whilst, in a manner quite as natural, they connect several of the "Reform Ministry"—the Lord Palmerstons, the William Lambs, the Charles Grants of other times—not only with opposition to all "reform," but with the support of Tory measures of an oppressive kind. It is difficult, too, in inspecting the contents and casually glancing over the pages of the volumes—much less in perusing them—to avoid bearing an inward testimony to the many labours, the mighty powers, and the great public services of Henry Brougham. From 1810 to 1838, (for to so late a period do the speeches come down,) he has been constantly striving for the people, in the courts, on the hustings, and in the senate. We see him contending for the liberty of the press against the arbitrary nature of Ellenborough and the keen legal acumen with the sour tyrannical temper of Gibbs. For ten years he is beheld struggling manfully—not

against the Toryism of our days, so polite and so conforming that it is difficult to perceive in what it differs from courtly Whiggery—but against rampant and insolent Toryism, flushed with the spoils and triumphs of a "glorious" war; led on by the resolute courage of Castlereagh, supported by the wit and polished eloquence of Canning, the official skill and business-like knowledge of Huskisson, and the unscrupulous morality of Sidmouth; with unscrutinized accounts at its disposal, and prompt to bribe, to bully, or to butcher, as best would answer its purpose. And Brougham struggled in Parliament, against this power and these men, not only on matters of broad policy, but on subjects which showed the versatility of his faculties and extent of his acquirements—the commerce, the manufactures, and the agriculture of the country. He is next found fighting the good fight against the nuptial tyranny of George the Fourth, the dark conspiracy of his tools, and the cowardly subservience of his Ministers. From 1820 to 1830, we see him striving with equal zeal and constancy in favour of large and general principles of liberty, or questions of particular policy, or individual cases of oppression. In 1830, he accepted office—in a luckless hour; and, fettered by the ties and entanglements of official connexion, he not only assented to questionable measures, but, instigated by his evil genius, the habit of advocacy, and prompted by his natural confidence and restless egotism, he threw himself into the gap which his more wily comrades avoided, and took to his single self the odium of unpopular acts and an unwise policy. For a few years, with the exception of an occasional display on some particular question, he was apparently idle,—partly from broken health, partly, he says himself, at the request of the Melbourne Ministry, who felt there was danger in his presence. During the session now closing, he has risen like a giant refreshed; battling as boldly as he did in the days of Castlereagh, against measures, some of which it may be questioned if the "plain sense" of Castlereagh would have allowed that Minister to propose now; and exerting himself more effectively from the greater powers which time and experience have given him, and from the greater confidence which he seems to feel in dealing with the puny whipsters, who in his early days were mostly doomed to a silent vote, or were only listened to when some necessity constrained them to rise. What motives—whether personal disappointment, as the Ministerial hacks allege, or conscientious opposition, as he himself asserts—have prompted his conduct, cannot be told; but here is his own story,—from the introduction to certain speeches at Liverpool delivered in 1835.

"The following speeches were delivered on the occasion of founding a new Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool. Besides the topics more immediately connected

with the solemnity, the second of the speeches touched upon Lord Brougham's position with relation to the new Ministry. He distinctly stated, that he did not in any sense belong to their party; that his party was the people and the country; that he should support the Government as long as it abided by its professed principles; and that when it deserted those principles, he should abandon its support, and see whether the people would stand by the Ministers or by him. He particularly specified two questions upon which he promised to support them—the Municipal Reform, and the Reform of the Irish Church. In the month following this speech, he fully redeemed the first of these pledges. It has been out of his power, or any other man's, to redeem the other; because the Irish Church Reform no longer rests at all upon its former principles.

"But although notice was most plainly given by Lord Brougham, that he should be found among the friends of the Ministry no longer than they adhered to their popular principles, and, above all, no longer than they showed a disposition to make the Reform Bill bear its appointed fruit of a good and cheap government, the senseless advocates of the Ministers have betokened much surprise at his openly and strenuously opposing them when they took a course infinitely beyond any thing that in 1835 could be even imagined; when, as soon as the accession of the Queen threw the whole Court into their hands, they ostentatiously avowed themselves hostile to all improvement of the Reform Bill, even to the correction of its most manifest defects; when they made war upon the rights and liberties of the whole Canadian people, suspending their free constitution, and proclaiming a Dictatorship, because a revolt had broken out in the corner of one or two parishes, occasioned by acts of gross legislative violence and injustice; when they framed their new Civil List upon the most exploded and unreasonable principles, and without the least regard to the economy which the people have an unquestionable right to demand; finally when they refused to comply with the voice of the whole people, by emancipating the slaves, encouraged even a revival of slave-trading, and exercised their absolute control over the arrangements of the Queen's household, by dismissing Lord Charles Fitzroy from her Majesty's service, as a punishment for conscientiously voting against the continuance of slavery.

"It is confidently believed, that no person of ordinary discernment, and the most limited portion of fairness, can read the notice so plainly given in the second Liverpool speech, of the terms on which alone Lord Brougham would continue a supporter of Government, and say that he could now be found among their friends without an utter abandonment of all the principles which he professed in 1835, and which indeed were those of his whole public life. It is equally clear, from his supporting the Ministry in 1835—from his giving them no opposition in 1836—from his only opposing them upon their Canada Bill in 1837—and from his beginning the opposition which he has given them during the present session (1838) as soon as they declared against Reform and Emancipation, and also against Economy—that their own conduct alone has caused the separation; and that no falsehood was ever uttered, even in the utmost heats of political discord, with so audacious a disregard of the most notorious facts, nay, of the most recent and best-known dates themselves, as that insinuation which would connect

his opposition with the fact of his holding no office in the present Ministry. He ceased to hold office in the Ministry, April 1835: he strenuously supported them all that year. Another Chancellor was appointed in 1836: Lord Brougham abstained from opposing them even when they abandoned his Plurality Bill, and brought forward a Chancery Reform so utterly ridiculous that every party gave it up, and its authors themselves speedily abandoned it to universal scorn. He even abstained from attending in Parliament that session, because he was apprised by the Ministers that his doing so would be fatal to the Government. In 1837, he pursued the same friendly course wherever he could; and only gave a reluctant opposition to the unconstitutional bill for seizing the Canadian money without the people's consent. When, secure in Court favour by the entire possession of the Queen's whole authority, they proceeded to abandon almost every one important ground on which he had ever agreed with them—then, and not before, his opposition began."

It will be easier to assail this defence either for skilful foresight or for an artful use of circumstances as they have arisen, than to convict it of untruth. Against "the people and the country," however, this defence avails nothing, for they have no case against Lord Brougham since 1835-6. Their charge refers to a previous date—to the time when he defended the worst acts of Lord Grey's Ministry, and to the period when he quailed before the rebuke of the Earl of Durham at Edinburgh. It is true, indeed, that he prints his own speech upon that occasion, and also quotes his censor's; and that, wanting the atmosphere which surrounded it, and explained by the commentary of Brougham, with quiet allusions to "the Bowly Letter," the Durham speech at Edinburgh does not read in 1838 as it read in 1834. But truth depends not upon the conduct of Earls and Barons; and the truth is, that from 1830 to 1835, Lord Brougham was in a false position. In accepting office, he forgot his mission or mistook his powers: he was in an *unnatural* condition—in a state for which he was unfitted by his genius and his habits—which not only damaged his moral, but served to eclipse his intellectual character. The lapses of a few years, indeed, should not avail against the services of a whole life; and we admit that his progress in regaining a position which he seemed to have lost for ever, has been wonderful—such as no one else could have accomplished. But it is equally true, that had his old colleagues done what was honest—had they known that in human affairs the right course only is the safe one in the long run—he never, despite his genius, could have effected this recovery. The most important conclusion of all is, that *official place* is not the place for Henry Brougham.

Passing from the man to his book, we shall prefer novelty, in our remaining extracts, and chiefly confine ourselves to the Introductions; beginning with part of the character of Mr. Creevy, Mr. Brougham's fellow

candidate at the contested Liverpool election of 1812, in which an opportunity is afforded him to bring in a picture of the Old Whigs.

MR. CREEVEY'S OPINIONS

Coincided with those of the Whig aristocracy on questions of Parliamentary Reform; being friendly to that policy, but not carrying it to any great length, and regarding many abuses in the elective system—such as the bribery and expenses of elections where there are two or three hundred voters—as far worse in themselves, and much more pernicious in their consequences, both to the character of the voters and to the structure of the Parliament, than those flaws of rotten and nomination boroughs, which look far worse, and on all but abstract principles are much more difficult to defend. But on other matters he had many wide differences with the regular leaders of his party. He despised the timidity which so often paralyzed their movements; he disliked the jealousies, the personal predilections and prejudices which so frequently distracted their councils; he abhorred the spirit of intrigue which not rarely gave some inferior man, or some busy meddling woman, probably unprincipled, a sway in the destiny of the party, fatal to its success, and all but fatal to its character; he held in utter ridicule the squeamishness both as to persons and things which emasculated so many of the genuine, regular Whigs; and no considerations of interest, no relations of friendship, no regard for party discipline, (albeit in other respects a decided and professed party man, and one thoroughly sensible of the value of party concert,) could prevail with him to pursue that course so ruinous to the Whig Opposition, of half-and-half resistance to the Government; marching to the attack with one eye turned to the Court and one askance to the country, nor ever making war upon the Ministry without regarding the time when themselves might occupy the position now the object of assault.

This manly, straightforward view of things, not unaccompanied with expressions both as to men and measures, in which truth and strength seemed more studied than courtesy, gave no little offence to the patrician leaders of the party, who never could learn the difference between 1810 and 1780, still fancied they lived “in times before the flood” of the French Revolution, when the heads of a few great families could dispose of all matters according to their own good pleasure; and never could be made to understand how a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made by an elderly lord and seconded by a younger one, could fail to satisfy the country and shake the Ministry.

The public character of Jeremy Bentham, introduced, with Mill and Dumont, under the head of “Law Reform,” is distinguished by breadth and a general spirit of fairness; though it wants the profoundness, refinement, and critical discrimination which characterize an article upon the Utilitarian Patriarch in the last number of the *London and Westminster Review** The

* Art. XI. “The Works of Jeremy Bentham.” Our praise applies to the ability, temper, and philosophical catholicity of the writer in the *London*, but does not bind us to implicit concurrence in every item of opinion: in some respects we incline to think his estimate too depreciatory. Neither can we subscribe to Lord Brougham’s dictum, that Bentham in his private character was “rather to be respected than beloved.”

portrait of Alexander of Russia is happy, but harsh; that of Mackintosh just in the main, though favourably tempered by the memory of friendship. Stephen, Dumont, and Horner, are good, and not so much over-rated in themselves, as in being compared with greater men, on whose level they are necessarily placed. The character of Lord Stowell is distinguished by nice discrimination. (The greater part of that of Romilly is wanting in our copy.) But the gems of the whole are the four following, and the sketch of Bentham in old age. Amongst the politicians, however, (as in the case of the more elaborate portrait of the *Edinburgh Review*.) personal friendship, and probably the knowledge of *capabilities* not brought out to public view, have contributed to give the sketch of Lord Dudley and Ward an air of exaggeration.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Few men of more limited capacity, or more meagre acquirements than Lord Castlereagh possessed, had before his time ever risen to any station of eminence in our free country; fewer still have long retained it in a state where mere court intrigue and princely favour have so little to do with men’s advancement. But we have lived to see persons of more obscure merit than Lord Castlereagh rise to equal station in this country. Of sober and industrious habits, and become possessed of business-like talents by long experience, he was a person of the most commonplace abilities. He had a reasonable quickness of apprehension and clearness of understanding; but nothing brilliant or in any way admirable marked either his conceptions or his elocution. Nay, to judge of his intellect by his eloquence, we should certainly have formed a very unfair estimate of its perspicacity. For, though it was hardly possible to underrate its extent or comprehensiveness, it was very far from being confused and perplexed in the proportion of his sentences; and the listener who knew how distinctly the speaker could form the plans, and how clearly his ideas were known to himself, might, comparing small things with great, be reminded of the prodigious contrast between the distinctness of Oliver Cromwell’s understanding and the hopeless confusion and obscurity of his speech. No man, besides, ever attained the station of a regular debater in our Parliament with such an entire want of all classical accomplishment, or indeed of all literary provision whatsoever. While he never showed the least symptoms of an information extending beyond the more recent volumes of the Parliamentary Debates, or possibly the files of the newspapers only, his diction set all imitation, perhaps all description, at defiance. It was with some amusement to beguile the tedious hours of their unavoidable attendance on the poor, tawdry, ravelled thread of his sorry discourse, to collect a kind of *ana* from the fragments of mixed, incongruous, and disjointed images that frequently appeared in it. “The features of the clause”—“the ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation”—“sets of circumstances coming up and circumstances going down”—“men turning their backs upon themselves”—“the honourable and learned gentlemen’s wedge getting into the loyal feelings of the manufacturing classes”—“the constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle”—

"the Herculean labour of the honourable and learned member, who will find himself quite disappointed when he has at last brought forth his Hercules"—(by a slight confounding of the mother's labour, who produced that hero, with his own exploits which gained him immortality)—these are but a few, and not the richest samples, by any means, of a rhetoric which often baffled alike the gravity of the Treasury Bench and the art of the reporter, and left the wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could ever exist endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator. Wherefore, when the Tory party "having a devil," preferred him to Mr. Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the House while he addressed it; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly-gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived; they underrated the effect of place and power; they forgot that the representative of a Government speaks 'as one having authority, and not as the scribes.' But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well-fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of every thing like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of any thing but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language—the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question—the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him upon the whole rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig Opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure riband traversing a snow white-chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now *meet the charges* against him *face to face*, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance."

Such he was in debate; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point; he was brave politically as well as personally. Of this, his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of Parliamentary courtesy—"Every one must be sensible," he said, "that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly, where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter." No one after

that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were perfectly well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the Rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF ANTI-REFORMERS—CANNING, WARD, AND HUSKISSON.

It is difficult to overrate the effects of this resistance in obstructing the progress of Reform. Mr. Canning and Lord Dudley especially, the men of the greatest talents in the party, were truly formidable antagonists. Possessing in an equal degree all the resources of accurate and extensive information, all the powers of acute reasoning and lively fancy, and all the accomplishments of the most finished classical education, they differed rather in the degrees to which habit and accident had fitted them for actual business, and in the strength of their understandings as influenced by their inclinations, than in the genius or the acquirements which might inspire or had trained their oratory. Mr. Canning was the more powerful declaimer, Lord Dudley had the more original fancy and the sharper wit; although in every kind of wit and humour Mr. Canning, too, greatly excelled most other men. Lord Dudley could follow an argument with more sustained acuteness, while Mr. Canning possessed a skill in statement which frequently disposed of the matter in dispute before his adversary was aware that his flank had been, as it were, turned, and thus spared himself the labour of an elaborate attack by argumentation. Both prepared for their greater exhibitions with extreme care, and wrote more than almost any other modern orators; but Mr. Canning had powers of *extempore* debating which Lord Dudley had either never acquired or hardly ever ventured to exert; and he used those powers with the practised dexterity which long and constant exercise can alone bestow, sometimes in pronouncing the whole of a speech, and at other times in the far more difficult task, the last attainment of rhetorical art, of weaving the extemporary up with the prepared passages, and delivering the whole so as to make the transition from the previous composition to the inspiration of the moment wholly imperceptible even to the most experienced eye. In habits of business, and the faculties which these whet, or train, or possibly bestow, Mr. Canning had of course all the advantage which could be derived from a long life in office acting upon abilities of so high an order. But that Lord Dudley only wanted such training to equal him in these respects, was apparent from the masterly performance of his official duties which marked his short administration of the Foreign department in 1827.

Here, however, all parallel between these eminent individuals ends. In strength of mind, in that firmness of purpose which makes both a man and a statesman, there was, indeed, little comparison between them. Both were of a peculiarly sensitive and even irritable temperament; and this, while it affected their manner and followed them into debate, quitted them not in the closet or the Cabinet. But in Mr. Canning the weakness had limits which were not traced in the nervous temperament of Lord Dudley. He suffered all his life

under what afterwards proved to be a diseased state of the system; and, after making the misery of part of his existence, and shading the happiness even of its brightest portions, it ended in drawing a dark and dismal curtain over his whole faculties towards the close of his life. The result of the same morbid temperament was a want of fixed inclination, a wavering that affected his judgment as well as his feelings, an incapacity to form, or, after forming, to abide by any fixed resolution; so that a man more amply endowed with the gifts both of nature and fortune than any other in any age, although he rose to great station, enjoyed an enviable share of renown, and never appeared in any capacity without raising an admiration great in proportion to the discernment of the beholders, passed through life with less effect upon the fate of his fellow creatures than hundreds of the most ordinary men on whom, as he was well entitled, he daily looked down. The article in which his power has been the most felt, was certainly that of Parliamentary Reform, of which he was, with all his party, the constant and uncompromising adversary; and on which the last and perhaps greatest efforts of his genius were made.

With these men was joined Mr. Huskisson, than whom few have ever attained as great influence in this country, with so few of the advantages which are apt to captivate senates or to win popular applause, and, at the same time, with so few of the extrinsic qualities which in the noble and the wealthy can always make up for such natural deficiencies. He was not fluent of speech naturally, nor had much practice rendered him a ready speaker; he had none of the graces of diction, whether he prepared himself, (if he ever did so,) or trusted to the moment. His manner was peculiarly ungainly. His statements were calculated rather to excite distrust than to win confidence. Yet, with all this, he attained a station in the House of Commons which made him as much listened to as the most consummate debaters; and upon the questions to which he, generally speaking, confined himself—the great matters of commerce and finance—he delivered himself with almost oracular certainty of effect. This success he owed to the thorough knowledge which he possessed of his subjects, the perfect clearness of his understanding, the keenness with which he could apply his information to the purpose of the debate, the acuteness with which he could unravel the argument and expose an adversary's weakness, or expound his own doctrines. In respect of his political purity, he did not stand very high with any party. He had the same intense love of office which was and is the vice of his whole party, and to which they have made such sacrifices; reducing indeed into a principle what was only a most pernicious error, the source of all unworthy compliances, the cloak for every evil proceeding, that no one can effectually serve the state in a private station. One immediate result of this heresy was to make Mr. Huskisson, like his leader, mistake place for power, and cling to the possession of mere office when the authority to carry those measures which alone make office desirable to a patriot, was either withheld or removed for preferment's sake. Yet whoever has known either of these three great men, and casts his eye on those followers whom they have left behind, may be justified in heaving a sigh as he exclaims, "Eheu, quam multo minus est cum reliquis versari, quam meminisse tui!"

In going over the Speeches, however cursorily, one

is struck with great changes, not only in the orator, but apparently in the audience. In the earlier addresses, notwithstanding his vehemence, Brougham found it incumbent to speak of authorities of any kind with a respectful caution, which men of a much colder temperament would not now feel necessary. There is also something more of trammel or constraint in the orations—or, if this is too strong a term, more of that cautious attention to rule, which gives to productions a mechanical air—than is now visible in his greater efforts. This drawback was soon removed: the last very striking traces of laborious art being shown in the magnificent exordium—so apt and artful in topics, so closely classical in style—of the speech on Queen Caroline's trial; after which, he began to adopt a more bold, unrestrained, and *masterly* manner, that seems now matured—to the great gain of his "noble friends" in the Upper House.

Considered merely as printed speeches—as intellectual compositions—this collection will bear comparison with any in a modern language; though there are several which they do not surpass, and one or two which they do not equal. In depth, universality, brilliancy of eloquence, and above all in *justness of view*, they are inferior to those of Burke; though the stirring nature of many of Brougham's subjects, and their relation to events within our own experience, may render them more generally attractive than Burke's productions. In sustained finish of composition and in pungent delicacy of wit, they must be rated somewhat below the best efforts of Canning; who in kind, though not in degree, approaches nearer than any speaker of modern times to the great Roman orator. Some passages have the force, but want the quiet strength, of the gems of Sheridan, and perhaps of Erskine: not taking a refined and abstract view of the speeches throughout—putting aside any thing which they may derive from their subjects, or from our closer connexion with them—can they be held as other than deficient in fulness of matter, in narrative lucidly complete, and in that proof or semblance of proof which convinces by its reasons, or better still by its statements,—for it cannot be denied that the orator is too constantly the one-sided partisan or the thick-and-thin advocate. *Advocacy* is indeed the "devil" of Brougham; but it is a genial devil—one that renders him so useful in a good cause, and resting not upon *hired art*, but natural impulse, may, after all, give him his peculiar character—be the idiosyncrasy which distinguishes him among orators.

Thus far we have been considering these speeches as orations, in the sense which antiquity forces us to attach to the word—as mental efforts, in which, by the philosophical or poetical powers of the orator, universal examples were deduced from particular cases, or individual instances were embalmed by the art and

passion of the artist. In an elaborate "Disquisition on the Oratory of the Ancients," affixed to his Speeches, Lord Brougham argues, that the ancients regarded an oration as an intellectual display, (like a drama or an opera,) instead of a real discussion of business, as with us. This theory might be received, without in any way accounting for modern deficiency;* inasmuch as it resolves itself at last into a difference of mode; and no one will argue that Shakspeare surpassed "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella," by mere formal changes. But, if we look at these speeches in the light in which all harangues may be more or less considered, as addresses *to serve a present purpose*,—not to teach people what they do not know; not to convince them of that about which they are altogether sceptical; not to induce them to take some steps, to do something respecting which they are totally unprepared; but to furnish those who have come to a "foregone conclusion" with strong reasons or motives for a conduct to which they are inclined; to determine minds which are trembling in the balance; to stimulate to action the acquiescence of indifference or the fears of timidity; to sting and to shame opponents, and to weaken their power by acting upon the opinion of their followers,—viewed in this light, Lord Brougham is without a rival. With much of surplussage, lumbering and useless when the occasion is passed, and with some things that would not at any time stand the test of calm and exact examination, he is unequalled as an advocate, bold, unscrupulous, and seemingly self-convinced. He states his own view of his own case, strikingly, forcibly, clinchingly; he pushes a false argument of his adversary to its extreme extent, and shows by analogous examples its utter absurdity; he possesses a power of sarcasm, or of irony, which, though it tramples on all conventional delicacy, rarely transgresses any formal bounds, but scathes or withers the victim, without emotion on the part of the *victimarius*—who wields his weapon as if the object were not death, but annihilation by torture. With reading and scientific acquirements almost without example in men of active pursuits, he is rarely at fault in point of facts or information, and is enabled to draw his illustrations and images from the whole range of art and nature. What, in a popular view, is more important, he possesses a power of dramatic personification, which can embody a principle in a person. Thus, in the passage already quoted—of the old Opposition fancying, that "a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made

*The whole paper is based upon, or at least resembles, an article which formerly appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. In some points the author is right, in others wrong; in some his statements are true, but his inferences false. When a fit occasion offers, we may return to this subject, and endeavour to discover the reasons; which are more deeply seated than the noble and learned writer appears to see.

by an elderly lord, and seconded by a younger one," *must* shake a Ministry—who does not *see*, as in a broad comedy, the silly old and the self-sufficient young Whig, impressed with the idea that Whiggery is an essential of social nature, and that nought is wanting to the political millennium, but that "the party" should be "in power to govern for the people?"

A mere "orator" is not, however, the true character of Henry Brougham, though many fancy so. Still less is he to be considered as a "statesman;" in which capacity he has really had no opportunity of exercising his powers, and would doubtless fail if he had. Nor is he to be censured, as some would have it, because he has not *originated* or consummated any great question. Such is not his function. He plays a part which is non-existent in Continental Europe; and though some traces of it may be found in the ancient republics, it has only been perfectly developed in England, and that perhaps in the person of Brougham himself. He is *an active politician*,—or, more truly, *the people's partisan*. He fills an intermediate station between those higher *Genii*, who from the silence of the closet expound truths essential to the wellbeing of mankind, and those *Slaves of the Lamp*, who at last effectuate them, grudgingly and unwillingly, as the price of their official existence. Such a man cannot *originate* measures, for he has not time to discover original truths: if he did, no mixed audience would listen to him; and a published oration would not answer the purpose, for didactic writing, not speech, is the proper and natural mode of disseminating such doctrines, at least since the invention of printing. A man, too, fitted for the task we speak of, has rarely the temper, the patience, or the accommodating disposition, adapted to trim and shape measures at once practically and successfully. From his very nature, he cannot possess that thorough knowledge of details which official training alone gives. His task, and a great one, is to impress the public mind—to stimulate the people—to compel the executive. He takes up questions when they are ripening; when the masses are *ready* to receive them; when more thoughtful and influential individuals *have* received them, but want encouragement to *move* in them; when they can be mooted in Parliament without appearing abstract, and the larger division of the press, which subsists by common traffic, must notice the subjects. For this post of nation-leader Brougham is fitted beyond all others. His oratory—always striking and readable, frequently impressive or amusing in the highest degree—forces itself conspicuously into every journal, and is read in some form or other by every man who reads politics. His dexterity in debate, his readiness in reply, the crushing severity or contemptuous bitterness of his retort, and above all, a confidence which never deserts him, enabling him to

say the *last* word, and to say it well, combine to make his side of a question appear a good one, unless to the few logicians with whom reasoning analysis is a habit. Other faculties equally serve him. *To talk* is a law of his nature. The presence of foes cannot terrify him; let a "reporter" be present, the absence both of friends and foes cannot depress him; the apparent apathy or opposition of a nation cannot silence him. He thunders and flashes on till he rouses. In history, Shaftesbury alone seems exactly to resemble him; but Shaftesbury fell upon times whose condition and appliances were unfavourable to the development of his powers. In the present day, no man approaches Brougham. For a vulgar audience, O'Connell has a more coaxing way, and sometimes a tenderness of feeling and a delicacy of satire which Brougham does not aim at; but there is no comparison between them in all the higher qualities of eloquence—in largeness of view, in general comprehension, in acquired knowledge. O'Connell, too, *reads* badly: his reasoning narrow, or local; his pathos, maudlin; his praise, blarney; his invective, abuse; and his general spirit showing a low caste of mind. For an audience of lords or lawyers, and for some particular purposes, Lyndhurst may surpass Brougham: but he is unfitted to act with effect upon the people; still less could he do what Brougham—starting alone, without friend or followers—has accomplished within the last six months. Peel, with position, a strong party to back him, and in a regular fight, might maintain his ground; but unassisted by adventitious aid, the first "rough and tumble" would finish him: and it is the drawback of both Lyndhurst and Peel, that the value of their speeches departs as the occasion passes which produced them. With the rest—the *απαλοι* of Peers and M. P.'s—no comparison can be instituted: not merely do they dwarf beside Henry Brougham, they seem like creatures of another species.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

"The age of Law Reform and the age of Jeremy Bentham are one and the same. He is the father of the most important of all the branches of Reform, the leading and ruling department of human improvement. No one before him had ever seriously thought of exposing the defects in our English system of Jurisprudence. All former students had confined themselves to learn its principles,—to make themselves masters of its eminently technical and artificial rules; and all former writers had but expounded the doctrines handed down from age to age. Men, by common consent, had agreed in bending before the authority of former times as decisive upon every point; and confounding the question of, what is the law, which that authority alone could determine, with the question, what ought to be the law, which the wisdom of an early and unenlightened age was manifestly unfit to solve, they had taken it for granted that the system was perfect, because it was established, and had bestowed upon the produce of

ignorance and inexperience their admiration in proportion as it was defective. He it was who first made the mighty step of trying the whole provisions of our jurisprudence by the test of expediency, fearlessly examining how far each part was connected with the rest; and, with a yet more undaunted courage, inquiring how far even its most consistent and symmetrical arrangements were framed according to the principle which should pervade a Code of Laws—their adaptation to the circumstances of society, to the wants of men, and to the promotion of human happiness.

"Not only was he thus eminently original among the lawyers and the legal philosophers of his own country; he might be said to be the first legal philosopher that had appeared in the world. * * * * Mr. Bentham, professing to regard no existing law as of any value unless it was one which ought to have been made, wholly unfetters himself from any deference to authority—bringing the fundamental principles, as well as the details of each legislative rule, to the test of reason alone—trying all by the criterion of their tendency to promote the happiness and improve the condition of mankind—not only showed in detail the glaring inconsistencies and the radical imperfections of the English system, but carrying his bold and sagacious views to their amplest extent, investigated the principles upon which all human laws should be constructed, and showed how their provisions should be framed for the better accomplishment of their great purpose—the well-being of civil society, both as regards the enjoyment of civil rights, the prevention of crimes, and the encouragement of virtue. The adaptation of these principles to the particular circumstances of any given state, can only be ascertained by a careful examination of those circumstances, and, above all, by an accurate attention to the laws already existing in the country, and which, how ill soever contrived in many respects, have always, more or less, arisen out of those very circumstances. This is the business of Codification, which consists in not only reducing to a system and method the existing laws, but in so amending them as to make them capable of accomplishing their cardinal object—the happiness of the community. * * * *

"To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying every thing to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour. Acute, sagacious, reflecting, suspicious of a fault of all outward appearances, nor ever to be satisfied without the most close, sifting, unsparing scrutiny, he had an industry which no excess of toil could weary, and applied himself with as unremitting perseverance to master every minute portion of each subject, as if he had not possessed a quickness of apprehension which could at a glance become acquainted with all its general features. In him were blended, to a degree perhaps unequalled in any other philosopher, the love and appreciation of general principles, with the avidity for minute details, the power of embracing and following out general views, with the capacity for pursuing each one of numberless particular facts. His learning was various, extensive, and accurate. History, of all nations and all ages, was familiar to him, generally in the languages in which it was recorded. With the poets and the orators of all times he was equally well acquainted, though he undervalued the productions of both. The writings of the philosophers of every country, and of every age, were thoroughly known to him, and had

deeply occupied his attention. It was only the walks of the exacter sciences that he had not frequented. *

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"But of all his qualities, the one that chiefly distinguished Mr. Bentham, and was the most fruitful in its results, was the boldness with which he pursued his inquiries. Whatever obstacle opposed his course, be it little or be it mighty—from what quarter soever the resistance proceeded—with what feelings soever it was allied, be they of a kind that leave men's judgment calm and undisturbed, or of a nature to suspend the reasoning faculty altogether, and overwhelm opposition with a storm of unthinking passion—all signified nothing to one who, weighing principles and arguments in golden scales, held the utmost weight of prejudice, the whole influence of a host of popular feelings, as mere dust in the balance, when any the least reason loaded the other end of the beam. And if this was at once the distinguishing quality of his mind, and the great cause of his success, so was it also the source of nearly all his errors, and the principal obstacle to the progress of his philosophy. For it often, especially in the latter part of his life, prevented him from seeing real difficulties and solid objections to his proposals; it made him too regardless of the quarter from which opposition might proceed; it gave an appearance of impracticability to many of his plans; and, what was far more fatal, it rendered many of his theories wholly inapplicable to any existing, and almost to any possible state of human affairs, by making him too generally forget that all laws must both be executed by, and operate upon, men—men whose passions and feelings are made to the lawgiver's hand, and cannot all at once be moulded to his will. The same undaunted boldness of speculation led to another and a kindred error. He pushed every argument to the uttermost; he strained each principle till it cracked; he loaded all the foundations on which his system was built, as if, like arches, they were strengthened by the pressure, until he made them bend and give way beneath the superincumbent weight. *

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"The greater qualities of Mr. Bentham's understanding have been described; but he also excelled in the light works of fancy. An habitual despiser of eloquence, he was one of the most eloquent of men when it pleased him to write naturally, and before he had adopted that harsh style, full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language. *

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The moral character of this eminent person was, in the most important particulars, perfect and unblemished. His honesty was unimpeachable, and his word might, upon any subject, be taken as absolutely conclusive, whatever motives he might have for distorting or exaggerating the truth. But he was, especially of late years, of a somewhat jealous disposition—betrayed impatience if to another was ascribed any part whatever of the improvements in jurisprudence, which all originated in his own labours, but to effect which different kinds of men were required—and even showed some disinclination to see any one interfere, although as a coadjutor, and for the furtherance of his own designs."

It said that he suffered a severe mortification in not being brought early in life into Parliament; although he must have felt that a worse service never could have been rendered to the cause he had most at heart, than to

remove him from his own peculiar sphere to one in which, even if he had excelled, he yet never could have been nearly so useful to mankind. It is certain that he showed, upon many occasions, a harshness as well as coldness of disposition towards individuals to whose unremitting friendship he owed great obligations; and his impatience to see the splendid reforms which his genius had projected accomplished before his death, increasing as the time of his departure drew nigh, made him latterly regard even his most familiar friends only as instruments of reformation, and gave a very unamiable and indeed a revolting aspect of callousness to his feelings towards them. For the sudden and mournful death of one old and truly illustrious friend, he felt, as he expressed, no pain at all; towards the person of a more recent friend he never concealed his disrespect, because he disappointed some extravagant hopes which he had formed that the bulk of a large fortune, acquired by honest industry, would be expended in promoting Parliamentary influence to be used in furthering great political changes. Into all these unamiable features of his character, every furrow of which was deepened and every shade darkened by increasing years, there entered nothing base or hypocritical. If he felt little for a friend, he pretended to no more than he felt. If his sentiments were tinged with asperity and edged with spite, he was the first himself to declare it; and no one formed a less favourable or a more just judgement of his weaknesses than he himself did, nor did any one pronounce such judgments with a severity that exceeded the confessions of his own candour. Upon the whole then, while in his public capacity he presented an object of admiration and of gratitude, in his private character he was formed rather to be respected and studied, than beloved.

MR. ROSCOE.

"When he rose in fame, and thrived in wealth—when he became one of the great bankers of the place, and was courted by all the leading men in its society—when his fame was spread over the world, and his native town became known in many remote places, as having given him birth—when he was chosen to represent her in parliament, and associated with the first statesmen of the age,—this truly excellent person's unaffected modesty, his primitive simplicity of manners, never deserted him. As his rise in life had been rapid and easy, he bore his good fortune with an equal mind; and when the commercial distresses of the country involved his affairs in ruin, the clouds which overcast the evening of his days disturbed not the serenity of his mind; the firmness which could maintain itself against the gales of prosperity, found the storms of adverse fortune, though more boisterous, much louder in their noise, yet not at all deceitful, and really less rude in their shock. His latter years were passed in his much loved literary leisure,—consoled by the kindness of his friends,—happy in the bosom of his amiable family,—universally respected by his countrymen,—by all the wise admired,—beloved by all the good."

MR. HORNER'S DEATH.

"It deserves to be noted, as a marvellous instance of that truly learned conjecture by which the skill of Dr. Baillie was distinguished, that after many other physicians had severally given their opinions on the nature of Mr. Horner's hidden complaints, Dr. Baillie at once decided against all those theories; but, when he came to propose his own, avowed the extreme uncertainty in which so obscure and difficult a case had left him. However, he said that he guessed it was one or the

other of two maladies so rare that he had only seen a case or two of the one, and the other never but in a Museum of morbid anatomy. When the body was opened by Vacca at Pisa, where he died, it was found that both those rare diseases existed."

JAMES MILL.

"With the single exception that he had something of the dogmatism of the school, he was a person of most praiseworthy candour in controversy, always of such self-denial that he sunk every selfish consideration in his anxiety for the success of any cause which he espoused, and ever ready to the utmost extent of his faculties, and often beyond the force of his constitution, to lend his help for its furtherance. In all the relations of private life he was irreproachable; and he afforded a rare example of one born in humble circumstances, and struggling, during the greater part of his laborious life, with the inconveniences of restricted means, nobly maintaining an independence as absolute in all respects as that of the first subject in the land—an independence, indeed, which but few of the pampered children of rank and wealth are ever seen to enjoy. For he could at all times restrain his wishes within the limits of his resources; was firmly resolved that his own hands alone should ever minister to his wants; and would, at every period of his useful and virtuous life, have treated with indignation any project that should trammel his opinions or his conduct with the restraints which external influence, of whatever kind, could impose."

MR. DENMAN AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"At length all* were restored except Mr. Denman; and it then appeared that he was visited with the royal displeasure, not for this parallel,† but for a sentence from Dio Cassius,‡ mistakenly supposed by his Majesty to have been applied offensively to him. In the autumn of 1828 Mr. Denman's memorial, disclaiming the imputation, was at his request laid before the King by his then prime minister the Duke of Wellington, who went much farther, and with difficulty obtained from the reluctant monarch that rank which the advocate had not solicited at his hands. If 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than War,' this persevering effort of a frank and generous spirit, prompted by a sense of justice, and stimulated by the manly perception of the necessity for independence in the advocate, may be thought to add some lustre even to the name of Wellington."

LORD ELDON AND SIR JOHN LEACH.

"Her Majesty petitioned the House of Lords to be heard by her counsel against a secret committee being appointed to examine her conduct in her absence; and the counsel were at half an hour's notice heard, but in vain. It was on this occasion that Mr. Denman, in allusion to the well-known adviser of the Milan commission, Sir John Leach, whose counsels, so pleasing to the King, were supposed to be guided by the desire of supplanting Lord Eldon and obtaining the Great Seal, made that memorable quotation from Shakspeare, which was so manifestly delightful to Lord Eldon, and certainly as distasteful to Sir John.

"Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening knave to get some office,
Hath devised this slander."

*Queen Caroline's Council.

†The famous parallel to Nero.

‡See Bayle's Dictionary, art. Octavio.

THE DEBATES AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

"At first the Ministers pursued the course of obstinate silence. The Opposition debated each petition in vain; every minister and ministerial member held his peace. No arguments, no facts, no sarcasms, no taunts, could rouse them; no expression of the feelings of the country, no reference to the anxiety of particular constituencies, could draw a word from the Ministers and their supporters. At length it was perceived that their antagonists did not the less debate, and that consequently the scheme had failed in its purpose of stifling discussion. The only effect of it, then, was, that all the debating was on one side, and this both became hurtful to the Government in the house, and more hurtful still in the country. They were forced into discussion, therefore; and then began a scene of unexampled interest which lasted until the second reading of the bill. Each night, at a little after four, commenced the series of debates which lasted until past midnight. These were of infinite variety. Arguments urged by different speakers; instances of oppression and hardship recounted; anecdotes of local suffering and personal inconvenience; accounts of the remarkable passages at different meetings; personal altercations interspersed with more general matter—all filled up the measure of the night's bill of fare; and all were so blended and so variegated, that no one ever perceived any hour thus spent to pass tediously away. Those not immediately concerned, Peers, or persons belonging to neither house, flocked to the spectacle which each day presented. The interest excited out of doors kept pace with that of the spectators; and those who carried on these active operations showed a vigour and constancy of purpose, an unwearied readiness for the combat, which astonished while it animated all beholders. It is recounted of this remarkable struggle, that one night towards the latter end of the period in question, when at a late hour, the house having been in debate from four o'clock, one speaker had resumed his seat, the whole members sitting upon one entire bench rose at once and addressed the chair,—a testimony of unabated spirit and unquenchable animation which drew forth the loudest cheers from all sides of the house."

ANECDOTES OF SIR WILLIAM SCOTT.

"To illustrate by examples his singularly refined and pungent wit in conversation, or the happy and unexpected quotations with which he embellished it, or the tersely told anecdotes with which he enlivened it, without for an instant fatiguing his audience, would be far less easy,—because it is of the nature of the refined essence in which the spirit of the best society consists, not to keep. When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs. —, 'Varium et mutabile semper Femina,' was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than becometh the gravity of his cloth, 'Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician!'—'Mayn't he be both, Doctor?' was the arch rejoinder,—with a most arch leer and insinuating voice half drawled out. 'A vicar was once' (said his Lordship,* presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions), 'so wearied out with

* Sir W. Scott was, during the latter years of his long extended life, created a peer by the title of Lord Stowell; but it is by his former name that he is known to the profession and to the world.

his parish-clerk confining himself entirely to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Damn all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anathema!—added the learned chief of the spiritual court.

"This eminent personage was in his opinions extremely narrow and confined; never seeming to have advanced beyond the times 'before the flood' of light which the American war and the French revolution had let in upon the world—times when he was a tutor in Oxford, and hoped to live and die in the unbroken quiet of her bowers, enjoying their shade, variegated with no glare of importunate illumination. Of every change he was the enemy; of all improvement careless and even distrustful; of the least deviation from the most beaten track suspicious; of the remotest risks an acute prognosticator as by some natural instinct; of the slightest actual danger a terror-stricken spectator. As he could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for any thing new; and with him it was quite enough, to characterize a measure as 'a mere novelty,' to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr. Speaker Abbot, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the acts of a single session,—'Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties.'"

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

"Upon all who cannot afford a long journey, those enactments are imperative and effectual; but whoever can afford to pay that price finds them a dead letter. Yet the chief object of the Act was to prevent rich heiresses from being married before due care was taken to secure their fortunes; and to protect young heirs from being inveigled into unequal and injurious matches before they came to years of discretion. Now, whoever has such designs in view, can always command the means of performing the Scotch journey, and thus putting the law at defiance. It is well known that at one time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Privy Seal, were all married at Gretna Green, and had issue after marriages contracted there."

SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is the besetting sin of our fallen nature. It interferes with and adulterates the love of our neighbour; it excludes from our bosoms the love of God. But self-love, so far from being an illegitimate principle, is an essential part of the constitution of every sentient existence, and in the second great commandment is assumed as such, and constituted, as has just been said, the standard of our love to others. The reasoning of the apostle Paul is beautifully correct, when he says, "he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet: and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy

neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." In its heart-searching spirituality, its precision and simplicity, its readiness for application, its force of united appeal to the understanding and to the heart, its comprehensiveness, both as to the objects it embraces, and the dispositions and conduct it inculcates toward them, this precept is divinely worthy of the place it holds. Taking love to God and love to our neighbour together, well might our divine Master say of them, "on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

From the Sunbeam.

ON SEEING A WALL-FLOWER GROWING AMONG RUINS.

Why love to dwell in lonely nook,
That shelves above yon babbling brook,
Thou pretty perfumed flower?
Thy very looks are foreign quite,
To each low creeping parasite,
That hangs about yon tower.
Growing between the crevice small
Of that old time-worn dreary wall,
Where the dark storm-cloud lowers;
Why bind the hoary head of age?
Garland the old—bedeck the sage?
Why wreath their brows with flowers?
Come to our gorgeous bright parterre,
Among exotics—beauties rare,
Thy praises let us sing:—
Waste not thy sweets 'midst ruined towers,
Thou'rt formed to grace far lovelier bowers,
Glad herald of the spring!
Thou constant friend! when all is past,
Thy love enduring still doth last,
Cheering their gloomy days.
Unlike the friends of mortal earth,
Whose smiles in sunshine take their birth,
But darken with its rays.
Bloom on in honoured happy state,
Linked with thy friends in lonely fate,
And when I wish to see
An emblem of enduring love,
A simple type of that above,
I'll come and visit thee!

From the Examiner.

FATE! I have askt few things of thee,
And fewer have to ask.
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be
No more . . . then con thy task.
If one be left on earth so late
Whose love is like the past,
Tell her, in whispers, gentle Fate,
Not even love must last.
Tell her, I leave the noisy feast
Of life, a little tired;
Amidst its pleasures few possess
And many undesired.
Tell her, with steady pace to come
And, where my laurels lie,
To throw the freshest on the tomb
When it has caught her sigh.
Tell her, to stand some steps apart
From others, on that day,
And check the tear (if tear should start)
Too precious for dull clay.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

From the British and Foreign Review.

LOWER CANADA.

It is difficult, within the limits of a Review, to touch upon the Canadian question, in a manner satisfactory to those who are acquainted with the country, and intelligible to that larger portion of the community to whom Canada is emphatically a *terra incognita*, not only in its physical developments, but in its social and political relations. We feel this difficulty sensibly. Our earliest recollections are of a country where nature has traced on a gigantic scale the lineaments of a powerful empire; where a river, flowing from inland* seas, fed by numerous tributary streams, unrivalled in beauty, and almost unparalleled in extent and usefulness, sweeps for 2000† miles through temperate lati-

* The word "Sea" means, in common parlance, a body of salt not of fresh water; it is, therefore, somewhat incorrectly applied to the Canadian Lakes. The word "Lake," however, would be equally incorrect, and would fail to convey a just idea of the extent of these "inland seas." Lake Superior is unequalled in magnitude by any collection of fresh-water upon the globe. Its length, measured on a curve line through the centre, is about three hundred and sixty geographical miles; its extreme breadth one hundred and forty; and its circumference, following the sinuosities of its coasts, about one thousand five hundred. Its surface is about six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the tide-water of the Atlantic. Various soundings have been taken from eighty to one hundred and fifty fathoms, but its extreme depth probably exceeds two hundred fathoms, thus showing the bottom of the lake to be nearly six hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Lake Huron is only second to Lake Superior. Lake Erie is about 265 miles long, 63½ wide at its centre, and 658 miles in circumference; its greatest depth varies from 40 to 45 fathoms. Lake Ontario is elliptical in its shape, 172 miles long, 59½ at its extreme breadth, and about 467 miles in circumference. The depth varies very much, but is seldom less than 3 or more than 50 fathoms, except in the middle, where attempts have been made with 300 fathoms without striking soundings.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

† The source of the river St. Lewis, which may be deemed the remotest spring of the St. Lawrence, is in latitude 48° 30' N. and about 93° W. longitude. From

tudes, in a portion of the globe richly stored with mineral wealth, and marked by every diversity of climate that prevails between Sweden and central France,—where, in fact, Providence seems to have decreed that man shall reap an ample return for his industry, unless man himself shall mar the beneficent intentions of Providence.

In later years these early impressions have been somewhat rudely assailed, by hearing this portion of the Empire referred to as a few acres of snow in Canada,* where now, as in the days of Goldsmith,

———"Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

its source, the general direction of the St. Lawrence, through Lakes Superior and Huron, is south-east to Lake Erie,—which lies between 41° 30' and 42° 52' N. latitude,—nearly due east through that lake, and then north-east to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through which its waters are mingled with the Atlantic ocean, after a course of upwards of 2000 statute miles. Ships of 600 tons burthen can ascend with very little difficulty to Montreal, which is 580 miles from the Gulf.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

* The accounts given of the climate of Quebec and the French settlements in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after the conquest in 1759, are even at this day generally received as applicable to the whole of the country known by the name of Canada; whereas they are now scarcely applicable even to the parts which they then described;—it being a well-established fact, that the climate of America is rapidly changing with the clearing of the forests.—*The Canadas as they are.*

At Quebec, in lat. 46° 48' 49" N., the orchards yield apples and pears of very superior flavour. At Montreal in lat. 45° 30' N., grapes are matured to great excellence, and peaches with care also arrive at perfection. At York, in lat. 43° 43' N., and in the Niagara and western districts of Upper Canada, still further south, all these fruits are found in the greatest luxuriance. The peach, the nectarine, and the grape seem here to have found their native soil, and are produced in the richest profusion. In Lower Canada the winter commences about the 25th of November in the regions about Quebec, and it may be said to last till the 25th of April, when agricultural operations are resumed. In the district of Montreal the permanent cold generally sets in a fortnight later, and the spring is earlier. In Upper Canada the winter is considerably shorter; and the snow, which in

It has also been our lot, not unfrequently, to detect some respectable gentlemen, whom railroads and steam-boats have failed to seduce further from the sound of Bow-bells than Birmingham or Margate; or some kindred spirit, who has never emigrated to a greater distance from his paternal acres, labouring under a vague impression that people go about in Canada with bows and arrows, as they do with walking-sticks in Europe, and exercise a divided dominion over the country with red Indians, bears, and tiger-cats. That this want of information reigns in full vigour only amongst the unlearned and untravelled, we freely admit; but it is surprising how many are included in that category; and, to a greater or less extent, the ignorance and prejudices we refer to, prevail with every one who has not crossed the Atlantic and visited the far-west. We therefore deem it not unprofitable to state, that "swamps" are undoubtedly to be found in the neighbourhood of Oswego just as "fens" are in Lincolnshire, though the flourishing town on the Oswego Canal, numbers many thousand inhabitants and is rapidly

Lower Canada covers the ground for five consecutive months, scarcely lies for two in the upper province.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

Humboldt has endeavoured to connect the system of climates of the Old World with that of the New, by fixing at every ten degrees of latitude, under different meridians, a small number of places, whose mean temperature has been correctly ascertained, and through these, as so many standard points, supposing lines of equal heat, or isothermal lines, to pass. The observations which have been made on the temperature of places in the Eastern and Western Continents, show, that advancing seventy degrees to the east or west, a sensible alteration in the heat of the atmosphere is found. Places situated in the same latitudes in America and Europe, do not, however, differ so many degrees as has been generally supposed. The direction of these lines of equal heat for the two systems of temperature known by precise observation, viz. that of the middle and West of Europe, and that of the East of America, gives the following differences:

Latitude.	Mean Temperature of the West of the Old World.	Mean Temperature of the East of the New World.	Difference.
30	70.52	66.92	3.60
40	63.14	54.50	8.64
50	50.90	37.94	12.96
60	40.64	23.72	16.92

In tracing the directions of isothermal lines, from Europe to the Atlantic countries of the New World, they are found to have the character of parallelism towards the South, and to converge towards the North. The whole of Europe, compared with the eastern parts of America, has, in fact, an insular climate; and, although the annual fall of rain in the United States of America has been estimated at 37.18 inches, while that in North Western Europe amounts to about 31.2 inches, the number of rainy days in the latter is much greater than in the former. In comparing the two systems of climates, we find at New York the summer of Rome and the winter of Copenhagen; at Quebec the summer of Paris and the winter of St. Petersburg.

"progressing." Undoubtedly, too, even the awful noise of the Lord Mayor's coach passing over Cheap-side on the 9th of November, is naught to the "Spirit of the Waters" speaking from the mighty Niagara. Nor can it be denied that bears and rattle-snakes exist in some parts of the country; the former affording excellent sport, with just enough of danger to give interest to the pursuit; while the latter are not unfrequently exhibited—"immensis orbibus Angua!"—twining round some juggler in as many harmless folds, as a plaster-cast of the Laocoon exhibits in Somerset House, to the secure and admiring citizen of London.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we mean to describe Canada as possessing all the advantages of a highly cultivated state of society. The comforts and most of the luxuries of life are to be obtained in its cities*—but here the comparison ends. In a new country, possessing boundless tracts of land, yet covered with a primeval forest, in many places not even intersected by roads, and with natural resources not brought into action, the useful pursuits of life will necessarily supersede those, by which the genius, the manners and the customs of a people are, in the lapse of years, wrought into bold relief.

* Quebec is situated in a promontory that stretches on the north-west side of the St. Lawrence, 345 feet above the level of the river, into a basin formed by the junction of the rivers St. Charles and St. Lawrence. The upper town is built on this promontory, and within the fortifications, which are nearly three miles in circumference. The lower town is situated between the foot of the promontory, and the river. The suburbs of St. Louis, St. John and St. Roche, extend beyond the fortifications, on the opposite side of the upper town, and are densely inhabited, chiefly by French Canadians and the labouring classes. The population is about 30,000, but in the summer months it is much increased by emigration from Europe, and the number of "lumber-men" who bring timber from the upper parts of the province for exportation. In the upper town are the Governor's residence, the barracks for the troops (generally two or three regiments), Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, convents, public offices, the houses of the officers of government, and of the principal merchants. The lower town is devoted to business. Here are the Banks of Quebec, a branch of the Montreal Bank, the Custom House and the Exchange. The wharfs are very extensive, and in the space of one year 800 ships of every size have arrived with goods and emigrants, and taken their departure with the produce of the country. Large steamers run to Montreal, and those which have been lately built equal in elegance and power any used in the world for internal navigation. Two of them arrive and take their departure every day.

The banks of the river St. Lawrence for about 90 miles above Quebec are bold and precipitous. The river then widens, and is known by the name of Lake St. Peter, and from thence to Montreal the shores are lower. The scenery throughout is picturesque and beautiful, and both sides of the river are covered with villages, whose churches are seldom out of sight. These villages are inhabited almost exclusively by French-Canadians; and the population is in some places as dense as in the most thickly-peopled agricultural districts of Europe.

Montreal is 180 miles above, or to the south-west of Quebec, and is built on an island of the same name, 32 miles in length and ten broad. The two principal streets

Even in the United States of America, where commercial enterprise and activity have called into existence so much general prosperity, those moral and physical attributes which, in their full development constitute a national character, have not yet ripened into maturity, and the Americans have failed to make advances in science, in literature and the Arts, in a ratio corresponding with their accumulated and increasing wealth. In painting they have undoubtedly produced clever artists, but they have displayed no original genius—there is no “American School.” In sculpture they are unknown, we believe, even as copyists. Their infant literature, with a few exceptions, is more English than American; and, although many of their public speakers are shrewd lawyers, or keen and intelligent political debaters, not one has put forward any just claim to the higher attributes of oratory. The United States of America have not yet, in fact, passed into the adult age of nations. Their people, from the force of circumstances, rather than by the operation of their institutions, are utilitarians in the more contracted meaning of the word; and this will be the case until the rough and angular points of their social position are rounded by time, and the general diffusion of refinement shall call for those mental enjoyments which are sought for and produced in the later years of national existence.

Deeply and broadly, in the mean time, have the Anglo-Saxon race laid the foundations of freedom and civilization in the North American continent. Useful though common education is more generally diffused than in Europe. Christianity has taken deep root. The principles of self-government in local and in general affairs have trained men in the exercise of their public duties—have taught them the value of social order, and given security to person and to property.*

are Notre Dame and St. Paul. The former runs the whole length of the town, and from the Quebec to the Recollet suburbs forms a continued street 1344 yards in length and 30 broad. Montreal contains numerous churches, chapels and public buildings. The principal are the Hôtel Dieu, the Convent of Notre Dame, the Montreal General Hospital, the Hôpital des Sœurs-Grises, the Recollet Convent, the Convent of Grey-Sisters, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the New College, the English and Scotch churches, and the Government-House. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the Place d'Armes, ranks amongst the first buildings in North America. The corner stone was laid on the 3d of September 1834. It is built of granite, which is found in abundance in the mountain from which the city takes its name, and it contains seats for a congregation of 10,000 persons.—*The Canadas as they are.*—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

* The abolition riots, the piratical incursions on the Canadian frontier, and the occasional infliction of “Lynch-law,” seem to militate against this opinion; and, unless a moral or physical power be found to prevent the recurrence of such events, they will, undoubtedly, seriously affect the peace and security of American society. We believe that such a controlling power will be found if the evil continue; while up to the present time, these

Cold then must be the heart, and narrow and selfish the mind, that can look with indifference on a country, “in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing.”—Hypercritical and fastidious the taste, that can record the Backwoodsman eating his fish with a knife instead of a silver fork, or helping himself unceremoniously to the wing of a chicken; and yet fail to draw a comparison between the security and freedom he enjoys, and is the means of extending to others, with the violence and barbarism that have distinguished the infancy of other states.

“The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indications of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers, who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly finished and over-populous state of society, where the ranks of useful labour are crowded, and many earn a painful and servile subsistence, by studying the very caprices and appetite of self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all-important in the estimation of narrow minds, which either do not perceive or will not acknowledge that they are more than counterbalanced by great and generally diffused blessings.”—*Washington Irving's Sketch-Book.*

Such, in our opinion, is independent America; and, following in the same path, though with unequal steps, and marked by some unfavourable peculiarities, such is the state to which Canada is approximating.

With these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed with the difficult task of tracing to their true source the unhappy events which have lately taken place in Canada. “How inadequate and unsuccessful,” says Lord Bacon,* “that human knowledge is, which we have at present in use, may appear from things commonly asserted. It is certain that the true knowledge of things is the knowledge of causes.” It is the absence of this “knowledge of causes” which has, in our opinion, contributed so much to perplex the discussions on Canada, and which has exercised so baneful an influence over the welfare of our Canadian provinces. It would at the same time be presumptuous in us to assume that we can supply knowledge so desirable, when Parliamentary Committees and learned and Salariated Commissioners have failed, it would seem, to

disgraceful occurrences, though too frequent to be passed over in silence, cannot in justice be considered as more than exceptions to the general good order that prevails.

* Nov. Organum, vol. i. p. 150.

do so;* yet shall we bring to the inquiry some local acquaintance with the country, and an earnest desire to direct the public mind to the right path.

Mr. Roebuck, with the zeal of a partizan, exclaims:—

—"The officials of that country I am about to speak of;—a party, which, backed by the powers of the Colonial Office, have been the cause of all the dissensions and difficulties that have arisen."†

And again we find him stating at the Bar of the House of Lords:—

"It is the fashion, my Lords, to talk of the ignorance of the Canadian people; and assertions are recklessly hazarded, which greater knowledge of that people, and of their actual condition, and also of the true criterion of education, would altogether have prevented.

"America, at this moment, is governed by habits of thought and feeling,—fostered, perpetuated and extended by that remarkable band of religious and political enthusiasts who originally settled New-England, and whose sons now swarm in every part of the great federal Union of the United States. *The political creed of these men has in fact become the political creed of the whole Continent, and is entertained as well by the descendants of the French Colonists on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, as by the immediate heirs of those emigrants of English descent who took possession of the lands bordering on the Hudson and Connecticut.*"‡

Inspired, it may be supposed, by the example of his friend, and in some degree sanctioned by his authority—redolent of the lamp which had thrown its kindly light over his inquiries—Mr. Leader deemed it consistent with History, which teaches by example, and not forbidden by good taste, to caricature the eloquence of Chatham, and to astound the House of Commons and the public, by declaring; "*I rejoice that the Canadians have resisted! Half a million of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.*"§ Similar opinions were expressed during the debates on the Canadian question, by Mr. Hume, Mr. Warburton and Mr. Grote.

Against the correctness of these opinions we beg leave to enter a most emphatic protest; and jejune and imperfect will any legislative measure be which assumes them to be sound, or deals with the administrative errors of the colonial government of Quebec, and the abuses of the colonial office in Downing Street, as the only difficulties to be overcome. We seek not, however, to defend or palliate the errors of the one, or the abuses of the other. With Mr. Roebuck, we indignantly condemn the petty tyranny which has so frequently galled a somewhat impatient but generous

* If not, why is Lord Durham sent to make further inquiries, and why does not Parliament proceed at once to legislate?

† Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons, 22nd January, 1838.

‡ Speech at the Bar of the House of Lords.

§ Mirror of Parliament for 1838, p. 1034.

people. With him we denounce the corruption which, in defiance of their just claims, has insultingly promoted to places of honour and trust the bankrupt relation of some powerful nobleman, or the licentious familiar of his hours of profligacy—the political fraud which has sought, and with some success, to reward with the provincial revenue the servile tools who were destined to organize this system of misgovernment. It would be absurd, moreover, to deny that such deeds have produced disastrous effects on the public mind, and have loosened the links which bind the colony to the parent state; but to refer to them as the cause of ALL the difficulties that have arisen, betrays either a lamentable absence of the "knowledge of causes," or a want of candour, still less excusable, on a question confessedly of national importance.

Admitting, then, the existence and deprecating the continuance of these abuses, it shall be our endeavour to show that they ought to be classed rather as effects than causes; and that the peculiarity of the Canadian question, as well as the essential difference between it and the disputes with our former American colonies, consists in this—that the people of the New-England provinces were of *one race*, while in Canada the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman,* in every condition of life, at the bar and in other professions, in the pursuits of commerce and of agriculture, in the struggle for political power, have revived,—on a small scale indeed, and in a remote province, but still with much excitement of feeling,—the national jealousy and the personal rivalry which marked the collision of the two races in England, at the time of the Conquest.

As we consider this an important view of the question, it shall be our endeavour, by a few brief notices of the early history of New-England and of Canada, to show that there is evidence of its being a true one; and it will, we hope, be made obvious to our readers, that widely different must be the manners, the customs and the prejudices, of the two races in Canada at this day, when he bears in mind that the effect of every legislative measure passed by us has been to sharpen and give an edge to points of difference—to prevent amalgamation, not to promote union.

The majority of our colonies have been first inhabited by men without education, driven by poverty or misconduct from their native land, or by adventurers anxious to improve their fortune; but the settlement of New-England was distinguished by peculiar circumstances, and all the events attending it were novel and unprecedented. The settlers belonged to the more independent classes in their native land. Their union on the soil of America presented the singular phenomenon of a society containing neither lords nor common

*The Canadians, for the most part, came from Normandy, and bear a striking resemblance to the people of Normandy of the present day.

rather because his name is associated with the earliest records of the colony, than on account of any important results by which it was immediately followed. Up to the year 1627, a miserable establishment of only forty or fifty persons had been formed, and such was the destitute condition and want of resources of these early colonists, that they were dependent, even for their existence, on the supplies sent annually from France for their maintenance. In this year* the attention of Richelieu appears to have been directed to the new colony; and the powerful mind that could control, if not subdue, the jarring elements of civil and religious strife in the parent state, did not overlook the difficulties which retard the progress of an infant settlement. Under the auspices of the Cardinal,† at that time "Superintendent-General of the Navigation and Commerce of France," a company of merchants, consisting of one hundred associates or partners, was formed to promote the commerce and colonization of Canada; but their efforts were unsuccessful, and the Province was finally surrendered to the French Government by this Company in the year 1663.‡ An ordinance was then passed by Louis XIII. establishing a Superior Council for the government of the country called "New France." It consisted of five§ persons, nominated annually by the Governor and the Bishop or principal ecclesiastic of the Province; and to this Council was given not only a legislative power, subject to the ultimate control of the parent state, but also a supreme jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases; it being ordered, that in hearing and deciding upon such cases, the Council should proceed, as nearly as possible, in the manner and form prescribed by the usages of the Parliament of Paris.

As this ordinance was of great importance, not only to the existing state of the colony but to its future welfare, and as it in fact introduced a system of jurisprudence, which to this day is the common law of Canada in civil matters, its provisions demand some attention, and invite a comparison between their character and tendency, and the social and political regulations of the pilgrims of New England. The English emigrants *formed themselves* into a "Civil Body politick,"

* Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associes.—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 1.

† In 1629 Canada was taken by the English under Kirk, but was then held in so little estimation, as to be returned to its former owners, in three years afterwards.

‡ Le Conseil de Louis XIII. tenait aussi si peu à cet établissement, qu'il opinait à ne pas en demander la restitution; mais Richelieu, qui avait fondé la dernière compagnie, fit changer d'avis. On arma six vaisseaux pour soutenir cette demande, et la Cour d'Angleterre, d'après le conseil de Lord Montague, rendit le Canada aux Français en 1631.—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Canada*, p. 84.

§ Arrêts du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, &c. 1663—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 21.

§ The number was increased to seven in 1675, and certain public officers were made official members.

and *mutually covenanted* to observe such laws and regulations, as the maintenance of social order, and the security of their little commonwealth demanded. In the French colony the crown and the church combined to select five fit and proper persons, who held their office for one year, to assist the Governor and principal ecclesiastic in the performance of their legislative functions; and the ordinances passed by this body were subject to ultimate revision by the central authority of the King's government in Paris. M. de Tocqueville* has borne testimony to the astonishing fact, that many of the laws of the "Pilgrim Fathers" provided for social wants, but imperfectly understood and appreciated in France at the present time. The laws introduced into Canada by the ordinance of 1663, were the feudal customs and usages of the *Coutume de Paris*.

We will not inflict upon our readers a minute investigation of the usages which prevailed in the "*Viscomté de Paris*," and which were thus introduced into Canada. The juridical division of France in the year 1663 is well known. In the "*Pays du Droit Ecrit*," the Roman law, with some modifications, may be said to have been the common law of the district. In the "*Pays Coutumier*," the feudal customs of the Franks, and of the other northern tribes that overran France, supplanted almost entirely the Roman civil code. The collection of usages known by the name of the Customary Law of Paris, partook largely of the feudal character, and was less intermixed with the Roman Law than the local customs of the more southern provinces of the kingdom.† All lands were in consequence granted either "*en fief*,"—as manors, clothed with most of the rights and privileges of feudality; or "*en roture*,"—by a villenage tenure, subject to the "*servitudes*," whether honorary or beneficial, which the law exacted from the vassal to his lord paramount; and nowhere did the ancient feudal maxim—"nulle terre sans seigneur"—prevail more decidedly than in the colony of New France. The mutation fines payable to the lord on the sale of inheritances, and the right of pre-emption reserved in certain cases to the lord and to the relations of the vendor, are among the incidents to this tenure, which have produced important results in Canada. Their obvious and inevitable effect has been, to check the transfer of property in a new country; to retard improvement; to prevent the development of natural resources, by confining the settlers to the farm which was first granted to him; and, as a more remote result, to produce that condensed agricultural population—unnatural amidst boundless tracts of uncultivated land—which is so remarkable in Lower Canada, and which contrasts so unfavourably with the

* Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, vol. i. p. 41.

† See *Coutume de Paris*—Titre, Des Fiefs. Art. 1 to Art. 72. Titre, Des Censives et Droits Seigneuriaux. Art. 73 to Art. 87.

the knowledge of the Scripture, by persuading from the use of tongues, to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavours."*

Here follow clauses establishing schools in every township, and obliging the inhabitants, under pain of heavy fines, to support them. Schools of a superior kind were founded in the same manner in the more populous districts. The municipal authorities were bound to enforce the sending of children to school by their parents; they were empowered to inflict fines upon all who refused compliance; and, in cases of continued resistance, society assumed the place of the parent, took possession of the child, and deprived the father of those natural rights which he used to so bad a purpose.†

We have thought it necessary to trespass with these notices of the early settlement of New England; but it would be foreign to our object, as it would exceed our limits, to trace the rise and progress of the colony from the year 1620, when the emigrants landed at Plymouth, to the year 1776, when, increased in power, in wealth and population, their descendants declared themselves "free and independent," and, for the support of that declaration, "mutually pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour." Nor is it necessary to repeat here what history has recorded of the Anglo-American people, after the last hostile soldier had quitted their shores. It is sufficient to observe, that although most of their cities were desolate, their commerce crippled, their agriculture neglected and in some parts destroyed, they neither disgraced the cause of freedom by relapsing into anarchy, as their South American neighbours have done, nor, like the French, sought refuge from disorder under a military despot. But, following the example of their pilgrim ancestors, they again formed themselves into a "civil body politic," and founded a federative empire, which seems destined to spread over a vast continent, and to hand down to posterity the name, the language and the laws of England.

We point, nevertheless, to these events as the legitimate consequences of the principles asserted and promulgated at the first settlement of the country—we refer to them as the practical results of self-government, whether under a limited monarchy or in a republic, where men are sufficiently intelligent to understand the foundation on which that system can alone be securely based, and sufficiently energetic to defend it, when once established. We shall now endeavour to show, by a sketch of the early settlement of Lower Canada,

* Ibid., p. 90.

† The preceding remarks, on the early settlement of New England, are taken almost verbatim from M. de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*,—a work not less remarkable for its historical accuracy, than for its profound and philosophical views.

by a reference to the laws and usages which France introduced, and by the comparison we invite between the principles of centralization which distinguished her colonial government and the self-government of the Anglo-Americans;—

1. That the habits, the manners, the moral education and the prejudices of a people trained under the French administrative system, must be totally different from those of the Anglo-Saxon race.

2. That the geographical position of the provinces, and the necessity of promoting the amalgamation of the two races, as the only means of securing the permanent welfare of both, demand that Upper and Lower Canada should be united under one executive government, and that the representatives of the English and French populations should meet in the same legislative chamber.

The first authentic record of any attempt made by the French to form a settlement in Canada,† may be traced to the year 1540. A commission, dated the 17th of October in that year, was granted by Francis I. to *Jacques Cartier*, "pour l'établissement du Canada," and as a translation of this document would very inadequately represent the quaint expressions and obsolete dialect of the original, we quote in French an extract from the recital it contains, of the grounds and reasons which moved the royal Francis to send his faithful subject on so hazardous an expedition.

"François par la grâce de Dieu Roi de France: A tous ceux qui ces présentes lettres verront; Salut. Comme pour le désir d'entendre et avoir connoissance de plusieurs pays qu'ont dit inhabités, et autres être possédés par Gens Sauvages, vivans sans connoissance de Dieu, et sans usage de raison, eussions dès pie-ça, à grands frais et mises, envoyé découvrir les dits pays par plusieurs bons pilotes, et autres nos sujets de bon entendement; et entre autres y eussions envoyé notre cher et bien amé *Jacques Cartier*, lequel aurait découvert grands pays des terres de Canada et Hochelaga faisant un bout de l'Asie du côté de l'Occident; lesquels pays il a trouvés (ainsi qu'il nous a rapporté) garnis de plusieurs bonnes commodités, et les peuples d'iceux biens fournis de corps et de membres, et bien disposés d'esprit et entendement; en considération de quoi et de leur bonne inclination nous avons avisé et délibéré de renvoyer le dit *Cartier*," &c. &c. Commissions des Gouverneurs et Intendants, &c. &c., servant en Canada, tome ii. pp. 1 & 2.*

It does not appear, however, that the exertions of *Jacques Cartier*,† though clothed with the title of "Captain-General and Master-Pilot," were attended with much success; and we refer to his expedition

* See also "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," par l'Escarbot, and "Mémoires sur les Possessions en Amérique," tome iii.

† A river which empties itself into the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, is called the "*Jacques Cartier*," and will help to perpetuate his name in the Provincial Annals. Its wooded banks and picturesque course, broken by rapids, are well known to the Canadian traveller.

rather because his name is associated with the earliest records of the colony, than on account of any important results by which it was immediately followed. Up to the year 1627, a miserable establishment of only forty or fifty persons had been formed, and such was the destitute condition and want of resources of these early colonists, that they were dependent, even for their existence, on the supplies sent annually from France for their maintenance. In this year* the attention of Richelieu appears to have been directed to the new colony; and the powerful mind that could control, if not subdue, the jarring elements of civil and religious strife in the parent state, did not overlook the difficulties which retard the progress of an infant settlement. Under the auspices of the Cardinal,† at that time "Superintendent-General of the Navigation and Commerce of France," a company of merchants, consisting of one hundred associates or partners, was formed to promote the commerce and colonization of Canada; but their efforts were unsuccessful, and the Province was finally surrendered to the French Government by this Company in the year 1663.‡ An ordinance was then passed by Louis XIII. establishing a Superior Council for the government of the country called "New France." It consisted of five§ persons, nominated annually by the Governor and the Bishop or principal ecclesiastic of the Province; and to this Council was given not only a legislative power, subject to the ultimate control of the parent state, but also a supreme jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases; it being ordered, that in hearing and deciding upon such cases, the Council should proceed, as nearly as possible, in the manner and form prescribed by the usages of the Parliament of Paris.

As this ordinance was of great importance, not only to the existing state of the colony but to its future welfare, and as it in fact introduced a system of jurisprudence, which to this day is the common law of Canada in civil matters, its provisions demand some attention, and invite a comparison between their character and tendency, and the social and political regulations of the pilgrims of New England. The English emigrants *formed themselves* into a "Civil Body politick,"

* Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associés.—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 1.

† In 1629 Canada was taken by the English under Kirk, but was then held in so little estimation, as to be returned to its former owners, in three years afterwards.

‡ Le Conseil de Louis XIII. tenait aussi si peu à cet établissement, qu'il opinait à ne pas en demander la restitution; mais Richelieu, qui avait fondé la dernière compagnie, fit changer d'avis. On arma six vaisseaux pour soutenir cette demande, et la Cour d'Angleterre, d'après le conseil de Lord Montague, rendit le Canada aux Français en 1631.—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Canada*, p. 84.

§ Arrêts du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, &c. 1663—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 21.

§ The number was increased to seven in 1675, and certain public officers were made official members.

and *mutually covenanted* to observe such laws and regulations, as the maintenance of social order, and the security of their little commonwealth demanded. In the French colony the crown and the church combined to select five fit and proper persons, who held their office for one year, to assist the Governor and principal ecclesiastic in the performance of their legislative functions; and the ordinances passed by this body were subject to ultimate revision by the central authority of the King's government in Paris. M. de Tocqueville* has borne testimony to the astonishing fact, that many of the laws of the "Pilgrim Fathers" provided for social wants, but imperfectly understood and appreciated in France at the present time. The laws introduced into Canada by the ordinance of 1663, were the feudal customs and usages of the *Coutume de Paris*.

We will not inflict upon our readers a minute investigation of the usages which prevailed in the "*Viscomté de Paris*," and which were thus introduced into Canada. The juridical division of France in the year 1663 is well known. In the "*Pays du Droit Ecrit*," the Roman law, with some modifications, may be said to have been the common law of the district. In the "*Pays Coutumier*," the feudal customs of the Franks, and of the other northern tribes that overran France, supplanted almost entirely the Roman civil code. The collection of usages known by the name of the Customary Law of Paris, partook largely of the feudal character, and was less intermixed with the Roman Law than the local customs of the more southern provinces of the kingdom.† All lands were in consequence granted either "*en fief*,"—as manors, clothed with most of the rights and privileges of feudality; or "*en roture*,"—by a villenage tenure, subject to the "*servitudes*," whether honorary or beneficial, which the law exacted from the vassal to his lord paramount; and nowhere did the ancient feudal maxim—"nulle terre sans seigneur"—prevail more decidedly than in the colony of New France. The mutation fines payable to the lord on the sale of inheritances, and the right of pre-emption reserved in certain cases to the lord and to the relations of the vendor, are among the incidents to this tenure, which have produced important results in Canada. Their obvious and inevitable effect has been, to check the transfer of property in a new country; to retard improvement; to prevent the development of natural resources, by confining the settlers to the farm which was first granted to him; and, as a more remote result, to produce that condensed agricultural population—unnatural amidst boundless tracts of uncultivated land—which is so remarkable in Lower Canada, and which contrasts so unfavourably with the

* Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, vol. i. p. 41.

† See *Coutume de Paris*—Titre, Des Fiefs. Art. 1 to Art. 72. Titre, Des Censives et Droits Seigneuriaux. Art. 73 to Art. 87.

stirring character of the Anglo-Saxon population in the United States.

A system of mortgages, or hypothecations,* was also introduced into the province by the Customary Law of Paris, the very reverse of that which obtained in the New-England settlement. In the latter, registration offices were established, by means of which the incumbrances on an estate might be immediately ascertained. In the Canadian province, no registration of deeds was required, although hypothecary obligations—whether created by mere operation of law, as the legal or tacit mortgage, by which the rights of a minor or of a married woman are secured upon the estate of the husband or guardian—or the conventional mortgage, created by the act of the parties themselves—affected not only the whole of the mortgager's immoveable property in possession, but all that he might afterwards acquire. This law of mortgages, even at the present day, renders it almost impossible to obtain a good title to an estate in Lower Canada. The effect on the social condition of the inhabitants has been, to fetter industry; to produce forced sales of property for the payment of debts of comparatively small amount; and to clog and embarrass the exertions of the settler in his attempts to subdue the natural difficulties of his position.

The matrimonial community of property,† by which one half of the earnings of the husband during coverture, may, after the death of his wife without children, be claimed by her next of kin in his lifetime, might also be mentioned, with other usages of the "Custom of Paris," not only as instances of unjust laws in the abstract, but as regulations pregnant with mischief to the moral and social condition of a people.

There is no trace in the French colonial annals of the establishment of parochial schools, nor of any general system of education, supported either by local rates, or from the taxes levied by the supreme council. Education, such as it was, fell almost as a necessary consequence, under the exclusive control of the church; and its pious exertions were directed rather to instruct fit persons for the priesthood, than to extend general information amongst the colonists.‡ By a united effort of M. de Pétrée, Bishop of Canada, and of the

King of France at Paris, the Seminary* of Quebec was established on the 26th of March 1663. The following extract from the letters patent, promulgated by his lordship the bishop on that occasion, will clearly show the principal object for which this college was founded.

"In which," (the new seminary) "shall be educated and trained young clerks, who shall appear fit for the service of God, and to whom, for this purpose, shall be taught the manner of administering the sacraments; the method of catechising, and of preaching moral theology, according to apostolical doctrines; the ceremonies of the church; the full Gregorian chant; and other matters appertaining to the duties of the good ecclesiastic."†

A seminary of ecclesiastics, of a similar character, was established in the year 1677,‡ in Montreal, and the whole of the island and *Seigneurie* of that name were granted to this establishment in mortmain. It was subsequently united to the seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris,§ and a supply of priests for religious and educational purposes was periodically sent from France, and has with some interruption been continued to the present time. These, we believe, were the only provisions for education made by the French Government; and it must be obvious, that in a new country, with few roads and a scattered population, they could but imperfectly supply the absence of parochial schools.

The indefatigable Jesuits were not slow in introducing themselves into the colony, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that the quadrangular college they built in the Upper Town of Quebec, was sufficiently spacious to contain the whole population of the colony at the time of its construction. Extensive tracts of land were granted to them in mortmain,¶ which upon the extinction of the order in 1764, were claimed by the Crown of England. The "Jesuits' estates" have, however, been a fruitful source of contention between the Government and the House of Assembly, and they have of late years been surrendered to the provincial legislature for purposes of education.

There was also an establishment of Recollet Monks of the order of St. Francis,¶ and convents of nuns, and hospitals for the relief of the sick, under the care and superintendence of religious persons, were, according to the Roman Catholic usages in the 17th century, introduced on a scale that strikes the inquirer into the early records of the province, as strangely disproportioned to the number of its inhabitants and their proba-

* Coutume de Paris—Titre, Des Actions personnelles et d'Hypothèques. Art. 99 to Art. 112.

† Coutume de Paris,—Titre De Communauté de Biens. Art. 220 to Art. 246.

‡ We are aware that this remark does not apply, at the present day to the Roman Catholic seminaries of Quebec and Montreal, where many students receive an excellent education. But this is a comparatively modern practice, and even now these seminaries are attended, almost exclusively, by the town population, or by the sons of the wealthier seigneurs and merchants. An Act of the Provincial Legislature was necessary to introduce parochial schools a few years since—a sufficient proof that no local provision existed for their maintenance.

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. pp. 25 et 26.

† *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 26. ‡ *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 60.

§ *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 304.

¶ Amortissement en faveur des R. R. P. P. Jesuits.—Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 90.

¶ The Recollets were one of the four branches of the "Seraphic order of St. Francis." See *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*, tome iii. p. 265.

ble necessities. A parochial clergy* was also established, and their support was provided for in their respective parishes by a contribution of one twenty-sixth of all the grain produced; the parishioners being further subject to occasional assessments for building and repairing churches and parsonage houses. The patronage of these churches was given to the bishop.†

It is impossible not to be struck with the contrast afforded by the system of government—civil and religious—we have thus imperfectly shadowed out, when compared with the democratic principles of the Pilgrims of New England; and unless we assume that human nature is governed by laws, and subject to impulses in Canada, different from those which influence it in other countries, the conviction is forced upon us that these institutions must have produced their ordinary and legitimate effect, in moulding the character and forming the opinions of the people. In dealing with the Canadian question, we further infer from these premises, that an anomalous state of society is brought under our notice, which can find no parallel in the condition of our former American Colonies, at the time of their separation from England.

The facts whereby we can judge of the correctness of these opinions, and form an estimate of the habits and manners of a people, placed in a distant colony in America in the 17th and 18th centuries, must necessarily be scanty, but they are not altogether wanting. The history of Father Charlevoix the Jesuit, treats of the material wants of the colonists, of the vicissitudes that attended their wars with the English and the Indians, and their exertions to bring the new settlement into cultivation, rather than of their social habits and character. We turn, therefore, to their own records—to the ordinances that were promulgated, and the decrees that were pronounced by their supreme council; and there we find abundant evidence to show, that the absolute government under which they lived, the temporal and spiritual power of their ecclesiastical establishments, the feudal privileges of the "*Seigneurs*," though modified by local circumstances, were actively producing the same results as in other countries. The legislator and the jurist, who dive into these sources of information, will be convinced of the truth of this proposition; but for the general reader we shall endeavour to select an example, which will place in strong relief the lights and shadows of social life in the early settlement of Canada, and will tend to illustrate the important matters which challenged and received the attention of the French King's Government, both in the colony and in France.

Various discussions and heart-burnings had evidently

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. pp. 243-314.

† Arrêt du Conseil d'Etat du Roi qui accorde le patronage des Eglises à Monseigneur l'Evêque.—Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 292.

arisen in the new colony, on that most delicate and exciting of all subjects in provincial society—rank and precedence; and the honours to be conferred by the appropriation of seats, or by other marks of distinction in churches, seem more particularly to have engaged the attention of the inhabitants. The supreme council at Quebec appears to have found this too difficult a matter to deal with, and the authority of the central government in France being invoked, a regulation was promulgated by the Duke of Orleans, at that time Regent of France, not unworthy of the future Court of Louis XIV. We give the following extract.

"BY THE KING."

"His Majesty having caused all the ordinances and regulations, that have been promulgated on the subject of honorary distinctions in the churches of New France to be communicated to him, and being desirous to prevent the contests which daily arrive on this account, with the advice of His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans his Uncle Regent, has resolved and ordered as follows:—

"1. The Governor general and Intendant of New France shall each have a pew in the cathedral church of Quebec, and in the parish church of Montreal; that is to say, the Governor general on the right of the choir and the Intendant on the left, both being placed on the same straight line.

"2. The King's Lieutenant for the city of Quebec shall have a bench in the cathedral next behind the pew of the Governor general.

"3. In the other churches of New France, the Governor general and the Intendant shall not have pews, but shall only be entitled to cause their chairs or seats to be carried to such churches, which they shall also cause to be placed in the most distinguished position—that of the Governor general to the right, and that of the Intendant to the left.

"4. Incense shall be offered only to the Governor general, and that immediately after the bishop, and before the chapter.

"5. In the absence of the Governor general from any District Government, in which the Intendant shall be present, the District governor, or in his absence, the King's Lieutenant, shall have the first place in all Public Ceremonies, and the Intendant shall have only the second; but when the Governor general shall be within the limits of the District Government, and shall be prevented from assisting at Public Ceremonies, from whatever cause this may happen, the Intendant shall have the first place, and the District governor and the King's Lieutenant shall only rank after him.

"6. In Processions at which the Council shall be present, the Governor shall march at the head of Council, and the Intendant on the left. Then the Councillors and the Attorney-general, and after him the Officers of the Jurisdiction; and the line of march thus regulated shall be in the order of two and two.

"7. His Majesty desires that in the event of the Governor general's absence, or illness, the Intendant alone shall march at the head of the Council; and if the Intendant shall be absent, the Senior Councillor shall take precedence.

"12. At Salutes fired on the occasion of public rejoicings, three Torches shall be presented to the Governor general, one to the Intendant, and a third to the King's Lieutenant. When the Governor general shall be absent from the District Government of Quebec, only two Torches shall be presented to the King's Lieutenant, or to the Officer commanding in the Town, and the other to the Intendant.

* * * * *

"Orders and commands His Majesty to the *Sieur Marquis de Vaudreuil*, Governor and Lieutenant-general in New France, and to the *Sieur Begon*, Intendant, and to all their Officers, to conform to the present regulation, which he desires may be enregistered in his Superior Council of Quebec, and executed according to its form and tenor. Done at Paris this 27th of April, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen.

"(Signed)

LOUIS."*

But, it may be urged, the Elective House of Assembly established after the Conquest of the Colony, and the Trial by Jury which has followed the introduction of the English Criminal Law, and has obtained a partial footing even in Civil Causes, as well as the opportunity of intercourse with the English, must have produced a change in the habits and manners of the people. In the educated classes—a small minority—a change has undoubtedly taken place, though we question their fitness for the duties and responsibilities of Self-Government, unassisted by their Anglo-Canadian brethren; while the great body of the French population, which has increased under our sway from 65,000† to nearly half a million—in their prejudices, customs and opinions, are essentially the same as at the time of the conquest of the Colony. In support of this opinion we shall violate the chronological order of our remarks, by quoting the description given by a modern *French Canadian*, an authority above suspicion, of his own countrymen: a description graphically true at the present day, but which, we are persuaded, would appear not less true, if the ancestors of this unchanged

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 334.

† Population of Lower Canada, at various times, from the year 1676 to 1825 inclusive, as taken from the authority of Charlevoix, La Potheraye, and of public documents.

Year.	1676	1688	Increase in 12 yrs.	1700	Increase in 12 yrs.
Souls.	8,415	11,249	2,834	15,000	3,751
Year.	1706	Increase in 6 yrs.	1714	Increase in 8 yrs.	1759
Souls.	20,000	5,000	26,904	6,904	66,000
Year.	Increase in 45 yrs.	1784	Increase in 26 yrs	1825	Increase in 41 yrs.
Souls.	38,096	113,000	48,000	450,000	337,000

The Anglo-Canadian as well as the French-Canadian population, is included in this Table since the year 1759. But the French-Canadian population alone is not much under half a million at the present day.

race had sat for the portrait. It will at all events be sufficiently apparent, that whatever alteration may have taken place, we have failed to convert the French-Canadian either into an Englishman, or an Anglo-Canadian.

"The most important and marked distinction existing in the country is of FRENCH and ENGLISH; meaning by French all such as were originally, or have, by long dwelling in the country or otherwise, become attached to the French-Canadian habits and language; meaning by English, such as are really English, or have, in spite of their continuance in the country, retained a decided predilection for what they believe to be English manners, language, tastes, &c.

* * * * *

"Among the people of the United States, there exists a roving disposition, that leads them in multitudes to make New Settlements in the wild lands, and thus rapidly to spread civilization over the immense unclaimed territories they possess. This feeling exists not in Canada: the inhabitants, generally, are far from adventurous; they cling with pertinacity to the spot which gave them birth, and cultivate, with contentedness, the little piece of land which in the division of the family property has fallen to their share. One great reason for this sedentary disposition is their peculiar situation as regards religion. In Canada, as in all Catholic Countries, many of the people's enjoyments are connected with their religious ceremonies; the Sunday is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations; the parish church collects together all whom they know, with whom they have relations of business or pleasure, the young and old;—men and women clad in their best garments, riding their best horses, driving their gayest *calèches*,—meet there for purposes of business, love and pleasure. The young *habitant*, decked out in his most splendid finery, makes his court to the maiden, whom he has singled out as the object of his affections; the maiden, exhibiting in her adornment every colour of the rainbow, there hopes to meet *son chevalier*; the bold rider descends upon, and gives evidence of the merits of his unrivalled pacer; and in winter the power of the various horses are tried in *sleigh* and *carriole* racing. In short, Sunday is the grand fête, it forms the most pleasurable part of the *habitant's* life: rob him of his Sunday, you rob him of what, in his eyes, renders life most worthy of possession. Moreover, the people are a pious people, and set an extraordinary value on the *rites* of their religion. Take them where they may be unable to participate in these observances, and you render them fearful and unhappy. The consequence of all these circumstances is, that the Canadian will never go out singly to settle in a wild territory; neither will he go where his own religious brethren are not.

* * * * *

"The comforts of the people, if compared with any other nation, are wonderfully great; their food from their French habits consists not of animal food to the same extent as that of the richer English, but is, nevertheless, nourishing and abundant. No gripping penury here stints the meal of the labourer; no wan and haggard countenances bear testimony to the want and wretchedness of the people.

* * * * *

"While the Canadians are thus well supplied with

food, they are equally fortunate as to their clothing and their habitations. Till lately, the chief clothing of the population was wholly of their own manufacture; but the cheapness of English goods has, in some degree, induced a partial use thereof. Canadian cloth is, however, still almost universally used; and the grey *capot* of the *habitant* is the characteristic costume of the country. The *capot* is a large coat reaching to the knee, and is bound round the waist by a sash; which sash is usually the gayest part of the Canadian's dress; exhibiting every possible colour within the power of the dyer. The women are usually clothed nearly after the fashion of a French peasant. On the Sunday they are gaily attired, chiefly after the English fashion, with only this difference,—where the English wears one, the Canadian girl wears half a dozen colours. Here, as in the case of food, no penury is manifest; an exceeding neatness of person and cleanliness, that first requisite to comfort, mark the people to be above the influence of want, and to be in that state of ease which permits them to pay due attention to the decency of external appearance.

* * * * *

"It is impossible—perhaps it would also be unnecessary—to give a minute description of the sort of houses which the farming population usually inhabit; suffice it to say that they are generally constructed of wood; though, as the farmer becomes rich he almost invariably changes his wooden for a stone house. For the number of inhabitants they are unusually large and commodious. In the summer, from being low, they are generally uncomfortably warm; and in winter, by the aid of a stove, they are rendered completely uninhabitable by an European. The excessive heat in which the Canadian lives, within doors, is sufficient to kill any one not from his infancy accustomed to that temperature. Without doors, however, the *habitant* bears with ease the piercing cold of the winter blasts,—

'Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes,'—

when any one, not a Canadian, would be compelled to take every possible precaution against its painful influence.

* * * * *

"Free from the pressure of want, and unexposed to the temptations created by surrounding affluence, they are free from the vices which poverty and temptation engender. Property is perfectly safe both from petty pilfering and open attacks.

"In the country the doors of the houses are never fastened, and all sorts of property are openly and carelessly exposed. In the social relations also, the same circumstance of ease induces, to a great degree, honesty in dealing.

* * * * *

"In the kindlier affections, they, like all happy people, are eminently conspicuous; though, from being less rich, they are, perhaps, less remarkable in this particular than the people of the United States.

* * * * *

"The people are, for the most part, of a mild disposition; a broil or a fight at their meetings of pleasure seldom occurs, and the more fierce and deadly passions of our nature are never roused by the pressure of famine. The habit of settling differences by personal collision does not exist among them; the law affords the only remedy, which they willingly adopt, and they conse-

quently seem, and are, in fact, litigious. Being principally of Norman descent, what William the Conqueror said of the Normans may, perhaps, be applicable to them.

'Foler et plaidier lors convint.'

* * * * *

"Education among the people of Lower Canada, and particularly in the country, *having made but little progress, as compared with that of the people of the United States*, the Roman Catholic clergy have been considered the cause of this want of advance, and accused of a desire to keep the people in ignorance, inasmuch as they hope, thereby, to maintain a command over their opinions and conduct. Nothing, however, can be more false, either as regards the cause of *the little progress of education among us*, or as regards the feelings of the priesthood; it being indubitable, that had it not been for the arduous endeavours of the Roman Catholic clergy, the people *would have been far more ignorant than they are at present*. To their active personal exertions,—to the seminaries which they have built and superintended, is owing *whatever knowledge is spread among the various ranks of Canadian society*."*

The preceding extracts apply almost exclusively to the rural French population of Lower Canada. The educated classes are neither so simple in their manners, so unambitious in their views, nor so contented with their position. They constitute, in fact, the "movement party"† of their race; but although they have

* A Political and Historical Account of Lower Canada, by a Canadian. London, 1830.

† The feelings and wishes of that portion of the population who desire a French Canadian republic, or an independent "*nation Canadienne*," are not unfaithfully represented by the following lines. We insert them not on account of their poetical merit, but because a sincere and highly characteristic self-delusion breathes throughout.

Sol Canadien! terre chérie!
Par des braves tu fus peuplé;
Ils cherchaient loin de leur patrie
Une terre de liberté.
Nos pères, sortis de la France,
Étaient l'élite des guerriers;
Et leurs enfants de leur vaillance
N'ont jamais flétri les lauriers.

Qu'elles sont belles, nos campagnes;
En Canada qu'on vit content!
Salut, ô sublimes montagnes,
Bords du superbe Saint Laurent!
Habitant de cette contrée,
Que nature veut embellir,
Tu peux marcher tête levée,
Ton pays doit t'enorgueillir.

Respect la main protectrice
D'Albion, ton digne soutien;
Mais fait échouer la malice
D'ennemis nouris dans ton sein.
Ne fléchis jamais dans l'orage;
Tu n'as pour maître que tes lois;
Tu n'es pas fait pour l'esclavage:
Albion veille sur tes droits.

Si d'Albion la main chérie
Cesse un jour de te protéger,
Soutiens-toi seule, ô ma patrie!
Méprise un secours étranger.

generally discarded the opinions of their ancestors in political matters, they retain their social usages and customs, and they have, with few exceptions, failed, in our opinion, to acquire any well-defined principles of public liberty. The Canadian *Seigneurs* or feudal proprietors may be mentioned as the highest in rank. They are, however, scarcely entitled to be considered as a distinct "order." Their number is small, and although some possess not only an independent but affluent income for so economical a country, the majority are engaged in the active business of life. Amongst them the descendants of ancient French families are to be met with, and traces of their aristocratic lineage linger in the habits they preserve in their domestic circles, and the manners by which they are distinguished in society. The French-Canadian advocates of the Quebec and Montreal Bar claim also a distinct notice. They are, for the most part, educated at the Roman Catholic seminaries we have before alluded to. Many of them possess considerable professional skill, and have obtained a great and predominating influence over the minds of their uneducated countrymen; but they are not in general very remarkable either for enlarged views or for general information. The leaders of the House of Assembly belong, for the most part to this class. M. Papineau, whose name has become so well known, is a member of the Montreal Bar. He was educated, we believe, at the Roman Catholic seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal, but devoted himself to politics rather than to his profession. Not deficient in classical attainments, he possesses abilities above mediocrity; is an able and ready debater; speaks English fluently, a qualification not universal with French Canadians; and is well read in the constitutional history of England. The information he has thus obtained, and the almost unlimited influence he exercises, have been frequently and dexterously used to defeat the schemes of the executive government, and to maintain what, we have no doubt he considered in many instances, the just privileges of the House of Assembly. On the other hand, the experience he and his countrymen have acquired, has been in too confined an arena to allow them to form just and enlarged opinions of public affairs, and throughout their proceedings may be traced that unequal course of action, and those fretful and discontented ebullitions of feeling, which in all ages have marked the conduct of a high-spirited and conquered people.

Of the French Canadian clergy it is impossible to speak in terms of respect higher than their merits deserve. As a body, they are singularly free from sectarian prejudices, and the manner in which they dis-

Nos pères, sortis de la France,
Étaient l'élite des guerriers;
Et leurs enfants de leur vaillance
Ne flétriront pas les lauriers.

charge their pastoral functions, and the kindly feeling they have fostered in their parishioners, have justly endeared them to the whole French-Canadian population, and secured the friendship of their English fellow-countrymen.

In enumerating the various classes of French provincial society, it would be very unjust to pass over in silence the "Notary-Public," as he is called. He is a very different personage from the English notary; for as almost every specialty must be a notarial deed, which is prepared by him, the original being deposited in his office, and an examined copy only given out to the parties, he combines, within himself, many of the attributes of the country attorney and the provincial conveyancer in England. Thus, in many Canadian parishes, the *Seigneur*, the notary-public and the priest, occupy positions by no means dissimilar to the country squire, the attorney and the curate, in the parent state. Many of the shop-keepers, both in Quebec and Montreal, are French Canadians; but in the higher departments of commerce, comparatively few are to be met with, and they, in general, either from education or by family connection, have adopted, in a great measure, the habits and opinions of the English. The export and import trade of the province is in the hands of the British and Anglo-Canadian merchants.

We have thus, so far as our limits would permit, endeavoured to give some account of the rise and progress of the former French colony of Lower Canada, and of the manners and customs of the people. We now leave our readers to determine whether we have or not established our first proposition:—"that the habits, the manners, the moral education and the prejudices of a people trained under the French administrative system, must be totally different from those of the Anglo-Saxon race."

In a subsequent number we shall endeavour to prove our second proposition, and to show that the geographical proposition, and the social and political welfare of the two provinces, require that they should be united under one colonial government. We shall discuss this part of the question with reference to three periods. 1st. From the year 1763, when the possession of Canada was confirmed to England by the treaty of Paris,* to the year 1774, when the "Quebec act" was

* The following is an extract from the fourth Article of the Treaty of Paris, by which Canada was ceded to England.

"His Most Christian Majesty renounces all pretensions which he has heretofore formed, or might form, to Nova Scotia or Acadia, in all its parts, and guarantees the whole of it and all its dependencies to the King of Great Britain. Moreover His Most Christian Majesty cedes and guarantees to His said Britannic Majesty in full right, Canada with all its dependencies, as well as the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other Islands and Coasts in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence."

"His Britannic Majesty on his side agrees to grant the

passed. 2ndly. From the year 1774 to the year 1791. 3dly. From the year 1791, when the province of Quebec was divided into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and a Legislative Council* and an elective House of Assembly were given to each, to the present day. In the mean time, we close this article, with a few brief notices of the circumstances under which Canada became a British province.

The long-disputed province of Nova Scotia had been formally ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, but after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle serious disputes arose between France and England respecting the limits of the newly acquired territory.† More important disputes also occurred with regard to the southern provinces, the plan of the French being to unite Louisiana and Canada by a chain of forts, and to confine the English colonies between the Alleghany mountains and the sea. A series of these forts was accordingly commenced along the lakes on the one side, and on the Mississippi and the Ohio on the other.‡ The vast chain was nearly completed, when, the jealousy of the court of England being effectually roused, the conferences respecting Nova Scotia were abruptly broken off. A desultory warfare then commenced in America, the English colonists contending that the forts were erected within their boundaries, and the French stimulating the Indians and the "Neutrals," as the French colonists in Nova Scotia were termed, to attack the English settlements. In one of these encounters, WASHINGTON, at that time a major in our provincial service, distinguished himself by successfully resisting the attack of a very superior body of the enemy. Hostilities between the two countries soon became inevitable. The war of posts continued with various success; the defeat of General Braddock at Fort du Quesné, and of General Webb at Fort William Henry, being counterbalanced by the success of the British arms in the attack on Louisbourg. It was at last, however, determined to make a general attack on the French settlements, and General Wolfe, who had distinguished himself at Louisbourg, was directed to proceed up the St. Lawrence and besiege Quebec.

Wolfe sailed from Portsmouth on the 14th of March 1759, with a fleet of seventy-four vessels, transports

liberty of the Roman Catholic Religion to the inhabitants of Canada. He will consequently give the most effectual orders, that his new Roman Catholic subjects may possess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish Church, so far as the laws of Great Britain permit.—Treaty of Paris, 10 February, 1663."

* By the fifth section, 31st George III. seats in the Legislative Council were granted for life, and by section sixth power was reserved to the crown to make such seats hereditary. This power, however, has never been exercised, and seats in the Council were supposed to be held for life until the late suspension of the Constitution. We shall hereafter recur to this much vexed question.

† Russell's *Modern Europe*, vol. v. pp. 174-176.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. v.

and men of war, commanded by Admiral Holmes. The fleet reached Louisbourg in straggling detachments, having encountered a severe storm. In the beginning of June Wolfe again sailed. On the 27th he landed on the Island of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec; and on the 31st of July he was repulsed in an attack on the entrenched camp of the French near the village of Beauport, between the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci. It being determined to carry on operations above, or to the westward of the town, notwithstanding the great natural advantages the enemy derived from the steep banks of the St. Lawrence, which were supposed to be inaccessible to troops, the men of war and transports were moved up the river. The despatch of General Townshend,* gives so able a statement of the military events which subsequently took place, that we offer no apology to our readers for inserting extracts from it here.

"It being determined to carry the operations above the town, the posts at Point Levi and l'Isle Orleans being secured, the general marched with the remainder of his forces from Point Levi on the 5th and 6th, and embarked them in transports, which had passed the town for that purpose, on the 7th, 8th and 9th. A movement of the ships was made by Admiral Holmes, in order to amuse the enemy now posted along the shore.

"The light infantry, commanded by Colonel Howe, the regiment of Braggs (28,) Kennedy (43,) Lascelles (47,) and Anstruther (58,) with a detachment of Highlanders, and the American Grenadiers, the whole being under the command of Brigadiers Monkton and Murray, were put into flat-bottomed boats; and, after some movement of the ships, made by Admiral Holmes to draw the attention of the enemy above, the boats fell down with the tide, and landed on the north shore, within a league of Cape Diamond, an hour before day-break. The rapidity of the tide of ebb carried them a little below the place of attack, which obliged the light infantry to scramble up a woody precipice, in order to secure the landing of the troops, by dislodging a captain's post which defended the small entrenched path the troops were to ascend.

"After a little firing, the light infantry gained the top of the precipice, and dispersed the captain's post; by which means, the troops, with very little loss from a few Canadians and Indians in the wood, got up and were immediately formed. The boats as they emptied were sent back for a second disembarkation, which I immediately made. Brigadier Murray being detached with Anstruther's battalion to attack the four-gun battery upon the left, was recalled by the general, who now saw the French army crossing the river St. Charles. General Wolfe thereupon began to form his line, having his right covered by the Louisbourg grenadiers. On the right of these again, he afterwards brought Otway's (35:) to the left of the grenadiers were Braggs', Kennedy's, Lascelles'. Highlanders, and Anstruther's. The right of this body was commanded by Brigadier Monkton, the left by Brigadier Murray. His rear and left were protected by Colonel Howe's light infantry, who was returned from the battery just mentioned,

*This despatch has been lately republished in "*Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions*," vol. iii. p. 306.

which was soon abandoned to him, and where he found four guns.

"General Montcalm, having collected the whole of his force from the Beauport side, and advancing upon us, showed his intention to flank our left, which I was immediately ordered to protect with General Amherst's battalion (15,) which I formed *en polence*. My numbers were soon afterwards increased by the arrival of the two battalions, Royal Americans (60.) Webb's (48) was drawn up by the general as a reserve, in eight subdivisions with large intervals.

"The enemy lined the bushes in their front with fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians, and I dare say had placed some of their best marksmen there, who kept up a very galling, though irregular fire, upon our whole line, who bore it with the greatest patience and good order, reserving their fire for the main body now advancing. The fire of the enemy was, however, checked by our posts in our front, which protected the forming of our own line.

"The right of the enemy was formed of half of the troops of the colony, the battalions of La Sarre, Languedoc, &c.; the remainder of them Canadians and Indians. Their centre was a column, and formed by the battalions of Bearn and Guyenne; their left was composed of the remainder of the troops of the colony, and the battalion of Royal Russillons. This was, as near as I can guess, their line of battle. They brought up two pieces of small artillery against us; and we had been able to bring up only one gun, which, being admirably well served, galled their column exceedingly.

"My attention to the left will not permit me to be very exact with regard to every circumstance which passed in the centre, much less to the right; but it is most certain that the enemy formed in good order, and that their attack was very brisk and animated on that side. Our troops reserved their fire till within forty yards, which was so well continued, that the enemy everywhere gave way. It was there our general fell, at the head of Braggs' and of the Louisbourg grenadiers, advancing with their bayonets. About the same time Brigadier-general Monkton received his wound at the head of Lascelles'. In the front of the opposite battalions fell also Monsieur Montcalm; his second in command has since died of his wounds on board our fleet. Part of the enemy made a second faint attack; part took to some thick copse-wood, and seemed to make a stand.

"It was at this moment that each corps seemed to exert itself with a view to its own particular character. The grenadiers, Braggs', Lascelles', pressed on with their bayonets. Brigadier Murray, advancing the troops under his command briskly, completed the rout on his side; when the Highlanders, supported by Anstruther's, took to their broad-swords and drove part into the town, part to their works at the bridge on the river St. Charles."

Quebec capitulated a few days after this victory. In the subsequent year the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered with the remainder of the French army at Montreal, and Canada became an English colony. The joy which this event—the most brilliant achievement of the war—diffused, was much subdued by the death of the young officer who planned the attack, and who lived only long enough to hear that his plans were successful.

The state of the public mind at the time was well described by Goldsmith.

"Amidst the clamour of exulting joys
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

"Oh Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

"Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw the fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest the dead,
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise."

Nor was sympathy for a gallant enemy wanting. As the shouts of his triumphant soldiers were borne towards him, the English general declared that he died contented.—"I am glad of it," exclaimed M. de Montcalm, when the surgeon pronounced his wound mortal, "I shall not witness the surrender of my troops." A column has been recently erected in the Upper Town of Quebec, to the memory of both these brave officers—"to Wolfe and Montcalm"—a just tribute of respect to their patriotism and virtue, and an emblem of the mixed feeling that prevails in the province. It bears the following inscription:

MORTEM
VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

COURTS OF BRITISH QUEENS.

1. *Queen Elizabeth and her Times; a series of original Correspondence.* Edited by Thomas Wright, M. A. 2 vols. Colburn. 1838.
2. *Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.* 2 vols. Colburn. 1838.

It is scarcely possible to conceive characters more strongly contrasted than those which adorned the Court of Elizabeth, and those which shed a light, little less dazzling, over the Reign of Anne. In the first era, we behold what may be called the flower and consummation of the age of English Chivalry. The class of our *Eupatrides*, or Well-Born, never before appeared to such advantage. That period in civilization had arrived when the power that belongs to knowledge had passed from the Priesthood into the Aristocracy. The subversion of the mighty Catholic institutions—the annihilation of the Monastic orders, in whose tranquil cloisters were blended the leisure that tempts to study.

and the power that allures ambition, severed in a great degree the Nobility from the Church. To the high-born cadet, the religious profession no longer proffered stately abbacies—temporal lordships, with the honours of the Roman See—The Cardinal's hat—even the Pontiff's triple mitre—rewarding the holy effort, and cheering the pious dream. True, "great prizes" were yet left—large endowments—haughty prelacies; but the Reformation, which united for awhile the people and the Church, had raised a new class of competitors among the Bourgeoisie, and had given a rude shock to the conventional habits of the Baronial order. The Catholic Church had blended two extremes of society—the sons of the highest nobles, whose habits were too studious or whose bodies were too feeble for the rude career of arms—and the sons of the humblest citizens, *pauperes et indigentes scholares*, who found in the cloister those openings to energy and intellect which were denied to them in the profane world. In the heart of Feudal Societies Religion founded a Republic—an aristocratic one, it is true, in which birth had privileges and priority; but in which no man was condemned to despair of eminence and distinction, who possessed the talents to serve or adorn the community to which his life was devoted. Hence, in those fair and still retreats, the spires of which rose above the loveliest sites of the garden of "merrie England," there existed much of the emulation—the ferment—the aspiration—the struggle—the intrigue, which equality of condition and high rewards to exertion cannot fail to produce. After the Reformation the Church proffered infinitely less temptation both to the noble and the mere plebeian: the burgher class, then rapidly rising into power, introduced its influences into the new establishment; the Church became more the Church of the middle class; its priesthood was more selected from the families of the smaller gentry—the affluent commercialists; the number of penniless scholars and noble devotees was sensibly diminished. The universalists at that epoch changed their character.

The families of the Aristocracy thus diverted from one great outlet for the talent or the ambition of their younger sons, they looked abroad, and found that the career of arms was no longer that which it had been in a more barbarous age. Peace in Europe, only partially broken, encouraged travelling, and introduced more humane and graceful adventures than those of the battlefield or the siege. Intercourse with the continent opened to us not only the literature of Italy, then at its palmiest height, but those more material sources of refinement which belong to luxurious habits and the elegancies of art. We may add to this, the consequences of a fact touched upon by M. Guizot, in his Lectures on European Civilization:—"the progressive division of landed property in England during the sixteenth century. Every document proves the prodigious aug-

mentation of the landed proprietors." The result of this change, if detrimental to the power, was advantageous to the grace and mental cultivation of the nobility; they no longer confined themselves to provincial castles, and indulged in barbarous and barren state. Disturbed from their dull feudal pomp, they turned to new openings for distinction—they resorted to the metropolis—they gathered round the monarch—they *formed a court*. The Reign of Elizabeth is the first in which a Court, in the continental signification of the word, as the centre of refinement and art, of power, fashion, and distinction, was called into existence. The sex, the personal accomplishments, and the remarkable talents of the Sovereign, assisted to invest the circles around her with a mingled character both of knightly gallantry and scholastic elegance: while a new class of aristocracy, that of the *gentlemen* as distinct from the *noblemen*—who, with all the advantages of birth, had still fortunes to make, rank to win, a career to run—introduced into the microcosm of the Court an element of active and hardy intellect, which was destined to the most grand results. From such a class arose some of the most illustrious representatives of the age—a Burleigh—a Raleigh—a Bacon. The time, just on that verge when the colours of the old world were blended with the new—when chivalry, retaining its splendid attributes, had lost its ferocity and grossness in the air of advancing civilization—was precisely that most favourable to the production of picturesque and political groupings of character. While the freedom and activity of thought that were urged into everlasting movement by the Reformation, the invention of printing, the revival of ancient learning, and the prodigious exuberance of practical wisdom and fervent genius which sprang up in the hot-beds of the Italian republics, as yet but imperfectly awakened in the multitude—exhibited their first fruits in embellishing the very systems they were destined to overthrow. In the dainty Quixotism of Sidney, in the sinister and plotting and unscrupulous ambition of Raleigh—nor less in the deep and wily statesmanship of Burleigh, or the courageous philosophy that already inspired the profound mind of the youthful Bacon—were the first meteoric and gorgeous outbreaks and sportings of the electric fire that afterwards burst forth in the storm and thunder of the Civil Wars. The causes that produce poetry and philosophy in the few, produce revolution in the many. The poetry of a people is fanaticism—the scepticism of a people is manifested against governments, not schoolmen—the chivalry of a people finds its tournaments in civil war. The reign of Elizabeth was to the Civil Wars what that of Louis the Fourteenth was to the Revolution.

Combined with all the external grace and nobleness that belong to the age of Elizabeth, there was, it is true, a frequent meanness of sentiment—a cringing

servility and a calculating self-seeking amongst many of her most dazzling courtiers;—attributes and qualities from which perhaps the regions of no despotism, however polished, are exempt, and which are almost necessary characteristics of that era in the progress of states, when an aristocracy loses its haughty independence with its exclusive privileges and semi-royal pomps—and still shut out from seeking new honours in popular favour, holds glory or disgrace from the smile or frown of a sovereign. Yet, making every abatement which the imperfections of human nature and the condition of the times require, the principal characters of the Elizabethan age stand out, amidst the various groups in the crowded canvass of English history, eminent and radiant, not only with singular accomplishments and many-coloured genius, but with qualities, generous, social, and humane.

In the outset of her reign Elizabeth fell into an error, from which her quick sagacity and masculine spirit afterwards preserved her. In the person of Leicester she combined in one the opposite distinctions of the Queen's favourite and the State's minister. Leicester himself was not altogether the worthless, and still more certainly, not the weak character which he has so often been represented.

The editor of the letters illustrative of 'Queen Elizabeth and her Times' rightly observes, that "it is by no means in favour of his accusers, that almost the sole authority for these slanders is found to be Popish libels, and those same libels contain attacks equally gross upon the most upright of his contemporaries." Of the murder of his wife he was undoubtedly suspected in his own time. Cecil, shortly after that event, speaks of him as "defamed by his wife's death." But when we come to examine what evidence exists for so foul a charge, we find it so loose, vague, and contradictory that there is not a court of law from which the accusation would not have been scouted. The author of Leicester's Commonwealth, who with grave audacity makes the charge, supports it only on three grounds—

1st. He says, "that Sir R. Varney's mon can tel how she died, which mon being taken afterward for a felonie in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the said murder was made away privlie in prison."

2ndly. That—"Sir R. Varney himself dying about the same tyme in London, cried piteouslie and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship of myne acquaintance not long before his death, that al the divels in Hel did tear him to pieces."

3dly. The wife also of Bald Buttlr, kinsman to my Lord, gave out the whole fact a little before her death."

Now all these precious evidences rest solely on what the libeller himself picked up by hearsay. Sir Richard Varney's man is said to be a convicted felon, a creditable kind of witness! He is caught in the

marches of Wales, where no one had an interest in preventing the disclosures he was to make, and is then so "privlie" disposed of in prison, that the worshipful libeller is perfectly well acquainted with the fact! Sir R. Varney is said to have cried piteously, blasphemed, &c., as if, supposing the fact true, he could have had nothing else on his conscience but the death of Lady Robert Dudley!

That the wife of Bald Buttlr should "give out the fact" is not a little extraordinary; for according to the same libeller, not a person, save Varney and his man, was in the house at the catastrophe. Ashmole collects the wretched gossip of the neighbourhood, and tells us that the unfortunate lady was first buried privately; but in the collection of papers that heads this article, W. Honnyng, writing to the Earl of Sussex, Vol. i. p. 46, says nothing of such private burial, but informs us that "the Lord Roberts wief was, upon the mischancing death, buried in the hed Church of the University of Oxford, and that the cost of the funerall was esteemed at better than 2,000*l*."

As for Cecil himself, he seems—though never friendly to Leicester—to have been ultimately convinced of the foulness of this slander against him; for we find Lord North writing to Cecil of the untimely death of that noble Earl Leicester—which he calls "a great and generall loss to the whole land," and one "that cannot but be generally and greatly lamented of the goode and beste sort. In his life he advanced the glory of God and loyally served his Sovereigne. He leived and died with honour," &c. Lord North was too good a courtier, and too well acquainted with Cecil, to have written thus of a man whom Cecil could still believe to have been guilty of a base and sordid assassination. The fact is, that none of the parties most interested—the relations of the lady,* took up the charge, nor did any of the powerful foes of Leicester dare to press for an examination which, in his frequent disgraces at court, might have been obtained without difficulty. Leicester was in truth a brave, able, crafty, and ambitious man—possessed precisely of those qualities which create jealousy without inspiring confidence or love. In his portraits his character seems to speak. There may be traced the high-born and princely beauty that fascinated the eyes of Elizabeth; but in the haughty features, the narrow and sinister, though lofty forehead, the close compression of the stern lips, and the air of cold and distant reserve which seems to make the prevalent expression of the countenance—we may

* "The concealed marriage of Leicester with Amy Robsart is but a romantic fiction. This marriage took place in 1550, and was celebrated at the Palace of Sheen with great splendour."—*Queen Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. i. p. 48.

See, in the same page, an exposition of the curious and wanton anachronisms in the gorgeous romance of 'Kenilworth.'

detect both the insolence which raised him foes, and the duplicity which alienated friends.

The craft, however, which actuated Leicester's intricate and mysterious policy, and which is evident in his intrigues and counter-intrigues, sometimes with the Catholic party, sometimes with the Scottish Court, sometimes with his enemies at his own—was by no means an attribute that this able and aspiring courtier can be said to have monopolized. It appears to us that much which historians have left unexplained in the character of Elizabeth, and of the great men by whom she was surrounded, may be accounted for by researches into those studies which connect the intellectual with the political idiosyncrasy of an age. The chosen and favourite and pervading study of the times was centred much in the masterpieces of Italian genius. The voice of Italy speaks in the poems, the romances, the plays, the prevalent turn of fancy and thought, that individualise the Elizabethan era. The same contagion spread into those more active habits of thought that tend to practical policy. It is even now impossible to read the histories of Italian States, or the works of Italian statesmen, without feeling the fascination of the deep and marvellous wisdom, that exalts counsels abstractedly villanous, into the passionless dignity of art. How much more effective and influential must have been such writings, in a day when the publicity that belongs to modern popular governments was unknown, and when prince encountered prince—state, state—and faction, faction—not on the broad arena of Representative Chambers, or through the open controversies of an unsparing press, but by all the tortuous deceptions and secret mazes of closet machination and court intrigue. Machiavelism was not destroyed, till politics were transferred from the monopoly of governors to the common heritage of nations.

It is only by studying the correspondence, the memoirs, the publications of the time, that we can see how completely King-craft and State-craft were the intellectual fashion of the sixteenth century. The art of making words the disguise of thoughts was not confined to England, though it existed there in full vigour. It was the age of the profound Philip the Second of Spain, who was a Visconti upon a vast scale: it may be traced amongst the bold reformers of the Netherlands; it is to be seen even in the honest pages of Sully; and perhaps through too soldier-like a disregard of the systems by which he was surrounded, the gallant Henri Quatre fell a victim to a malignant fanaticism, which, under similar circumstances, the craftier Elizabeth would have soothed or quelled. It is by acknowledging this universal fashion of statesmanship that we arrive at the true apology for the sage hypocrisies of Elizabeth herself, and the complicated, winding, vicious, but sagacious spirit of diplomacy

and intrigue that animated nearly all who took a share and rose to eminence in the practical politics of the age. The bold, imprudent, and reckless candour of Essex at the close of Elizabeth's great career—when the grave and solemn master-spirits that adorned its commencement had disappeared from the scene—and when that mighty sovereign was wearied and surfeited by the very air of falsehood from which her glory and power had drawn life and nourishment—made, no doubt, the quality that most attracted that wily woman to the blunt favourite. In his tragedy of 'Don Carlos,' Schiller has devoted a noble scene, full of the true philosophy of the drama, to the effect produced on Philip by hearing truth, for the first time, from Posa. In old age, and after sad experience of the aching unrealities that constitute the life of the craft, the heart opens to the least semblance of honest and plain-spoken thought. In Elizabeth's youth Essex would have been no rival to Leicester—in her old age Leicester would have had no chance against Essex. It was probably not so much the jealous love for Essex that stung the Queen to sanction his execution, and embittered the last days of her life—as it was the discovery that this rude, hearty soldier could betray, no less than the most glozing courtier—that he whom she had trusted with something of the last faith of dotage could insult her weakness, defy her resentment, deceive her credulity. With Essex vanished not only affection, but faith in human truth. In Elizabeth's fate there was retribution—she had lived the life of wiles and delusions, and she found its moral at the end of the melancholy and tedious tale.

The court of Anne abounded with intrigue and deceit no less than that of Elizabeth. But there was all the difference and distinction between the diplomacy of the several reigns that may be noticed between the profound statesmanship of Italy, and the airy and brilliant courtier-craft of France. The actors of the one stage are calm, laborious, almost passionless in their sublime hypocrisy; those of the other are a restless, egotistical and irritable race, parading all their quarrels, bruited abroad their disputes, and flying to the pen or the senate for the vindication of those principles which the statesmen of Elizabeth's day enforced by silent cunning and astute cabals. As there never was an age in which England was more Italian than that of Elizabeth, so there never was an age in which England was more French than that of Anne. The *gallomania* is not only visible in the clear clipped sentences into which the magnificent march of English diction was minced and squared, in the artificial and polished Boileauism of Pope, in the *esprit de société* which replaced romance and passion, in poetry and letters; but it may be equally discovered in the polite legerdemain of politics, which was exhibited with so graceful and gay and ease, by adventurers with ruffles

on their wrists and diamonds on their fingers. In the Court intrigues of Elizabeth there were the darkness and the strength of Tragedy; in those of Anne, the lightness, the dexterity, and the ingenious tricks of comedy. Wherever there are two candidates for the throne, the one in possession, the other in reasonable expectation, we may be sure that courtiers and ministers will look to a double game. There will ever be much of what in sporting slang is called "hedging;" the best diplomatist will be he who is sure to win, whatever horse may lose the King's plate. In the reign of William III. this ingenious dishonesty was carried to a frightful excess; an excess still comic, but a comedy in which Mephistophiles might have had a hand. Nothing in history exceeds the baseness with which the principal actors of the day carried on the double plot of betraying William on the one hand, and James on the other. Halifax, prostituting his great abilities to the dirtiest services; the solemn and taciturn Godolphin remaining in the ministry, and swaying the councils of William, avowedly in order to be more useful to the designs of the exiled family—now pouring tears into the bosom of a jesuit emissary, and declaring that he could neither eat nor sleep from remorse for his desertion of James; and now fawning on the gloomy Dutchman and swearing that his only motive in seeking the confidence of James was to betray it to William. All parties, according to the fluctuations of power, vying with each other in perfidy—traitors to William when in opposition; traitors to James, when in office. Even those holy men, who were so instrumental to the Revolution of 1688—the bishops themselves—rivalled the subtlest courtier in ingenious trickery and mendacious equivocation. It is amusing to observe their conduct when, on the declaration of the Prince of Orange that "he was invited over by several lords, spiritual as well as temporal," they were examined by the startled king;—they not only protested their innocence, but asserted the manifesto to be spurious, "so great a prince could not proclaim a manifest falsehood!" The venerable Sancroft himself* seems to glory in the ingenuity of his double dealings. What begun in falsehood was in falsehood confirmed. The Revolution was faithful to its origin. The reign of William, which was called, by one of the priests of the day, "the restoration of Christianity," was in fact the ascendancy of the principles of Judas. But still these perfidious men were characterized by extraordinary talent; and what is yet more remarkable, the most morally debased amongst them were yet personally incorrupt. Godolphin is a curious example of the truth that a man may be thoroughly dishonest, and yet unpurchaseable by money. Of all that class of able intriguants Marlborough was at once the basest and ablest; putting aside his

military genius, it is impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary dexterity with which he packed the cards and clogged the dice. Without education, no man was more accomplished; unacquainted with grammar, he was a master of the best kind of eloquence, that which persuades and convinces; he could make himself believed in the teeth of appearances against which no other man's oath would have been taken; he could break, one after one, the most solemn obligations, and obtain applause for acts that should have covered him with infamy. His ingratitude to James is the smallest part of his guilt; perfidy is a sin against society—ingratitude only a sin against a man. He remained with James, vowing the most devoted loyalty, long after he had sold himself to William; at noon he sat with the king, and advised his operations in a council of war; at night he deserted to the Prince. James had been warned of his treachery, but disregarded the admonition.

Nothing could be so well timed as Churchill's desertion; had it occurred earlier it would have inflicted less injury on James, and therefore conferred less service on his triumphant rival. It is evident too that he had delayed, till his influence over Prince George of Denmark and Anne had ripened the proper hour for the crowning treason; their desertion dignified and consecrated his own; he had before won them secretly to favour the designs of the Prince of Orange; he seized and declared the moment when they should openly assist in the Revolution. Throughout the reign of William this splendid knave played his game with the same profound calculation; he invested power in every quarter that could by possibility bring return; he re-opened his intercourse with James; and though that unfortunate tyrant declared "his crimes were too many ever to be forgiven," he undoubtedly obtained the confidence and mastered the secrets of the Court of St. Germain. Had James returned, and regained his crown, he could have had no option but to place Marlborough beside his throne. While thus secured with the exiles, Marlborough and his wife ruled the heir with absolute sway. Marlborough could not, it is true, obtain with William, who, himself deep and dissimulating, loved not hypocrisy in others, the ascendancy to which his talent and services seemed entitled; but his very discredit at Court he contrived to convert to his advantage, not only with James, not only with Anne, but with all the powerful malcontents of every party; the abrupt dismissal from his offices, which punished the untoward detection of his falsehood; even his committal to the Tower, on the charge of high treason, were misfortunes which he turned to account. Retiring from the Court of the Monarch, he strengthened every fortress, blocked up every avenue, in the affections of the heir. He consolidated his power by biding his time. It came—Anne ascended the throne.

* See D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 362.

and the Earl of Marlborough received full power to form a ministry. It was then that the destined hero of Ramilies for the first time found a theatre worthy of his daring genius and vast designs. He at once threw off the mask of the hollow loyalty he had assumed for the fallen family; James could no longer be of use to him; his ambition was concentrated in the person of the Queen, who was his tool. He felt that his want of education did not fit him for the same eminence in the state as in the field. Of his military talents he entertained the deep conviction that ever belongs to conscious power. To consolidate the new dynasty, to rally the nation round the new government, to efface all remembrance of his past treasons, to concentrate on himself the enthusiasm of a people—for all this there was no policy like war. Treason at home could be stopped at once by glory abroad, it was not enough to cut off correspondence with St. Germain, it was a mightier statesmanship to strike down the arm of France herself; to humble Louis XIV. was to defeat for ever the machinations of the Stuarts. Agreeably to these grand and profound views, Marlborough wisely disdained to constitute himself the head of the government he had formed; he put Godolphin, half his creature, and wholly his friend, into the premiership; he reserved for himself the command of the armies; he threw over, without scruple, many of the partisans with whom he had hitherto leagued; he formed the only administration that, amidst the elements of parties, could have lent itself alike to his great views and personal interests; dexterously and rapidly he contrived to rid himself of all the more violent Tories—the secret Jacobites—the half-Papists; without committing his designs and fortunes to the Whigs, he artfully conciliated them by cautious advances. Harley, who had played with great acuteness and discretion that part in the Commons which ruins the bungler, and crowns with the highest honours the dexterous manœverer—the part of the trimmer between two sides;—Harley was taken into the government, and with him was admitted the most brilliant personage of the age, the Alcibiades of English history, Henry St. John afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke. Harley was born to be a courtier. In that career his talents were more exhibited than those of St. John, who was too passionate, restless, and high-spirited for more than occasional recourse to such a profession. Making some allowance for the caricature of satire, Harley's life justifies the cutting and laconic compliment of St. John—that “where anything was to be got, he could wriggle himself in; when any misfortune threatened him, he could find a way to wriggle himself out.” He carried into the Court the policy he had formed in the Senate; he wished to conciliate all parties by that moderation which is often the disguise of insincerity. He was a notable example of a schemer who gains power from

both sides, precisely because neither confide in him. Bland, smooth, self-possessed, and cautious, he was not long before he became the arch favourite of Anne; and his ambition then sought to supplant those persons to whom he owed his advancement. It is entertaining enough to perceive how, in the Court Comedy, the fall of the great Duchess of Marlborough is prepared by means of her own creature. She places Miss Hill, afterwards the notorious Lady Masham, about the person of the Queen, as a humble supporter of her own interests. This lady seems to have been just the person whose rivalry no one could have feared; and precisely because she was despicable she became dangerous. The Duchess denies her talents; but could the Duchess imagine that her own talents had made her agreeable to the small, formal, tittle-tattling mind of her Royal mistress? It was because Miss Hill beat the Duchess in the qualities of the waiting-woman, because she was supple, complaisant, and an excellent retailer of small gossip, that the Queen soon learned to prefer her society. This woman was, by the mother's side, related to the Duchess—by her father's to Harley. When she was of no account, “Harley had never done anything for her;” when she was introduced at Court, Harley was all kindness to his dear kinswoman. He became her confidant in her love for young Masham, page to the Queen; he aided her passion—attained its success—assisted at her private marriage—and secured a friend far more useful than the Duchess: for schemers ever prefer a tool to a patron. The insolence of the baffled favourite on discovering that she was supplanted, open scenes that would be worthy of the author of ‘*Bertrand et Raton*.’ “I can't imagine,” she says in one of her letters, “what your Majesty meant by the ill opinion which I have of you, unless it be that I have the misfortune to differ with you, which I must own I have done very much. And now, because you pray to God to open my eyes, I will say how you may do that yourself if you please:—*by living with your old faithful servants as you used to do, and hearkening to the advice of your faithful Ministers and Council, for this would open my eyes and everybody's else.*” Nor is the abject cringing of this vehement woman, when she found that arrogance was in vain, less comical than her haughty dictation. But all Harley's talents as a courtier could not make up, in an age that produced men so extraordinary, for certain gross incapacities as a minister. His political abilities have been prodigiously overrated. His affection for letters and literary men, the elegance of his own accomplishments, the friendly panegyrics of Swift and Pope, have served to invest him with a false reputation. His inattention to business was notorious. St. John speaks openly of the low credit to which he had sunk in the

* ‘Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.’ Vol. i. p. 243.

Commons—an accident that rarely happens to an able minister. It is universally allowed that he was not eloquent in Parliament—that he was not effective in the bureau—that he was indolent and procrastinating—that he was secret, scheming, insincere—that even in the tactics of party he had not the most necessary of all arts, the art of attracting friends. What then were his qualifications? Considerable information upon all subjects—an affable manner, not however, according to St. John, untinctured by a coarseness of breeding—acquired “by the low company” he had kept in youth—extreme cunning—admirable suppleness—long experience in affairs—and the most determined attachment to his own interests. In fact, he would never have been ruined as a courtier, but for his blunders as a statesman. And now, in the very midst of his plots against Marlborough and Godolphin, he suffered the most important state secrets to be betrayed to the French by his own spies, and suddenly stood before the world in the light of a negligent dupe, or a convicted conspirator. He was obliged to resign. He is supposed, indeed, to have decided on that step before, as being most advantageous for the ultimate success of his intrigues—an hypothesis which we venture to doubt. The resignation of St. John, whom there is no ground to suppose an accomplice in his underhand shuffling, necessarily followed. Godolphin and Marlborough were again triumphant. Meanwhile the great Duke was achieving abroad those imperishable laurels which overshadow all the vices of his policy at home. The victories of Blenheim and Ramillies did not more signally exhibit his genius in war, than his sagacious and discreet policy in the Courts of Berlin, Hanover, and Vienna, manifested his arts as a diplomatist. But now came the time when his consort, no less unprincipled, but far more reckless and vehement than himself, marred the fortunes she had so helped to make. Had Marlborough remained in England, he would probably have retained his ascendancy to the last. But he had left his fortunes in the hands of a more impetuous spirit. At a later period, 1710, St. John appears, by a letter to his confidential agent, Drummond, to have even dared to tell the great warrior, with rude frankness, “That his true interest consisted in getting rid of his wife as soon as he could.” The hero of Blenheim was either too timid a husband, or the betrayer of all men was too loyal a lover, to submit to this cold-blooded proposal. He kept his wife—and he lost his power. The Duchess was, in many respects, the faithful counterpart of the Duke; she had all his ambition, and all his avarice; but she wanted both his cold temperament and his genius. Marlborough was never vindictive; his wife, on the contrary never forgave. The hard, polished, calculating Marlborough had in his nature neither love nor hate; but the Duchess, with all her vices, had a heart—she was avaricious but she could

be generous—selfish, yet not void of compassion—with all the petty vanities, but with much of the earnest devotion, which form the traditional character of the sex. When she could no longer rule a nation, she entered with undiminished ardour into a squabble for the right of driving through the Park. But on the other hand, she did not forsake a friend with the smiling ease of her husband; and her ambition almost loses its character of odious grossness, when we find how much it was centred and consolidated in the career of her gifted consort. In the old age of this extraordinary pair there was a notable contrast. Marlborough exhibited the mournful and piteous spectacle of mental decay: his Duchess, on the contrary, ripened into a contemplative philosopher, and her intellect seems to have brightened as her years increased.

It was long before the restless St. John seems to have turned his genius from literature, pleasure, and the legitimate career of political ambition, to the subtle tricks and intrigues which occupied the smooth spirit of Harley. This wonderful man has concentrated in himself all the severity of a criticism which has passed mildly by the vices of his contemporaries. It has been his fate to draw down the animosity of both the sections into which English opinion is rent;—condemned by the Whigs as a Tory—renounced by the Tories as a Freethinker. With his philosophical heresies we have nothing to do at present; they were the lees of his intellect, and betray as little of the fascination of his style as of the vigour of his understanding. Christianity may well forgive them, for they cannot do it any harm. For his political conduct, it bears the most advantageous comparison with that of his most eminent contemporaries. He was what in our day would be called a most consistent politician. He never betrayed his party; and yet he often resisted its excesses. The administration he served was not unfrequently at the brink of destruction by the intolerant violence of some of the Ultra-Tories. With all his ambition he rarely yielded to their clamour, and yet he never deserted their common cause. While the Godolphins and Marlboroughs and Harleys shifted to and fro—all things with all men—St. John remained true and firm to the last. Even in his own downfall he says, and says prophetically so far as his own times were concerned, “the grief of my soul is this, I see plainly that the Tory party is gone.”* Cruelly insulted and deeply mortified as he was by Harley, in the inferior rank by which he was thrust into the peerage, “dragged into the House of Lords in such a manner as to make my promotion a punishment not a reward”—urged not only by vanity and resentment, but also by selfish interest, to resign—for as he shrewdly intimates in his letter to Sir W. Windham, his resignation at that time, so great was his power, must have produced his recall on

* ‘Letter to the Bishop of Rochester.’

his own terms—he yet, probably, spoke but the plain truth when he declared, “that he could not bring himself up to that resolution, when the consequence of it must have been the breaking of his party and the distress of the public affairs.” So in his exile, embittered and galled though he was, and infamously abandoned in the Commons by the very men who had hallooed on his measures and thriven on his fortunes, he yet manifested to this party, so loved and served, the most frank and determined loyalty. Impeached—condemned—sentenced to death in England; courted—invoked—besought in France by the Pretender, he suffered neither ambition nor anger to jeopard the interests of his friends. He refused correspondence with the Pretender, retired to Dauphiné, referred himself and his actions to the judgment of his partisans—“ready to venture in their service the little which remained, as frankly as he had exposed all which was gone.” He did not, in fact, enter into the service of the Chevalier, until the instances of his friends and the supposed power of the Jacobites made such a step not the act of an individual, but the measure of a party; and in his celebrated letter to Sir W. Windham, his chief aim is to prove his compliant and too faithful devotion to the Tories and their counsels; it is in that aim that he is chiefly successful.

The charge against St. John, of secretly tampering with the Pretender during the reign of Anne, is now generally abandoned by impartial historians. There is ample proof of such intrigues, on the part of Harley—ample internal evidence to prove the innocence of St. John. For his subsequent connection with the Chevalier, it must be said that the imprudence or the crime was shared with thousands; that he could have owed no allegiance to George the First, who had sanctioned the act of attainer against him, one of the most unconstitutional and tyrannical measures which the revenge of faction ever perpetrated; and that all his prejudices and politics led him, at first, to the conclusion that the Stuart might be as good a monarch for England as the Guelf. He subsequently disdained to purchase his pardon from the King by the betrayal of any individuals with whom that connection had associated him, and we have Lord Stair’s evidence that he insisted especially “that it was better to wait with patience, however long, than to arrive with precipitation at his end by departing from the high road of probity and honour.” “To consent to betray individuals, or to reveal that which has been confided to me, would be to dishonour myself forever;”—a scrupulousness which would have been evinced by few politicians of his day. On the whole then, so far as faithful and consistent adherence to party interests and party friendships can constitute as it is ordinarily held to do, an honest and

upright politician, St. John is beyond all comparison above the standard of the herd of his contemporaries. And it is amusing enough to find him condemned by those who excuse the baseness of Harley, and gloss over the perfidies of Marlborough. Consistent to party, he was also personally incorrupt. He did not scruple, it is true, to apply what may be called secret service money to the objects to which Ministers generally have applied it. But with the greatest facilities for speculation, and with the most malignant research into all his conduct, every accusation of appropriating money to himself signally failed. In his short connection with the Pretender he appears to have sacrificed considerably; he laid himself too open to immediate and easy refutation not to be believed, when he asserted “that it was notorious he had spent a great sum in the Pretender’s service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing.” “In which case,” he adds, “I believe I was single.”* His patronage was confessedly devoted to the largest interests of his party, and he never permitted himself to lavish on the companions of his private pleasures what were the fitting rewards of his associates in the public service. These were not qualities common at that day. Any dispassionate and penetrating judge of human character will observe, in examining the attributes and peculiarities of St. John, how little of systematic craft or cold hypocrisy entered into his composition. He was, indeed, frank, impetuous, and imprudent to a singular degree, when we remember the example of the plotting times, his own great talents, and deep experience of men. His indiscretions, more than his faults, ruined his fortunes, and darkened his memory. Had he been an artful hypocrite he would never have been an exile, and would have retained the name of Arch-Champion of the High Church. If instead of leaving behind him an impotent attack on the Scriptures, he had had the dissimulation to leave a defence of pluralities, he would have been lauded by every reverend critic, with the same eulogium which was bestowed on him by Gay—

“St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to Church and Queen.”

The small and bitter Horace Walpole, that bloodless sceptic in human virtue itself, makes this evident in one sentence of a letter to Sir Horace Mann—“It is comical to see how Lord Bolingbroke is given up here, since the best of his writings, his *Metaphysical Divinity* have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, and the greatest genius of his age. The moment his *Craftsmen* against Moses and St. Paul were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world.” And as a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, would the most

* See Lord Stair’s letter to Craggs, published in the Appendix to Bolingbroke’s *Letter to Sir W. Windham.*

**Letter to Sir W. Windham.*

brilliant Tory that ever existed have passed to posterity in the hallelujahs of his party, spiritual and temporal, had he had but the decent wit to abandon moralizing theism for sanctimonious hypocrisy. His earlier profligacies, much exaggerated as they have been, were made conspicuous by their daring and careless effrontery—yet if like Fox, he had retained the support of party, or if like Wilberforce, he had conciliated the deference of a sect, like Fox and Wilberforce he would have received a generous pardon for the irregularities of his youth. The warmth of his passions extended to his temper. The implacable enemies he created amongst the Whigs he might easily have avoided, if like many of his party, he had secretly intrigued with their leaders. But he carried all the fervour of the orator into all the hostilities of the partisan. An orator by temperament must ever be indiscreet. The personal resentment against him was the result of his uncompromising boldness, occasioned “in part,” as he himself confesses, “unnecessarily by the warmth of my temper, and by some unguarded expressions, for which I have no excuse to make but that which Tacitus makes for his father-in-law, Julius Agricola, ‘honestius putabam offendere quam odire.’”^{*} The same bluntness of imperious purpose and conscious superiority prevented him, during the latter years of Anne’s life, from attempting to secure favour with her successor. His bold bearing on the accession of George the First presents a notable contrast to the cringing baseness of Harley. Lord Stair, who knew human character well, describes him exactly in his letter to Cragge—where he says, “Je sçavois bien par son caractère, qu’il ne feroit pas les choses à demi”—“I knew by his character that he would do *nothing by halves*”—a character the reverse of the hypocrite or self-seeker. Even his letter to Sir W. Windham, a masterpiece of composition though it be, is extravagantly imprudent; the plain zeal with which he declares that “he abhorred Oxford”—the scorn with which he speaks of the Whimsicals, or Hanoverian Tories—the cutting contempt with which he disposes of the Jacobites—and the melancholy and high-spirited indignation with which he stigmatizes the wholesale ingratitude of his party to himself, were all calculated to frustrate his one great object of vindicating himself in the eyes of the very persons he addresses, while his measured, indifferent, and proud language towards the reigning dynasty, was not calculated to advance him with the King or soften the Government. Accordingly, though previously to the publication of that letter, he had received a promise of pardon from the King, though, as a first step towards conciliation, his father had been raised to the peerage, yet seven years elapsed from the latter event before the promise was fulfilled and the pardon granted, and even then it was purchased by the gold of his wife, and

^{*} ‘Letter to Sir W. Windham.’

curled with attain of blood, incapacity of inheritance, and exclusion from public honours.

After his return to England his re-entrance into political controversy was marked by the same imperious genius and impetuous indiscretion; admitted to an interview with Walpole, he could not conceal his resentment^{*} and hatred, but rose suddenly and left the room:—For his own interest nothing could be less wise than his assaults not only on the Government, but on the very measures most agreeable to the King, or than his first coalition and his subsequent breach with Pulteney. With all his powers of intellect—with all his experience of affairs—with all his capacities for business, there is reason to doubt whether St. John was really an efficient practical man, or whether he would ever have distinguished himself as a minister of vast views, or have founded a Government of long duration. We are too apt to imagine the brilliant orator, the Parliamentary leader, must also combine the qualities of the Legislator—the more especially if he unite with the gifts of eloquence the acquisition of knowledge and the habits of business; but this is too often not the case. St. John seems to us in some subordinate respects to bear resemblance to the ablest debater that the Aristocracy of this day exhibits in the House of Commons—Lord Stanley;—of course the degrees of intellect are very different—nor while Lord Stanley is exempt from the vicious irregularities, can he pretend to the same marvellous combination of endowments; but so far as remarkable abilities for debate, great aptitude in the mastery of official details, ready display of all resources, a warm, indiscreet, haughty, and impetuous temper, which produces momentary effects by permanent sacrifices, are concerned, we may trace a certain affinity of gifts and peculiarities; and the living orator is a proof how little of legislative success may be combined with the greatest debating powers. St. John seems, in the first place, to have based his system upon a party that is incapable of permanent duration, that of the Moderate Tories; this is precisely the adoption of a cause from which you emasculate the passion—it is one that succeeds well in opposition, but fails in office, because office raises a new host of enemies in your own camp; half your followers suspect you, and in the first disaster break forth and desert. St. John accordingly found, throughout his short career, that those most difficult to deal with were his own followers, and the moment he fell, not all the remembrance of his services, not all the personal attachment which his social

^{*} Bolingbroke’s resentments were as strong as all his other passions, and to this constitutional bias, by no means incompatible with high and generous natures, but on the contrary their ordinary characteristic, must be attributed his bitter anger at the discovery of Pope’s most dishonourable breach of confidence with respect to ‘Patriot King.’ Precisely in proportion to the love he had felt for Pope was his indignation at the petty treachery of the poet.

qualities inspired, could sustain the spirit or prevent the defection of the motley crew in which he had represented the lukewarm by irritating the ardent. As a negotiator his great work was the Peace of Utrecht, the whole labour and responsibility of which fell upon his shoulders, and in the mechanical details of which he exhibited masterly address; but making all allowance for the difficulties in his way, and the errors foisted, against his will, upon his general outline, it is impossible not to confess that the conditions of the peace reversed all the triumph of the war—that it was the conception, as he himself half allows, of a calculating partisan, and not of a farsighted statesman. If the peace itself did but little honour to his diplomacy, neither did his anticipation of the result evince the prophetic gifts of a sage leader of faction; he had reckoned on this peace as the establishment of Tory rule upon an imperishable basis—instead of this, the peace became the ruin of the Tories. St. John ascribes this failure of the “Tory Millenary” to various causes,—the incapacity of Harley, the bad constitution of the ministry, the obstinate opposition of the Whigs and the Allies,—all very probable causes, but causes which a profounder and calmer reason would have foreseen from afar; in fact, the peace itself however concluded must have been fatal to the Tories. War, especially one so triumphant, had rallied the nation round the reigning dynasty; the Jacobites and the Hanoverian Whimsicals were alike compelled to merge with the Moderates led by St. John; while the Whigs, now joined with Marlborough, were pleased with continental triumphs, and weakened, as ever is the case with that party in war, the domestic administration. Perhaps we shall always find in England that war is the life of Toryism, and that peace is its surest foe. The private excesses of St. John were no doubt great, however exaggerated by his own careless display of them and the attacks of his foes; but they are not without considerable excuse—his education was neglected by his father, he had been brought up under the pious care of a Presbyterian grandmother and a grotesque Puritan preceptor. A boy of eager temper, high spirit, and the quickest perceptions, was set down to feast his capacities on a huge folio containing the Homilies of Dr. Manton, a worthy non-conformist, chiefly memorable for having produced, as a sort of theological conceit, 119 sermons on the 119th Psalm! From such studies and teachers he was suddenly sent to the turbulent Microcosm of Eton, thence to Oxford, and from Oxford he was let loose, without a guide, upon the world; he could have been little more than seventeen when he was thus made lord of himself, and from seventeen to nineteen were the years in which the tales of his more reckless profligacy must find their dates. View then this boy, highborn, with great expectations, lavish command of money, already

celebrated for extraordinary brilliancy of conversation, and still more for the fatal gift of surpassing personal beauty, disgusted betimes, by the contact of the most oppressive asceticism with the sober wisdom of restraint,—not only neglected by his father, but beholding in hereditary licentiousness example and excuse; endowed with vehement passions—possessed of the liveliest spirits and the most robust constitution—cast into a society where to be dissipated was to be distinguished,—and the consequences are too obvious, not to furnish errors with excuse. Helvetius has luminously shown how the conduct of individuals is shaped by the opinion of the society in which they live—how in proportion to passion and to intellect will be the love of distinction—and how, if the spirit of society confers distinction on frivolity and vice, emulation and desire of glory will be debased into incentives to effeminacy or excess—the same men who would have been most abstemious in Sparta might have been the most voluptuous in Ionia. At the time in which St. John commenced his career, the circles of London retained the taint of the Court of Charles the Second;—perhaps indeed to this day they have not wholly overcome the hereditary infection; the influence of the grave Dutch king never penetrated the gay haunts of fashion, rank, and wit; the poets and men of letters themselves, whose acquaintance the brilliant boy courted with avidity, were no rigid mentors; the old chasm between the Puritans and the Cavaliers still existed:—on one side, the grimmest starchness—on the other, the raciest license. Thus St. John, whose ruling passion was to shine, who, like Cæsar, placed in a village, had been

“The first wrestler on the green,”

was urged by ambition itself to give the rein to his passions. Habits formed in early youth are not discarded with its heyday. St. John's first marriage was at once premature and unfortunate; we have sufficient proof of the violent and unwomanly temper, combined with the unaffectionate selfishness of his wife. Quarrels commenced with the honeymoon, and soon ended in formal separation. St. John's rapid and dazzling rise in public life increased his temptations by adding to his fashion. He was rather the solicited than the seducer. “Men respect you,” writes Prior to him, “and women love you.” On the other hand, he appears to have added much to the strength of his party by his convivial qualities at the banquet, and his success in the *Salons*. His graver aspirations led him to regard pleasures as paths to his goal. It is recorded of him that he never allowed pleasures to interfere with business, and his experience taught him the philosophy he himself asserts, that pleasure was an able minister to business. His faults were not regarded by his contemporaries with much asperity, though he himself, perhaps, like the noble poet of our own days, had the foi-

ble of parading more than he committed. He had certainly something of the cockcomb in his flexible and brilliant nature—a weakness tenderly but shrewdly hit off by Swift:—"He was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both, upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and perhaps not altogether without ground, since it was hardly possible for a young man with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole,* to escape some tincture of that infirmity." It must also be said for St. John, that no sooner did he find a congenial and tender partner in his second wife—of whom, many years after their union, he speaks with all the enthusiasm of first love, and all the devotion of tried friendship—than his excesses vanish from the stage. Unlike the confirmed profligate whom affection retains not, whom years cannot chasten, he exhibited not the odious spectacle of debauched maturity and rakish age. Whatever the vices of his speculative philosophy, the practical philosophy that characterized his sentiments and his actions after his first return from England is at once large enough to be benevolent, rigid enough to be abstemious. At that time he was the chastest writer in England—one of the most exemplary livers.

He has been accused of an ambitious yearning for the scenes of action amidst all his eloquent declamations of the happiness of retirement. But in this accusation there is praise. Still in the prime of life, "sobered, not scathed by years," resorted to as the greatest genius of his times—consulted by statesmen, revered by sages—it would have been a treason to his

* This passage, by the way, which occurs in one of the Dean's most laboured works, is an instance, among many, of the remarkable incorrectness of Swift's diction. "A young man with *half* the business of the nation upon him and the applause of the *whole*"—the applause of the whole what?—business of the nation? If you turn the construction into good English, it becomes nonsense. "The business of half the nation, and the applause of the whole" would be the right construction, but a most blundering antithesis, for a minister has the business of the whole nation, though he may have but half the business upon him. Nothing can more strongly attest the nature of the inconsidered conventional slang which pervades our criticism than the current praises of Swift's singular correctness and excellent English, while at the same time he is denied the very excellence for which he ought to be most remarkable. One critic has told us that there is not a single metaphor to be found in Swift!!! and Mr. Cook, the able biographer of Lord Bolingbroke, who ought to know better, prefers Bolingbroke's style to Swift's, *because* "the plain and unpretending language of the Dean, so utterly devoid of figure and ornament, could never be compared with that of the man he was always ready to acknowledge as his master." Now we will venture to say that there are more metaphors, ornaments, and figures in one page of Dean Swift than in three of Lord Bolingbroke. The real charm of Swift is in the familiar exercise of a most copious fancy.

country if he had looked with the indifferent eyes of selfish stoicism upon the hideous corruption that characterized the administration of Walpole. Often indeed, amidst all the lettered ease of a hermitage to which the eyes of Europe were turned, the greatest orator of his age must have panted to startle senates with indignant genius, and gather round him in the stormy field in which the battles of patriots are lost or won, the liberty and the virtue he aroused and invoked in the noblest polemical papers of which our literature can boast. Philosophy is but egotism when it ceases to be active. Nor was there less dignity in Bolingbroke's retirement, nor less consolation in his repose, because he was not unmindful of that sacred and mysterious affinity which almost invariably connects the inspirations of genius with the interests of mankind.

Of the writings of Bolingbroke, this is not an occasion to treat at great length. They are distinguished by the same mixture of passion and thought which individualised his own character. His style is remarkable for a dignity always worn with ease. It possesses much of the nameless fascination in prose for which Byron is remarkable in verse. It carried into the clear and logical diction of his own day a majesty of style, and a rich sweetness of sentiment, that belong rather to the writers of a former age. There are passages in the 'Reflections on Exile,' which might have been written by Sir Thomas Browne. Perhaps one reason for this might be that, like the old writers, Bolingbroke was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Latin language; and in the Norman fire and Saxon vigour of the English noble we yet recognise the *senatorial decor* of the patrician Roman. His learning was not so profound as in his later day especially, he wished it to be thought; but his reading was extensive, and his memory prodigious. When Pope was asked if Bolingbroke knew Hebrew, he answered, "No, but he knows all that has been written about that sort of thing." And if in this species of knowledge there was much brilliancy, so there was some charlatanism. Like most men who have played a great and dazzling part in active life, Bolingbroke had indeed in his nature something of the genius of imposture. Versatile, gifted, and wonderful as he was, he wished to pass himself off as yet more versatile, gifted, and wonderful. Perhaps a certain exaggeration of this sort is too often necessary for success upon that stage in which the world is an audience—as the handsomest actress must still wear rouge. Of his eloquence, like that of Pericles, we have no remains, but ample testimony. Swift says "that understanding men of both parties have agreed that in this point, in their memory and judgment St. John was never equalled." The hostile Burnet speaks of his eloquence as superhuman. Lord Chesterfield, who had heard him

in the Lords, where he produced however less effect than in the Commons, gives way to an admiration of his oratory very unusual in the measured criticism of that fastidious arbiter. In a conversation upon the treasures lost to us by time and accident, when one was expressing wishes to recover the lost books of Livy, another the comedies of Menander, Lord Chatham is said to have declared "he should prefer, on the whole, a speech of Lord Bolingbroke." In conversation he was no less remarkable, yet that was an age of conversationalists; in his earlier career it was celebrated for vivacity and wit; in his maturer years it took a more lofty tone. Lord Orrery, who knew him, tells us, in the vein of pedantic extravagance, which characterized that feeble but not inelegant *littérateur*, that "it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace." Such was the eminent man who shed over the times of Anne, the lustre of a genius no less signal in peace than that of Marlborough in war, and whose official career commenced and closed in that brief and brilliant reign of vast events and base intrigues. We have said that from Court plots and cabals St. John appears to have long kept himself aloof. But at last we find his restless energies compelled into those darker paths. The schism between Harley and himself became vehement and irreconcilable; the Queen's health was precarious—the succession of the Elector could scarcely fail to be destructive of the Government and the Tories. Harley indeed intrigued with the Court of Hanover, and affected to feel a confidence which the shrewdness of St. John knew to be ill-founded. The greatest differences as to the necessary policy in circumstances so critical existed between Harley and St. John. It became necessary that one should fall. St. John made no secret of his contempt and detestation of the Premier—Harley disguised not his fear and hatred of St. John. Each sought to strengthen himself at Court. Prepared by his diplomacy with the allies in the recent Treaty, for intrigues at home, behind the scenes, St. John displayed something of the same powers he had exhibited before the lamps. He won Lady Masham from his rival. Harley was forsaken by the very creature he had raised to supplant the Duchess of Marlborough. He opposed Harley openly in the Council—he sided with the Queen against the wish of the Elector to take his seat in the Lords as Duke of Cambridge—his opinion prevailed against Harley's. He already shook Anne's confidence in her favourite. The more powerful Tories, Harcourt, Windham, Bromley, he had secured to himself. In vain Swift tried to reconcile the rivals—every meeting ended in fresh quarrels. In despair Harley secretly wrote to Marlborough, whom his arts had driven abroad, and basely courted the assistance of the man he had betrayed. The Duke,

for once in his life resentful, refused to forgive his humbled foe; but this was rather wise calculation than hot revenge. St. John discovered Harley's treason, and well availed himself of that knowledge with the Queen. The comedy thickened—the waiting-woman Masham was ever at her post—all things smiled on St. John. Harley's conduct was positively ludicrous: at one time all rage and oaths, at another time all fawning and smiles; now vowing vengeance—now "staying to supper;" grasping at every atom of patronage—losing every hold upon power. At length came Act V. The catastrophe drew near—it was the moment for Harley's downfall. A cabinet council was held; St. John was there to witness his crowning triumph; all the ministers were present. The Queen, sickly and infirm, graced with her parting smile the dismissal of the Prime Minister. Then all Harley's smoothness vanished—out broke the wrathful malignity of the defeated "Over-reach." He poured forth a torrent of abuse. The haughty St. John, ever *impiger, iracundus*, was not the man to brook in silence the insults of a foe. The presence of the feeble sovereign imposed no restraint on the victor and the vanquished. Harley threw up his staff of office with fierce assurances of "revenge upon them all." He retired with few personal friends, with still fewer personal partisans. And now St. John, the hero of the play, seemed to be almost at the summit of his ambition. The Peace that was to be the consolidation of his party concluded—his enemy expelled—his schemes triumphant—the Queen secured—what remained to prevent his grasp on the destinies of the English empire? Just in the very climax of triumph came that stern *denouement* which no politician can foresee—the death of a single person overthrew every scheme! Fatigued, exhausted, terrified, the Queen retired from the stormy council, declaring "she should not outlive it," was carried to the bed of death; and the next scene exhibits the accession of the saturnine Elector—Bolingbroke disgraced, menaced—before him not honours, glory, power, garters and dukedoms, and the Treasurer's staff—but impeachment, proscription, and the scaffold! Yet even in these dreary changes this singular man moves with a graceful ease and self-possession that keeps up the comedy to the close. His part could have been played by Lewis, not Kemble; and in the position of Themistocles we still see the attitudes of Alcibiades. He heard that his doom was fixed—not a day to be lost. He affected to fear nothing—went calmly to the theatre—charmed with his wit all the loungers that looked into his box—bespoke a play for the next night—subscribed to an opera that was to take place in a fortnight, sauntered out of the theatre as if he were going to sup with an actress, and an hour afterwards was on the road to Dover, disguised "in a black wig" and

'very ordinary clothes!' So closed forever the parliamentary career of Henry St. John Lord Bolingbroke!

There is a melancholy moral in the contemplation of the after-fate of that great party for whom Swift wrote and St. John harangued. We cannot admire their policy in success, but we cannot exult over their downfall. There was something in them so sanguine and lusty—so full of vigour and life, when pressing on to the battle—that we turn away from the painful spectacle of their defeat. What a deep sense of shame must have been felt by the prouder spirits of that faction but a little while ago so insolent and prosperous—giving laws to England and peace to Europe—cajoling the allies—ruling the sovereign—defying the Elector—imposing the Stamp Act on the Press—expelling Walpole from the House—riding roughshod over the Dissenters—dictating to the Lords, sovereign in the Commons, the Church their sword, the Court their buckler; what a deep shame must have burned in the cheeks of those not so far lost to honour as to desert to the foe, when Parliament passed its solemn censure on their measures—arraigned their leaders; when but two men in the Commons dared to utter a word in defence of St. John;* when without a division they submitted to the impeachment of their late premier; and even their beloved Ormond, the idol of the age, was included in the same charge; their bold party shrunk into sullen tremblers—their splendid leaders denounced as sordid traitors. Harley a prisoner in the Tower, Bolingbroke and Ormond exiles; Swift condemned everlastingly to the barren rock and gnawing vulture of disappointed ambition, eating his heart out, as he himself phrases it, "like a rat in his cage," until blackening passion, soured experience, and malignant genius burst forth in that terrific libel upon the human species, compared to which the sardonic sneer of Voltaire is a playful smile, and the God-defying irony of Lucian but scholastic trifling!

From the contemplation of these later days—these dark reverses—the lover of letters will often turn to the bright side of the picture, and linger over the yet unclouded sunshine in which basked the ardent spirits that gave to the reign of the latest Stuart its immortal heritage of renown; then will there rise before us, regarded not with the stern eyes of History, but seen through the enchanting mist with which the grateful Muse shadows the faults of her disciples—images endeared alike by genial as by glorious associations. There, the frank aspect of the hearty Steele, in versatility and imprudence, in wit and in fancy, the Sheridan of the day—there, the contemplative urbanity of Addison, "very agreeable when he pleased." We

* And one of them, General Ross, broke down; and the other, Mr. Hungerford, only spoke in the timid spirit of a special pleader!

watch over the birth of the 'Tatler,' and his more polished successor—we give even to fancies a fleshly life, and will not believe that there were no such beings as the Honeycombs and De Coverley's. There, with the sharp profile, the sallow cheek, and the brightest of human eyes—as we see him in his pictures—Pope, not yet a philosopher, is all a poet; and the 'Rape of the Lock' consecrates even the frivolous to the ideal. There, great alike amongst ministers and lords—now directing the thunder, now firing off a squib—we behold the iron-hearted Priest, whose presence imposed no restraint on worldly cunning or reckless wit; his temper not yet soured; the latent and dark insanity, that fearful excuse for all his errors, seen but in racy whims and humorous eccentricity; all bustle, and vigour, and nerve, and hope; trifling with a love never to be enjoyed, warmed by an ambition never to be realized! Even Harley himself—the man of the secret countenance, who had not the art of acquiring friends—takes charm and grace from the letters that he cultivated and the genius that he loved. We smile at his dexterity and forget his meanness when we detect the intrigant, whose "variety of knowledge" was so vast, stealing up the back stairs to gossip in secret with the housekeeper Queen and the Abigail Masham; and we positively like the lazy Minister, when we see him lolling in his coach with old "inns of court jests" in his mouth, and Swift by his side. The drums, and the routs, and the theatres—scenes then of such signal triumphs—and, above all, the wild, roystering clubs of the day, are not without their charm, even to grave learning and sober morals; and there, across every haunt of the Graces or the Muse, glitters that brilliant form, from which even the fripperies of Kneller and the times cannot divest the noble air and the intellectual beauty. There, with the fair complexion, the animated eyes, the voluptuous mouth, the broad, unwrinkled brow, the features at once so delicate and so manly, we see the graceful St. John, wherever pleasure can allure, wisdom elevate, or ambition betray. Now maddest in the revel—now plodding "whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office," ever seeking, from the diviner something within him, to exalt and idealize the poorest things that he leant to; if indulging in pleasure, gravely convincing himself that pleasure was wisdom; if forming a club, seriously seeking to banish "the extravagance of the Kitcat and the drunkenness of the Beefsteak," the first qualification to be talent, and "the first regulation to be decency;" wielding without an effort all the thunders of the Senate, and sauntering into the lobby to flirt with an orange girl whom he seriously sought, both in prose and verse, not to win to his strange caprice, but to inspire with the dignity of a sentimental affection: so covetous of every honour, that he was in despair that he had not been stabbed by Guiscard instead of

Harley; and insisted at least that the compliment was intended for himself; so equal to every labour that, in working out a treaty, he learned to speak excellent Spanish in three weeks, rather than hazard the blunder of an interpreter or the indiscretion of a proxy; so reverent of genius, that he who never spared a foe in politics, could only recognise a brother in letters; yet a boy, cheering the last days of Dryden with the same devotion as, when old and fast decaying, he wept like an infant at the death-bed of Pope! Only as these visions fade from our eyes, and our calmer judgment re-awakes, can we turn with complacency to the present time, and rejoice in the loftier honesty and the manlier spirit which make us greater than our fathers.

In proportion as the people have gained in power, the secret influences of the Court have diminished. It is no longer a necessary art to manage the ante-room and blockade the back stairs. Intrigues in cabinets and courts there may be yet; but they are frank in their nature, impotent in their result, as compared with the dark, and complicated, and perilous machinations of the Marlboroughs, the Godolphins, the Mashams, and the Harleys; they are now, as they ever will be, the game of favourites, but not of statesmen. Even in the latter part of the reign of William the Fourth, when the Court and the State were at variance, and small people were dabblers in small cabals, no eminent Tory leader sought by closetings and whisperings to supplant his foes. The Duke of Wellington is not without an *esprit de calcul*, which his soldierly energies and blunt speech not inartistically conceal; but compare Wellington to Marlborough! Sir Robert Peel is the subtlest of living men; but compare Sir Robert Peel with Robert Harley! There is a spirit of honour now existing amongst political opponents, unknown alike in the chivalrous days of Elizabeth and the high sounding philosophy professed in the times of Anne. It is not too much to attribute the main cause of the change to the ascendancy of popular control, the vigilance of the press, the publicity of all state documents, and above all, the necessity of fighting every battle before the eyes of the People on the floor of the House of Commons. Young, fair, trusted, beloved, new to business and to life, the Sovereign of England commences a reign, that in the course of nature, will last beyond the generation who hailed in the Reform Bill—the charter of new liberties—the transition to a new stage of British civilization. To that great measure, and to its necessary results, the Queen may look for a release from the most anxious harassments and the most grinding sorrows, that saddened the days of her royal predecessors. The power of the Crown may be less, but the facilities for government are, to a pure and liberal spirit, infinitely greater. Not, we believe, for Victoria the First is decreed that web of wiles—those dark and entangled meshes—in which goodness

itself is lost—the bitter doom that ever awaits royalty when ambition stakes life and death upon royal favour—the experience how trust is betrayed and esteem deceived—how honours bring no gratitude, how confidence is made marketable. Saddest of the sad is the lot to sit in the Temple amongst the money changers, and find against universal deceit no safeguard but in eternal dissimulation!

We cannot profess to be sufficiently impartial to pass fair judgment upon the eminent men amongst whom the reigning monarch ascends the throne. Still survive some of the most remarkable of the past generation; and we can point to many a rising reputation amongst the yet more resolute, energetic, and deep-thinking race that are advancing on the stage. New faces will replace the old; the tides of faction will ebb and flow; councils and councillors change alike; but we may venture to predict, that while national measures, with all their sinister motives and secret springs, are sifted in the Commons, canvassed by the Press, argued upon at the Hustings, we shall not recognise again the turpitude of a Marlborough or the baseness of a Harley. Nor will posterity deem us a degenerate race if, now grown in earnest and contending for stern truths and vast interests in the face of day, we can dispense with the tortuous sagacity of Burleigh, or the dangerous versatility of St. John.

E. B.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Poems of Many Years.*—By Richard Monckton Milnes. 1838. For private circulation.
2. *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent, and Historical Poems.* By Richard Monckton Milnes. Moxon. 1838.

These two volumes of poems, although the one was not designed for publication, and the other is not yet published, are not entirely unknown even to the general reader: some beautiful extracts from the earlier volume, and some just praises of both, having appeared in an article, from a pen not to be mistaken, in one of our monthly periodicals. This first draught from the well leaves it, however, still fresh and full; and we too having been admitted to it, need not fear to exercise the privilege of dispensing its waters. We regard Mr. Milnes' poems as of singular merit in their kind, and the kind as one possessing strong claims upon the notice of a student of the age. They are representative of a whole order of thoughts and feelings; they are a voice from one corner of the mind and heart of this age, which had not found fitting poetical utterance till now; and there are many who will recognise in it the voice of their own soul, the language of their daily consciousness.

But we prefer beginning our selection by something not characteristic; and showing that the author is a poet, before we detain the reader with any remarks on the particular character of his poetry. We begin, therefore, unhesitatingly with *THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE*.*

This poem requires no commentator: it goes straight to the common heart of humanity; and we shall be surprised if it do not become widely known and find its way into collections. The man who can thus write, is entitled to write in verse; a privilege which we would confine to a very small proportion indeed of those who usurp it. Let such a man speak from the fulness of his own heart—give him thoughts and feelings to express which are deeply interesting to him—and it will be a little your own fault if he does not make them interesting to you. Now these poems, as a whole, if there be faith in internal evidence, do come from the heart of the writer; what they express, he feels, or has felt; they are the deepest and most earnest part of himself, thrown into melodious language; there is as much sincerity in them as there can be in words; for, properly speaking, it is only a man's whole life which is sincere—that alone is the utterance of the whole man, contemplative and active taken together.

Of Mr. Milnes, personally, we know little or nothing, save that he is a young and active member of the House of Commons, who generally votes with the Tories; but if he be like his poems—and the man who could write them cannot be altogether unlike them—he is one of the representatives of a school which has grown up within a few years, is spreading rapidly among the refined and cultivated youth, and deserves to be much honoured, and above all, to be understood. This school is one of the products of what may be termed the Coleridgian reaction. In politics, its aim is to save the Church and the Aristocracy, by making them really what they pretend to be. With Conservatives of this description, however we may doubt the practicability of their objects, we feel, and have always professed, the most entire sympathy; and no one can more heartily rejoice at any accession to their numbers or influence. Mr. Milnes' poems, however, do not show them in their character as politicians, but as men; and as such they are in some measure a class apart.

They are, in general, earnest men, with a deep sense of duty towards God and man, and of responsibility to an Eternal Judge. With this they seem not unusually to combine a degree of distrust of their own spiritual strength, very becoming in most persons, but which certainly is not usually found in those destined to accomplish great things, even in the cause of religion; for however innocent of any vain-glorious trust in his own unassisted power or goodness, the Christian hero has generally a sure faith that upon certain simple condi-

* This has already been printed in the Museum.

tions, which in his healthier moods he feels confident that he can and will fulfil, strength will be lent him from God, to perform all that God requires of him. But these men, at least in one stage of their growth, seem as though weighed down by the immensity of God's requirements. To be a spiritual being, and to have an account to render as such, of the employment of powers and opportunities, appears to them not only an awful, but almost a fearful destiny; its dangers alarm them much more than its privileges excite; and the period of infancy, when they were alike strangers to both, is looked back to, with manly endurance no doubt; but with the fondest regret. It is astonishing how large a portion of Mr. Milnes' poems are impregnated with this feeling; it can scarcely be more finely expressed than in the following lines:—

Youth, that pursuest with such eager peace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy;
Once past, Thou never wilt come back again
A second Boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain
A Man at last.

And again in the following, to a child five years old:—

Delighted soul! that in thy new abode
Dwellest contentedly, and knowest not
What men can mean who faint beneath the load
Of mortal life, and mourn an earthly lot:

Who would believe thou wert so far from home!
Who could suppose thee exiled or astray?
This world of twilight whither thou art come
Seems just as welcome as thy native day.

That comely form, wherein thy thoughts are pent,
Hiding its rebel nature, serves thee still,
A pliable and pleasant instrument,
Harmonious to thy impulses and will.

Thou hast not spent as yet thy little store
Of happy instincts:—Thou canst still beguile
Painful reflection and ungrateful lore
With many a placid dream and causeless smile.

And when the awful stranger Evil bends
His eye upon thee, Thou wilt first essay
To turn him from his dark pursuits and ends
By gracious dalliance and familiar play.

As well might kindly words arrest the roll
Of billows raging o'er a wintry sea.
O Providence! remit to this one soul
Its destined years, and take it back to Thee.

Such feelings as these occur as moods, in the life probably of every person who has a conscience; but wherever they fill a large place, they point to something unhealthful either in the individual mind or in the times.

Whether as cause or consequence, these feelings are not unnaturally connected with a rather melancholy view of life. For the duty of a good man is not to these minds the simple thing it was to the religious minds of former ages. Their morality does not say only, *Thou shalt abstain*,—thou shalt keep thy thoughts and actions pure; it says, *Thou shalt do*; not to thee alone, O pastor, or to thee O missionary, but even to thee O meanest of mankind, is the boundless mass of evil which surrounds thee on every side, delivered as thy task; of which mass unless thou remove all that thou canst, the whole shall be imputed to thee.

We have come out upon the field of Life
To war with Evil—

says Mr. Milnes; and if the Boy, resolute and confiding in his resolve, dares hope for victory, Mr. Milnes tells him—

Poor youthful Heart! poor noble Self-deceit!
Weak-winged Aspirant!—Step with me aside,
'Tis for a moment,—mount this little hill,—
Tell me, and tell thyself, what see'st Thou now.
Look East and West, and mark how far extends
This vainly mocked, this haughtily defied,
This Might so easily to be laid low!
There is no eminence on this wide space,
So high that thou from it canst e'er behold
A clear horizon: dark is all the space,
Black with the masses of thine Enemy;
There is no point where Light can penetrate
Those densely-banded Legions,—the green plain
Shines through no interval. Brave though thou art,
My Boy, where is thy trust in Victory now?
Now gaze below, gaze on that waving crowd,
The marshalled army of Humanity,
From which thou art come out,—Loyal thou art,
My Boy; but what avails thy feeble Truth,
When, as thou seest, of the huge multitude,
The still succeeding myriads there arrayed
For fight, how few, how miserably few,
Not only do not fervently work out
Their Soldier-duty, but whose craven souls
Do not pass over to the very Foe,
And mingling with his numbers numberless,
Against their brethren turn unnatural arms—
Or else of honest wills at first, like thine,
After the faint resistance of an hour,
Yield themselves up half-willing prisoners,
Soon to be won by golden-guileful tongues,
To do blithe service in the cause of Sin!

Yet there are some to whom a strength is given,
A will, a self-constraining energy,
A Faith which feeds upon no earthly hope,
Which never thinks of Victory, but content
In its own consummation, combatting
Because it ought to combat, even as Love
Is its own cause, and cannot have another,
And conscious that to find in martyrdom
The stamp and signet of most perfect life
Is all the science that mankind can reach,

Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing falls.
It may be that to Spirits high-toned as these
A revelation of the end of Time
Is also granted; that they feel a sense
Giving the firm assurance that the foe
By which they must be crush'd, in Death well-won
Alone to find their freedom, in its turn
Will be subdued, though not by such as They.

This is nobly expressed, and the views of life such as are natural to a clear-headed and pure minded Conservative. Of all persons living, such a man has the fewest illusions left as to the amount of evil in the world. When times are quiet, and men's minds settled, the unbroken respect for rules and ordinances, seldom questioned even when transgressed, and the reverence still ostensibly maintained towards those superiors, who are the representatives, however unfaithful, of all that is most venerable to man, keep the worst parts of human nature under a veil; mankind in such times seem better than they are, and are somewhat better than their genuine dispositions would prompt. In proportion as this respect wears off, and the actions of mankind become the expression of their real feelings, the veil is gone, and they appear as they are: to a Conservative, worse than they are; for to him the sham which they have discarded is still a holy truth. He has not the consolation of thinking that the old Formulas are gone because the time has come for something better; no hope and faith in a greater good beyond, tempers to him the sense of present evil.

For a good man to live healthy and happy in a world which presents to him so dreary a prospect, he requires to have a clear view at least of his own path in it; but few of the men whom we speak of seem yet to have attained this; they believe, doubtless, that they are in the right road, but we question whether most of them feel quite sure of it—as indeed in these days it is not easy that any open-minded Conservative should. In proportion as they shall arrive at full unclouded certainty respecting the course which duty marks out for themselves, a vigorous and healthful development of their active faculties will correct what may now be unduly preponderant in the merely passive part of their moral sensibility; and whether they are destined to aid in infusing another spirit into old beliefs and institutions, or in calmly substituting others, we shall be disappointed if some of them do not play a noble part in that "combat of life" which one of them has so feelingly described. We cannot better close these remarks than by extracting a poem, in which Mr. Milnes has painted with great truth the feelings of a deeply religious mind—not lamenting to itself its own insufficiency, and the vastness of what it has to do—but while it feels all this, still pressing on to do what it can, with that strong and living faith in its own impulses, the almost necessary condition of high and heroic deeds.

THE DEPARTURE OF ST. PATRICK FROM SCOTLAND.

From his own "Confessions."

Twice to your son already has the hand of God been shown,
Restoring him from alien bonds to be once more your own,
And now it is the self-same hand, dear kinsmen, that to-day
Shall take me for the third time from all I love away.

While I look into your eyes, while I hold your hands in mine,
What force could tear me from you, if it were not all divine!
Has my love ever faltered? Have I ever doubted yours?
And think you I could yield me now to any earthly lures?

I go not to some balmier land in pleasant ease to rest,—
I go not to content the pride that swells a mortal breast,
I go about a work my God has chosen me to do,
Surely the soul which is his child must be his servant too.

I seek not the great city where our sacred father dwells—
I seek not the blest eremites within their sandy cells,—
I seek not our Redeemer's grave in distant Palestine,—
Another, shorter pilgrimage, a lonelier path is mine.

When sunset clears and opens out the breadth of western sky,
To those who in yon mountain isles protect their flocks on high,
Loom the dark outlines of a land, whose nature and whose
name
Some have by harsh experience learnt, and all by evil fame.

Oh, they are wild and wanton men, such as the best will be,
Who know no other gifts of God but to be bold and free,
Who never saw how states are bound in golden bonds of law,
Who never knew how strongest hearts are bent by holy awe.

When first into their pirate hands I fell, a very boy,
Skirting the shore from rock to rock in unsuspecting joy,
I had been taught to pray, and thus those slavish days were few,
A wondrous hazard brought me back to liberty and you.

But when again they met me on the open ocean field,
And might of numbers preat me round and forced my arm to
yield,
I had become a man like them, a selfish man of pride,
I could have curst the will of God, for shame I had not died.

And still this torment haunted me three weary years, until
That summer night,—among the sheep,—upon the seaward hill,
When God of his marvellous grace, of his own saving thought,
Came down upon my lonely heart and rested unbesought!

That night of light! I cared not that the day-star glimmered
soon,
For in my new-begotten soul it was already noon;
I knew before what Christ had done, but never felt till then
A shadow of the love for him that he had felt for men!

Strong faith was in me—on the shore there lay a stranded boat,
I hasted down, I thrust it out, I felt it rock afloat;
With nervous arm and sturdy oar I sped my watery way,
The wind and tide were trusty guides,—one God had I and
they.

As one from out the dead I stood among you free and whole,
My body Christ could well redeem, when he had saved my
soul;
And perfect peace embraced the life that had been only pain,
For Love was shed upon my head from everything, like rain.

Then on so sweetly flowed the time, I almost thought to sail
Even to the shores of Paradise in that unwavering gale,
When something rose and nightly stood between me and my
rest,
Most like some one, besides myself, reflecting in my breast.

I cannot put it into words, I only know it came,
A sense of self-abasing weight, intolerable shame,
"That I should be so vile that not one tittle could be paid
Of that enormous debt which Christ upon my soul had laid!"

This yielded to another mood, strange objects gathered near,
Phantoms that entered not by eye, and voices not by ear,
The land of my injurious thrall a gracious aspect wore,
I yearned the most toward the forms I hated most before.

I seemed again upon that hill, as on that blissful night,
Encompassed with celestial air and deep retiring light,
But sight and thought were fettered down, where glimmering
lay below

A plain of gasping, struggling men in every shape of woe.

Faint solemn whispers gathered round, "Christ suffered to re-
deem,

Not you alone, but such as these, from this their savage dream.—
Lo, here are souls enough for you to bring to him, and say,
These are the earnest of the debt I am too poor to pay."

A cloud of children freshly born, innumerable bands,
Past by me with imploring eyes and little lifted hands,
And all the Nature, I believed so blank and waste and dumb,
Became instinct with life and love, and echoed clearly "Come!"

"Amen!" said I, with eager steps a rude descent I tried,
And all the glory followed me like an on-coming tide,
With trails of light about my feet, I crost the darkling wild,
And as I touch'd each sufferer's hand, he rose and gently smiled.

Thus night on night the vision came, and left me not alone
Until I swore that in that land should Christ be preach'd and
known,

And then at once strange coolness past on my long fevered
brow,

As from the flutter of light wings; I feel, I feel it now!

And from that moment unto this, this last and proving one,
I have been calm and light at heart as if the deed was done;
I never thought how hard it was our earthly loves to lay
Upon the altar of the Lord, and watch them melt away!

Speak, friends! speak what you will—but change those asking
looks forlorn,

Sustain me with reproachful words—uphold me with your scorn:
I know God's heart is in me, but my human bosom fears
Those drops that pierce it as they fall, those full and silent tears.

These comrades of my earliest youth have pledged their precious
care

To bear me to the fronting coast, and gently leave me there:
It may be I shall fall at once, with little toil or need,—
Heaven often takes the simple will for the most perfect deed:

Or it may be that from that hour beneath my hand may spring
A line of glories unachieved by hero, sage or king,—
That Christ may glorify himself in this ignoble name,
And shadow forth my endless life in my enduring fame.

All as He wills! now bless me, mother,—your cheek is almost
dry:—

Farewell, kind brothers!—only pray ye may be blest as I;
Smile on me, sisters,—when death comes near each of you,
still smile,

And we shall meet again somewhere, within a little while! S

From the Monthly Chronicle.

LORD DURHAM'S MISSION.

A "heavy blow," since our last publication, has been dealt at the peace and permanence of the colonial empire of Great Britain. A "great discouragement" has been sought to be thrown on the efforts of that person, who, by the general voice of parties in the one house of parliament, and by, with a single exception, the unanimous vote of the other, was invested with a brief dictatorship to "close the abyss" of civil warfare; and whose very first use of his powers in an act acknowledged by some opponents—for instance Lord Stanley—denied by none—as one *in itself* of mercy and po-

licy*—has been made the subject of *seasonable* discussion on mere technical grounds. The discussion was introduced with views, best known to himself, by the one noble and learned dissident from the Canada Bill in that house, where only one dissident was to be found from that measure, and signalized by the most precipitate vote ever given for the most precipitate measure ever framed within parliamentary memory, by that house, whose boast is to check all precipitate legislation—by that party whose boast it is to repudiate all alliance with agitators, and whose subtle chief, no farther back than last Easter recess, took credit for them that *their* opposition was different from any former one—that there was nothing precipitate, nothing vexatious or factious about it—that “it was not in conformity with the principles of the gentlemen with whom he acted to take a *latitude of action* like former oppositions.”

We do not hesitate to say, that if the latitude of discussion adopted by the Upper House had gone forth to a colony prepared for commotion, it must have encouraged its outbreaking, as some speeches in the Lower House were said to have done, and thus have confirmed the constant observation aptly expressed by Lord Melbourne, that the enemies of constitutional countries are always sure to find friends in their legislatures. Had the spirit which stirred such a discussion shown itself sooner, Lord Durham never would have accepted his peace-making mission. Were it within the power of faction again to raise disorders which have been laid in blood, to recall the lofty charge which has been devolved, we believe, on fit hands, or to withdraw the power to accomplish its magnificent objects—this would have done it. It is not in their power;—we will not even ascribe the *wish* to the Opposition;—to consummate the mischief involved in the rash move of its aristocratic members. Their smoother leader for once excelled the Duke of Wellington in his Fabian tactics; and the Opposition self-proclaimed unlike all former ones, did not a second time display its chiefs leagued with their foes, and the foes of the British empire.

The Alpha and Omega of the session—its beginning and ending—was Canada. Parliament opened the session by giving *carte blanche* to Lord Durham, to do, *ad interim*, not only the work of the suspended local authorities, but also its own. It either delegated to him the whole powers of government, or it left those powers in suspense, and without provision for exercise! They appear to us to be conferred by the act; but, if not so conferred, necessity must devolve them on somebody—on whom but Lord Durham? Parliament does not and cannot pretend to legislate, at this distance, for the daily requirements of a province stripped of

every pre-existing power. Who is to supply those powers, and its own, for every day that passes? Either Lord Durham holds, for the moment, the whole powers of Parliament, or what has Parliament been doing with those powers since spring? “The meaning of the enactment,” said Lord John Russell, in the recent debate in the Commons, “the meaning of the enactment—I will not discuss particular words of it, because I would rather leave that part of the controversy to persons of legal authority which I cannot pretend to—but the whole meaning of the act, as we proposed it, was, that whereas it was impossible to call together any legislative assembly in Lower Canada, and whereas it was impossible, without some legislative power, to provide for the exigencies which might arise, therefore an authority should be created by Parliament competent to meet these difficulties, and to provide for these mischiefs.”

“And let it be remembered that, after this amendment [*the Follett proviso*] was introduced, we were still reproached with being guilty of an act of despotism [hear, hear!] We admitted that reproach. We did not say that it was an act of peculiar mildness, intended to provide only for mere matters of local police, in conformity with the laws of England. On the contrary, we admitted that it was an act despotic in its form, but necessary for the safety and security of the province.”

“Amongst so many flights of oratory,” says the very able author of a paper just published: on *Lord Durham and his Assailants*,* “about the mere *form* of Lord Durham’s proceedings, about the enormity of his alleged infringement of his powers, by one solitary figure of rhetoric alone was any imputation cast upon the substance of the ordinance; the appeal *ad invidiam* rested entirely upon a misdescription. It was called an ordinance for putting men to death *without trial*. Without trial! Was it not, on the contrary, distinctly stated in the ordinance that there *should* be a trial? Not, indeed, for rebellion; the ordinance is one of *amnesty* for rebellion; amnesty to the men whom it banishes, as much as to those whom it sets free altogether. Not being to be punished for rebellion, it is rather unnecessary that they should be tried for it. The punishment denounced by the ordinance is punishment for the violation of the ordinance; it is the *sanction* with which every prohibitive enactment must be accompanied. The ordinance is not a judicial act, it is a legislative act; it is not to punish men for their past conduct, it is to restrain their future conduct; it imputes to them no guilt; it has nothing to do with their guilt, it has to do only with the consequences of their being at large in the colony.

“Now we affirm, without fear of contradiction from

* The *Standard* newspaper took an independent part on this question.

* London and Westminster Review, No. LXI., 2d edition.

any one who has even the most elementary notions of human affairs, that if a man be appointed to restore tranquillity in a country, after a civil war, and if that person have not the power to command that any twenty-three men, let them be the most virtuous citizens in the country, shall absent themselves from it until their return shall be judged consistent with safety, and not likely to disturb men's minds—then the appointment of that person is a mockery; and if he be a sane man, he has only been induced to undertake the office by a disgraceful fraud."

We agree with every syllable of these observations, though we cannot exactly understand how the excellent writer contrives to make them square with some of his other views on colonial policy. However, that is his affair; ours is to state and enforce our own with as little controversial advertence to others as need be.

Lord Durham's mission we regard as likely to prove the most important crisis and turning point of our whole future colonial relations. We lament that its success has been for a moment endangered by the every-day factious fencing of political parties. Such, however, has been the common fate of the interests of our extended empire. The colonies already lost to the British crown have been lost—how? By long ages of jealous oppression on the part of the mother country? By the final effects of a policy like that of old Spain, which appeared resolved that enlightenment, and knowledge, and freedom never should dawn on dominions on which the sun never set? By retaining our dependencies in that state of tutelage which debauches and alienates allegiance, while it unfits for liberty? No, no,—a thousand times, no! Our colonies have mostly been planted and reared "in the lusty stealth of nature"—"chartered libertines," with little more than the name of dependence. Those, like the Canadas, acquired by conquest, have been highly distinguished from any acquisitions of the kind made by other nations, by a liberality of treatment, we believe unexampled, in guaranteeing the full enjoyment of their laws, usages, and religion.

To what, then, can we attribute the colonial losses sustained and threatened by a violent process very different from that of nature towards independence? To ignorance or disregard, on both sides, of the twofold principles which constitute the basis of colonial relations. The principles upon which colonies ought to be governed have reference, first, to their subordinate position as *colonies*; secondly, to their free developement and progress, it may be, to self-dependence. The parties which have divided public attention on the subject of colonial policy, and have governed or resisted government with various fortune in our dependencies, have each taken their stand on one exclusive view of colonial relations. Setting out thus from separate premises, not in themselves wholly false nor

wholly true, as leaving each other out of account, the opposite parties naturally have failed of coming to an understanding, like the two knights who looked at different sides of a shield, and went to loggerheads on the question of its colour and aspect.

To make provision for authority as well as for progress, allowance for free growth, and reservation for central superintendence, is a problem which, far from having been yet solved in colonial government, has hardly yet been enunciated with any distinctness. When stated, it cannot be doubted that these twofold requisites are distinct and indispensable ingredients in sound colonial policy. And yet we would undertake to show that total neglect of one or the other, or confusion of both, has been at the root of all our colonial quarrels and losses.

If we partook Lord Brougham's indifference to colonial possessions—an indifference founded on shallow and exploded views of public economy—views brought by Jeremy Bentham from the last century into the present, and forming a suitable part of that philosophy only which was essentially negative and destructive in politics, as in faith and morals,—we should not care to discuss the requisites of colonial policy. "Emancipate your colonies," would be our sole parrot-note. "I really hold those colonies," said Lord Brougham, "to be worth nothing. The only interest we have in the matter, concerns the mode in which a separation, sooner or later inevitable, shall take place." We greatly prefer the doctrine of Sir William Molesworth on this subject. That honourable baronet, in his able, though bitter and importune, speech on the "State of the Colonies," thus expresses himself in language which we wholly concur with,—"The honourable baronet, the member for Dundee, may contend that there can be no advantage in governing colonies; that the sooner we convert them into "independent states" the better for them and for us. The sooner the better! but when? Should we, for example, now at once confer independence on the last colony founded by England, with its 3000 inhabitants, giving up to that handful of people the disposal, *without the slightest regard to this country*, of an enormous extent of unoccupied land, and thus enabling them, if they pleased, to put an end to the whole system of colonization established there, and even to become a slaveholding state, as they would be strongly tempted to do, if they did put an end to that system. Or should we not rather maintain that act of the Imperial Legislature which gives to the labouring classes of this country, by providing them with a continually increasing means of emigration from low wages to high wages, a *property*, a sort of *inheritance*, in the extensive wastes of that colony? Should we allow *the few* who have departed, to forbid the departure of *the many* who would follow, if we do not abandon our dominion over this colony?

Then again, would it be right to emancipate Upper Canada, where, according to all appearances, the great majority of the people wish to preserve their allegiance to the British crown? Surely, sir, the emancipation of colonies must be a question of time—a question, in each case, of special expediency. Might we not say, too, that it is a question which would seldom or never arise between a colony and its mother country, if all colonies were well governed—not less well governed than were the British colonies of New England before our attack on their chartered rights of local self-government, when they were as loyal, not to say even more loyal—more devoted in their allegiance than any other portion of the empire."

The clearest view of the principles of colonial government may be acquired from thus considering the uses of colonial possessions. If those uses were the extortion of revenue for the wants of the mother country, then the attempt of George the Third to tax America was sound colonial policy. If those uses were to provide for the Lord Johns and Lord Charleses, then the jobs which have brought our colonial system into discredit, were its legitimate fruits. But if those uses are the reciprocation of benefits such as an old people can alone impart to a new soil, and a new soil alone return to the labour and capital of an old people—then some other rule of colonial policy must be adopted than any of those which have been tried—and failed—for attaining narrower ends.

And here occurs our difference with the Ultra-Liberals on colonial policy. When they express unqualified sympathy with the revolvers from the sway of this country—when they ask us to believe that those revolvers were wholly right, the Home Government wholly wrong, in the original quarrel—we are compelled to inquire what is their idea of the colonial relation, and how such claims, enforced by such means, can consist with that relation in any form. When we find that the instigating motive of the Lower Canadian Assembly for the demand of organic change, and its enforcement by extreme courses, was to render the colonial executive solely responsible to them, and to grasp the sole management and appropriation of the crown lands—that is to say, to deprive this country of all power whatever to render the colony available for the sole purposes of a colony—we are lost in conjecture what idea their thick and thin advocates can have formed of the uses for the sake of which they would have us keep colonies, and of the powers reserved to the mother country deducible from those uses. It must surely be something else than the satisfaction of paying above half a million yearly in defending and governing British America, that induces us to think it worth keeping under our empire. It must be something else than the mere pleasure of arbitration be-

tween distant parties, that prompts us to fit out a costly mission, and confer unprecedented powers.

It is not in any rancorous or vindictive spirit towards the defeated party that we address these observations to their apologists here. We only recur to the past to find some clue to the future. We ascribe to the original framers of the Lower Canadian constitution, rather than to the popular assembly which threw it over, the principal blame of its jarring and imperfect working. Perhaps it may be pronounced to have been impolitic, in the first instance, to have fostered in the French province the feeling of a distinct nationality—a nationality of a very tenacious, litigious, and intractable sort, unable to stand alone in an Anglo-Saxonised continent, and unable to rest quiet under external administration. It was one thing to confer local and municipal franchises throughout the province (which has not been done yet), and another to array them apart, as Mr. Pitt's constitution did, into French and English political divisions, which may be thought to have been the very way to encourage the dream of a *nation Canadienne*, and nurse the germs of disturbance to our colonial empire. Without deciding whether the tenures and usages of old France or of England are the more beneficial, or whether something better might not be found for a new country than either, we may confine ourselves to pointing out what looks like ignorance of the fundamental principles of colonial government exhibited in investing a small population of foreigners, in a newly acquired province, with a separate system of self-government. They did not want it; they did not ask for it; they did not know at first what to do with it. And when they did begin to use it, the prediction might have been made with certainty, that they would use it in accordance with distinct and peculiar views and objects, inconsistent (in uncontrolled action) with any fragment of English sway. We erected, in truth, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, with British arms and policy—with the constant and costly vigilance of British protection—a foreign republic—too small and feeble to have had a moment's independent existence—too compact in separate organization not to embarrass our future course. If we had not thought fit to isolate the *nation Canadienne*, we should not have had to struggle with its separate claims. There would, as in other colonies, have been grievances to remedy, and reforms to effect, but the contest would not have taken the type we have recently witnessed. We may be said, therefore, to owe one source of that contest to an excess of liberalism.

As the artificial erection of a petty foreign political power was at variance with one great point of colonial policy, so the equally artificial attempted counterpoise of a mock aristocracy was equally inconsistent with another, and absurd in itself. To these two sources, that

is to say, to the neglect of the principles of colonial policy, both as regards the interests of the mother country, and the elements of social progress in the colony, may, we think, be traced the whole of the embarrassments which now surround us. To surmount a French republic with an aristocracy on the English model, was Mr. Pitt's double utopia in the Lower Canadian constitution. Never surely did one minister's brain engender two such monsters together.

There could not possibly, in our judgment, have been a device more certain to produce discord than the artificial superstructure of a pseudo-aristocratical body on a legislature of utterly different feelings and origin;—and this by way of strengthening the colonial executive. Invariably the worst aristocratical bodies are those which depend on external support for their power and their privileges. For examples of this we need but look at the Irish ruling faction of centuries,—at the Scottish aristocracy under the reign of the Stuarts. Aristocracy becomes irresponsible power indeed, when propped externally! But *colonial* aristocracy, made by the breath of the colonial executive, dependant solely on its support for the semblance of dignity,—that such a device as this should have been hit upon for strengthening government, is something like training up the ivy to strengthen the oak. If a Legislative Council had been appointed singly in Lower Canada, and carefully composed of the *élite* of the colony, it might possibly have worked smoothly enough for a while; but an arbitrarily appointed body co-ordinated with an elective one, in a colony of different races, inevitably produced discord. Instead of a screen against unpopularity for the governing power, these councils were inevitably one grand source of unpopularity. We do not believe half the tales the rival assemblies told of each other; but this we believe, that their vanities, ambitions, and cupidities *clashed*. Whether it was the jobs of the Upper House, or its resistance to the jobs of the Lower, that was most obnoxious, practically signifies little. Certainly we believe that, wherever purity may be found on earth, its chosen seat is neither in colonial assemblies nor colonial councils. It is one art, hitherto undiscovered, to govern people *well* to their mind,—another, of more work-day use, to let them govern *themselves* to their mind indifferently,—a third, and the most frequently practised, to govern them ill, *not* to their mind; and what is provoking, to do this in little miserable matters of detail, in which popular fancy is every thing,—the balance of good or evil is next to nothing.

The difference of origin in the native legislature of a colony and its executive power, and the different sources from which they derive strength and support, sufficiently show the folly of mixing them up with each other, and implicating the government (through its creatures) in every colonial squabble. The legislature necessarily

derives its native strength from the people: the executive is the delegate of the home government. The legislature represent the popular feelings, and their own ambitions, to which due scope and reasonable indulgence will be given by wise governments; the executive is there to enforce the views and claims of the mother country.

Suggestions were made, which appear to us deserving attention in any new model which may be framed of a Canadian constitution, by Mr. Rosbeck, in his speech on Lord John Russell's resolutions of last year.*

Sir Charles Grey's project, in his reports as a Canada Commissioner, seems highly deserving of consideration. Its outline is to divide Canada into three districts, with separate provincial parliaments. The division to be so made that neither of the races should be legislated for by the other. A federal legislature to be created of delegates from the local legislatures, to which should be referred matters of common concernment to the three provinces. In this federation Upper Canada and the other North American colonies might ultimately be included.

It appears to us that this idea of subordinate legislatures for local purposes, and a federal union for the transaction of all common interests, including those of the British empire, as represented by the colonial executive, is well adapted for a general basis of reformed colonial institutions. It consults the natural order of affairs, and provides, we may say (without criticising the plan in its details), what ought *first* to be provided—district divisions for local business. We have hitherto just reversed the natural order of things; describing the larger circles of power, and leaving blank all lesser ones. "Taken in a smaller circle," says a well-informed writer,† "the accordance of similar [electoral] privileges to the people would have been excellent. The election of officers in a parish or township in a county, where the evil of every careless or interested choice would appear before the voters in a palpable and corporeal shape, would have been a truly efficient means of training a people rather new to the duties of freemen. But in Lower Canada we began by giving them a popular power in one of its highest forms alone; the scene in which their delegate acts remote; the consequences of his conduct distant in time and place, and difficult to disentangle from the general mass of events; in short, the whole opportunity of experience, such as presupposes a high state of enlightenment."

Sir R. Wilmot Horton has also published his views of a settlement, in the shape of a defence of Earl Bathurst's colonial administration, during which the Right Honourable Baronet acted as under secretary for six years previous to the formation of the Select Com-

* Canadian Portfolio, No. IV.

† The Canadian Controversy.

mittee on Canada in 1898. The Right Honourable Baronet's object, with reference to language lately held in parliament, "is to vindicate the acts complained of, and to point out those measures of improvement, founded upon the soundest views of policy, which were brought forward under the administration of Lord Bathurst."

Into the merits of these measures and their defence we need not here enter; while we willingly give the Right Honourable Baronet credit for his liberal views, as the general subjects of colonization and colonial policy. But with regard to the particular measure, which the unexpected opposition made to it by Sir James Mackintosh, and the sudden death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, arrested in its anticipated progress through parliament in 1822, for new modelling the constitutions of the Canadas, and *uniting their legislatures*, though we think the political separation of those provinces was impolitic, yet we are not disposed to ascribe a healing efficacy to their mere reunion. The remedy, as it appears to us, must go to the separation of functions intended to answer different objects, and not to the mere forcing together of parties who (by the supposition) will remain in opposition to each other if they remain asunder. We would not give much for a union cemented under such auspices.

If we have made ourselves understood in the slight observations suggested to us by the present crisis of colonial affairs, the reader perceives that we have not the slightest pretension to propound dogmatically any novel or specific scheme of our own for their settlement. But we do think that a little attention to the *rationale* of colonial dominion may prepare the way for sounder conclusions than have yet been drawn practically. And if we regard Lord Durham's mission with hope, it is that we look to it for the promulgation, from authority, of a system of government, where hitherto there has been little or no system at all. All that has been acquired has been due to the national genius, all that has been lost to the want of a fixed and liberal law of connection. "To men truly initiated and rightly taught," says Burke, in his immortal speech on American conciliation, "these ruling and master principles are in truth every thing, and all in all." "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings in America with the old warning of the church, *Surtum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests; not by

destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race."

The golden opinions which seem to have been already won by Lord Durham in Canada, if we may judge by the complexion of the recent arrivals, give us good hope that the confidence in his government will sustain no shock by the *protective* operation of the Act of Indemnity. While we are writing, however (August 25th), our eye falls on some "more last words" in the *Spectator* newspaper, in condemnation of the Ordinances, and in reply to the writer in the *London and Westminster*. The article is written with ability and legal acuteness, and gives a glimpse of the sort of *alternatives* which lay within the reach of Lord Durham. We are glad to see these alternatives set forth with distinctness, because they show how much more substantially just and lenient was the course of Lord Durham, than any customary form which he could have adopted.

First, let us remember against whom the ordinances were directed; against the leaders of a party, whose followers had just been in arms,—against the men who had certainly provoked the rupture with the executive, not only by refusing the supplies (for that had become customary) but by totally suspending their own sittings and functions, till certain acts should be done inconsistent with colonial relations, as we understand them. The Canada Act has confirmed this self-suspension, and has thereby placed them in a very similar position (should they take a fancy to resume their functions) to that in which the sons of the Pretender stood; that is to say, it has given them a successor with a parliamentary title. Now the sons of the Pretender were to be attainted of treason *if they landed in England*. The "new species of treason" therefore is not quite a novelty.

We think it very probable that Mr. Papineau and some of his colleagues might desire nothing better than to take their trial for their share in the contest. We believe they could not be convicted of treason on any direct evidence; we believe, however, that for the present they can and must be kept out of the colony.

The writer in the *Spectator* affirms, that "all that Lord Durham proposed might have been effected by means strictly legal and regular." And he proceeds to enumerate *packing juries*, for the purpose of getting formal verdicts against the eight in actual custody, and *excepting from the amnesty* the fifteen not in custody. He then suggests the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in case, we suppose, their return should render their imprisonment necessary; and, in the last resort, the proclamation of *martial law* by "the proper authorities."

We trust Lord Durham will be enabled to avoid these "strictly legal" alternatives; but should it be otherwise, it is clear to whom we shall owe the bene-

fit, if the temporary exile of twenty-three men by name, shall be exchanged for judicial tamperings, harsh and obnoxious imprisonments, a suspended Habeas Corpus Act, and martial law.

From Frazer's Magazine.

CHANNING'S CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

In a former article on the writings of this American genius, we specified at length the strong points of disagreement subsisting between the theological and political creed of Channing and our own. We do not wish to repeat our strictures. We forbear the more, because, unlike the analysis of Milton, that of Napoleon requires no obtrusive theological peculiarities. The whole of this splendid review of the feats and character of the Emperor of France is characterized by just views of the true dignity of man. It breathes a warm and enlightened philanthropy. The pageantry of triumphs, and the terrible splendours of war, with which the name of Bonaparte is almost necessarily associated, do not dazzle the senses of the author to any extent. He sees through all. And while he wars not with the dead, he yet points out the wrongs the life of his hero inflicted on nations; and shews that the too common admiration with which his campaigns and his career are followed is any thing but favourable to the highest good of our race. It was necessary that some one should take a calm retrospect of Napoleon. Historians have eulogised him, as if he were something akin to the supernatural destiny he laid claim to. Poets have commemorated his brilliant deeds in rapturous songs; and orators have deemed no language too expressive to set forth his glories. There was something in his progress more than usually striking. Victory followed victory with a rapidity almost unparalleled. The speed of his marches, the unexpectedness of his assaults, the decision and the force of his genius, the accuracy of his calculations, and the new and wonderful tactics that genius created for the execution of its conceptions, have all spread a halo round the man with which few fail to be dazzled. It is this impression Channing grapples with. He thinks it is likely to place the warrior, whose hands reek with blood, in a nobler position than the philanthropist, the virtuous statesman; or the benefactor of his age and country. It is certainly a just and desirable result; that the triumphs of mind, and the achievements of moral and Christian worth, should command the most widespread homage. A discovery in science we should hail as worthier of plaudits than a victory over nations. The foundation of an hospital or an asylum should touch our hearts with richer ecstasy than the destruction of an enemy's capital. The name of a Howard

ought to awaken in the souls of men far more deep and enduring transports than the name of even a Wellington or Moore. It is not so, however. But, notwithstanding all that the page of the moralist and the pulpit of the Christian teacher have contributed on the question, there are seen by most men a glory in battlefields, and a grandeur in the shock of armies, which elevates a victorious general to a far higher position than a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a distinguished philanthropist. Man is so much the child of sense, that this will continue to be the case till that great regenerative era predicted in inspiration dawn upon the world. Channing observes:

"We have said, and we repeat it, that we have no desire to withhold our admiration from the energies which war often awakens. Great powers, even in their perversion, attest a glorious nature; and we may feel their grandeur, whilst we condemn with our whole strength of moral feeling the evil passions by which they are depraved. We are willing to grant, that war, abhor it as we may, often develops and places in strong light a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is, perhaps, no moment in life in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle."

If it were possible, after perusal of the most heroic exploits of warriors, the most glowing narratives of successful stratagem, to look on the actual field of contest, the bleeding limbs, the mangled frames, the distorted faces, and the writhing features of the dying and the dead, we should shrink from war as the game of demons. Could we also retire to the homes from which these warriors, full of generous enthusiasm and patriotic sympathies, marched forth to the high places of the tented field, and listen to the cry of widows severed from husbands they loved, and the wail of orphans deprived of fathers they longed and looked for in vain, we should curse the passions that provoked the conflict, and feel justly that in war there is more of the ferocity of fiends than the magnanimous virtues of the patriot, or the sensibilities of uncorrupted man. War is an epitome of the darker elements of human nature. It may have bursts of glory; but these compensate not for its more dreadful agencies. There is a brilliancy about it, we allow; but it is the brilliancy of barbarous times, and of a race ignorant of the true nobility of our species—of hordes of savages. We deny not that there occurs often a stern necessity for war. Comprehensive views and real humanity may require it. The wrongs of country and of kindred, the integrity of empire and the safety of its noblest institutions, may both most urgently demand it. This we seek not to controvert. We desire only to shew that it is not a nation's most lofty and honourable employment—that, with all its lights and glories, the camp is immeasurably beneath the cabinet; the triumphs of battle

much inferior to those of genius, of philosophy, of science. Our author has some fine thoughts on this head:

"We would observe that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind which takes in a large country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and invention, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy; and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast variety of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But, still, the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles: and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and, accordingly, nothing is more common than to find men eminent in this department, who are wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in habits of profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, and in large and original views of human nature and society. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanic, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are often no greater men than the mechanic taken from his workshop. In conversation, they are often dull. Deep and refined reasonings they cannot comprehend. We know that there are splendid exceptions. Such was Caesar, at once the greatest soldier and the most sagacious statesman of his age; whilst, in eloquence and literature, he left behind him almost all who had devoted themselves exclusively to these pursuits. But such cases are rare. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses, undoubtedly, great military talents; but we do not understand that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson,—a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences—of the range of their minds through heaven and earth—of their deep intuition into the soul—of their new and glowing combinations of thought—of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford—who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds—of the calm wisdom and fervid imagination which they conjoined—of the voice of power, in which, 'though dead, they still speak,' and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius, in both hemispheres—who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most

gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed?"

There is much truth in this. The observations on Wellington and Nelson might be shaded off. The temple of Apollo is a nobler spectacle to true mind than that of Mars. The strains of the Muses are surely sweeter to the chastened ear than the clarion, or

"That drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round."

A country's greatest glory, after all, streams not from its mailed warriors, but from its Miltons, its Shakspeares, its Newtons, its Butlers. He does service to the age who successfully combats our natural admiration of war, our propensity to love the excitement of the senses more than the instruction of the mind, the luxury of the heart, and the cultivation of the highest good of the universe. An age will arrive when men shall learn war no more, but not when men shall cultivate the soul's best attributes no more. In the predicted millennium, men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," according to the prophecies of inspired seers; but the abandonment of intellectual exercise and expansion, or of the soul's ministry of love and companionship with the great and good, form no feature of that era. Whatever endures for ever has an impress of dignity peculiarly its own. Waterloo may be wept over in heaven; but *Paradise Lost*, even in that pure state, may be hallowed as the production of gifted mind, and of far-reaching vision.

Channing, after his comparative estimate of letters and of war, presents us with a graphic sketch of the exploits of Napoleon. These were rapid and imposing. We follow him to Italy and Egypt, and broad Europe, and find victory in his wake. The speed and decision which he manifested startled the civilized world; and men, that would have met and successfully resisted them, were awed into submission, as before a destiny too terrible to be approached. There can be no doubt that Napoleon's object was empire. This consumed his energies, and absorbed him. For this he fought, and planned, and immolated his fellow men. He minded not the steps, provided he attained the summit. These might be the bodies of murdered men, or the laws of peaceful nations, or crowns, or prostrate nobility and bleeding justice. His aim was mastery. The means he valued in proportion as they had power. Principle, integrity, justice, and humanity, might or might not be elements. When the pope stood in his way, he treated his holiness to a Covenanter's heart's content. When the murder of the Duke d'Enghien appeared likely to remove an obstacle in his march to supremacy, he soon originated that. He became a

Mosulman to conciliate the Crescent to his cause; and soon after became an obedient son of the "Holy Mother" on the seven hills, to pacify a powerful priesthood, who felt for the security of their own order, if they cared little for the proscription of unoffending humanity. He muzzled the press, because it became the organ of his crimes as well as of his glory. He maintained a system of *espionage*, paralleled by that of the Inquisition only. By these, and similar strokes of nefarious policy, he took possession of the throne, and registered himself the Emperor of France. Nothing could be more artful than the way in which he sapped the freedom of his country. Ever as he strangled a liberty, he reared a triumphal arch. He dazzled France by the splendour of public works and the *éclat* of great victories; while he put his foot upon her neck. He amused a people, whose pulse he had studiously felt, with brilliant spectacles, and meanwhile rode roughshod over the breadth and length of their charter. But it is presumption to detain our readers by the expression of thoughts, to many of which Channing has given his own beautiful and faithful expression.

"Force and corruption were the great engines of Napoleon; and he plied them without disguise or reserve, not caring how far he insulted and armed against himself the moral and national feelings of Europe. His great reliance was on the military spirit and energy of the French people. To make France a nation of soldiers was the first and main instrument of his policy; and here he was successful. The revolution, indeed, had in no small degree done this work to his hands. To complete it, he introduced a national system of education, having for its plain end to train the whole youth of France to a military life, to familiarise the mind to this destination from its earliest years, and to associate the idea of glory almost exclusively with arms. The conscription gave full efficacy to this system; for as every young man in the empire had reason to anticipate a summons to the army, the first object in education naturally was to fit him for the field. The public honours bestowed on military talent, and a vigorous impartiality in awarding promotion to merit, so that no origin, however obscure, was a bar to what were deemed the highest honours of Europe, kindled the ambition of the whole people into a flame, and directed it exclusively to the camp. It is true the conscription, which thinned so terribly the ranks of her youth, and spread anxiety and bereavement through all her dwellings, was severely felt in France. But Napoleon knew the race whom it was his business to manage; and by the glare of victory, and the title of the grand empire, he succeeded in reconciling them for a time to the most painful domestic privations, and to an unexampled waste of life. Thus he secured what he accounted the most important instrument of dominion, a great military force."

Napoleon saw the dreadful price at which a throne was to be purchased, and he was prepared to pay it down to the utmost farthing. There is one remarkable fact, to which our author has directed our attention. Napoleon saw no other elements of mastery than the

physical. He never dreamed of hewing out a way to a crown by any other weapons than bayonets and muskets, and kindred brute forces. Even his mildest measures were physical. He regarded men as possessed of nothing nobler than the senses. From the captivity of the outer man, he calculated an undisturbed empire. Channing regards this as a proof of the weakness of the first consul. He says:

"He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make, at least, a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away the ancient pageantry and forms, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and a luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable change to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy.

"It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon to adopt—perhaps, to conceive—a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking feature of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect sway; a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibility, which were his master feelings, and which made force the darling instrument of his dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be the centre, in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations, as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the great empire, discovered that he expected to reign.

not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance.

"But Napoleon thought himself more than a match for the moral instincts and sentiments of our nature. He thought himself able to cover the most atrocious deeds by the splendour of his name, and even to extort applause for crimes by the brilliancy of his success. He took no pains to conciliate esteem. In his own eyes he was mightier than conscience; and thus he turned against himself the power and resentment of virtue, in every breast where that divine principle yet found a home."

We think Napoleon's unconcern about the moral feelings of those he meant to subjugate proceeded by no means from ignorance of their nature, or conscious inability to bend them to his purposes. Had he felt it necessary to satisfy them, he would have done so. But he knew a people hot from revolution, and broken up by anarchy, required stern force rather than rational and moral treatment. Their better instincts and holier impressions had long been blasted by the successive storms of 1792. They could scarcely, as a people, come under a moral regime. Anarchy requires despotism to allay it, before it will give a patient ear to beseeching virtue, or a calm bosom to the entrance of the lessons of reason. We think Channing has in some respects misconceived Napoleon. He holds his mental calibre too low. We doubt not a few of his sentiments here, nor does the pure language in which the thoughts are embodied altogether reconcile us to their justice. It has always struck up as a master-stroke—not a mistake on Napoleon's part—that he directed the main current of his appeal to the senses. It is too true of the race, that it is led powerfully by exterior and material forms. It is emphatically true of Frenchmen. To feed their vanity, and designate the nation by great names, is the way to reach a Frenchman's heart, and dissipate all his suspicions. If a Frenchman complain, pronounce him a native of the *grande nation*; if he suspect your schemes, present a *chef-d'œuvre* of Poussin, or Guido, or Carlo Dolce. If he plot against you, get up a dance, or a *fête*, or a commemoration of the "glorious three days." Tickle his senses, and we will become surety for his conduct in the mean time. Napoleon, we think, knew this, and on this account we have held him a shrewd metaphysician, as well as illustrious general. He, therefore, perpetrated his wrong doing amid splendour. He made the Louvre irradiate the scaffold. He chained the senses of all France, while he whetted the dagger, and prepared the pathway from the consulate to the imperial dignity. Had his country been composed of well-educated men, he could have no more erected his autocratic throne among them than on the crater of Vesuvius. Such a people would not have borne it. At least, to conciliate a people so schooled would have required another and more artful process. But here

was the penetration of the first consul. He knew the nation, and he knew the prescriptions by the exhibition of which he would lull all asleep, and prosecute his march to undisputed sovereignty.

In our review of Channing's remarks on Milton, we beheld the way in which our author handled intellectual power. In his remarks on Napoleon, we see how he can handle political and physical power. In both provinces we discern the traces of a master-mind: he grasps with ease and dissects with precision either spirit. He walks with Milton on the burning floors of hell, or on the golden pavement of the higher sanatory; or amid the flowers, and fruits, and balms of Araby, of untainted Eden; and estimates the force and fervour of a great poet with just and untiring accuracy. He presents a criticism worthy of *Paradise Lost*. In the essay before us he places himself side by side with Bonaparte. He clings to him as his shadow; he follows him to the Romish altar, and marks him kneeling there; he pursues him to the mosque, and hears the French emperor proclaim, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." He shews us, anon, the lawless victor sneering at mass and moslem, and arrogating to himself a protecting god mightier than either intimates; he treads with him the scorching sands of Egypt, and tracks his course through the winter snows of Russia; notes him amid the spoils and pictures of Italy accumulated in the Louvre, or distributing gewgaws to the itching vanity of those he gathered round the imperial eagle by conscription. In every act of the rapid and ever-shifting drama he keeps open the window to the heart of his subject. We see at every stage his unquenched and consuming appetite for power; the cherished and deep determination on empire; the merciless despot clothing his ulterior ends in mysticism—in sublime, but almost blasphemous, assumptions. We do not overcharge our estimate. Let our readers judge for themselves. If they have any taste for great conceptions, clothed in rich, and chaste, and most expressive phraseology, they will find it gratified in Channing's *Remarks on Napoleon*; nor in this essay will their better feelings be pained by the sad and meagre theology of our author. Channing's reviews of character, be it the intellectual or the physical, are models. There is nothing of the nibbling about them. He embraces the whole mass before him; he indicates a mind able to grapple with the "giants of those days." He pronounces what constitutes their true glory, and detects what may be their failings and their faults. A review equal to its subject is no common performance: it demands clear perception, comprehensive powers, corresponding genius, free and faithful analysis. A vulgar proverb says, "set a thief to catch a thief." We may extract its principle, and apply it here: "set genius to estimate genius." A Milton only can be just to Milton. The gifted moralist alone is able to esti-

mate Napoleon. Our author has reaped laurels in both fields. Nothing strikes us with greater pleasure than the constant comparison of physical and moral power which pervades the whole of this last analysis. He contrasts the deeds of Bonaparte with meek and lowly virtue,—with sympathy that weeps over human woes,—with disinterestedness that rejoices in self-sacrifice,—with true goodness, that delights to distil its blessings unseen, and to annihilate self in devoted services. He shews well the weaknesses of Napoleon, and, in doing so, occasionally hints at his own republican partialities. He says, "Bonaparte stooped from his height to stately costumes, to legislate about court dresses and court manners, and to outshine his brother monarchs in their own line. He desired to add the glory of master of the ceremonies to that of conqueror of the nations. In his anxiety to belong to the caste of kings, he exacted scrupulously the observance and etiquette with which they are approached."

Having thus depicted with great power the rise of Bonaparte, our author proceeds with equal genius to set forth the accompaniments of his downfall. Then this, nothing must have more chafed a proud and self-confiding spirit. The exception to the race relapsed into its most ordinary ranks. The spell he deemed invincible and inalienably his own was dissolved. He learned amid the snow-drifts of Russia that victory had departed from him; and that the hour of a severe retribution for all his wrong-doing was at hand.

"We remember that when the intelligence of Napoleon's discomfiture in Russia first reached this country, we were among those who exulted in it, thinking only of the results. But when subsequent and minuter accounts brought distinctly before our eyes that unequalled army of France broken, famished, slaughtered, seeking shelter under snow-drifts, and perishing by intense cold, we looked back on our joy with almost a consciousness of guilt, and expiated by a sincere grief our insensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. We can conceive few subjects more worthy of Shakespeare, than the mind of Napoleon at the moment when his fate was sealed; when the tide of his victories was suddenly stopped, and rolled backwards; when the word that had awed nations died away on the bleak waste, a powerless sound; and when he whose spirit Europe could not bound, fled in fear from a captive's doom. The shock must have been tremendous to a mind so imperious, scornful, and unschooled to humiliation. The intense agony of that moment when he gave the unusual orders to retreat; the desolateness of his soul when he saw his brave soldiers and his chosen guards sinking in the snows, and perishing in crowds around him; his unwillingness to receive the details of his losses, lest self-possession should fail him; the levity and badinage of his interview with the Abbé de Pradt, at Warsaw,—discovering a mind labouring to throw off an insupportable weight—wrestling with itself, struggling against misery; and, though last not least, his unconquerable purpose still clinging to lost empire as the only good of life. These workings of such a spirit

would have furnished to the great dramatist a theme worthy of his transcendent powers."

There is something great in Napoleon's struggles after a defeat, as in his exultation after victory. The same wearing ambition, the same consciousness that he was never made for the restraints of ordinary laws, strike one as the absorbing feelings of his soul. He could not, and he would not, descend to the level of common men. Amid the snows of the north, which had become the winding-sheet of half his army, he could not help meditating schemes of conquest and of government. Nothing short of the sceptre of Europe would satisfy him. This all-grasping thirst for empire, which prompted him to many a triumph, proved now the very cause of his downfall. On his return from Russia, he might with ease have settled down the emperor of France, and sat securely, by amusing the full-grown children of that mercurial nation by *fêtes*, and reviews, and swelling epithets. But this was no fame. He must make another dash at Europe. He did so, and like a too daring eagle he was smitten by the thunderbolt, and pinned to a desert rock. The remarks of our author are just and beautiful:

"To a mind which has placed its whole happiness in having no equal, the thought of descending even to the level of kings is intolerable. Napoleon's mind had been stretched by such ideas of universal empire, that France, though reaching from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, seemed narrow to him. He could not be shut up in it. Accordingly, as his fortunes darkened, we see no signs of relenting. He could not wear, he said, a 'tarnished crown'—that is, a crown no brighter than those of Austria and Russia. He continued to use a master's tone. He shewed no change but such as opposition works on the obstinate; he lost his temper, and grew sour. He heaped reproach on his marshals and the legislative body. He insulted Metternich, the statesman, on whom, above all others, his fate depended. He irritated Murat by sarcasms, which rankled within him, and accelerated, if they did not determine, his desertion of his master. It is a striking example of retribution, that the very vehemence and sternness of his will, which had borne him onward to dominion, now drove him to the rejection of terms which might have left him a formidable power, and thus made his ruin entire. Refusing to take counsel of events, he persevered in fighting with a stubbornness which reminds us of a spoiled child, who sullenly grasps what he knows he must relinquish,—struggles without hope, and does not give over resistance till his little fingers are one by one unclenched from the object on which he has set his heart. Thus fell Napoleon."

We have thus followed our author in his rapid review of the rise and fall of Napoleon's power. We have seen the entrance and the exit of that man who claimed a higher parentage than earth. He commenced by gathering to himself the astonishment and admiration of mankind. He closed his life amid the derision of some, the hatred of others, and the pity of a few. He

lived a conqueror; he died a captive. A throne was not magnificent enough while he lived, and a rock of the ocean was enough for a deathbed and a grave.

But it is only at the close of his hero's biography that our author begins to display his powers of thought and discrimination. His remarks hitherto have been historical, though occasionally interspersed with characteristic reflections. But throughout the remainder of this paper he dissects the genius of the "fire-king," the hidden springs which moved him, and those varied and concurrent principles which carried him from a humble sphere to be of a sudden the most prominent object in the world. It is in his estimates of motive and character that Channing pours forth his exuberant fulness,—a subtle *métaphysique* clothed in the language of poetry, chastened and subdued by an ever watchful taste. It is in our esteem the acme of literary excellence to convey profound thought in lucid and glowing terms, pruned of excessive luxuriance by a severe and sleepless censorship. Nothing strikes one as plainer or more homely than the Saxon words our author makes use of. But few writers so charm and rivet by the magic influence there is breathed from every period. We think it is scarcely possible to detect a careless and unfinished sentence in all the essays of Channing. But we hasten to his subject. On it we shall find the expression of deep thought in language fixed as the literature of the world. A leading trait in Bonaparte our author holds to be *self-exaggeration*.

"His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. His history shews a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivalled in enlightened ages, which reminds us of an Oriental king, to whom incense had been burned from his birth, as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings; he had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart amid its wild beatings never had a throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown."

The spirit of self-exaggeration so impressively de-

lineated wrought his ruin; it diseased his intellect, deadened his moral sensibilities, and opened a way to his confidence when argument and experience were utterly powerless. The man who flattered him found his ear, which was denied to him that laid before him arguments and facts. He forgot he was a man amid the incense that seemed to him to indicate a god. He tried, under this disastrous inspiration, to bid defiance to time, to circumstance, to all those elements which well-directed genius bends to its purpose, and which it never dreams of defying. "Thus the rapid and inventive intellect of Bonaparte was depraved, and failed to achieve a growing and durable greatness. It reared, indeed, a vast and imposing structure, but disproportioned, disjointed, without strength, without foundations. One strong blast was enough to shake and shatter it; nor could his genius uphold it. Happy would it have been for his fame had he been buried in its ruins. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the Man of Destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High."

Napoleon was, nevertheless, no ordinary character. His life and exploits were not those of an every-day man; every act of his life was uncommon; his very coronation was a proof of the spirit of self-exaggeration. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, vol. v. p. 159, has these observations on this event. "The emperor took his coronation oath, as usual on such occasions, with his hands upon the Scripture, and in the form in which it was repeated to him by the pope. But in the act of coronation itself there was a marked deviation from the universal custom characteristic of the man, the age, and the conjuncture. In all other similar solemnities the crown had been placed on the sovereign's head by the presiding spiritual person, as representing the Deity, by whom princes rule. But not even from the head of the Catholic church would Bonaparte consent to receive as a boon the golden symbol of sovereignty, which he was sensible he owed to his own unparalleled train of military and civil successes. The crown having been blessed by the pope, Napoleon took it from the altar with his own hands, and placed it on his brows. He then put the diadem on the head of his empress, as if determined to shew that his authority was the child of his own actions." Napoleon once, in the expectation of a flattering reply, asked one of his courtiers what the inhabitants of Vienna thought of him, and received the following reply: "Some think you an angel, sire; some a devil; but all agree you are more than man." Did they think so when the blazing meteor that had so long scorched Europe was quenched at St. Helena, and buried in an unconsecrated grave. On the removal of circumstance

he was found to be a man. Impressive transition! One is reminded of the language of an inspired prophet when reviewing this strange career.

"He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations! They that see thee will narrowly look on thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble? that did shake kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave, like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain. Thou shalt not be joined with kings in burial."

A disciple of the prophetic school would declare, and we suspect with some truth, that the career of the "King of Fire," the "Man of Destiny," was before the mind of the prophet.

But we hasten to our more appropriate duty. We desire to call the attention of our readers to the summary of the character of Napoleon from the pen of Channing. It is just to the subject, and worthy of the writer.

"We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism, as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absolved, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for domination, and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who must be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and the dead; but if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as would have brushed away so many insects who had infested his march. To him, all human power, desire, will, were to bend. His superiority, none must question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals;

nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge, through Europe, and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and natural jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose, to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe."

Channing next enters on the different orders of greatness, of intellect, of the moral faculty, and of action: to the last of which he assigns the distinctive character of Napoleon.

"It is the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear, on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects."

Our author then proceeds to combat the spurious sympathies that some have felt with the penalties to which the emperor was doomed at the close of his career. He has been pitied, and his masters have been blamed.

With regard to the scruples which not a few have expressed as to the right of banishing him to St. Helena, we can only say that our consciences are not yet refined to such exquisite delicacy as to be at all sensitive in this particular. We admire nothing more in Bonaparte than the effrontery with which he claimed protection from the laws of nations. That a man who had set these laws at open defiance, should fly to them for shelter—that the oppressor of the world should claim its sympathy, as an oppressed man, and that his claim should find advocates; these things are to be set down among the extraordinary things of this extraordinary age. Truly, the human race is in a pitiable state. It may be trampled on, spoiled, loaded like a beast of burden, made the prey of rapacity, insolence, and the sword, but it must not touch a hair, or disturb the pillow of one of its oppressors. For ourselves, we should rejoice to see every tyrant fastened to a lonely rock of the ocean. Whoever gives clear undoubted proof that he is prepared, and sternly resolved, to make the earth a slaughter-house, and to crush every will adverse to his own, ought to be caged like a wild beast. Bonaparte's history is, to us, too solemn—the wrongs for which freedom and humanity arraign him, are too flagrant to allow us to play the part of sentimentalists around his grave at St. Helena.

There is a pervading moral sentiment in every page of Channing, in virtue of which every achievement that contributes nothing to the real well-being of mankind, is made to assume its rightful inferiority. Wrong-doing is recorded in his page with the pen of an unsparing censor. He displays no partialities for crime in royalty, or in the retirements of life. The expansion of the mind, the freedom of conscience, the full growth of all sweet and holy affections, man rising to

his predestined fellowship with the Eternal, are the objects in promoting which our author sees the well-being of the human family. We want more of this *morale* in our literature—the angel's tenderness, and censor's severity. There is required the afflatus of a healthier moral feeling into our periodical works. Man's best feelings, as well as great and gifted intellect, would thereby be ministered to. Why should we be more ashamed to put forward the high principles of pure morality, than to dwell on the vitiating and the vile of human character. It may be safely left to the rabid Radicalism of the age to pour forth its antipathy to crowns and croziers, the purple and the lawn, the *Charta* and the Bible. High-minded Toryism, or, in other words, reverence for all sacred and civil institutions, can well spare to bequeath these functions to their appropriate *caste*. Our author looks at Bonaparte amid kindling feelings of strong sympathy with the rights and wrongs of the human race. No splendour of imperial dignity, no brilliancy of triumphs can conceal from his mind the fell conspiracy there is transparent throughout against the freedom and the privileges of the race. We pardon, in an American, occasional tints of Republicanism; and we accept, with thankfulness for our own constitutional monarchy, the following tribute from this highly gifted Republican:—

"The doors of office," says Channing, in these remarks on Napoleon, "being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins, which are denied to none. Perhaps, in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this, that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions is not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our most generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. *The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the Monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which, in absolute governments, is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land, and as individuals can accomplish no political purpose single-handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign—that is, the people,—like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do no wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted; and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves.*"

Such is Republicanism by a Republican. Were

these sentiments set forth by a headstrong and disappointed aspirant, they might be of little value; but they are the sober and well-weighed reflections of a gray and calculating sage—of one who has an instinctive and excessive antipathy to every thing that borders on enthusiasm. We invite the special attention of our noisy Republicans to this statement. The majesty of the people is one of the most intractable and disorderly of sovereigns. It deserves to be flogged. It is neither in theory nor in practice, good for any thing.

We feel refreshed by Channing's closing remarks, on the vast superiority of moral greatness. He dwells on this with an earnestness peculiarly his own. He sees, in mind, something nobler than the universe, more sacred than temples. That power alone, he calls divine, which awakens, elevates, and enlightens; which, itself, allied to the Divinity, goes forth quickening and assimilating those who had never before come under its beneficent sway. That might, we agree, is entitled to a nation's hosannahs, which unfolds new moral and intellectual resources, discloses new springs of action, communicates deep impulses to society, throws into wide and living circulation, new and holy imaginings, and becomes, in a most solemn sense, the reformer of the age and of the species.

"In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth, silently, moral and religious sentiment, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds, to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions, and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming—its signs are visible—when this long mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world, will be ranked the philosopher who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect, who gives it a new consciousness of its powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the 'Father of Spirits.' Among them, will be ranked the statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks, without fear or favour, the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspires a people's intercourse, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried for-

ward; who confides, with a sublime constancy, in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy, and of public prosperity; and, above all, who has so drunk in the spirit of Christ, as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps on the highest throne, the moral and religious Reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion, at once, enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature."

Some may object to a few of the minuter shades of opinion in this long extract; but where shall we find more kindling thoughts in language more rich in harmony? It is generous thought, in the most clear and apposite vehicle. It is the inspiration of a profound intellect, wrapping itself in earth's sweetest tones. Moral excellence, in opposition to warfare and victorious battles, is the seminal source of national greatness. He who makes one "convert to this, near a despot's throne, has broken one link of that despot's chain." Brute force retards the world's progress. It does not, and cannot, speed it. It is the diffusion of generous truths, the growth of moral sentiment, the baptism of thrones, and senates, and the whole race, into religion, that will precede the ripe greatness of immortals. We mean not the religion of the monk, the jargon of the schools. This has no ennobling tendencies. It speaks in dark and discordant tones. We mean the simple truth, as it streams in living waters from the "wells of life;" which vivifies every feeling of the soul; which is felt not as a mere pathway for escape from future wrath, but as a present glorious heritage, refining, restraining, and prolific of great and enduring virtue. Our author has a constant reference to this. It shews there is something in the ever present influence of religion, of an inspiring character, that casts upon its votaries a portion of its better and brighter mantle, when we see that Channing's writing is then fraught with sublime and invigorating sentiment—when he advocates the *moral* and the *mental* in preference to all besides. He ascends, then, a prophet's throne; and, clothed with more than earthly majesty, gives utterance to the finest literature of the age. There are in this man's writing, deep springs of pure and hallowed feeling—a piercing and sublime estimate of all he touches. He has more than the sunshine of Parnassus's lofty height, and a deeper inspiration than the fountains of Helicon are conscious of. Napoleon

and Milton are both scanned and measured by his genius. The former evokes the unfeigned reprehension of a severe and uncompromising moralist; the other gathers round him the smiles of a kindred spirit, that follows close enough in his wake not to overtake him. We hail both delineations. We sympathise with his tears over Jaffa, Toussaint, the scaffold of the Duke D'Enghien, and fields of carnage and freeborn men weltering in their blood.

We rejoice, also, in his rapturous view of Eden and the unfallen pair; and in the poet's stanza, and the critic's exposition of it, we realise those "golden hours" that, on "angel wings," flew over a world that blushed not because of sin, and knew not what it was to bleed beneath the judgments of Heaven, and the wrong-doing of men.

We cannot do better than conclude this article, to be followed by others on kindred subjects of the same writer, by quoting the closing reflections of Channing on Napoleon:—

"We close our labours with commending to the protection of Almighty God, the cause of human freedom and improvement. We adore the wisdom and goodness of his providence, which has ordained that liberty shall be wrought out by the magnanimity, courage, and sacrifices of men. We bless him for the glorious efforts which his cause has already called forth; for the intrepid defenders who have gathered round it; and whose fame is a most precious legacy of past ages; for the toils and sufferings by which it has been upheld; for the awakening and thrilling voice, which comes to us from the dungeon and scaffold where the martyrs of liberty have pined and bled. We beseech this great and good Parent to enkindle, by his quickening breath, an unquenchable love of virtue and freedom, in those favoured men whom he hath enriched and signalled by eminent gifts and powers, that they may fulfil the high function of inspiring their fellow-beings with a consciousness of the birthright and destination of human nature. Wearied with violence and blood, we beseech Him to subvert oppressive governments by the gentle, yet awful, power of truth and virtue; by the teachings of uncorrupted Christianity; by the sovereignty of enlightened opinion; by the triumph of sentiments of magnanimity; by mild, national, and purifying influences, which will raise the spirit of the enslaved. For this peaceful revolution we earnestly pray."

The man who does not join in these supplications, and find in them the embodied utterances and inspirations of his own heart, must be a stranger alike to philanthropy and Christianity.

From Tail's Magazine.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Few persons have ever attained celebrity of name and exalted station, in any country, or in any age, with such unallied purity of character as this equally

eminent and excellent person. His virtue was stern and inflexible—adjusted, indeed, rather to the rigorous standard of ancient morality than to the less ambitious and less elevated maxims of the modern code. But in this he very widely differed from the antique model upon which his character generally appeared to be framed, and also so very far surpassed it that there was nothing either affected or repulsive about him; and if ever a man existed who would, more than any other, have scorned the pitiful fopperies which disfigured the worth of Cato, or have shrunk from the harsher virtue of Brutus, Romilly was that man. He was, in truth, a person of the most natural and simple manners, and one in whom the kindest charities and warmest feelings of human nature were blended, in the largest measure, with that firmness of purpose and unrelaxed sincerity of principle, in almost all other men found to be little compatible with the attributes of a gentle nature and the feelings of a tender heart.

The observer who gazes upon the character of this great man is naturally struck, first of all, with its most prominent feature, and that is the rare excellence which we have now marked, so far above every gift of the understanding, and which throws the lustre of mere genius into the shade. But his capacity was of the highest order; an extraordinary reach of thought; great powers of attention, and of close reasoning; a memory quick and retentive; a fancy eminently brilliant, but kept in perfect discipline by his judgment and his taste, which was nice, cultivated, and severe, without any of the squeamishness so fatal to vigour. These were the qualities which, under the guidance of the most persevering industry, and with the stimulus of a lofty ambition, rendered him unquestionably the first advocate and the most profound lawyer of the age he flourished in; placed him high among the ornaments of the Senate; and would, in all likelihood, have given him the foremost place among them all, had not the occupations of his laborious profession necessarily engrossed a disproportionate share of his attention, and made political pursuits fill a subordinate place in the scheme of his life. *Jurisperitorum disertissimus, disertorum vero jurisperitissimus.* As his practice, so his authority at the bar and with the bench was unexampled; and his success in Parliament was great and progressive. Some of his speeches, both forensic and Parliamentary, are nearly unrivalled in excellence. The reply, even as reported in 11 *Vesey junior*, in the cause of *Hugonin v. Beaseley*, where the legal matters chiefly were in question, may give no mean idea of his extraordinary powers. The last speech which he pronounced in the House of Commons, upon a bill respecting the law of naturalization, which gave him occasion to paint the misconduct of the expiring Parliament in severe and even dark colours, was generally regarded as unexampled among the efforts of his elo-

quence; nor can they who recollect its effects ever cease to lament, with tenfold bitterness of sorrow, the catastrophe which terminated his life, and extinguished his glory, when they reflect that the vast accession to his influence, from being chosen for Westminster, came at a time when his genius had reached its amplest display, and his authority in Parliament, unaided by station, had attained the highest eminence. The friend of public virtue, and the advocate of human improvement, will mourn still more sorrowfully over his urn than the admirers of genius, or those who are dazzled by political triumphs. For no one could know Romilly, and doubt that, as he only valued his own success and his own powers, in the belief that they might conduce to the good of mankind, so each augmentation of his authority, each step of his progress, must have been attended with some triumph in the cause of humanity and justice. True, he would at length, in the course of nature, have ceased to live; but then the bigot would have ceased to persecute—the despot to vex—the desolate poor to suffer—the slave to groan and tremble—the ignorant to commit crimes—and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.

On these things all men are agreed; but, if a more distinct account be desired of his eloquence, it must be said that it united all the more severe graces of oratory, both as regards the manner and the substance. No man argued more closely when the understanding was to be addressed; no man declaimed more powerfully when indignation was to be aroused, or the feelings moved. His language was choice and pure; his powers of invective resembled rather the grave authority with which the judge puts down a contempt, or punishes an offender, than the attack of an advocate against his adversary and his equal. His imagination was the minister whose services were rarely required, and whose mastery was never for an instant admitted; his sarcasm was tremendous, nor always very sparingly employed; his manner was perfect, in voice, in figure, in a countenance of singular beauty and dignity; nor was anything in his oratory more striking or more effective than the heartfelt sincerity which it, throughout, displayed, in topic, in diction, in tone, in look, in gesture. “In Scauri oratione sapientis hominis est recti, gravitas summa, et naturalis quædam inerat auctoritas, non ut causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares. Significabat enim non prudentiam solum, sed, quod maxime rem continebat, fidem.”

Considering his exalted station at the bar, his pure and unsullied character, and the large space which he filled in the eyes of the country, men naturally looked for his ascent to the highest station in the profession of which he was, during so many years, the ornament and the pride. Nor could any one question that he would have presented to the world the figure of a con-

summate judge. He alone felt any doubt upon the extent of his own judicial qualities; and he has recorded in his journal (that invaluable document in which he was wont to set down freely his sentiments on men and things) a modest opinion, expressing his apprehension, should he ever be so tried, that men would say of him—"dignus imperio nisi imperasset." With this single exception, offering so rare an instance of impartial self-judgment, and tending of itself to its own refutation, all who had no interest in the elevation of others, have held his exclusion from the supreme place in the law, as one of the heaviest items in the price paid for the factious structure of our practical government.

In his private life and personal habits he exhibited a model for imitation, and an object of unqualified esteem. All his severity was reserved for the forum and the senate, when vice was to be lashed, or justice vindicated, the public delinquent exposed, or the national oppressor overawed. In his family and in society, where it was his delight, and the only reward of his unremitting labours, to unbend, he was amiable, simple, natural, cheerful. The vast resources of his memory—the astonishing economy of time, by which he was enabled to read almost every work of interest that came from the press of either his hereditary or his native country, either France or England—the perfect correctness of his taste, refined to such a pitch that his pencil was one of no ordinary power, and his verses, when once or twice only he wrote poetry, were of great merit—his freedom from affectation—the wisdom of not being above doing ordinary things in the ordinary way—all conspired to render his society peculiarly attractive, and would have made it courted even had his eminence in higher matters been far less conspicuous. While it was the saying of one political adversary, the most experienced and correct observer* among all the parliamentary men of his time, that he never was out of his place while Romilly spoke without finding that he had cause to lament his absence—it was the confession of all who were admitted to his private society, that they forgot the lawyer, the orator, and the patriot, and had never been aware, while gazing on him with admiration, how much more he really deserved that tribute than he appeared to do when seen from afar.

If defects are required to be thrown into such a sketch, and are deemed as necessary as the shades in a picture, or, at least, as the more subdued tones of some parts for giving relief to others, this portraiture of Romilly must be content to remain imperfect. For what is there on which to dwell for blame, if it be not a proneness to prejudice in favour of opinions resembling his own, a blindness to the defects of those who

held them, and a prepossession against those who held them not? While there is so very little to censure, there is unhappily much to deplore. A morbid sensibility embittered many hours of his earlier life; and, when deprived of the wife whom he most tenderly and justly loved, continued to bring on an inflammatory fever, in the paroxysm of which he untimely met his end.

The letter here printed was communicated in manuscript to him while attending the sick-bed of that excellent person whose loss brought on his own. It tended to beguile some of those sorrowful hours, the subject having long deeply engaged his attention; and it was the last thing that he read. His estimate of its merits was exceedingly low; at least he said he was sure no tract had ever been published on a more dry subject, or was likely to excite less attention. The interests of the subject, however, was much undervalued by him; for the letter ran through eight editions in the month of October.

* * * * *

The injunction to his friends contained in his will, was truly characteristic of the man. He particularly desired them, in determining whether or not the manuscripts should be published, only to regard the prospect there was of their being in any degree serviceable to mankind, and by no means to throw away a thought upon any injury which the appearance of such unfinished works might do to his literary character. Whoever knew him, indeed, was well persuaded that in all his exertions his personal gratification never was for a moment consulted, unless as far as whatever he did, or whatever he witnessed in others, had a relish for him exactly proportioned to its tendency towards the establishment of the principles which formed, as it were, a part of his nature, and towards the promotion of human happiness, the grand aim of all his views. This is that colleague and friend whose irreparable loss his surviving friends have had to deplore, through all their struggles in the good cause in which they had stood by his side; a loss which each succeeding day renders heavier, and harder to bear, when the misconduct of some, and the incapacity of others, so painfully recall the contrast of one whose premature end gave the first and the only pang that had ever come from him; and all his associates may justly exclaim, in the words of Tully regarding Hortensius—"Angebat etiam molestiam, quod magnâ sapientium civium bonorumque penuriâ, vir egregius, conjunctissimusque mecum consiliorum omnium societate, alienissimo reipublice tempore extinctus, et auctoritatis, et prudentiæ suæ triste nobis desiderium reliquerat: dolebamque, quod non, ut plerique putabant, adversarium, aut obrectatorem laudum mearum, sed socium potius et consortem gloriosi laboris amiseram."

* Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE COMPANY OF OFFICERS.

There are some feelings of an enthusiastic kind, which are not themselves virtues, though often erroneously called so, but are yet so based on a spirit of self-abandonment, that they tend greatly to exalt the character, and sometimes produce the most noble actions. Loyalty is one of these feelings—that ancient and now little-heard-of sentiment, which once was as a sort of second religion in the bosoms of a part of the community, only having an earthly instead of a heavenly deity for its object. In the seventeenth century, this so-called virtue was at its height in England; and no one can deny, that, whatever were the follies it committed, and however opposed many of its movements might be to the real good of the nation, it was then capable of every kind of self-sacrifice for the sake of what it thought politically right, and only was wrong from want of knowledge and sound judgment. It was, as might be expected, a much more ardent, and perhaps also more pure sentiment, in the northern than in the southern part of the island, the people of the former district being much the simplest and least sophisticated, and therefore the most liable to any possessing and disinterested emotion. Hence the resistance successively presented in that part of the island to the Parliament and Cromwell, to the Revolution settlement, and to the Hanoverian succession. We may smile at the unreflecting ardour which prompted those courses; but when we learn some of the particulars of the deeds which it dictated, and the sufferings which it taught its votaries to endure, we are apt to substitute for our smiles, tears of admiration and of pity.

When the Viscount of Dundee endeavoured, after the Revolution, to maintain the interest of the expatriated James II. in Scotland, he was joined by not only a considerable number of the Highland clans, but by the younger sons of a great number of Lowland families of note, and by not a few of the younger clergy of the disestablished Episcopal church, to most of whom he gave commissions in his little army. After his death at the battle of Killiecranky, in July 1699, the cause was maintained for about a year in a languid manner, by commanders of less genius; but at length, when the affairs of the exiled king were ruined in Ireland, and no further hope of his immediate restoration was entertained, the Scottish insurgent army was dissolved by capitulation, and its officers transported, at their own request, to France. About a hundred and fifty landed there, and, as allies of the French monarch, were immediately placed in garrison, at the pay appropriate to their respective ranks. They so continued till September 1692, when, reflecting on the severe losses experienced by Louis at Cherbourg and La Hogue, and that there was no immediate prospect of

their proving of service to their own master, they resolved to be no longer a burden on the French government, but to convert themselves into a company of private sentinels, and serve in the army for ordinary pay. James, on receiving a petition from them to this effect, remonstrated with them against their design; representing that, in his first exile during the Commonwealth, he had commanded a similar company of officers, which had come to no good; but, their resolution being fixed, he at length gave way to it, and selected from their number the gentlemen who should act as captain, lieutenants, and ensign. They then repaired from their garrisons in French Flanders to be reviewed by the king at his palace of St. Germain, near Paris, preparatorily to being modelled into the French army. A few days after they came, James rode out with the intention of enjoying the chase, an amusement of which he had become passionately fond since his arrival in France. He was surprised to find himself passing through a double line of mousquetaires, and asked who they were. He was informed that they were the same Scottish officers, who, in garments better suited to their ranks, had the day before conversed with him at his levee. In uniforms borrowed from a French regiment, they had taken this opportunity of presenting themselves to him, for the first time, in their new character. The unfortunate monarch was struck by the levity of his amusement, in contrast with the distress of those who were suffering for him; and he returned pensively to the palace.*

On a future day, when they had received the rout for active service, the king reviewed them in the garden at St. Germain. "Gentlemen," he said, "my own misfortunes are not so near my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, could make me willing to live. The sense of what you have done and undergone for me, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that, if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions, but what you have just pretensions to. * * At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessities. Fear God, and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon always finding me your father and king." He then passed along their ranks, and, writing down the name of every individual in his pocket-book, gave him his thanks in particular. Then removing to the front, he took off his hat, and

* Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain.

bowed to them. After he had gone away, still thinking honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. They knelt before the disrowned monarch, bent their eyes on the ground, and then, starting up, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting. He prayed that God might bless and prosper them, and mournfully left the ground.

Having been destined to serve against Spain, they now commenced a march of between four and five hundred miles, for Perpignan, in the south of France, where they were to join the rest of the troops. In every town they passed through, their history, as well as their gentle and correct deportment, interested all magistrates and other dignitaries in their behalf, so that they were always billeted on the best people in the place. Each morning, also, before commencing their march, they were seen walking on parade with the ladies of the houses in which they had lodged, whose favour they never failed to gain. When they arrived at Perpignan, and drew up before the residence of the lieutenant-general, all the gentlewomen of the town assembled to honour them, and, if we are to believe their historian, "wept bitterly to see so many worthy gentlemen, for their loyalty and honour, reduced to the condition of private sentinels." These ladies were said to have made up a purse of two hundred pistoles for them; but this tribute, owing to some base dealing, never reached them. They were now greatly in need of supplies of money, for their own was all spent, and their pay was but threepence a-day, with a pound and a half of bread. They were therefore reduced, while spending the winter here, to the necessity of selling their watches, rings, Holland shirts, and embroidered clothes, in order that they might enjoy some share of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Their fellow-soldiers meanwhile paid them greater respect than if they had still been possessed of their original commissions, and it was generally said that a detachment from all the officers in France could not excel them in all soldierly qualities. They were here joined by two other companies of expatriated Scotchmen, but not composed, like theirs, of officers. When about to commence the campaign in spring, the whole three were reviewed by the Mareschal de Noailles, who was so much pleased with the appearance of the company of officers, that he asked them to pass once more before him, and presented them with a valuable mule to carry their baggage.

On the 1st of May 1693, they commenced their march across the Pyrenees, into Catalonia, where it was the design of the French commander to invest the town of Rosas. Obligated, notwithstanding the kindness of the mareschal, to carry their tents and camp

utensils, and taking more than the usual share of the duty of foraging, they suffered more on the march than the rest of the army. The valley of Lampardo, in which Rosas is situated, is so unhealthy that the king of Spain, when he heard of the French troops having entered it, remarked, that he had no need of an army to fight them. Many of the officers' company took fevers, and other severe diseases; yet no entreaties could prevail on any of them to retire to the Perpignan hospital, or remit any part of their duties. The Spaniards having learnt the story of the officers' company, made three several sorties at the time when they were on duty in the trenches, and were on each occasion met by that company singly, and beaten back to the drawbridge. After the siege had continued for a few days, and a breach was made in the walls, the garrison suffered so severe a fire from a particular part of the trenches, that they beat a chamade, and would have surrendered the town if they could have obtained tolerable conditions. The firing was renewed on both sides, and still the severest and most incessant discharges of shot came from one particular spot in the trenches. The governor soon after gave up the town, under the apprehension, as he afterwards informed the opposing general, that the grenadiers in that part of the trenches designed to attack the breach. He asked the Mareschal de Noailles who these men were, and was answered, "Ces sont mes enfans: they are," added the mareschal, "the king of Great Britain's Scottish officers, who, to show their willingness to share his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command." The commander next day publicly thanked them for their gallantry, and the service they had done in obliging the governor to surrender the town, of which he lost no time in apprising his master. Louis no sooner received the intelligence than he took coach for St. Germain, and thanked King James for the brave conduct of his subjects, which had gained for him the town of Rosas in Catalonia. The unfortunate monarch heard the news with joy, and said they were all of his officers that had been left to him, but they were such as could not easily be excelled.

The mareschal expressed his sense of their merits by at this time presenting each of them with a couple of pistoles and a supply of clothes; King James also was now able to make them an allowance of fivepence a-day each, from his slender resources. It is painful to mention, that of much of these benefits they were deprived by the officers placed over them, who seem to have been as dishonest as the men were brave. All that was done for them having failed to preserve their health, they were requested by the commander to leave the camp, and go to any garrison they chose; but, thanking him for his offer, they told him that

they would not lie idly within walls; whilst the king of France, who had been so kind to their master, had any occasion for their services, and they were determined not to leave the camp while one of them was alive. About the middle of June, the army left Rosaa, and marched for Piscador, where, of twenty-six thousand who commenced the journey, not more than ten thousand arrived in health, in consequence of the great heat and the want of water. One day, during this march, when some apprehensions were entertained of an attack on the rear-guard, and a sufficiency of picquets could not be obtained, all the officers who were present turned out for their comrades, and were the first who arrived on the ground. The general officers, seeing them alone on the parade of the picquet, were it was not their duty to be, remarked to each other, "*Le gentilhomme est toujours le gentilhomme, et se montre toujours dans le besoin, et dans le danger.*"*

Most of the remainder of the season was spent by the officers at Perpignan, where sixteen of their number died of various diseases. One had previously been killed at the siege of Rosa, and three more soon after perished of sickness, so that twenty in all died during the first campaign. At the request of King James, who lamented this mortality amongst men he admired so much, they were now ordered from the south of France; but, unfortunately, Alsace was the place to which they were commanded to remove. They had thus to encounter a journey of four hundred miles at the commencement of winter, and when their bodies were in general much debilitated by disease. The *Mareschal de Noailles* was taken by surprise by the order, and fearing it was the result of some dissatisfaction with his command, offered to make them all fitting concessions, saying that, from the great respect he bore them, he had designed to get all of them introduced in time, into the army in their original ranks. They assured him that they had been entirely satisfied with the treatment they had experienced from him, and were reluctant to leave his corps. The order being, however, imperative, they commenced their march on the 4th of December, along with the other two Scottish companies already mentioned. The most frugal of them could now carry his baggage in a handkerchief, while many had none at all; from their meagreness of body and poorness of clothing, many looked rather like shadows and skeletons than men. Their coats were old and thin; their lower garments wanted lining, and their shoes were worn to pieces; so that, by the time they reached Lyons, their miseries were such as no gentleman could express. Yet no one could ever observe the least discomposure or re-

gret in their conversation: on the contrary, they bore themselves cheerfully, and when they chanced to be able to supply themselves with a little liquor, they would drink the health of the king, queen, and prince, and indulge in the fond though fallacious hope that rightful royalty would still be restored to the British throne.

At Roman in Dauphiny, Colonel Brown, their unworthy commander, parted from them to proceed to St. Germain, without leaving them any money, although he had in his possession two months of that pay which King James had provided for them. To add to their very great distresses, a three days' snow overtook them in the country of Bracc, and, remaining on the ground, produced a famine throughout all that part of France. So great was the scarcity of provisions, so severe the cold, and so imperfect their clothing, that they were all apparently on the point of being starved. One was actually taken ill at Besançon, where he soon after died. At length they reached Schelestat in Alsace, the garrison in which they were to take up their quarters. The officers there received them with the utmost civility, and administered much to their necessities; but they were nevertheless reduced to great want, bread being six-pence a-pound, while their pay was only threepence a-day. They opened a market for the sale of certain articles which they formerly could not think of parting with, as rings which had been given them by mistresses, seals which had long been used in their families, and such like; yet, for a long period, the only food they could afford themselves was a few horse-beans, turnips, and cole-wort, or a little yellow seed, boiled in water. Still, it was observed with astonishment, they never uttered a repining word, nor accused their unhappy monarch of either his own or their calamities.

They spent the summer of 1694 in Schelestat, unable to enter into any species of active service; and here other five of their number died. The king, hearing of their misfortunes, sent orders that all who chose should be discharged; but their colonel in a great measure frustrated this kindness. At length, in November, fourteen of them, unable any longer to submit to their base commander, took their discharges, and proceeded to St. Germain, where they met with a gracious reception, and had it put in their choice either to stay there upon suitable pensions, or to return to their native country. While deliberating about their future course, these gentlemen succeeded in exposing the iniquitous conduct of Colonel Brown, and in getting the pay of the company put upon a proper footing, at tenpence a-day. We now lose sight of the fourteen retired officers, and must return to the rest, left in garrison at Schelestat.

During the summer of 1694, Prince Lewis of Baden passed the Rhine with an army of eighty thousand

* The gentleman is always the gentleman; and so always shows himself in the hour of trouble and of danger.

men, and staid three weeks in Alsace, with the design of bringing it under contribution. The governor of Schelestat, apprehensive of a siege, was frequently heard to declare, that, if such should take place, he would depend more upon the company of officers than on his two battalions. Afterwards, on some alarm, Lewis of Baden retreated across the Rhine in such a hurry, that three thousand of his men were drowned. There was a detached troop of his hussars, consisting of about a hundred men, who, having been engaged in plundering the country, were completely isolated in Alsace before they knew of their commander's retreat. They made a bold attempt to reach Basle in Switzerland, but in vain. The governor of Schelestat planted the Scotch company in the way, and the hussars, being apprised of the reputation of that body of troops, fell back and gave themselves up at Strasburg, though no other such party, they declared, could have prevented them from cutting their way through into Switzerland.

The officers' company afterwards spent upwards of a year at Fort Cadette, on the Rhine. In December 1696, sixteen thousand of the enemy under General Stirk appearing on the opposite bank, as if for a new invasion, the French general, the Marquis de Sell, drew out all the garrisons of Alsace, amounting to four thousand men, and planted himself opposite to the German army, with the purpose of preventing its passage. There was an island in the Rhine, which the marquis conceived the Germans might employ in facilitating their transit across the river; and he resolved, if possible, to anticipate them in the possession of it. But, ere he could obtain boats, they had constructed a bridge, and sent five hundred men to form an entrenched post upon the island. The company of officers immediately sent their commander, Captain Foster, to request permission that they might wade into the island, and attack it. The marquis said that, when the boats came up, the Scots should be allowed to lead the attack; for which the captain thanked him, but added, that it was their wish "to wade into the island." The French general, at so extraordinary a request, only shrugged up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do as they pleased. The gentlemen, with the other two Scottish companies, immediately made ready for their enterprise, tying their clothes and arms about their necks, and then, it being night, advanced quietly to the brink of the river, into which they waded in the Highland fashion, holding each other's hands. It took them as high as their breasts, but all got over in safety. As soon as they had passed the depth of the river, they halted, untied their cartouch-boxes and firelocks, and prepared for the onfall; the Germans being in the meantime busy entrenching themselves, and altogether unsuspecting of an attack. The company then ad-

vanced in the same quiet manner as before, and suddenly poured in a volley of shot upon the enemy, who instantly fell into confusion, and fled, breaking down their bridges as they went, whereby many of them were drowned. The officers soon cleared the island of the whole corps, and took possession of it for their own commander, who, when he heard what had been done, crossed himself on the face and breast, and declared that it was the bravest action he had ever known. He immediately sent to inform them that, as soon as the boats came, he should send them provisions and additional troops; but they, thanking him for his offer, assured him that they required no troops, that they had no time to take provisions, and that all they wanted was a quantity of pickaxes and shovels, with which they might entrench themselves. In the morning, the marquis went in person to the island, and embraced every one of them, with a profusion of thanks. He afterwards wrote a minute account of the transaction to his sovereign, who, as formerly, went to St. Germaine to thank King James for the gallant services of his subjects.

The officers remained encamped on this island for six weeks, under deep snow, although no fires were allowed during the night, and no man could sleep at that time under the penalty of death. General Stirk made several attempts to surprise the post, and pass the Rhine; but the officers were so watchful, that all his efforts were vain, and he was at length obliged to decamp, and retire into the country. The island obtained the name of L'Isle d'Ecosse, in honour of its heroic defenders, to whom alone it was owing on this occasion that the French territory was preserved inviolate. The company of officers next spent some time in garrison at Strasburg, where nothing of consequence occurred until the peace of Ryswick in 1697, when, by virtue of one of the articles, which King William was said to have himself suggested and insisted upon, this noble little troop was dissolved, and the men allowed to go where they pleased. They were now much reduced in numbers by the hardships and other casualties of their service. When their history was written a few years after,* there were only sixteen alive, and of these, it is added by Sir John Dalrymple, probably from hearsay, not more than four ever revisited their native country. Their tale is thus a tragical one; but, while the human mind can be exalted and fortified by the recital of sufferings heroically encountered and firmly borne, it can never be a useless one. It is also precious for its showing in so lively a light the independence in which really noble minds stand with regard to circumstances. These gentlemen never forgot that they were gentlemen;

* An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France. Reprinted in *Miscellanea Scotica*, 4 vols. Glasgow, 1820.

and notwithstanding the humble character which necessity or honour led them to assume, their being so was never overlooked for a moment by any who came in contact with them. No real degradation could ever befall men who stooped from their proper sphere under the influence of such exalted feelings, or for such generous and disinterested objects. If any grudge remains for the fate of these brave men, so hapless and so wretched, while thousands of the sordid and selfish were drawing out lives of comfort in peace and security, let all now be absorbed in the one reflection—"The glory ends not, and the pain is past."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

BEAUMONT'S EXPERIMENTS ON DIGESTION.

The press has recently given us a volume, entitled "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice, and the Physiology of Digestion, by William Beaumont, M. D., Surgeon in the United States' Army," being a reprint of an American publication, under the care of one to whom the world is indebted for many original works, on similar subjects, of great practical utility. Dr. Andrew Combe has added another item to the debt which his countrymen, and indeed mankind at large, owe to him, by the republication of this volume, which he has rendered doubly valuable by the notes and observations appended to it by his own pen.

Dr. Beaumont, as our readers will perhaps recollect, was the medical man under whose care fell the case of Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian who received a gunshot wound in the left side, in consequence of which was formed a permanent opening into the stomach, affording most admirable and extraordinary opportunities for examining the workings and physiology of that organ. With a zeal most honourable to him, Dr. Beaumont took advantage of the chance thus held out, and, at an expense to his private fortune of above seven hundred pounds, retained the man beside him, for the purpose of prosecuting a series of experiments on the exposed organ of digestion. A general account of the case was given in a paper which appeared about two years ago in the *Journal*, (No. 229,) and for the materials of which we were indebted to Dr. Combe's work on the *Physiology of Digestion*. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine our attention to some of the important deductions which have been made from the experiments, and particularly to some which Dr. Combe has given in his own clear and nervous language at the conclusion.

By the experiments, we are informed, the perfect identity of digestion with chemical solution has been

established. The gastric juice, removed and put into a phial, was just as successful in reducing food to chyme, as when left to operate in the stomach. After a summary of the reasons for this conclusion, Dr. Combe proceeds with the following useful remarks:—

"As, then, digestion consists essentially in a solution of the aliment in gastric juice, it follows, that whatever promotes the free and healthy secretion of that juice, will favour digestion, and, *vice versa*, whatever impedes or impairs it, will impede or impair the digestive process. It thus becomes important to ascertain the conditions under which it is secreted most freely and healthily.

The circumstances under which Dr. Beaumont obtained gastric juice of healthy quality, and in largest quantity, from St. Martin's stomach, and which, consequently, may be considered as most favourable to digestion, were moderate and regular living, due exercise in the open air, cheerful activity of mind and feeling, and dry bracing weather. After excesses, on the contrary, in eating or drinking, bodily fatigue, passionate excitement, or the temporary irritation of disease, and in damp weather, the secretion was generally impaired, both in quantity and quality.

If, as there is every reason to believe, the gastric secretion is naturally proportioned to the real wants of the system at the time, it is very easy to understand why it is most copious after moderate and regular living, and least so after intemperance. When a moderate meal is eaten, a sufficiency of juice is speedily secreted for its solution, digestion goes on rapidly, the coats of the stomach retain their usual healthy appearance, and, after an interval of repose, a fresh supply of juice is ready to be poured out when wanted for the digestion of the succeeding meal. Of these facts Dr. Beaumont had ample ocular evidence. But when food is eaten to excess, the portion left undissolved by the gastric juice begins to ferment, and, by its physical and chemical properties, acts as a local irritant, just as any other foreign body would do, and produces an inflammatory action on the inner coat of the stomach, which necessarily interferes with the gastric secretion, and thereby impairs the power of digestion.

From the relation which Dr. Beaumont believes to subsist between the quantity of gastric juice which the stomach can secrete, and the actual wants of the system at the time, it follows that the power of digestion varies considerably under different circumstances, even in the same individual. In youth, for example, and during convalescence from illness, and after much exercise, when copious materials are required for both nutrition and growth, the gastric secretion seems to be very abundant, and hence the vigorous appetite and easy digestion of early life. But after maturity, when the living fabric is complete in all its parts, and when the restless activity of youth is exchanged for the stayed and comparatively sedentary pursuits of middle age, and when, therefore, no such abundance of nutritive materials is required, the secretion of gastric juice is, in all probability, much diminished in quantity, and is the chief cause of the proportionally diminished power of digestion.

Keeping the above relation in view, we ought clearly, on the approach of maturity, to place ourselves in accordance with our altered circumstances, and diminish our quantity of food more or less, according to the more

or less sedentary mode of life in which we are engaged, so that there may be the due proportion between supply and expenditure, which alone is compatible with the continuance of health. This precaution, however, is very generally neglected. Retaining a lively sense of the pleasures of a youthfully omnivorous digestion, the grown man changes his habits, but continues his meals; and when he feels the accumulating weight of excess pressing more and more heavily upon him, instead of taking the hint, and restricting himself to what he requires, he begins to bemoan his weakness of stomach, and to wonder why he, who once never felt that he had a stomach, should now become a martyr to its complaints. From pretty extensive observation, I am confident that a large proportion of the severe dyspeptic cases which occur, in what are considered regular-living men, on the approach of manhood, or between twenty and forty years of age, are fairly attributable to this cause, and might be avoided by the exercise of a rational foresight; and I have known several who suffered severely in this way for years, emphatically lament the ignorance which betrayed them into the error. There are many persons, no doubt, constitutionally too devoted to intemperance to be corrected by any such considerations; but there are also many misled, less by the force of appetite, than by ignorance, who may profit by the remark.

The other conditions which Dr. Beaumont observed to be most influential in diminishing the secretion of the gastric juice, were, bodily fatigue, strong mental emotions, such as anger, and febrile excitement. Hence the obvious necessity of avoiding full meals under such circumstances, and never eating a second meal till the stomach has had time to recover from the labour of digesting the one preceding; for it requires an interval of repose just as the muscles do.

In febrile attacks, the coats of the stomach were often observed by Dr. Beaumont to present a somewhat dry and inflamed appearance, followed sometimes by an eruption of whitish vesicles. In this state the gastric juice is generally sparingly secreted and somewhat altered in quality. Hence the impaired power of digestion and the generally impaired appetite in fever, and the folly of giving solid food, which serves only to increase the irritation, and impair still further the already diminished gastric secretion. In many slight fits of indigestion, appearances of this kind presented themselves, and were easily removed by a short abstinence and a little laxative medicine. * * *

Many persons who obviously live too freely, protest against the fact, because they feel no immediate inconvenience either from the quantity of food or the stimulants in which they habitually indulge; or, in other words, because they experience no pain, sickness, or headache—nothing perhaps, except slight fullness and oppression, which soon go off. Observation, extended over a sufficient length of time, shows, however, that the conclusion drawn is entirely fallacious, and that the real amount of injury is not felt at the moment merely, because, for a wise purpose, Nature has deprived us of any consciousness of either the existence or the state of the stomach during health. In accordance with this, Dr. Beaumont's experiments prove that extensive erythematic inflammation of the mucous coat of the stomach was of frequent occurrence in St. Martin after excesses in eating, and especially in drinking, even when no marked general symptom was present to indicate its existence. Occasionally, febrile heat,

nausea, headache, and thirst, were complained of, but not always. Had St. Martin's stomach and its inflamed patches not been visible to the eye, he too might have pleaded that his temporary excesses did him no harm; but when they presented themselves in such legible characters that Dr. Beaumont could not miss seeing them, argument and supposition were at an end, and the broad fact could not be denied.

In this point of view, I almost regret that a sufficient number of experiments were not made by Dr. Beaumont expressly to demonstrate the general effects of ardent spirits upon the coats of the stomach. So much has been done of late years to discourage the abuse of stimulants of every kind, with so much benefit to society, that one grudges the loss of any opportunity of assisting in the promotion of so good an object. Still, the experiments unintentionally made upon himself by St. Martin's occasional fits of intemperance, afford an instructive lesson to all who are willing to receive and enforce it, and as such I recommend them to the attentive consideration of the reader. The very acrid nature of the contents of the stomach, occasionally witnessed during the existence of the eruption, is a proof at once of great disturbance in the function, and of the necessity of avoiding every thing but the mildest nourishment till health is restored. It is quite common, however, for a patient, immediately after complaining of the acrimony of the last meal, to sit down to table and eat as heartily of all sorts of food as if the stomach were in perfect health. Dr. Beaumont shows *why* this cannot be done with impunity.

Dr. Beaumont shows *bulk* to be as necessary for healthy digestion as the presence of the nutrient principle itself. The stomach and bowels being adapted by nature for the reception of a mixed diet, it follows that they cannot act with the same effect upon very concentrated food in small quantity. This, in fact, is felt almost instinctively, as was amusingly shown in the reply of the spokesman of a party of the Veddahs or wild hunters of Ceylon to my friend Mr. H. Marshall, when the latter inquired why his people always mixed the pounded fibres of soft and decayed wood with the honey on which they fed when meat was not to be had. 'I cannot tell you,' said the practical Veddah, 'but I know that *the belly must be filled*.' An answer in strict accordance with the structure and functions of the digestive organs, and more replete with true philosophy than many of the physiological theories advanced by much whiter men. It is perhaps on the same principle that soups and fluid diet are insufficient to support the system. The watery part of soup being absorbed without undergoing digestion the really nutritive portion is left in too soft and concentrated a state to excite the healthy action of the stomach; and, accordingly, soups and liquids are well known to disagree with weak stomachs."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

ROBERT FULTON.

Robert Fulton, one of the most deservedly famous of modern engineers, was born in the town of Little Britain, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His family, though respectable, was not opulent, and the

patrimony which fell to him as the elder of two sons, on the death of the father in 1768, was very small. He received his early education in the town of Lancaster, and displayed, even from childhood, a strong taste for those pursuits in which he afterwards acquired celebrity. All the intervals of study, dedicated usually by boys to play, were spent by young Fulton in the workshops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil; and by the time he had reached the age of seventeen, he had become so skilful in drawing, as to obtain considerable emolument by painting portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, in which city he remained until he came to his majority.

In 1786, Fulton went to his native district to visit his mother, and had the pleasure of purchasing for her, with his earnings at Philadelphia, a small farm, which greatly increased her comforts for the remainder of her life. Having effected this labour of love, he set out to re-establish himself at Philadelphia, but met some gentlemen by the way, who were so much struck with the productions of his pencil, as to advise him strongly to go to England, assuring him that there he would obtain the patronage of his countryman, Benjamin West, then in high favour as a painter with the British public. Fulton followed the counsel thus accidentally given to him. At the age of twenty-two he crossed the Atlantic, and presented himself before Mr. West, who received him with the utmost kindness, and installed him at once as an inmate of his own family. Here Fulton continued for several years, practising the art of painting under the eye of his friendly entertainer. Owing to the loss at sea, some years afterwards, of a number of his manuscripts, it is not accurately known for what reason the subject of our memoir gave up the profession of an artist for that of an engineer. It would appear that he went to Devonshire in the character of a painter, and spent two years there, during which time he became known to the Duke of Bridgewater, of canal celebrity, and to Lord Stanhope, a nobleman famed alike for eccentricity and mechanical genius. The formation of such acquaintances possibly led to the alteration in Fulton's views for the future. Whatever might be the cause, we find him, from the year 1793 downwards, devoting apparently his whole mind and time to improvements in the mechanic arts. In the year mentioned, he engaged actively in a project to improve inland navigation, and in May 1794 he obtained from the British government a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used in transporting canal boats from one level to another, without the aid of locks. In the same year he submitted to the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce, an improvement on mills for sawing marble, for which he received an honorary medal, and the thanks of the society. He also obtained patents for machines for spinning flax and for making ropes, and

invented a mechanical contrivance for scooping out the earth, in certain situations, to form the channels for canals or aqueducts. To conclude the account of his labours at this period in England, he published, in 1796, his *Treatise on Canal Navigation*, to which he appended his name as a professed Civil Engineer. This work, it was admitted by all, contained many ingenious and original thoughts on the subject of which it treats.

Whether these fruits of his genius were productive of much emolument to Mr. Fulton, does not seem to be well ascertained. In the year following the publication of his treatise, he left England and went to Paris, where he took up his residence with a distinguished countryman of his own, Mr. Joel Barlow. The objects to which Fulton's mind chiefly directed itself, during his seven years' stay in France, were of a remarkable cast. Under the impression, that, while individual countries maintained standing navies, the seas could never be the scene of secure and peaceful commerce, "I turned (says he) my whole attention to find out the means of destroying such engines of oppression, by some method which would put it out of the power of any nation to maintain such a system, and would compel every government to adopt the simple principles of education, industry, and a free circulation of its produce." This explanation refers to his schemes for destroying ships of war, by passing explosive machines secretly beneath them. After several fruitless attempts to call the attention of the French and Dutch governments to his plans for this purpose, Fulton was at last successful in inducing Bonaparte, in the year 1801, to appoint a commission with the view of inquiring into the practicability of his designs. Having gone to Brest, accordingly, Mr. Fulton there exhibited his machines. One of these was a plunging boat (called by him a *Nautilus*), made water-tight in part, and otherwise so constructed, that, with three companions, the inventor could remain in it for four or five hours at the depth of many feet *below the surface of the water*, and could there propel it from place to place with great ease, without a ripple being seen above. At the same time, the *Nautilus* could sail as readily above as beneath the water, its sails being struck when the plunge was made. The other machine was named by the inventor a *Torpedo*, and was merely a submarine bomb, which could be exploded in water. Mr. Fulton showed to the commission these engines in actual operation, by remaining for hours in the water, and shifting from place to place in the *Nautilus*, and by blowing a shallop to atoms with the *Torpedo*. He made it clear, that, with a little flotilla of these engines, a vast fleet, under favourable circumstances, could be blown in pieces into the air.

After these experiments were made, an opportunity was sought of trying their effects on some of the Bri-

tish vessels then hovering around the French coasts. No proper chance, however, presented itself, and the French government became tired of the matter. At this juncture, the British ministry, who had heard with some alarm of Mr. Fulton's projects, made proposals to him to give his services to Britain. Sincere in his belief, that, wherever put in force, his inventions would ere long bring to an end the war-system of Europe; Mr. Fulton conceived himself at liberty to accept of the invitation from the British government. He went to London in May 1804, but his journey was productive only of disappointment. In the single opportunity afforded to him of trying his machines on French vessels, they failed of success. The British ministry also changed members, and in 1806 Mr. Fulton sailed for America. It is impossible to regret, for his own sake, that such was the issue of these schemes of destruction, though at the same time, we are firmly of opinion that his motives were pure, and that his anticipations would have been ultimately fulfilled. This notice of Fulton's explosive inventions may be closed, by mentioning, that he endeavoured afterwards to apply the same engines to the defence of his native country, but did not succeed in extracting from them any practical benefit.

We have now to notice the great achievement of Fulton's life. For many years previous to this period, his attention had been turned to the subject of navigation by steam, as is distinctly proved by the following passage of a letter to him from Lord Stanhope, of date October 7, 1793:—"Sir, I have received yours of the 30th September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered, respecting the moving of ships by means of steam. I shall be glad to receive, &c." But although this letter shows Fulton to have formed plans for steam navigation much earlier than many persons had done, who afterwards sought to wrest from him the merit which was his due, the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels on water had been suggested long before, by Jonathan Hulls, in a little work published at London in 1737. Though this person's description of the machine invented by him is amazingly clear, and though he took out a patent for it, the attention of the world does not appear to have been arrested to the subject. The idea dropped aside for more than fifty years. About 1785, Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire (a gentleman who had made a fortune by banking, and bought that estate), made experiments with a double vessel driven by paddle-wheels. The tutor of his children, James Taylor, a native of Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, and a man of much mechanic ingenuity, suggested the application of the steam-engine to Mr. Miller's paddled vessel; and the consequence was, the preparation of a

vessel, having a small steam-engine on the deck, which was launched on Dalswinton Lake in October 1788—the first vessel of the kind, there is every reason to believe, ever put into operation in the world. A clever mechanic named Symington, an early friend of Taylor, was the person to whom the fitting up of this vessel was entrusted. Afterwards, at the expense of Mr. Miller, and under the superintendence of Mr. Taylor, Mr. Symington made another vessel, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in December 1789, with such complete success, that, but for the injury done to the banks, it in all probability would never have been taken off. The disgust of Mr. Miller with the expense of this experiment was the means of withdrawing him and Taylor from the pursuit of an interesting object, which was then followed up for some years by Symington alone. It has always been asserted that Mr. Fulton, when on a visit to Scotland, saw and examined a boat made by Symington, which was lying in a dismantled state on the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal. However this may be, it is certain that the first decisive experiments of the same nature, made by Fulton himself, did not take place until the year 1803, when he was resident in Paris. In the intervals which his Torpedo schemes at that time allowed to him; he prosecuted ardently the subject of steam navigation, in concert with the American ambassador, Mr. R. Livingstone. In July of the year mentioned, their first experimental boat, which was sixty-six feet long by eight feet wide, and was driven by wheels, was launched on the Seine, in presence of the members of the French Institute, and a great concourse of spectators. The boat moved slowly, but in other respects the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, and Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone resolved to carry the same principles into practical operation, as soon as they met in their native country.

Fulton went to England, as has been related, and did not reach America till the year 1806. Previously to that time, Mr. Livingstone had got an act passed by the legislature of New York, granting to himself and Mr. Fulton the exclusive privilege of steam navigation in all the waters of the state, for the term of twenty years. Though they passed this statute, the senators of New York actually regarded it as a mere delusion, and made it a standing jest for more than one session. Similar feelings of scorn and derision pervaded the minds of the American public at large. Notwithstanding this, Fulton, immediately on his arrival in New York, began the construction of his steam-boat. The expense proved to be great, and he was compelled to offer a share of the prospective advantages to some of his friends, with the view of getting pecuniary aid in the mean time. No man would accept his offers. "My friends (as he himself relates were civil, but shy.

They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of '*the Fulton Folly*.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path."

In spite of this painful discouragement, the boat was completed in August 1807. To continue his own affecting language, "The day arrived when the experiment was to be made (on the Hudson River). To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted some friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made, and many parts were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the highlands; we reached Albany! Yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value.*" Well may Mr. N. P. Willis, in quoting this letter of his distinguished

countryman,* exclaim, "What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind; and what a vivid lesson of encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration!"

Other descriptions of the first voyage of the *Clermont*, as the steam-boat was named, are scarcely less interesting than the builder's own. Pine-wood was the fuel used, and the ignited vapour from this substance rose many feet above the fire, sending off an occasional galaxy of sparks to a great height, so that those who saw the boat returning at night, at the rate of five miles an hour, could only conceive her to be a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. It was even said that the crews of the ordinary vessels on the river hid themselves under decks, and fell to their prayers. But the good people on the Hudson ere long became familiar with the spectacle, for the *Clermont* soon began to travel regularly, as a passage-boat, between Albany and New York.

Thus for the *first time*, most certainly, was steam navigation made effectually conducive to the common purposes of life, by the genius and perseverance of Robert Fulton. He soon afterwards took out a patent for his inventions in navigation by steam, but all his exertions could not save him from the encroachments of others on his rights. A series of vexatious lawsuits was the consequence, by which his life was long embittered, and his fortune impaired. In 1811, Fulton built two steamers, as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson. It was in the succeeding year that the example he had set was followed by Mr. Bell of Helensburgh, who launched a steam-vessel on the Clyde, the first used for the service of the public in the old hemisphere. Various steam-boats were about the same period built under the directions of Fulton, for the navigation of the Ohio, Mississippi, and other waters of the United States. He also gave his valuable assistance to the construction of the Erie canal and other public works. When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States in 1814, Mr. Fulton again directed his attention to the subject of Torpedoes, submarine guns, and other instruments of the kind, but none of his schemes were ever brought into practice. He erected, however, a steam ship of war (named *Fulton the First*), of such size that several thousand men might parade on her deck, and capable of throwing an immense quantity of red-hot shot from her numerous port-holes. But when the engineer of this magnificent structure had nearly seen it completed, he was removed from his country and friends. Having exposed himself

* In a very interesting work, entitled "*American Scenery*," now publishing in numbers in England, which gives, at a moderate expense, an excellent idea of the beautiful and magnificent of the United States. The letter-press is by Mr. Willis.

too long on the deck of his steam-frigate, in bad weather, he was seized with a severe pulmonary affection, and died on the 24th of February 1815.

In person, Mr. Fulton was tall and well proportioned. He was a man as excellent in his private as in his public character, being generous, affectionate, and humane. To him, rating his deeds even as low as his worst detractors would make them, the human race owes much. The waters of half the world are now covered with models of that splendid machine, which, thirty years ago, he set afloat on the waves of the Hudson; and the journey between the Old and New Worlds is, by the same means, made now a pleasure-trip of a few summer days.

From the Spectator.

EDUCATION OF THE MULTITUDE.

The Report from the Committee of the House of Commons "on the Education of the Poorer Classes in England and Wales," appears at a seasonable time. Public attention is forced to the subject of the franchise, which the "poorer classes" demand, scorning the imputation that they are not sufficiently instructed to exercise it wisely. The Report of the Committee, however, with the Evidence, confirms the worst surmises of the deplorable ignorance of the great bulk of the population, and conveys the impression that there is not that general willingness to receive instruction, for which the masses have commonly obtained credit in these latter and more philanthropic days.

The inquiries of the Committee were directed chiefly to the state of education among children; but the information collected on this point embraces necessarily much that relates to the habits and views of the parents. In the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, the working classes comprise 80 per cent. of the entire population; and in all parts of the country they form a very large proportion of the whole—in some of the more populous manufacturing country districts they are reckoned as 94 out of every 100 souls. It is calculated, from very imperfect data, that in Manchester one child in 35 receives instruction "likely to be useful;" and in the manufacturing places near it, about one in 24; whereas, in the opinion of the Committee, one-eighth of the entire population should be furnished with the means of instruction. The important bearings of the investigation are seen at once from these facts.

Birmingham and its neighbourhood may be assumed to be at least on a par with the other great towns and districts of England as respects the morality and intelligence of the bulk of the inhabitants. But read what Mr. John Corrie, a Magistrate, Chairman of the West Bromwich Poor-law Union, and an accomplished gentleman, says of the condition of the people. He is

asked if education among the humbler classes is much wanted?—

"I should say it is greatly, lamentably wanted. There is very little education of any sort; that which there is, is of the most elementary kind—reading and indifferent writing. Most of those (and especially the young) who come before the Magistrates, and before the Union Board, are unable either to read or write; *they have no knowledge of moral obligation, or very little.* Many of them have never been at any place of worship. I have no conception of any other means of forcing civilization downwards in society except education. There is a *slight surface* of civilization; these in certain circumstances have a little education; but *the mass have none.* The educated classes have the benefit of all the recorded experience of the past to guide them: these poor people have no recorded experience; their own experience, or the little experience of their fathers and mothers, is all they have to guide them."

It is to be remarked, that the West Bromwich district is one in which, from the absence of gentlemen and squires, the working population is very much left to its own ways. There is, however, one splendid exception, in the Tory Earl of Dartmouth. Mr. Corrie says—"This excellent person, of great property, is *always doing good*," and in another part of his evidence, gives an instance of Lord Dartmouth's judicious mode of weaning the population of his neighbourhood from brutality—

"We used to have bull-baiting in these districts; and the colliers were devotedly attached to it; and there were riots when any attempt was made to prevent this bull-baiting. Last year, Lord Dartmouth opened an enclosure near his own park, at the usual time of bull-baiting, for races of various kinds,—bag-races and other things, and hurdle-races, such as deeply interest the common people. He had them there the three days of bull-baiting; and there was no effort to bait a bull; there was no riot, no confusion, and not a single thing brought before the Magistrates. The experiment succeeded entirely. Lord Dartmouth attended himself with all his family; and I hope it will be a continued practice."

It would be easy, but is not necessary, to make further extracts from the Report to show the need of education in the manufacturing towns. The facts are all of the same class, and tell the same story. It is not greater in and near Birmingham than in other populous districts: but as regards the Metropolis, it may be mentioned, that although the Committee calculate that gratuitous education ought to be supplied to one-eighth of the people, only about one-fourteenth receive it in Westminster, and one-twenty-seventh in the populous parishes of Christchurch Spitalfields, St. Mary White-chapel, St. George-in-the-East, St. John Wapping, St. Mary Newington, St. Mary Bermondsey, and Christchurch Surry.

One point worthy of consideration is, whether the people, whose ignorance is undoubted, are desirous and willing to make any exertion and sacrifice to re-

cure it for their children? Some are, but the general indifference is great. Dr. Phillips Kay, a Poor-law Commissioner, whose experience on these subjects is extensive, thinks that parents must be *compelled* to give their children the advantage of education, before deriving any benefit from their labour; otherwise they will put them into factories, and make them work from morning to night without giving them the slightest opportunity of mental improvement. He says that the demand for education in Manchester "cannot be said to exceed the supply;" and that "among certain of the poorer classes the value of knowledge has not been ascertained, which is perhaps the most perfect proof of ignorance." To this ignorance Dr. Kay attributes the influence of such agitators as Oastler, Stephens, and Feargus O'Connor—

"I consider that the success of the agitators in operating upon the feelings and prejudices of the mass of the working population, is chiefly attributable to the want of information of their real interests, and particularly of the true basis of the relation between master and servant, in manufacturing communities."

Mr. John Riddall Wood, employed by the Statistical Society of Manchester to make inquiries into the state of education in large towns, says, that "a very great number who attended schools in Manchester, and have learned, perhaps, to read the New Testament, who are from fifteen to twenty years of age, now in many cases do not know their letters; and many of them cannot read, who were able to read fluently on leaving school." When asked if the parents would not pay a penny a week for the education of each of their children, he replies—

"I am quite satisfied they would gladly pay a penny a week; but it is not the penny a week that is the question with them about sending their children to school—it is the expense of keeping them, when they can find profitable employment for them at six or seven years of age; and it is an expense to provide them with such decent clothing as they ought to have when they go to school. * * * The only way in which general education can obtain *must be by an advance in the wages of the adult population.*"

Mr. Wood seems to have "hit the nail on the head." This is the point, after all. It is not because the poor are indifferent to the advantages of education, but because they live from hand to mouth, and *must* devote themselves to the business of getting food for their families, that they grudge the time taken from the factory and spent at school. This is the reason why they who have learned to read become ignorant of the alphabet—they work from morn to night, and go stupefied to bed. The improvement of their physical condition is a necessary preliminary to mental enlightenment.

The work to be done is immense; and, assuredly, voluntary exertion will go but a little way towards

discharging the duty. Mr. Corrie is asked whether the rate-paying inhabitants of the West Bromwich district would not agree to a small rate of 3d. or 6d. in the pound for the purposes of education? and he replies, that "any addition to the rate would be submitted to with great reluctance," and that "everybody pays as little as he can."

It appears, then, that the parents, ignorant themselves, grudge the hours taken from profitable labour for the education of their children; and that the wealthier classes—so called, but in point of fact needy—would submit with great reluctance to an education-rate. The only resource would seem to be the interference of the Government; but the Government will not act effectually; and the committee of the House of Commons, rejecting the more enlarged proposition of their chairman, Mr. Slaney, for the establishment of a Board of Education and the extension of government assistance, came to the lame and impotent conclusion, expressed in their fourth resolution, that they could not recommend "any means for meeting the deficiency beyond the continuance and extension of the grants which are at present made by the Treasury for the promotion of education through the medium of the National and British and Foreign School Societies."

This is the sum of the whole matter—that the great bulk of the labouring population not only lack instruction, but the leisure to receive it; that a portion of them are nevertheless ready to sacrifice the profitable labour of their children for the advantage of procuring something like education for them; that even for this small portion the Government and individuals together provide only means which are wretchedly inadequate; and that a committee of the House of Commons, in 1838, can think of no better remedy for this monstrous evil and serious danger, than a perseverance in the system proved to be a miserable failure! When such is the result of the parliamentary labours of their betters, who can blame the working classes for endeavouring to help themselves socially by political advancement?

From the Spectator.

MR. RAIKES'S VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG.*

In November 1839, Mr. Raikes started for Hamburg, in an illfavoured steamboat, with a vulgar and motley company, contrasting, he says, very strikingly with the "well-known resorts of convivial gayety" (*Anglic*

* There seems to have been a change of title while the work was in the press. Though only one volume, it was delivered to us in three fasciculi, under the name of "The City of the Czar;" with the last fasciculus comes the title-page, in the words that we have printed above, and with the alarming motto from Burns,

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent them!"

the clubs?) he had just quitted. From Hamburg he posted to Berlin,—which he found very dull; and travelled by the same mode of conveyance to St. Petersburg; the ground—a marvellous thing in that region at that season—being covered with snow, and the rivers almost frozen up. In the “City of the Czar” he resided four months, at an hotel; received the invitations to our own Ambassador’s, which are customarily extended to persons of his *status*; and, scraping a few acquaintances, by their means got occasionally introduced to Russian set parties. He visited the curiosities usually seen by strangers; picked up some anecdotes, and some idle tales of great men; collected reports of the internal workings of the Russian Government, touching serfs, municipalities, and public offices; and, mingling these with rational enough views of the power of Russia, he weekly sent off the *omnium* to a dear friend, though the letters were sometimes, as he candidly admits, hardly worth the postage.

The reason assigned for the publication of such trifles is, “that not a single traveller has published even a sketch of the system and manners of a country which differs so essentially from all the civilized states of Europe.” This, however, is scarcely the fact; for, besides incidental notices by other travellers, we have Mr. Ritchie’s keen and shrewd, though of necessity, like Mr. Raikes’s superficial observations. The real truth seems to be, that our author has collected his off-hand letters for the sake of flattering the Tories, abusing the present Ministry, and fostering the Russophobia. But as his own first impressions, derived from the reality, do not in any way forward this last object, he is compelled to affix a lengthy postscript—in which he gathers together all sort of hearsays and conjectures on various subjects—about the increase of the Russian marine: as if seven years on the Black Sea could form a navy out of sailors formerly frozen up, according to his own account, more than half the year; as if the exploits of Russia in Circassia were any thing to boast of in the military way; as if the physical circumstances of the Tartar deserts, which he properly comments upon in his text, were altered since he wrote it; or as if Russia was any nearer to the possession of Constantinople than in 1830. Nor is Mr. Raikes always scrupulous in matters of fact; so far from having diminished the number of ships in commission, our present Government has increased them. Neither is he always attentive not to contradict himself. For example—

“Affection for the Sovereign, and a general approbation of his measures for the public good, may prompt the offer of a voluntary donation, as was the case lately at Nijni Novogorod, when the merchants came forward with a vote of a million and a half of roubles for the construction of quays on the Volga, according to a plan

conceived by the Emperor on his journey. But the Emperor, who might obtain millions in this manner, was unable to raise a loan in his own dominions. With an immense revenue, and finances in the most prosperous state, his government is without credit; as the mercantile spirit of the Russians is too clear-sighted not to be convinced that arbitrary power and public credit must always be incompatible.

“If, then, it became an object of the present Government to throw down the gauntlet in Europe and commence a war of aggression, funds would be required for the purpose; and those funds could only be raised by a previous consent to abrogate and limit that arbitrary power which now evidently exists, and which there is no disposition on the part of the ruler to curtail. The best security for peace is the want of means to make war.”

These rational remarks are from a note to his text: the following afterthought is from the postscript—

Some grave politicians, who undervalue the power of Russia, and think that Messrs. Rothschild are the arbiters of peace or war, significantly allude to, what they call, her vulnerable point; they talk of her financial embarrassments, and assert that the want of money will prevent a collision.

“Perhaps these reasoners are not aware that, personally, the Emperor of Russia possesses, in territorial property alone, a revenue ten times more considerable than any civil list in Europe; that, speaking financially, Russia has nothing to lose and every thing to gain, from the moment that the seat of war is carried beyond her frontiers; besides, that her internal administration is less expensive than any other; that her levies of troops are collected with a surprising economy for the crown, and at the cost of the landed proprietors; that every military expedition once out of a country like Russia, is a speculation which can hardly fail to turn out profitable to the empire, as there is scarcely on record a treaty of peace signed between that power and her adversaries, by which she did not ultimately gain some augmentation to her own territory.”

Passing over these incongruities, and the slight nature of Mr. Raikes’s matter, his volume may be recommended as lively, readable, and characteristic of the man of society. What he says is without depth or thought—often without justness; but he says it pleasantly albeit flippantly; while in the lighter matters of etiquette, or even of graceful sentiment, he rises to the height of his theme. Such are these quotations.

IMPERIAL FETE.

Yesterday was the Russian New Year’s Day: it was celebrated by a fête which can be seen in no other country; it is a fête original, extraordinary, and characteristic of the nation. The sovereign and his family commence the new year by an assembly given to the people; not less than twenty-five thousand invitations are issued to this gigantic rout. At seven o’clock in the evening, the doors of the Winter Palace and of the Hermitage are thrown open to the multitude; the innumerable rooms are lighted up with myriads of wax candles; at convenient distances are placed sideboards

with refreshments, adorned with pyramids of gold and silver plate; bands of military music resound in every corner to amuse the ear; picked men, of the highest stature, from the guards, are stationed in the ante-rooms to give effect to the scene; and liveried servants swarm in every direction more numerous than the troops. And for whom was this colossal entertainment prepared? For every rank and degree; from the highest noble to the lowest peasant, all were equally welcome without distinction to pay their respects at the foot of the throne: there are no exclusions; rich and poor, the field-marshal and the invalid, the princess and the washerwoman, the master of the horse and the dancing-master, the maid of honour and the maid of all-work, the prince and the mougik, the Queen of Georgia and the French milliner, may all hope for a smile or a courteous word from the fountain of honour.

In this immense crowd, slowly moving through the apartments, no instance of disorder or incivility ever occurs; not even an attempt to steal the most trifling ornament, which to some must be a great temptation: the Emperor is in the midst of his family, and the children are on their good behaviour. *

At seven o'clock, the different members of the diplomatic corps are introduced into the great hall of St. George; where they are received by the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Dukes, and Grand Duchesses, attended by their numerous court. This interview lasts but a few minutes, during which the crowd flows in like an inundation of the sea. The Emperor then gives the signal to move, by offering his hand to one of the ambassadors present; the whole court follows his example; and a *grave polonaise* is begun, which passes through all the different apartments to the sound of the military orchestras stationed in every direction. This procession advances, without interruption, through the surrounding masses of all ranks, headed by the tall, commanding figure of the Emperor; at every instant he salutes his subjects, by raising the two forefingers to his hat; and though the anxiety to catch even a glimpse of his person is so great that the eager crowd seems to present an impenetrable barrier, it opens before him as if by magic; the waves of human bodies recede, and leave always a space of at least six feet in front to facilitate his progress. The men are all expected to appear in domino, which is only a short black mantle on the shoulder, without a mask; but the tradespeople and mougiks are exempted from this rule. Here was a collection of all those nations who are only known in Europe by their name—Armenians, Greeks, Tartars, Persians, Georgians, Imeretians, inhabitants of Caucasus and of the Don, wearing their appropriate dresses, and gazing with astonishment at a scene which must have appeared to them the work of a magician. In those rooms where the Emperor was expected, the throng was at times so excessive that parties were separated, shoes were lost, gowns torn, and respiration impeded; but no sooner had he passed than ease and tranquillity were restored. At last the *polonaise* is finished; and at eleven o'clock the Emperor with his party retired to the private theatre at the Hermitage, where supper was prepared. It is illuminated in the most splendid manner with crystal ornaments and silver fringe, representing cascades and fountains of water, which have a dazzling effect to the eye; twelve Negroes in the Turkish dress keep guard at the entrance of this fairy palace. This curious assembly was conducted with the greatest regularity, and without any interfe-

rence of police, military, or dictation of any sort: it is highly creditable to the mildness and civility of the national character, as the same exhibition on the same scale in Paris or in London would have produced scenes of endless confusion.

AMBASSADORIAL BLUNDER.

The *début* which, I am told, created at first some coolness in Russian society towards the Duc de Mortemart, the French Ambassador, was of so ludicrous a nature that it is worth relating. A mistake of his secretary, in sending out cards of invitation without prefixing the proper titles of the guests, gave in the first instance some offence, which was afterwards to be repaired by another entertainment more carefully announced in proper form. The object proposed was a little French comedy, to be acted by the members of the Ambassador's family, on a theatre fitted up for the occasion in his hotel. The Russians are very partial to the French stage; and a *spectacle de société* is always more interesting than a public representation: the company, therefore, assembled with great good-will, and harmony, to all appearance, was completely reestablished. By one of those unfortunate coincidences which are impossible to be foreseen, and which sometimes will furnish an unpleasant construction to the most innocent intentions, the comedy of *L'Ours et le Pacha* was selected by the actors for this occasion. It is a favourite little piece in France, and must be in any country where bears are not indigenous, and where the climate does not oblige the lords and ladies of the land to borrow their costume whenever they venture out of their houses. Perhaps the actual war which was then going on with Turkey might have rendered the allusion to the Pacha still more striking also. Be that as it may, the scene opened, and the principal dramatis personæ proved to be two enormous bears: this was indeed past bearing; the offence was not to be forgiven; and even to the day the Ambassador, with all his known *amabilité* and high-bred manners, has never been able to efface the impression of this unintentional affront.

SERFDOM AND THE SERF'S FETE.

At the national theatre of Moscow, after the curtain had dropped, an actor stepped forward to announce to the public that he had purchased his liberty, and was about to leave the stage. This circumstance, from its rarity, created much conversation at the moment; and the question was asked of a musician present, why he did not follow such a laudable example. "Ah," replied he with a sigh, "Serf God has made me, serf I have lived, and serf I shall die. While I continue punctually to pay my *abrok* to my master, he is under the obligation to lodge, to feed me, my wife, and my children, when in health, and to take care of us when sick. Would liberty then procure to us equivalent advantages, when reduced to the scanty salary of one hundred and fifty roubles, which is all I receive from the managers of this theatre? In my position as a slave, I am readily admitted to a secondary situation in the orchestra; but as a freedman, it would be a different thing; my talents would be questioned, and my pretensions viewed with jealousy. No, no! serf I was born, serf I have lived, and serf I will die."

This sentiment is much more generally prevalent than the world imagines. A feeling of immediate personal interest stifles in this humbled race those aspirations for liberty which nature must have implanted in their breasts, in common with her other children; and,

if any doubt could exist on that subject, it vanishes at once in the institution of an annual fête, when the natural bias is expressed in a very affecting manner.

On that day the people hurry in crowds to the market-place, anxious to purchase all the birds that are on sale, and restore them to their native air, amidst the joyous cheers of the assembled multitude. There is something melancholy in this allegorical allusion to their own hapless position.

A RUSSIAN ON THE INDIAN INVASION.

There is one subject which, from time to time, is repeated in England, as an alarm-bell to rouse the nation against the power of Russia,—which is the apprehension of an attack from that quarter upon our Indian possessions: but I hear nothing from the most sanguine advocates of Russian aggrandizement which would make me think that sensible men have ever seriously entertained the idea of such an impracticable project. I have seen Russian officers who have lately travelled into the country which separates their furthest provinces from our Indian frontier, and all agree in their description of the dangers and difficulties attendant on such a journey, even for a private individual, much more for a numerous army. Some reasoners go further, and pretend to wish that we should even advance our Indian outposts towards their province of Kaboul; in order that we might meet amicably at that distant point, and coöperate mutually in promoting an overland communication from thence with Europe, which would insure to them the benefits of a carrying-trade through Russia, and would be of great advantage to those English who are established on that boundary of our Indian empire.

From the Spectator.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the Direction of the A. B. C. F. M.; performed in the Years 1835, '36, and '37; containing a Description of the Geography, Geology, Climate, and Productions, and the Number, Manners, and Customs of the Natives; with a Map of Oregon Territory. By the Rev. Samuel Parker, A. M. Wiley and Putnam.

From the last boundary line of American settlement to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, is a distance of from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. The first part of this space is an extensive plain, thickly interspersed with various rivers feeding the Mississippi or the Northern Lakes, and sometimes clothed with forests, but more frequently forming the naked prairie; the second district is that of the Rocky Mountains, which form the backbone of North America, as the Andes do of the southern continent; the third is a descending country, intersected, like the valley of the Mississippi, by many rivers, all of which, rising between the 42nd and 52nd degrees of latitude, fall by the Columbia into the Pa-

cific. This last district is one of the principal seats of the fur-trade; and is divided between the American and the Hudson's Bay Companies, which have both formed establishments in it, those of the Hudson's Bay being the most numerous and best-conducted. Throughout these extensive regions, various tribes of Indians still roam unsubdued, though diminished, and contaminated. To convert and civilize them, is an object of the American Board of Foreign Missions; and the Reverend Samuel Parker was employed to undertake a journey in order to ascertain the practicability of penetrating with safety to "any and every portion of the vast interior," and the disposition of the natives to receive missionary instruction. For this purpose, Mr. Parker joined the caravan of the American Fur Company, which annually journeys to the Rocky Mountains, to furnish the hunters with goods and supplies, and bring back the peltries they have collected. Reaching a spot called, from its uses, the Rendezvous, our missionary quitted the caravan, and accompanied a body of Indians, whom he had disposed to listen to the word, if not wholly to receive it, across the mountain-range to the Columbia river, which he descended to Fort Vancouver, the principal station of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here he sojourned a considerable period, making excursions to seaward as far as the Pacific, and inland in various directions, under the guidance of Indians and French half-breeds. Having at length fulfilled the subject of his mission, and resolved both his instructions in the affirmative, he took a passage in one of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels, to the Sandwich Islands; whence, after a long detention, he sailed for America.

The *Astoria and Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, by Washington Irving, with the travels and novels of his nephews, have familiarized the English public with the romance of life in the Prairies, and of adventure in the Rocky Mountains and the houseless wastes on their western sides. Mr. Parker confines himself to its matter of fact; and his plain, unadorned narrative, certainly makes the gay, jaunty, half-sentimental, half-savage account of prairie excitement and mountain privations look very much like a fiction. A man cannot, indeed, ride three or four months on horseback and sleep in tents without fatigue; or subsist, during that period, on the provisions he carries or catches, without occasionally being hungry or apprehensive of hunger; and when vigilant Indians, who may prove foes, are lurking around, there is always the prospect of a scrimmage to stimulate attention. But for these things Mr. Parker seems to have prepared himself, and he regards them somewhat as matters of course: the minute peculiarities of costume and character, which give so much charm to Irving's sketches, he did not see; the excitement he did see had not its origin in the love of hunting or ambition of discovery, but in hunger or al-

ceh; and over the narrative of "hairbreadth 'scapes and battle dangerous" with wild beasts or wilder men, he casts considerable doubts.

There is, however, something more in the *Journal of a Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains*, than a bald commonplace narration, which sometimes by direct allusion, but more frequently by straightforward unconsciousness, dissipates some of the wonders of romance. Although incapable of seeing in nature, or relishing in art, the minute characteristics which the skill of a literary Gerard Dow has seized, and refined in realizing, Mr. Parker's pen, always clear, sometimes rises to eloquent effects when the stupendous wonders of creation require to be described. His religious object gave him a constant pursuit, and caused him occasionally to exhibit an unintentional exaggeration, as great, perhaps, as that of those who limit their ambition to secular triumphs. It was impossible, also, to sojourn at the stations of the two great companies who divide between them the whole fur-trade of the North American continent, without picking up some information respecting their modes of proceeding; or to mingle with the men in their employ without hearing of or seeing some strange scenes, or striking traits of character. Such are

THE PLEASURES OF THE PRAIRIES.

A day of indulgence was given to the men, in which they drink as much as they please, and conduct themselves as they may choose. It was found that ardent spirits excited so many evil spirits, that they may be called legion.

A Mr. G. shot a man by the name of Van B., with the full intention to kill him. The ball entered the back and came out at the side. Van B. exclaimed, "I am a dead man;" and after a little pause said, "No, I am not hurt." G. on this seized a rifle to finish the work; but was prevented by some men standing by, who took it from him, and fired it into the air.

The day of indulgence being past, a quiet day followed. The exhilaration was followed by consequent relaxation; and the tide of spirits which arose so high yesterday, ebbed to-day proportionably low. The men were seen lounging about in listless idleness, and could scarcely be roused to the business of making repairs and arrangements for the long journey yet before us.

A few days after our arrival at the place of rendezvous, and when all the mountain-men had assembled, another day of indulgence was granted to them, in which all restraint was laid aside. These days are the climax of the hunter's happiness. I will relate an occurrence which took place near evening, as a specimen of mountain life. A hunter, who goes technically by the name of the great bully of the mountains, mounted his horse with a loaded rifle, and challenged any Frenchman, American, Spaniard, or Dutchman, to fight him in single combat. Kit Carson, an American, told him, if he wished to die, he would accept the challenge. Shonar defied him. C. mounted his horse, and with a loaded pistol rushed into close contact, and both almost at the same instant fired. C.'s ball entered S.'s hand,

came out at the wrist, and passed through the arm above the elbow. S.'s ball passed over the head of C.; and while he went for another pistol, Shonar begged that his life might be spared. Such scenes, sometimes from passion and sometimes for amusement, make the pastime of their wild and wandering life. They appear to have sought for a place where, as they would say, human nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, and pleasure is not awed by the frown of virtue.

DOINGS AT FORT WILLIAM.

Here, some months ago, a man named Thornburgh was killed by another named Hubbard, both from the United States. A controversy arose between them about an Indian woman. Thornburgh was determined to take her from Hubbard, even at the risk of his own life. He entered H.'s cabin in the night, armed with a loaded rifle. H. saw him, and shot him through the breast, and pushed him out of the door. Thornburgh fell, and expired almost instantly. A self-created jury of inquest sat upon the body of Thornburgh, and brought in a verdict that he lost his life by the hand of Hubbard in self-defence.

In Thornburgh there was an instance of a most insatiable appetite for ardent spirits. Mr. Townsend, the ornithologist, whom I have before mentioned, told me he was encamped out for several days, some miles from Fort William, attending to the business of his profession; and that in addition to collecting birds, he had collected rare specimens of reptiles, which he preserved in a keg of spirits. Several days after he was in this encampment, he went to his keg to deposit another reptile, and found the spirits gone. Mr. Townsend, knowing that Thornburgh had been several times loitering about, charged him with having drank off the spirits. He confessed it, and pleaded his thirst as an apology.

The White hunters employed by the American Company are mostly adventurers, (to use no stronger term,) whose wild spirits having exhausted their means and driven them from society, turn trappers, as an exciting pursuit and a last resource. In this vocation, hardship, exposure, and riot, with the casualties of brawls and Indians, soon finish them. According to Mr. Parker, three years is either service is about the average duration of life with the majority of these trappers. But of the general management of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the people in their employ, he speaks in much higher terms than he does of the American.

The gentlemen belonging to the Hudson Bay Company are worthy of commendation for their good treatment of the Indians, by which they have obtained their friendship and confidence, and also for the efforts which some few of them have made to instruct those about them in the first principles of our holy religion; especially in regard to equity, humanity, and morality. This company is of long standing, have become rich in the fur-trade, and they intend to perpetuate the business; therefore they consult the prosperity of the Indians, as intimately connected with their own. I have not heard as yet of a single instance of any Indians being wantonly killed by any of the men belonging to

this company. Nor have I heard any boasting among them of the satisfaction taken in killing or abusing Indians, as I have elsewhere heard.

PORT VANCOUVER.

I am very agreeably situated in this place. Half of a new house is assigned me, well-furnished, and all the attendance which I could wish, with access to as many valuable books as I have time to read, and opportunities to ride out for exercise, and to see the adjoining country, as I can desire; and in addition to all these, and still more valuable, the society of gentlemen enlightened, polished, and sociable. These comforts and privileges were not anticipated, and therefore the more grateful.

There is a school connected with this establishment, for the benefit of the children of the traders and common labourers, some of whom are orphans whose parents were attached to the company; and also some Indian children, who are provided for by the generosity of the resident gentlemen. They are instructed in the common branches of the English language, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography; and together with these, in religion and morality. The exercises of the school are closed with singing a hymn; after which, they are taken by their teachers to a garden assigned them, in which they labour. Finding them deficient in sacred music, I instructed them in singing; in which they made good proficiency, and developed excellent voices. Among them there was one Indian boy who had the most flexible and melodious voice I ever heard.

It is worthy of notice how little of the Indian complexion is seen in the half-breed children. Generally they have fair skin, often flaxen hair and blue eyes. The children of the school were punctual in their attendance on the three services of the Sabbath, and were our choir.

The extraordinary skill of the Indian horsemen, and their power over their horse, have been often noted. See how they acquire these.

Small children, not more than three years old, are mounted alone, and generally upon colts. They are lashed upon the saddle to keep them from falling, and especially when they go asleep, which they often do when they become fatigued. Then they recline upon the horse's shoulders; and when they awake, they lay hold of their whip, which is fastened to the wrist of their right hand, and apply it smartly to their horses; and it is astonishing to see how these little creatures will guide and run them.

Of the capability of the Indians for acquiring the arts of civilization, Mr. Parker speaks undoubtingly: and his facts in a measure support his conclusions. Still, if Christianity, humanity, and a just government went hand in hand, when their country became more densely peopled, they would in amalgamating become absorbed, and the race be as effectually extinguished as if destroyed. Of their disposition to embrace Christianity, Mr. Parker is as sanguine as most missionaries who make the first attempts. Allowing, however, for the politeness of the American Indian—the natural curiosity of an idle and imaginative people—a notion they seem to have taken up that Christianity would

raise them to a level with the Whites—and the difficulty of mutual understanding when the sermon and its results have to be conveyed by interpreters—we can scarcely fall in with Mr. Parker's sanguine anticipations. In the following interview with a party of chiefs at Rendezvous, for instance, there appears full as much of diplomacy as anxiety. The "oldest chief of the Flatheads" seems to us to have been any thing but a *flat* in the art of uttering polite double meanings.

After spending a few days in collecting and digesting information in regard to this country and the condition of the people, we had an interesting interview with the chiefs of the Nez Percés and Flatheads, and laid before them the object of our appointment, and explained to them the benevolent desires of Christians concerning them. We then inquired whether they wished to have teachers come among them and instruct them in the knowledge of God, his worship, and the way to be saved; and what they would do to aid them in their labours? The oldest chief of the Flatheads arose, and said he was old, and did not expect to know much more; he was *deaf* and could not hear, but his heart was made glad, very glad, to see *what he had never seen before*, a man near to God, (meaning a minister of the gospel.) Next arose Insala, the most influential chief among the Flathead nation, and said, he had heard a man near to God was coming to visit them; and he, with some of his people joined with some white men, went out three days' journey to meet him, but he missed us. A war party of Crow Indians came upon them, and took away some of their horses, and one from him which he greatly loved; but now he forgets all, his heart is made so glad to see a man near to God. There was a short battle, but no lives lost.

The first chief of the Nez Percés, Tai-quin-watish, arose and said, he had heard from White men a little about God, which had only gone into his ears; he wished to know enough to have it go down into his heart, to influence his life, and to teach his people. Others spoke to the same import; and they all made as many promises as we could desire.

When practice was enjoined, it was not always smooth.

During my continuance in this place, (Walla Walla,) I preached on the Sabbath, to the White people belonging to the fort in the morning, and in the afternoon to the Indians of the Cayuse, Walla Walla, and the Nez Percé tribes; and also improved other opportunities with the Indians besides on the Sabbath. They always gave good attention, and some appear to be much interested. An instance of opposition to the truths of the Gospel, however, occurred here, proving the truth of the Scriptures, that the Saviour is set for the fall and rising of those who hear. A chief of the Cayuses, who several times came to hear, disliked what was said about a plurality of wives. He said he would not part with any of his; for he had always lived in sin, and was going to the place of burning, and it was too late for him, now he was getting old, to repent and be saved; and, as he must go to that place, he would go in all his sins, and would not alter his life. Those who are familiar with the various methods to which sinners resort to avoid the convictions of truth and conscience, may see in his

deep-rooted hatred to holiness, that the operation of sin is the same in every unsanctified heart.

Turning from this subject, here is a curious fact for the geologists.

I left this encampment at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in the canoe with three men furnished by Tilki; and made good progress down the river (Columbia,) which flows in a wide and gentle current. Many parts of the way the river is walled up with high and perpendicular basalt. At the La Dalles commences a wood country, which becomes more and more dense as we descend, and more broken with high hills and precipices. Noticed a remarkable phenomenon—trees standing in their natural position in the river, in many places where the water is twenty feet deep, or much more, and rising to high or freshet water-mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. Above the freshet rise, the tops of the trees are decayed and gone. I deferred forming an opinion in regard to the cause, until I should collect more data.

On the 15th, the wind and rain continuing through the forepart of the day, I did not leave my encampment until noon; when we set forward and arrived at the Cascades, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The trees to-day were still more numerous, in many places standing in deep water; and we had to pick our way with our canoe in some parts as through a forest. The water of this river is so clear, that I had an opportunity of examining their position down to their spreading roots, and found them in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest. As I approached the Cascades, instead of finding an embankment formed from volcanic eruptions, the shores above the falls were low, and the velocity of the water began to accelerate two-thirds of a mile above the main rapid. On a full examination, it is plainly evident that here has been an uncommon subsidence of a tract of land more than twenty miles in length and more than a mile in width. The trees standing in the water are found mostly towards and near the north shore; and yet, from the depth of the river and its sluggish movement, I should conclude the subsidence affected the whole bed. That the trees are not wholly decayed down to low-water-mark, proves that the subsidence is comparatively of recent date; and their undisturbed natural position proves that it took place in a tranquil manner, not by any tremendous convulsion of nature. The cause lies concealed, but the fact is plain. That parts of forest may in this way submerge, is evident from similar facts. The noted one on the eastern coast of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, England, is about fifteen feet below low-water-mark, extending eastward a considerable distance from the shore, of which stumps and roots are seen in their natural position.

Much having been lately said, and we believe with truth, about the depopulation of Indian races, by contact with Europeans, it is but fair to show that it may occasionally arise from natural causes.

I have found the Indian population in the lower country—that is, below the falls of the Columbia—far less than I had expected, or what it was when Lewis and Clarke made their tour. Since the year 1829, probably seven-eighths, if not, as Dr. M'Laughlin believes, nine-tenths, have been swept away by disease, principally by fever and ague. The malignancy of this disease may have been increased by predisposing causes, such

as intemperance, and the general spread of venerea since their intercourse with sailors. *But a more direct cause of the great mortality, was their mode of treatment. In the burning stage of the fever they plunged themselves in the river, and continued in the water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed.* So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred, that the shores were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated; and some entire tribes have disappeared, the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. This great mortality extended not only from the vicinity of the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far North and South; it is said as far South as California. The fever and ague were never known before the year 1829; and Dr. M'Laughlin mentioned it as a singular circumstance, that this was the year in which fields were ploughed for the first time. He thought there must have been some connexion between breaking up the soil and the fever. I informed him that the same fever prevailed in the United States about the same time, and in places which had not before been subject to the complaint. The mortality, after one or two seasons, abated, partly for the want of subjects, and partly from medical assistance obtained at the hospital of Fort Vancouver. The mortality of Indians and their sufferings under diseases are far greater than they would be if they were furnished with a knowledge of medicine. Indian doctors are only Indian conjurors.

A PARTY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The King, Queen Regent, and chiefs gave a tea-party, to which with a few others I had the honour to be invited. They were dressed richly and in good taste; their table was splendidly arrayed with silver plate and china; the entertainment was both judiciously and tastefully arranged and prepared, and all the etiquette and ceremony of such occasions was observed. The conversation was cheerful and intelligent, without frivolity; and nothing occurred embarrassing to any one. At a suitable early hour, we were invited into a saloon well-furnished, where, after a performance of music, both vocal and instrumental, the Queen proposed that prayer should conclude our agreeable visit; which was done, and the company retired. I have seen but few parties in Christian America conducted more on the principles of rationality and religion.

A' RUSSELL AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In fair and honourable negotiations, regard is had to mutual rights; but here foreigners assume the style of dictation—"You shall, and you shall not;" and assertions are made of things existing in the laws and practices of England and America, which neither Government would tolerate. Lord Russell, the commander of the *Actæon*, a British man-of-war, obtained the signature to a certain instrument, by assuring the Hawaiian Government, that if they refused any longer to sign it, he would order all the English vessels to leave the harbour, and request all the American shipping to withdraw; and then bring his armed ship before their fort, and batter down the walls and prostrate their village. The King signed the instrument; and then he, together with the Queen and chiefs, like some other people who feel their feebleness before a mightier nation, had only the poor resort of a public remonstrance. They accordingly sent a remonstrance to the King of Great Britain; in which they say, that "on account of

their urging us so strongly, on account of said commanders assuring us that their communication was from the King, and on account of their making preparation to fire upon us, therefore we gave our assent to the writing, without our being willing to give our real approbation, for we were not pleased with it." They feel incompetent to contend with naval strength, and therefore submit to indignities from which their feelings revolt.

From the Spectator.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

Besides Mr. PARKER's *Exploring Tour*, already noticed, we have received from Messrs. Wiley and Putnam a lot of their importations.

1. *History of the Revolution in Texas*. By the Reverend C. NEWELL.
2. *Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice in 1618*. Translated from the French of the Abbé ST. REAL.
3. *The New York Review*. No. V. July 1838.
4. *The Knickerbocker; or New York Monthly Magazine*. August 1838.
5. *The American Monthly Magazine*. August 1838.

1. As far as composition is concerned, the *History of the Revolution in Texas* may be pronounced a clear and rapid narrative of the different events which have attended that piratical outbreak; but the partialities of the author are so evident, that his conclusions cannot be relied on, and it may be questioned whether his facts are not coloured or distorted. Taking the story, however, as he tells it, it is quite clear that the revolution was a naked victory of might over right. Outcasts of all kinds obtruded themselves into the province in opposition to the fundamental colonization regulations of the Mexican Government; when they increased and waxed strong, they took up arms without even colourable pretexts, and at last proceeded to open war. Besides an account of the incidents and actors in these scenes, the Texan divine draws a flaming picture of the beauties and advantages of the new state; but the whole is so characterized by the spirit of a projector beating up for colonists, that we feel disposed to place little confidence in the statements.

2. The translation of St. Real's history is a puerile affair; literal but cramped, and chiefly remarkable as indicative of the state of the American demand for books. In England, those who would read the *Conspiration contre Venise* could read it in the original.

3. The *New York Review* is a quarterly publication; and, though occasionally dashed with the narrowness of provincialism and the rawness of youth, is a highly creditable specimen of American periodical literature. Its principles would seem to be those of

the Federalists; and in several of its better articles their organ exhibits a worldly acumen with a largeness and justness of view, spiced by a measured severity, which reminds us of the *Quarterly*. Such especially is a depreciatory but searching estimate of Miss Martineau; such, with less temptation to sarcasm, an able paper on Education, the principal basis of which is the volume of Mr. Wyse; and such is a sketch of the early American and Indian border wars, in a review of *Stone's Life of Brandt*. Dr. Lardner's book on the Steam-engine furnishes a text for a history of Steam Navigation, including some speculations in reference to the late voyages across the Atlantic; the "Remains of Bishop Sanford" is a workmanlike review of a publication that would not pay for reprinting in America; and "Gardiner's Music of Nature," though crude, has some incidental and gossip matter of a pleasant kind. There are other papers of inferior merit, and (a good feature) a batch of short notices, distinguished by a higher tone of criticism than any thing of the kind done in England.

4. 5. There is nothing very particular in either of these publications, except as they furnish a specimen of American monthly periodical literature; and this appears to be somewhat after the fashion of our old magazines, being equally verbose and equally unreal. It may be noted as a sign of the times, that a strong though concealed feeling against the abuses of Ultra Democracy appears to be spreading amongst the intellectual. It may also be remarked, that there are no traces of *nationality* in any of these periodicals: not only is their form English, but the topics, the materials, and the very cast of thought, are European; and most of the books reviewed are importations.

ADVERSITY.—The chief misery of a sudden misfortune, is not the first blow, but the subsequent discoveries of the different ways in which it affects us, of the various prospects which are blasted, and of the multifarious points where we are crushed. An unexpected piece of good fortune brings, also, after it a train of delightful surprises. Prosperity has been called the "touchstone of greatness." Adversity, from our childhood, we are taught to expect; and lessons of endurance, fortitude, and consolation are poured upon us in a thousand forms, and at every stage of our existence. It bears, too, with itself, deep admonition, from which we cannot avert our ear—which we cannot disregard—which we cannot forget. The wretched will always reflect; and the peasant, in a dungeon, unconsciously becomes a pupil in the school of philosophy and wisdom. Against prosperity we are rarely taught any precautions. We are accustomed to hope for it with an unmingled hope—as a blessing which brings with it repose and sunshine, opportunities of enjoyment and of virtue. Yet it is prosperity which shows the natural material of the soul; and, from the same alembic produces Caligula, Augustus, Nero, and Trajan.

From the Spectator.

STEPHENS' INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, Petra, and the Holy Land. By GEORGE STEPHENS. New Edition, with Additions. In 2 vols. Bently.

Familiar as we have become, through the medium of books and prints, with the colossal monuments of Egyptian grandeur and the interesting features of the Holy Land,—countries that only twenty years ago would have made a traveller's reputation who visited them, but now overrun by holiday tourists,—these volumes will be read with pleasure, though they add but little to our stock of information. Mr. Stephens is a young American, one of the most agreeable we have met with in print; and his narrative owes its attraction to his personal character. With no more learning than falls to the lot of every well-educated man, and with no other clue than that afforded by the Scriptures to the track of the Israelites and the footsteps of the Messiah—aspiring not to the character of a scientific, a sentimental, or a book-making traveller (for the publication of his notes was unpremeditated)—he carries us along with him by the amusing character of the “incidents” of his journey, and the lively reality of his unassuming narrative; which has the freshness and autobiographical character of a journal, without its tediousness and fragmentary shape.

Mr. Stephens's route from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence up the Nile to the Cataracts, is so far the beaten track of travellers; but in crossing the Desert, he struck out a new and almost untrodden path, that, since the departure of the children of Israel from “the house of bondage,” had only been crossed by the wandering Arab. Under the protection and guidance of the Sheik of Akaba, who had come to Cairo to escort the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca across the Desert, our traveller went through the heart of the Desert to the Holy Land. From Suez he proceeded to Mount Sinai; and thence traversed the “great and terrible wilderness” to Petra, the Edom of the Scriptures, by Akaba, or Gaza; ascending to the tomb of Aaron on Mount Hor by the way, and passing through the whole length of the land of Idumea to Hebron. Neither Burckhardt, who first discovered Petra, nor either of the three different parties who have since at various intervals entered this city of the Desert, passed through Idumea: Burckhardt, who was the nearest to passing through the land, only glanced its borders; and the other travellers probably followed the track of the caravan, which skirts its edge. To Mr. Stephens belongs the privilege of boasting that he was the first modern to disturb the literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah, who, in predicting the doom of Idumea, said, “None shall pass through it for ever and ever.” This, con-

sidering the dangers and difficulties of the way, was no small feat to accomplish. All travellers give the Arabs of this region the worst of characters: Burckhardt himself acknowledges that here he first felt fear during his journey in the Desert. Mr. Stephens, however, escaped without being attacked or plundered by the Arabs,—who seem, indeed, to be more formidable in appearance than reality: he came to regard their physical strength and warlike attributes with as much contempt as their moral qualities; and, being well armed and escorted, after a little acquaintance with their dark, scowling looks and predatory propensities, his chief apprehension was the annoyance of their clamorous demand for *bucksheesh*, a term answering to our word “largess.” From Hebron, he again fell into the beaten way of travellers in the Holy Land; visiting Bethlehem and Jerusalem, seeing Jordan and the Dead Sea, and proceeding by Capernaum and Nazareth to Mount Carmel, and thence to Tyre and Sidon, where he sailed for Alexandria.

One rare and excellent quality in Mr. Stephens is, that he never affects rapture he does not feel, nor works himself up into factitious enthusiasm at the sight of objects and places which might be expected to excite them. He is evidently sensible to impressions that the strangeness and grandeur of the monuments of man's greatness and littleness cannot fail to produce in every cultivated mind; and no pilgrim to the Holy Land ever felt a more sincere reverence for the associations which it awakens: but he has none of the cant of sentiment; when a thing disappoints him he says so; and he is “free to confess” when the romance of travel fades before its uncomfortable realities. In fact, a man who could not resist picking off a pigeon from a column of the Temple of Denderah, though his shot knocked out an eye of Isis whose head formed the capital—who unconsciously shot a partridge from the top of Sinai—and who woke the echoes of Mount Hor by firing a pistol into the tomb of Aaron to get a light—is not likely to sustain the reputation of a Eustace or a Delamartine. The imagination is not so easily evoked by the sight of a locality—a particular spot of ground, or a whole region, does not naturally awaken poetic or historical associations as by the inevitable process of cause and effect. Much depends on the frame of mind at the time, and that again on the bodily condition. Thebes, the city of temples, with its most vast and stupendous one of Carnac to which that of Luxor forms the portal, impresses by its overpowering magnificence, as the Pyramids do by their immensity, or the Acropolis of Athens by the symmetry and beauty of its architecture: the Desert, like the sea, is sublime; and Sinai is an imposing object in itself, stripped of all associations. The various places in the Holy Land, however, marked out by credulity and the rapacity of priestcraft as the identical spots where

particular events occurred that are recorded in the Bible, seem more calculated to shock the devout and rational Christian, by the profanation of sacred associations to fanatical purposes, than to enkindle holy emotions within him. In contemplating a plot of earth, or a bit of stone, whether a relic of an individual or an event, the mind is pinned down to a material point; whereas, in ranging freely over the scene of past glories and greatness, the imagination has room to expand—the very air seems redolent of them. It is, however, a useful, if a disappointing lesson, to learn from a survey of places famed in story, how much of their beauty and majesty is owing to our imagination: and this lesson Mr. Stephens, with his practical views of things, teaches very forcibly, though without doing violence to rational feelings of veneration for antiquity and sacredness. For instance, in thus bringing the Patriarchs bodily before us, by likening them to the present race of Arabs, while he strips the latter of the romance of a savage state, he does not abate one jot of our reverence for father Abraham.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT.

"The Bedouins are essentially a pastoral people; their only riches are their flocks and herds, their home is in the wide desert, and they have no local attachments: to-day they pitch their tent among the mountains, to-morrow in the plain; and wherever they plant themselves for the time, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. In fact, the life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin; and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character and habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

"The woman whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the Desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal: and now I would fain prolong the illusion of this pastoral scene. To stop at the door of an Arab's tent, and partake with him of a lamb or a kid prepared by his hospitable hands, all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which Nature gave us, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but

the details were such as to destroy for ever all its poetry, and take away all relish for patriarchal feasts. While we were taking coffee, the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose, and laid his hand upon the victim: the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head, and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire. * * *

"One by one I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away, the gorgeous pictures of Oriental scenes melt into nothing, but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the 'land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character or any habits of life which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilization. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and, to say nothing of their manners,—excluding women from all companionship, dipping their fingers up to their knuckles in the same dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits,—their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes. * * *

"One might expect to find these children of Nature free from the reproach of civilized life—the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers of mammon, hold up your heads, this reproach must not be confined to you!

"I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold. When he asks for bucksheesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser to count it over alone and hide it from all other eyes."

The following correction of an erroneous notion about the difference between the camel and dromedary is curious: but the explanation looks very like what the author suspects it to be—an Arab hoax.

THE HUMP OF THE CAMEL AND DROMEDARY.

"I had a long discourse about the difference between the camel and the dromedary. Buffon gives the camel two humps, and the dromedary one; and this, I believe, is the received opinion, as it had always been mine; but, since I had been in the East, I had remarked that it was exceedingly rare to meet a camel with two humps. I had seen together at one time, on the starting of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, perhaps twenty thousand camels and dromedaries, and had not seen among them more than half-a-dozen with two humps. Not satisfied with any explanation from European residents or travellers, I had inquired among the Bedouins; and Toualeb, my old guide, brought up among camels, had given such a strange account that I never paid any regard to it. Now, however, the sheik told me the

same thing, namely, that they were of different races, the dromedary being to the camel as the blood-horse is to the cart-horse; and that the two humps were peculiar neither to the dromedary nor the camel, or natural to either; but that both are always born with only one hump, which, being a mere mass of flesh, and very tender, almost as soon as the young camel is born a piece is sometimes cut out of the middle for the convenience of better arranging the saddle; and, being cut out of the centre, a hump is left on either side of the cavity; and this, according to the account given by Toualeb, is the only way in which two humps ever appear on the back of a camel or dromedary. I should not mention this story if I had heard it only once; but, precisely as I had it from Toualeb, it was confirmed with a great deal of circumstantial detail by another Bedouin, who, like himself, had lived among camels and dromedaries all his life; and his statement was assented to by all his companions. I do not give this out as a discovery made at this late day in regard to an animal so well known as the camel; indeed, I am told that the Arabs are not ignorant of that elegance of civilized life called 'quizzing'; I give it merely to show how I whiled away my time in the desert, and for what it is worth."

Mr. Stephens's opinion of the far-famed Mohammed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, is, we suspect, the true one: the old rebel is nothing more than a vulgar despot—one of the common herd of crafty conquerors, who only seek to aggrandize themselves; his schemes for the civilization and enlightenment of his virtual subjects being mere claptrap.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

(CONTINUED.)

PART IV.

Fardorougha stood amazed and confounded, looking from one to another like a man who felt incapable of comprehending all that passed before him. His forehead, over which fell a few grey thin locks, assumed a deadly paleness, and his eye lost the piercing expression which usually characterized it. He threw his *Cothamore* several times over his shoulders, as he had been in the habit of doing when about to proceed after breakfast to his usual avocations, and as often laid it aside, without being at all conscious of what he did. His limbs appeared to get feeble, and his hands trembled as if he laboured under palsy. In this mood he passed from one to another, sometimes seizing a constable by the arm with a hard, tremulous grip, and again suddenly letting go his hold of him without speaking. At length a singular transition from this state of mind became apparent; a gleam of wild exultation shot from his eye; his sallow and blasted features brightened; the *Cothamore* was buttoned under his chin with a rapid energy of manner evidently arising from the removal of some secret apprehension.

"Then," he exclaimed, "it's no robbery; it's not rob-

bery afther all; but how could it! there's no money here; not a penny; an' I'm belied, at any rate; for there's not a poorer man in the barony—thank God, it's not robbery!"

"Oh, Fardorougha," said the wife, "don't you see they're goin' to take him away from us!"

"Take who away from us?"

"Connor, your own Connor—our boy—the light of my heart—the light of his poor mother's heart! Oh, Connor, Connor, what is it they're goin' to do to you?"

"No harm, mother, I trust; no harm—don't be frightened."

The old man put his open hands to his temples, which he pressed bitterly, and with all his force, for nearly half a minute. He had, in truth, been alarmed into the very worst mood of his habitual vice, apprehension concerning his money; and felt that nothing, except a powerful effort, could succeed in drawing his attention to the scene which was passing before him.

"What," said he; "what is it that's wrong wid Connor?"

"He must come to jail," said one of the men, looking at him with surprise; "we have already stated the crime for which he stands committed."

"To jail! Connor O'Donovan to jail!"

"It's too true, father; Bartle Flanagan has sworn that I burned Mr. O'Brien's haggard."

"Connor, Connor," said the old man, approaching him as he spoke, and putting his arms composedly about his neck, "Connor, my brave boy, my brave boy, it wasn't you did it; 'twas I did it," he added, turning to the constables; "lave him, lave him with her, an' take me in his place! Who would if I would not—who ought, I say—an' I'll do it—take me; I'll go in his place."

Connor looked down upon the old man, and he saw his heart rent, and his reason absolutely tottering, a sense of the singular and devoted affection which he had ever borne him, overcame him, and with a full heart he dashed away a tear from his eye, and pressed his father to his breast.

"Mother," said he, "this will kill the old man; it will kill him!"

"Fardorougha, a hagar," said his wife, feeling it necessary to sustain him as much as possible, "don't take it so much to heart, it won't signify—Connor's innocent, an' no harm will happen to him."

"But are you lavin' us, Connor? are they—must they bring you to jail?"

"For a while, father; but I won't be long there I hope."

"It's an unpleasant duty on our part," said the principal of them; "still it's one we must perform. Your father should lose no time in taking the proper steps for your defence."

'And what are we to do?' asked the mother; 'God knows the boy's as innocent as I am.'

'Yes,' said Fardorougha, still dwelling upon the resolution he had made; 'I'll stand for you, Connor; you won't go; let them bring *me* instead of *you*.'

'That's out of the question,' replied the constable; 'the law suffers nothing of the kind to take place; but if you be advised by me, lose no time in preparing to defend him. It would be unjust to disguise the matter from you, or to keep you ignorant of its being a case of life and death.'

'Life and death! what do you mane?' asked Fardorougha, staring vacantly at the last speaker.

'It's painful to distress you; but if he's found guilty, it's death.'

'Death! hanged!' shrieked the old man, awaking as it were for the first time to a full perception of his son's situation; 'hanged! my boy hanged! Connor, Connor, don't go from me!'

'I'll die with him,' said the mother; 'I'll die wid you, Connor. We couldn't live widout him,' she added, addressing the strangers; 'as God is in heaven we couldn't! Oh Connor, Connor, avourneen, what is it that has come over us, and brought us to this sorrow!'

The mother's grief then flowed on, accompanied by a burst of that unstudied, but pathetic eloquence, which in Ireland is frequently uttered in the tone of wail and lamentation peculiar to those who mourn over the dead.

'No,' she added with her arms tenderly about him, and her streaming eyes fixed with a wild and mournful look of despair upon his face; 'no, he is in his loving mother's arms, the boy that never gave to his father or me a harsh word or a sore heart! Long were we lookin' for him, an' little did we think it was for this heavy fate that the goodness of God sent him to us! Oh many a look of lovin' affection, many a happy heart did he give us! Many a time Connor, avillish, did I hang over your cradle, and draw out to myself the happiness and the good that I hoped was before you. You wor too good—too good, I doubt—to be long in such a world as this; an' no wondher that the heart of the fair young colleen, the heart of the colleen *dhas dhun* should rest upon you and love you; for who ever knew you that didn't! Is'nt there enough, King of heaven! enough of the bad an' the wicked in this world for the law to punish, an' not to take the innocent—not to take away from us the only one—the *only one*—I cant—I cant—but if they do—Connor—if they do, your lovin' mother will die with you!'

The stern officers of justice wiped their eyes, and were proceeding to afford such consolation as they could, when Fardorougha, who had sat down after having made way for Honor to recline on the bosom of their son, now rose, and seizing the breast of his coat,

was about to speak, but ere he could utter a word he tottered, and would have instantly fallen, had not Connor caught him in his arms. This served for a moment to divert the mother's grief, and to draw her attention from the son to the husband, who was now insensible. He was carried to the door by Connor; but when they attempted to lay him in a recumbent posture, it was found almost impossible to unclasp the death-like grip which he held of the coat. His haggard face was shrunk and collapsed; the individual features sharp and thin, but earnest and stamped with traces of alarm; his brows, too, which were slightly knit, gave to his whole countenance a character of keen and painful determination. But that which struck those who were present most, was the unyielding grasp with which he clung even in his insensibility to the person of Connor.

If not an affecting sight it was one at least strongly indicative of the intractable and indurated attachment which put itself forth with such vague and illusive energy on behalf of his son. At length he recovered, and on opening his eyes he fixed them with a long look of pain and distraction upon the boy's countenance.

'Father,' said Connor, 'don't be cast down—you need not—and you ought not to be so much disheartened—do you feel better?'

When the father heard his voice he smiled; yes—his shrunk, pale, withered face was lit up by a wild, indescribable ecstasy, whose startling expression was borrowed, one would think, as much from the light of insanity as from that of returning consciousness. He sucked in his thin cheeks, smacked his parched skinny lips, and with difficulty called for a drink. Having swallowed a little water, he looked round him with more composure, and inquired—

'What has happened me? am I robbed? are you robbers? But I tell you there's no money in the house. I lodged the last penny yestherday—afore my God I did—but—oh what am I sayin'? what is this, Connor!'

'Father dear, compose yourself—we'll get over this throuble.'

'We will, darlin',' said Honor, wiping the pale brows of her husband; 'an' we won't lose him.'

'No, achora,' said the old man; 'no, we wont lose him! Connor?'

'Well, father dear!'

'There's a thing here—here'—and he placed his hand upon his heart—'something it is that makes me afear'd—a sinkin'—a weight—and there's a strugglin', too, Connor. I know I cant stand it long—an' it is about you—it's *all* about *you*.'

'You distress yourself too much, father; indeed you do. Why I hoped that you would comfort my poor mother 'till I come back to her and you, as I will, please God.'

'Yes,' he replied; 'yes, I will, I will.'

'You had better prepare,' said one of the officers; 'the sooner this is over the better—he's a feeble man and not very well able to bear it.'

'You are right,' said Connor; 'I won't delay many minutes; I have only to change my clothes, an' I'm ready.'

In a short time he made his appearance dressed in his best suit; and indeed it would be extremely difficult to meet, in any rank of life, a finer specimen of vigour, activity, and manly beauty. His countenance, at all times sedate and open, was on this occasion shaded by an air of profound melancholy that gave a composed grace and dignity to his whole bearing.

'Now, father,' said he, 'before I go, I think it right to lave you and my poor mother all the consolation I can. In the presence of God, in your's, in my dear mother's, and in the presence of all who hear me, I am as innocent of the crime that's laid to my charge as the babe unborn. That's a comfort for you to know, and let it prevent you from frettin'; and now, good by, God be with you, and strengthen, and support you both!'

Fardorougha had already seized his hand; but the old man could neither speak nor weep; his whole frame appeared to have been suddenly pervaded by a dry agony that suspended the beatings of his very heart. The mother's grief, on the contrary, was loud, and piercing, and vehement. She threw herself once more on his neck; she kissed his lips, she pressed him to her heart, and poured out as before the wail of a wild and hopeless misery. At length, by the aid of some slight but necessary force, her arms were untwined from about his neck; and Connor then stooping, embraced his father, and gently placing him upon a settle bed, bade him farewell! On reaching the door he paused, and, turning about, surveyed his mother struggling in the hands of one of the officers to get embracing him again, and his grey-haired father sitting in speechless misery on the settle. He stood a moment to look upon them, and a few bitter tears rolled, in the silence of manly sorrow, down his cheeks.

'Oh, Fardorougha,' exclaimed his mother, after they had gone, 'sure it isn't merely for partin' wid him that we feel so heartbroken. He may never stand under this roof again, an' he all we have and had to love!'

'No,' returned Fardorougha, quietly; 'no, it's not, as you say, for merely partin' wid him—hanged! God! God! him—here—Honor—here the thought of it—I'll die—it'll break! Oh God support me! my heart—here—my heart 'ill break! My brain, too, and my head—oh! if God 'ud take me before I'd see it! But it can't be—it's not possible that our innocent boy should meet sich a death!'

'No, dear, it is not; sure he's innocent—that's one comfort; but Fardorougha, as the men said, you must

go to a lawyer and see what can be done to defend him.'

The old man rose up and proceeded to his son's bedroom.

'Honor,' said he, 'come here;' and while uttering these words he gazed upon her face with a look of unutterable and helpless distress; 'there's his bed, Honor—his bed—he may never sleep on it more—he may be cut down like a flower in his youth—an' then what will become of us?'

'For ever, from this day out,' said the distracted mother; 'no hands will ever make it but my own; on no other will I sleep—will we both sleep—where his head lay there will mine be too—avick machree—machree! Och, Fardorougha, we can't stand this; let us not take it to heart, as we do; let us trust in God, an' hope for the best.'

Honor, in fact, found it necessary to assume the office of the comforter; but it was clear that nothing urged or suggested by her could for a moment win back the old man's heart from a contemplation of the loss of his son. He moped about for a considerable time; but, ever and anon, found himself in Connor's bedroom, looking upon his clothes and such other memorials of him as it contained.

During the occurrence of these melancholy incidents at Fardorougha's, others of a scarcely less distressing character were passing under the roof of Bodagh Buie O'Brien.

Our readers need not be informed that the charge brought by Bartle Flanagan against Connor, excited the utmost amazement in all who heard it. So much at variance were his untarnished reputation and amiable manners with a disposition so dark and malignant as that which must have prompted the perpetration of such a crime, that it was treated at first by the public as an idle rumour. The evidence, however, of Phil Curtis, and his deposition to the conversation which occurred between him and Connor at the time and place already known to the reader, together with the corroborating circumstances arising from the correspondence of the foot-prints about the haggard with the shoes produced by the constable—all, when combined together, left little doubt of his guilt. No sooner had this impression become general, than the spirit of the father was immediately imputed to the son, and many sagacious observations made, all tending to show, that, as they expressed it, 'the bad drop of the old rogue would sooner or later come out in the young one;' 'he wouldn't be what he was, or the bitter heart of the miser would appear;' with many other apothegms of a similar import. The family of the Bodagh, however, were painfully and peculiarly circumstanced. With the exception of Una herself, none of them entertained a doubt that Connor was the incendiary. Flanagan had maintained a good character,

and his direct impeachment of Connor, supported by such exact circumstantial evidence, left nothing to be urged in the young man's defence. Aware as they were of the force of Una's attachment, and apprehensive that the shock, arising from the discovery of his atrocity might be dangerous if injudiciously disclosed to her, they resolved, in accordance with the suggestion of their son, to break the matter to herself with the utmost delicacy and caution.

'It is better,' said John, 'that she should hear of the misfortune from ourselves; for after breaking it to her as gently as possible, we can at least attempt to strengthen and console her under it.'

'Heaven above sees,' exclaimed his mother, 'that it was a black and unlucky business to her and to all of us; but now that she knows what a revengeful villain he is, I'm sure she'll not find it hard to banish him out of her thoughts. *Deah Grasthias* for the escape she had from him at any rate!'

'John, bring her in,' said the father; 'bring the unfortunate young creature in. I can't but pity her, Bridget; I can't but pity *ma colleen voght*.'

When Una entered with her brother she perceived by a glance at the solemn bearing of her parents, that some unhappy announcement was about to be made to her. She sat down therefore with a beating heart and a cheek already pale with apprehension.

'Una,' said her father, 'we sent for you to mention a circumstance that we would rather you should hear from ourselves than from strangers. You were always a good girl, Una—an' obadient girl, and sensible beyond your years; and I trust that your good sense and the grace of the Almighty will enable you to bear up under any disappointment that may come upon you.'

'Surely, father, there can be nothing worse than I know already,' she replied.

'Why what do you know, dear?'

'Only what you told me the day Fardorougha was here, that nothing agreeable to my wishes could take place.'

'I would give a great deal that the business was now as it was even then,' responded her father; 'there's far worse to come, Una, an' you must be firm, an' prepare to hear what'll thry you sorely.'

'I can't guess it, father; but for God's sake tell me at once.'

'Who do you think burned our property?'

'And I suppose if *she* hadn't been under the one roof wid us that it's ourselves he'd burn,' observed her mother.

'Father, tell me the worst at once—whatever it may be;—how could I guess the villain or villains who destroyed our property?'

'Villain, indeed; you may well say so,' returned the Bodagh. 'That villain is no other than Connor O'Donovan.'

Una felt as if a weighty burthen had been removed from her heart; she breathed freely; her depression and alarm vanished, and her dark eye kindled into a proud confidence in the integrity of her lover.

'And father,' she asked, in a full and firm voice, 'is there nothing worse than *that* to come?'

'Worse! is the girl's brain turned?'

'*Dhar a Lhara Heena*, she's as mad I believe as could Fardorougha himself,' said her mother; '*worse!* why she has parted wid all the little reasing she ever had.'

'Indeed, mother, I hope I have not, and that my reason's as clear as ever; but as to Connor O'Donovan, he's innocent of that charge, and of every other that may be brought against him; I don't believe it, and I never will.'

'It's proved against him; it's brought home to him.'

'Who's his accuser?'

'His father's servant, Bartle Flanagan, has turned king's evidence.'

'The deep-dyed villain!' she exclaimed, with indignation: 'father, of that crime, so sure as God's in heaven, so sure is Connor O'Donovan innocent, and so sure is Bartle Flanagan guilty—I know it.'

'You know it—explain yourself.'

'I mean *I feel it*—ay home to the core of my heart—my unhappy heart—I feel the truth of what I say.'

'Una,' observed her brother, 'I'm afraid you have been vilely deceived by him—there's not the slightest doubt of his guilt.'

'Don't you be deceived, John; I say he's innocent—as I hope for heaven he's innocent; and father, I'm not a bit cast down or disheartened by any thing I have yet heard against him.'

'You're a very extraordinary girl, Una; but for my part I'm glad you look upon it as you do. If his innocence appears, no man alive will be better pleased at it than myself.'

'His innocence *will* appear,' exclaimed the faithful girl; 'it must appear; and father, mark this—I say, time will tell yet who is innocent and who is guilty. God knows,' she added, her energy of manner increasing, while a shower of hot tears fell down her cheeks, 'God knows I would marry him to-morrow with the disgrace of that and ten times as much upon him, so certain am I that his heart and his hand are free from thought or deed that's either treacherous or dishonourable.'

'Marry him!' said her mother, losing temper; 'nobody doubts but you'd marry him on the gallows, wid the rope about his neck.'

'I would do it, and unite myself to a true heart.—Don't mistake me, and mother, dear, don't blame me,' she added, her tears flowing still faster; 'he's in disgrace—sunk in shame and sorrow—and I wont conceal the force of what I feel for him; I wont desert him now as the world will do; I know his heart, and on the

scaffold to-morrow I would become his wife, if it would take away one atom of his misery.'

'If he's innocent,' said her father, 'you have more penetration than any girl in Europe; but if he's guilty of such an act against any one connected with you, Una, the guilt of all the devils in hell is no match for his. Well, you have heard all we wanted to say to you, and you needn't stay.'

'As she herself says,' observed John, 'perhaps time will place every thing in its true light. At present all those who are not in love with him have little doubt of his guilt. However, even as it is, in principle Una is right; putting love out of the question, we should pre-judge no one.'

'Time will,' said his sister, 'or rather God will in his own good time. On God I'm sure *he* depends; on his providence I also rely for seeing his name and character cleared of all that has been brought against him. John, I wish to speak to you in my own room; not that I intend to make any secret of it, but I want to consult with you first.'

'*Cheerna dheelish*,' exclaimed her mother; 'what a wife that child would make to any man that deserved her!'

'It's more than I'm able to do, to be angry with her,' returned the Bodagh. 'Did you ever know her to tell a lie, Bridget?'

'A lie; no, nor the shadow of a lie never came out of her lips; the desate's not in her; an' may God look down on her wid compunction this day; for there's a dark road I doubt before her!'

'Amen,' responded her father; 'amen, I pray the Saviour. At all events, O'Donovan's guilt or innocence will soon be known,' he added; 'the 'sises begin this day week, so that the business will soon be either one way or other.'

Una, on reaching her own room, thus addressed her affectionate brother:

'Now, John, you know that my grand-father left me two hundred guineas in his will, and you know, too, the impossibility of getting any money from the clutches of Fardorougha. You must see Connor, and find out how he intends to defend himself. If his father wont allow him sufficient means to employ the best lawyers—as I doubt whether he will or not—just tell him the truth, that whilst I have a penny of these two hundred guineas, he mustn't want money; an' tell him, too, that all the world wont persuade me that he's guilty; say I know him to be innocent, and that his disgrace has made him dearer to me than he ever was before.'

'Surely you cant suppose for a moment, my dear Una, that I, your brother, who, by the way, have never opened my lips to him, could deliberately convey such a message.'

'It must be conveyed in some manner; I'm resolved on that.'

'The best plan,' said the other, 'is to find out whatsoever attorney they employ, and then to discover, if possible, whether his father has furnished sufficient funds for his defence. If he has, your offer is unnecessary; and if not, a private arrangement may be made with the attorney of which no body else need know any thing.'

'God bless you, John; God bless you,' she replied; 'that is far better; you have been a good brother to your poor Una—to your poor unhappy Una!'

She leaned her head on a table, and wept for some time at the trying fate, as she termed it, which hung over two beings so young and so guiltless of any crime. The brother soothed her by every argument in his power, and after gently compelling her to dry her tears, expressed his intention of going early the next day to ascertain whether or not any professional man had been engaged to conduct the defence of her unfortunate lover.

In effecting this object there was little time lost on the part of young O'Brien. Knowing that two respectable attorneys lived in the next market town, he deemed it best to ascertain whether Fardorougha had applied to either of them for the purposes aforementioned, or if not, to assure himself whether the old man had gone to any of those pettifoggers, who, rather than appear without practice, will undertake a cause almost on any terms, and afterwards institute a lawsuit for the recovery of a much larger bill of costs than a man of character and experience would demand.

In pursuance of the plan concerted between them, the next morning found him rapping, about eleven o'clock, at the door of an attorney named Kennedy, whom he asked to see on professional business. A clerk, on hearing his voice in the hall, came out and requested him to step into a back room, adding that his master, who was engaged, would see him the moment he had despatched the person then with him. Thus shown, he was separated from O'Halloran's office only by a pair of foldings doors, through which every word uttered in the office could be distinctly heard; a circumstance that enabled O'Brien unintentionally to overhear the following dialogue between the parties:

'Well, my good friend,' said Kennedy to the stranger, who, it appeared, had arrived before O'Brien only a few minutes; 'I am now disengaged; pray, let me know your business.'

The stranger paused a moment, as if seeking the most appropriate terms in which to express himself.

'It's a black business,' he replied, 'and the worst of it is I'm a poor man.'

'You should not go to law, then,' observed the attorney. 'I tell you before hand you will find it devilish expensive.'

'I know it,' said the man; 'it's open robbery; I know what it cost me to recover the little pences that wor sometimes due to me, when I broke myself lending

weeny thrifles to strugglin' people that I thought honest, an' robbed me afterwards.'

'In what way can my services be of use to you at present? for that I suppose is the object of your calling upon me,' said Kennedy.

'Oh thin, sir, if you have the grace of God, or kindness, or pity in your heart, you can sarve me, you can save my heart from breakin'!'

'How—how, man!—come to the point.'

'My son, sir, Connor; my only son was taken away from his mother an' me, an' put into jail yesterday mornin', an' he innocent; he was put in, sir, for burnin' Bodagh Buie O'Brien's haggard, an' as God is above me, he as much burnt it as you did.'

'Then you are Fardorougha Donovan,' said the attorney; 'I have heard of that outrage; and to be plain with you, a good deal about yourself. How, in the name of heaven, can you call yourself a poor man?'

'They belie me, sir; they're bitter enemies that say I'm otherwise.'

'Be you rich or be you poor, let me tell you that I would not stand in your son's situation for the wealth of the king's exchequer. Sell your last cow; your last coat; your last acre; sell the bed from under you, without loss of time, if you wish to save his life; and I tell you that for this purpose you must employ the best counsel, and plenty of them. The Assizes commence on this day week, so that you have not a single moment to lose. Think now whether you love your son or your money best.'

'Saver of earth amn't I an unhappy man! every one sayin' I have money, an' me has not! Where would I get it? Where would a man like me get it? Instead o' that I'm so poor that I see plainly I'll starve yet; I see it's before me! God pity me this day! But agin, there's my boy, my boy; oh God pity him! Say what's the laste, the lowest, the very lowest you could take, for definin' him; an' for pity's sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, don't grind a poor, helpless, ould man by extortion. If you knew the boy—if you knew him—oh, afore my God, if you knew him, you would'n't be apt to charge a penny; you'd be proud to sarve sich a boy.'

'You wish every thing possible to be done for him, of course.'

'Of coorse, of coorse; but widout extravagance; as asy an' light on a poor man as you can. You could shorten it, snre, an' lave out a great dale that 'ud be of no use; an' half the paper 'ud do; for you might make the clerks write close—why, very little 'ud be wanted if you wor savin'.'

'I can defend him with one counsel if you wish; but if anxious to save the boy's life, you ought to enable your attorney to secure a strong bar of the most eminent lawyers he can engage.'

'An' what 'ud it cost to hire three or four of 'them?'

'The whole expenses might amount to between thirty and forty guineas.'

A deep groan of dismay, astonishment, and anguish, was the only reply made to this for some time.

'Oh heavens above,' he screamed, 'what will—what ~~will~~ become of me! I'd rather be dead, as I'll soon be, than hear this, or know it at all. How could I get it? I'm as poor as poverty itself; oh couldn't you feel for the boy, an' defend him on trust; couldn't you feel for him?'

'It's your business to do that,' returned the man of law, coolly.

'Feel for him; me! oh little you know how my heart's in him; but any way, I'm an unhappy man; every thing in the world wide goes against me; but—oh my darlin' boy—Connor, Connor, my son, to be tould that I don't feel for you—well you know, avourneen machree—well you know that I feel for you, and 'ud kiss the track of your feet upon the ground. Oh, it's cruel to tell it to me; to say sich a thing to a man that his heart's breakin' widin' him for your sake; but, sir, you sed this minute that you could defend him wid one lawyer!'

'Certainly, and with a cheap one, too, if you wish; but in that case, I would rather decline the thing altogether.'

'Why? why? sure if you can defend him chapely, isn't it so much saved? isn't it the same as if you defind him at a higher rate? Sure if one lawyer tells the truth for the poor boy, ten or fifteen can do no more; an' thin maybe they'd crass in an' puzzle one another if you hired too many of them.'

'How would you feel, should your son be found guilty? you know the penalty is his life. He will be executed.'

O'Brien could hear the old man clap his hands in agony, and in truth he walked about wringing them as if his heart would burst.

'What will I do?' he exclaimed; 'what will I do? I cant lose him, an' I wont lose him; lose him! oh God, oh God, it is to lose the best son and only child that ever man had; wouldn't it be downright murder in me to let him be lost if I could prevint it. Oh, if I was in his place, what wouldn't he do for me, for the father that he always loved!'

The tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks; and his whole appearance evinced such distraction and anguish as could rarely be witnessed.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he added; 'I'll give you fifty guineas *after my death* if you defend him properly.'

'Much obliged,' replied the other; 'but in matters of this kind we make no such bargains.'

'I'll make it sixty, in case you don't are it *now*.'

'Can you give me security that I'll survive you? Why you are tough looking enough to outlive me.'

'Me tough!—no, God help me, my race is nearly run; I won't be alive this day twelve months—look at the differ atween us.'

'This is idle talk,' said the attorney; 'determine on what you'll do; really my time is valuable, and I am now wasting it to no purpose.'

'Take the offer—depind on't it'll soon come to you.'

'No, no,' said the other, coolly; 'not at all; we might shut up shop if we made such *post obit* bargains as that.'

'I'll tell you,' said Fardorougha; 'I'll tell you what;' his eyes gleamed with a reddish, bitter light; and he clasped his withered hands together, until the joints cracked, and the perspiration teemed from his pale, sallow features; 'I'll tell you,' he added—'I'll make it seventy!'

'No.'

'Aighty!'

'No.'

'Ninety!'—with a husky shriek.

'No, no.'

'A hundhre'—a hundhre'—a hundhre', he shouted; 'a hundhre', when I'm gone—*when I'm gone!*'

One solemn and determined No, that precluded all hopes of any such arrangement, was the only reply.

The old man leaped up again, and looked impatiently and wildly and fiercely about him.

'What are you?' he shouted; 'what are you?—You're a divil—a born divil. Will nothing but my death satisfy you? Do you want to rob me—to starve me—to murder me? Don't you see the state I'm in by you? look at me—look at these thremblin' limbs—look at the sweat powerin' down from my poor ould face! What is it you want? There—there's my grey hairs to you. You have brought me to that—to more than that—I'm dyin' this minute—I'm dyin'—oh, my boy—my boy, if I had you here—ay, I'm—I'm——'

He staggered over on his seat, his eyes gleaming in a fixed and intense glare at the attorney; his hands were clenched, his lips parched, and his mummy-like cheeks sucked, as before, into his toothless jaws. In addition to all this, there was a bitter white smile of despair upon his features, and his thin grey locks that were discomposed in the paroxysm by his own hands, stood out in disorder upon his head. We question indeed whether mere imagination could, without having actually witnessed it in real life, conceive any object so frightfully illustrative of the terrible dominion which the passion of avarice is capable of exercising over the human heart.

'I protest to heaven,' exclaimed the attorney, alarmed, 'I believe the man is dying—if not dead, he is motionless.'

'O'Donovan, what's the matter with you?'

The old man's lips gave a dry hard smack, then became desperately compressed together, and his cheeks

were drawn still farther into his jaws. At length he sighed deeply, and changed his fixed and motionless attitude.

'He is alive, at all events,' said one of his young men.

Fardorougha turned his eyes upon the speaker, then upon his master, and successively upon two other assistants who were in the office.

'What is this?' said he, 'what is this?—I'm very weak—will you get me a dhrink o' wather. God help me—God direct me! I'm an unhappy man; get me a dhrink for heaven's sake, I can hardly spake, my mouth and lips are so dry.'

The water having been procured, he drank it eagerly, and felt evidently relieved.

'This business,' he continued, 'about the money—I mane about my poor boy, Connor, how will it be managed, sir?'

'I have already told you that there is but one way of managing it, and that is, as the young man's life is at stake, to spare no cost.'

'And I *must* do that?'

'You ought at least, remember that he's an only son, and that if you lose him——'

'Lose him!—I can't—I couldn't—I'd die—die—dead——'

'And by so shameful a death,' proceeded Cassidy, 'you will not only be childless, but you will have the bitter fact to reflect on, that he died in disgrace. You will blush to name him! What father would not make any sacrifice to prevent his child from meeting such a fate? It's a trying thing and a pitiable calamity to see a father ashamed to name the child that he loves.'

The old man rose, and approaching Cassidy, said, eagerly, 'how much will do? Ashamed to name you, alanna, *Chierna—Chierna*—ashamed to name you, Connor! Oh! if the world knew you, asthore, as well as I an' your poor mother knows you, they'd say that we ought to be proud to hear your name soundin' in our ears. How much will do? for, may God stringthen me, I'll do it.'

'I think about forty guineas; it may be more, and it may be less, but we will say forty.'

'Then I'll give you an order for it on a man that's a good mark. Give me pin an' paper, fast.'

The paper was placed before him, and he held the pen in his hand for some time, and, ere he wrote, turned a look of deep distress upon Cassidy.

'God Almighty pity me,' said he; 'you see—you see that I'm a poor heartbroken creature—a ruined man I'll be—a ruined man!'

'Think of your son, and of his situation.'

'It's before me—I know it is—to die like a dog behind a ditch wid hunger!'

'Think of your son, I say, and, if possible, save him from a shameful death.'

'What? Ay—yis—yis—surely—surely—oh, my poor boy—my innocent boy—I will—I will do it.'

He then sat down, and with a tremulous hand, and lips tightly drawn together, wrote an order on P——, the county treasurer, for the money.

Cassidy, on seeing it, looked alternately at the paper and the man for a considerable time.

'Is P—— your banker?' he asked.

'Every penny that I'm worth, he has.'

'Then you're a ruined man,' he replied, with cool emphasis. 'P—— absconded the day before yesterday, and robbed half the county. Have you no loose cash at home?'

'Robbed! who robbed?'

'Why, P—— has robbed every man who was fool enough to trust him; he's off to the Isle of Man, with the county funds in addition to the other prog.'

'You don't mane to say,' replied Fardorougha, with a hideous calmness of voice and manner; 'you *don't*, you *cant* mane to say that he has run off wid *my* money?'

'I do; you'll never see a shilling of it, if you live to the age of a Hebrew patriarch. See what it is to fix the heart upon money. You are now what you wished the world to believe you to be, a poor man.'

'Ho, ho,' howled the miser, 'he darn't, he darn't—wouldn't God conshume him if he robbed the poor—wouldn't God stiffen him, and pin him to the airth, if he attempted to run off wid the hard earnings of strugglin' honest men! Where 'ud God be, an' him to dar to do it? But it's a falsity, an' you're thryin' me to see how I'd bear it—it is, it is, an' may heaven forgive you.'

'It's as true as the gospel,' replied the other; 'why, I'm surprised you didn't hear it before now—every one knows it—it's over the whole country.'

'It's a lie—it's a lie,' he howled again; 'no one dar to do sich an act. You have some schame in this—you're not a safe man; you're a villain, an' nothin' else; but I'll soon know; which of these is my hat?'

'You are mad, I think,' said Cassidy.

'Get me my hat, I say; I'll soon know it; but sure the world's all in a schame against me—all, all, young an' ould—where's my hat, I say?'

'You have put it upon your head this moment,' said the other.

'An' my stick?'

'It's in your hand.'

'The curse o' heaven upon you,' he shrieked, 'whether it's thrue or false,' and, with a look that might scorch him to whom it was directed, he shuffled in a wild and frantic mood out of the house.

'The man is mad,' observed Cassidy; 'or, if not, he will soon be so; I never witnessed such a desperate case of avarice. If ever the demon of money lurked in any man's soul, it's in his. God bless me! God

bless me! it's dreadful! Richard, tell the gentleman in the dining-room I'm at leisure to see him.'

The scene we have attempted to describe, spared O'Brien the trouble of much unpleasant inquiry, and enabled him to enter at once into the proposed arrangements on behalf of Connor. Of course he did not permit his sister's name to transpire, nor any trace whatsoever to appear, by which her delicacy might be compromised, or her character involved. His interference in the matter he judiciously put upon the footing of personal regard for the young man, and his reluctance to be even the indirect means of bringing him to a violent and shameful death. Having thus fulfilled Una's instructions, he returned home, and relieved her of a heavy burthen by a full communication of all that had been done.

The struggle hitherto endured by Fardorougha was in its own nature sufficiently severe to render his sufferings sharp and pungent; still they resembled the influence of local disease, more than that of a malady which prostrates the strength and grapples with the powers of the whole constitution. The sensation he immediately felt on hearing that his banker had absconded with the gains of his penurious life, was rather a stunning shock that occasioned for the moment a feeling of dull, and heavy, and overwhelming dismay. It filled, nay, it actually distended his narrow soul with an oppressive sense of exclusive misery that banished all consideration for every person and thing extraneous to his individual selfishness. In truth the tumult of his mind was peculiarly wild and anomalous. The situation of his son, and the dreadful fate that hung over him were as completely forgotten as if they did not exist. Yet there lay underneath his own gloomy agony, a remote consciousness of collateral affliction, such as is frequently experienced by those who may be drawn by some temporary and present pleasure, from the contemplation of their misery. We feel, in such cases, that the darkness is upon us, even while the image of the calamity is not before the mind; nay, it sometimes requires an effort to bring it back, when anxious to account for our depression; but when it comes, the heart sinks with a shudder, and we feel, that although it ceased to engage our thoughts, we had been sitting all the time beneath its shadow. For this reason, although Fardorougha's own loss absorbed, in one sense, all his powers of suffering, still he knew that *something else* pressed with additional weight upon his heart. Of its distinct character, however, he was ignorant, and only felt that a dead and heavy load of multiplied affliction bent him in burning anguish to the earth.

There is something more or less eccentric in the gait and dress of every miser. Fardorougha's pace was naturally slow, and the habit for which, in the

latter point, he had all his life been remarkable, was that of wearing a great coat thrown loosely about his shoulders. In summer it saved an inside one, and, as he said, kept him cool and comfortable. That he seldom or never put his arms into it arose from the fact that he knew it would last a much longer period of time, than if he wore it in the usual manner.

On leaving the attorney's office, he might be seen creeping along towards the County Treasurer's, at a pace quite unusual to him; his hollow gleaming eyes were bent on the earth; his *Cothamore* about his shoulders; his staff held with a tight and desperate grip, and his whole appearance that of a man frightfully distracted by the intelligence of some sudden calamity.

He had not proceeded far on this hopeless errand, when many bitter confirmations of the melancholy truth, by persons whom he met on their return from P——'s residence, were afforded him. Even these, however, were insufficient to satisfy him; he heard them with a vehement impatience, that could not brook the bare possibility of the report being true. His soul clung with the tenacity of a death-grip to the hope that, however others might have suffered, some chance might, notwithstanding, still remain in his particular favour. In the meantime, he poured out curses of unexampled malignity against the guilty defaulter, on whose head he invoked the Almighty's vengeance with a venomous fervour which appalled all who heard him. Having reached the treasurer's house, a scene presented itself that was by no means calculated to afford him consolation. Persons of every condition, from the Squireen and gentleman farmer, to the humble widow and inexperienced orphan, stood in melancholy groups about the deserted mansion, interchanging details of their losses, their blasted prospects, and their immediate ruin. The cries of the widow, who mourned for the desolations brought upon her and her now destitute orphans, rose in a piteous wail to heaven, and the industrious fathers of many struggling families, with pale faces and breaking hearts, looked up in silent misery upon the closed shutters and smokeless chimneys of their oppressor's house, bitterly conscious that the laws of the boasted constitution under which they lived, permitted the destroyer of hundreds to enjoy, in luxury and security, the many thousands of which, at one fell and rapacious swoop, he had deprived them.

With white quivering lips and panting breath, Fardorougha approached and joined them.

'What, what,' said he, in broken sentences; 'is this thrue—can it, can it be thrue? Is the thievin' villain of hell gone? Has he robbed us, ruined us, destroyed us?'

'Ah, too thrue it is,' replied a farmer; 'the dam' rip is off to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man; ay, he's

gone! an' may all our bad luck past, present, and to come, go with him, an' all he tuck.'

Fardorougha looked at his informant as if he had been P—— himself; he then glared from one to another, whilst the white foam wrought up to his lips by the prodigious force of his excitement. He clasped his hands, then attempted to speak, but language had abandoned him.

'If one is to judge by your appearance, you have suffered heavily,' observed the farmer.

The other stared at him with a kind of angry amazement for doubting it, or it might be, for speaking so coolly of his loss.

'Suffered,' said he, 'ay, ay, but did yeess thry the house? we'll see—suffered!—suffered!—we'll see.'

He immediately shuffled over to the hall-door, which he assaulted with the eagerness of a despairing soul at the gate of heaven, throwing into each knock such a character of impatience and apprehension, as one might suppose the aforesaid soul to feel from a certain knowledge that the devil's clutches were spread immediately behind, to seize and carry him to perdition. His impetuosity, however, was all in vain; not even an echo reverberated through the cold and empty walls, but on the contrary, every peal was followed by a most unromantic and ominous silence.

'That man appears beside himself,' observed another of the sufferers; 'surely, if he wasn't half-mad, he'd not expect to find any one in an empty house?'

'Devil a much it signifies whether he's mad or otherwise,' responded a neighbour; 'I know him well; his name's Fardorougha Donovan, the miser of Lisnamona, the biggest shkrew that ever skinned a flint. If P—— did nothin' worse than fleece him, it would never stand between him an' the blessin' o' heaven.'

Fardorougha, in the mean time, finding that no response was given from the front, passed hurriedly by an archway into the back court, where he made similar efforts to get in by attempting to force the kitchen door. Every entrance, however, had been strongly secured; he rattled, and thumped, and screamed, as if P—— himself had actually been within hearing, but still to no purpose, he might as well have expected to extort a reply from the grave.

When he returned to the group that stood on the lawn, the deadly conviction that all was lost affected every joint of his body with a nervous trepidation, that might have been mistaken for *delirium tremens*. His eyes were full of terror, mingled with the impotent fury of hatred and revenge; whilst over all now predominated for the first time such an expression of horror and despair, as made the spectators shudder to look upon him.

'Where was God,' said he, addressing them, and his voice, naturally thin and wiry, now became husky and hollow; 'where was God, to suffer this? to suffer

the poor to be ruined, and the rich to be made poor! Was it right for the Almighty to look on an' let the villain do it. No—no—no; I say no!

The group around him shuddered at the daring blasphemy to which his monstrous passion had driven him. Many females, who were in tears, lamenting audibly, started, and felt their grief suspended for a moment by this revolting charge against the justice of Providence.

'What do you all stand for here,' he proceeded, 'like stocks an' stones? Why don't yees kneel with me, an' let us join in one curse; one, no, but let us shower them down upon him in thousands—in millions; an' when we can no longer *spake* them, let us *think* them. To the last hour of my life my heart 'ill never be widout a curse for him; an' the last word afore I go into the presence of God 'll be a black heavy blessin' from hell against him an' his, sowl an' body, while a drop o' their bad blood's upon the earth.'

'Don't be blaspheming, honest man,' said a bystander; 'if you've lost your money, that's no reason why you should fly in the face o' God for P——'s roguery. Devil a one o' myself cares if I join you in a volley against the robbin' scoundril, but I'd not take all the money the rip of hell ran away wid, an' spake of God as you do.'

'Oh Saver!' exclaimed Fardorough, who probably heard not a word he said; 'I knew—I knew—I always felt it was before me—a dog's death behind a ditch—my tongue out wid starvation and hunger, and it was he brought me to it!'

He had already knelt, and was uncovered, his whitish hair tossed by the breeze in confusion about a face on which was painted the fearful workings of that giant spirit, under whose tremendous grasp he writhed and suffered like a serpent in the talons of a vulture. In this position, with uplifted and trembling arms, his face raised towards heaven, and his whole figure shrunk firmly together by the intense malignity with which he was about to hiss out his venomous imprecations against the defaulter, he presented at least one instance in which the low sordid vice of avarice rose to something like wild grandeur, if not sublimity.

Having remained in this posture for some time, he clasped his withered hands together and wrung them until the bones cracked; then rising up and striking his stick bitterly upon the earth—

'I can't,' he exclaimed, 'I can't get out the curses against him; but my heart's full of them—they're in it—they're in it—it's black an' hot wid them; I feel them here—here—*movin' as if they wor alive*, an' they'll be out.'

Such was the strength and impetuosity of his hatred, and such his eagerness to discharge the whole quiver of his maledictions against the great public delinquent, that, as often happens in cases of overwhelming agita-

tion, his faculties were paralysed by the storm of passion which raged within him.

Having rose to his feet, he left the group, muttering his wordless malignity as he went along, and occasionally pausing to look back with a fiery glare of a hyena at the house in which the robbery of his soul's treasure had been planned and accomplished.

It is unnecessary to say that the arrangements entered into with Cassidy, by John O'Brien, were promptly and ably carried into effect. A rapid ride soon brought the man of briefs and depositions to the prison, where unhappy Connor lay. This young man's story, though simple was improbable, and his version of the burning such as induced Cassidy, who knew little of impressions and feelings in the absence of facts, to believe that no other head than his ever concocted the crime. Still, from the manly sincerity with which his young client spoke, he felt inclined to impute the act rather to a freak of boyish malice and disappointment, than to a spirit of vindictive rancour. He entertained no expectation whatsoever of Connor's acquittal, and hinted to him that it was his habit in such cases to recommend his clients to be prepared for the worst, without at the same time altogether abolishing hope. There was, indeed, nothing to break the chain of circumstantial evidence in which Flanagan had entangled him; he had been at the haggard shortly before the conflagration broke out: he had met Phil. Curtis, and begged that man to conceal the fact of his having seen him, and he had not slept in his own bed either on that or the preceding night. It was to no purpose, he affirmed, that Flanagan himself had borrowed from him, and worn on the night in question, the shoes, whose prints were so strongly against him, or that the steel and tinder-box, which were found in his pocket actually belonged to his accuser, who must have put them there without his knowledge. His case, in fact, was a bad one, and he felt that the interview with his attorney left him more seriously impressed with the danger of his situation, than he had been up till that period.

'I suppose,' said he, when the instructions were completed, 'you have seen my father.'

'Every thing is fully and liberally arranged,' replied the other, with reservation; 'your father has been with me to-day; in fact I parted with him only a few minutes before I left home. So far let your mind be easy. The government prosecutes, which is something in your favour; and now, good-bye to you; for my part, I neither advise you to hope or despair. If the worst comes to the worst, you must bear it like a man; and if we get an acquittal, it will prove the more agreeable for its not being expected.'

The unfortunate youth felt, after Cassidy's departure, the full force of that dark and fearful presentiment which arises from the approach of the mightiest

calamity that can befall an innocent man—a public and ignominious death, while in the very pride of youth, strength, and those natural hopes of happiness, which existence had otherwise promised. In him this awful apprehension proceeded neither from the terror of judgment nor of hell, but from that dread of being withdrawn from life, and of passing down from the light, the enjoyments and busy intercourse of a breathing and conscious world, into the silence and corruption of the unknown grave. When this ghastly picture was brought near him by the force of his imagination, he felt for a moment as if his heart had died away in him, and his blood become congealed into ice. Should this continue, he knew that human nature could not sustain it long, and he had already resolved to bear his fate with firmness, whatever that fate might be. He then reflected that he was innocent, and remembering the practice of his simple and less political forefathers, he knelt down and fervently besought the protection of that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

On rising from this act of heartfelt devotion, he experienced that support which he required so much. The fear of death ceased to alarm him, and his natural fortitude returned with more than its usual power to his support. In this state of mind he was pacing his narrow room, when the door opened, and his father, with a tottering step, entered and approached him. The son was startled, if not terrified at the change which so short a time had wrought in the old man's appearance.

'Good God, father dear,' he exclaimed, as the latter threw his arms with a tight and clinging grasp about him; 'good heavens, what has happened to change you so much for the worse? why, if you fret this way about me, you'll soon break your heart: why will you fret, father, when you know I am *innocent*? Surely at the worst, it is better to die innocent than live guilty!'

'Connor,' said the old man, still clinging tenaciously to him, and looking wildly into his face; 'Connor it's broke—my heart's broke at last. Oh, Connor, won't you pity me, when you hear it—wont you, Connor—oh when you hear it, Connor, wont you pity me? It's gone, it's gone, it's gone—he's off, off—to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, and has robbed me and half the county. P—— has; I'm a ruined man, a beggar, an' will die a dog's death.'

Connor looked down keenly into his father's face, and began to entertain a surmise so terrible that the beatings of his heart were in a moment audible to his own ear.

'Father,' he inquired, 'in the name of God what is wrong with you? what is it you spake of? Has P—— gone off with your money? Sit down, and don't look so terrified.'

'He has, Conner—robbed me an' half the county—he disappeared the evenin' of the very day I left my

last lodgment wid him; he's in that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, an' I'm ruined—ruined! Oh, God! Connor, how can I stand it? all my earnin's an' my savin's an' the fruits of my industry in *his* pocket, an' upon *his* back, an' upon *his* bones! My brain is reelin'—I dunna what I'm doin', nor what I'll do. To what hand now can I turn myself? who'll assist me! I dunna what I'm doin', nor scarcely what I'm sayin'. My head's all in confusion. Gone! gone! gone! Oh, see the luck that has come down upon me! Above all men, why was I singled out to be made a world's wonder of—why was I? What did I do? I robbed no one; yet it's gone—an' see the death that's afore me! oh God! oh God!'

'Well, father, let it go—you have still your health; you have still my poor mother to console you; and I hope you'll soon have myself too; between us we'll keep you comfortable, and if you'll allow us to take our own way, more so than ever you did——'

Fardorougha started, as if struck by some faint but sudden recollection. All at once he looked with amazement around the room, and afterwards, with a pause of inquiry, at his son. At length, a light of some forgotten memory appeared to flash at once across his brain; his countenance changed from the wild and unsettled expression which it bore, to one more stamped with the earnest humanity of our better nature.

'Oh, Connor,' he at last exclaimed, putting his two hands into those of his son; 'can you pity me, an' forgive me? You see, my poor boy, how I'm sufferin', an' you see that I can't—I wont—be able to bear up against this, long.'

The tears here ran down his worn and hollow cheeks.

'Oh,' he proceeded, 'how could I forget you, my darlin' boy? but I hardly think my head's right. If I had you with me, an' before my eyes, you'd keep my heart right, an' give me strength, which I stand sorely in need of. Saints in glory! how could I forget you, acushla, an' what now can I do for you? Not a penny have I to pay lawyer, or attorney, or any one, to defend you at your trial, and it so near!'

'Why, haven't you settled all that with Mr. Cassidy, the attorney?'

'Not a bit, achora machree, not a bit; I was wid him this day, an' had agreed, but whin I went to give him an ordher on P——, he—oh saints above, he whistled at me an' it—an' tould me that P—— was gone to that nest o' robbers, the Isle of Man.'

Connor turned his eyes, during a long pause, on the floor, and it was evident by his features that he laboured under some powerful and profound emotion. He rose up and took a sudden turn or two across the room, then resuming his seat, he wiped away a few bitter tears that no firmness on his part could repress.

'Noble girl—my darling, darling life, I see it all,'

he exclaimed, 'Father, I never felt how bitter an' dark my fate is till *now*; death, death would be little to me, only for her, but to leave her—to leave *her*,' he suddenly buried his face in his hands; but, by an instant effort once more rose up and added—'Well, I'll die worthy of her, if I can't live so. Like a man I'll die, if it must be—she knows I'm innocent, father; an' when others—when the world—will be talkin' of me as a villain, there will be, out of my own family at all events, one heart and one tongue, that will defend my unhappy name. If I am to come to a shameful death, I'll care little about what the world may think, but that *she* knows me to be innocent, will make me die proudly—proudly.'

Whilst he thus spoke and thought, the father's eyes with a fixed gaze, steadily followed his motions; the old man's countenance altered; it first became pale as the ghastly visage of a skeleton, anon darkened with horror, which eventually shifted its hue into the workings of some passion or feeling that was new to him.

'Connor,' said he, feebly, 'I am unwell—unwell—come and sit down by me.'

'You are too much distressed every way, father,' said his son, taking his place upon the iron bedstead beside him.

'I am,' said Fardorougha calmly; 'I am too much distressed—sit nearer me, Connor. I wish your mother was here, but she wasn't able to come, she's unwell too; a good mother she was, Connor, and a good wife.'

The son was struck, and somewhat alarmed by this sudden and extraordinary calmness of the old man.

'Father dear,' said he, 'don't be too much disheartened—all will be well yet, I hope—my trust in God is strong.'

'I hope all will be well,' replied the old man, 'sit nearer me, an' Connor, let me lay my head over upon your breast. I'm thinkin' a great dale—don't the world say, Connor, that I am a bad man?'

'I don't care what the world says; no one in it ever durst say as much to *me*, father dear.'

The old man looked up affectionately, but shook his head apparently in calm but rooted sorrow.

'Put your arms about me, Connor, and keep my head a little more up; I'm weak an' tired, an', someway, spakin's a throuble to me; let me think for a while.'

'Do so, father,' said the son, with deep compassion; 'God knows but you're sufferin's enough to wear you out.'

'It is,' said Fardorougha, 'it is.'

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which, Connor perceived that the old man, overcome with care and misery, had actually fallen asleep with his head upon his bosom. This circumstance, though by no means extraordinary, affected him very much. On surveying the pallid face of his father, and the worn thread-like veins that ran along his temples, and call-

ing to mind the love of the old man for himself, which, even avarice, in its deadliest power, failed to utterly overcome, he felt all the springs of his affection loosened, and his soul vibrated with a tenderness towards him, such as no situation in their past lives had ever before created.

'If my fate chances to be an untimely one, father dear,' he slowly murmured, 'we'll soon meet in another place, for I know that you will not long live after me.'

He then thought with bitterness of his mother and Una, and wondered at the mystery of the trial to which he was exposed.

The old man's slumber, however, was not dreamless, nor so refreshing as the exhaustion of a frame, shattered by the havoc of contending principles required. On the contrary, it was disturbed by heavy groans, quick startings, and those twitchings of the limbs which betoken a restless mood of mind, and a nervous system highly excited. In the course of half an hour, the symptoms of his inward commotion became more apparent; from being as at first merely physical, they assumed a mental character, and passed from ejaculations and single words, to short sentences, and ultimately to those of considerable length.

'Gone,' he exclaimed, 'gone, oh God! my curse—starved—dog—wid my tongue out!'

This dread of starvation, which haunted him through life, appeared in his dream still to follow him like a demon.

'I'm dyin',' he said, 'I'm dyin' wid hunger—will no one give me a morsel? I was robbed an' have no monee—don't you see me starvin'. I'm cuttin' wid hunger—five days without mate—bring me mate, for God's sake—mate, mate, mate!—I'm gaspin'—my tongue's out; look at me, like a dog, behind this ditch, an' my tongue out!'

The son at this period would have awoke him, but he became more composed for a time, and enjoyed apparently a refreshing sleep. Still it soon was evident that he dreamt, and as clear that a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

'Who'll prevent me!' he exclaimed, 'isn't he my son, our only child? Let me alone—I must, I must—what's my life, take it, an' let *him* live.'

The tears started to Connor's eyes, and he pressed his father to his heart.

'Don't hould me,' he proceeded, 'oh God, here, I'll give all I'm worth, an' save him! Oh let me, thin—let me but kiss him once before he dies; it was I, it was myself that murdered him—all might 'a been well; ay, it was I that murdered you, Connor, my brave boy, an' have I you in my arms? Oh avick agus ashore machree, it was I that murdered you, by my —, but they're takin' him—they're bearin' him away to—'

He started, and awoke, but so terrific had been his

dream, that on opening his eyes he clasped Connor in his arms, and exclaimed—

‘No, no, I’ll hould him till you cut my grip. Connor, avick, avick machree, hould to me!’

‘Father, father, for God’s sake, think a minute, you wor only dreamin’.’

‘Eh—what—where am I? Oh Connor darlin’, if you knew the dhramas I had—I thought you wor on the scaffie; but thanks be to the Saver, it *was* only a dhrame.’

‘Nothing more, father—nothing more; but for God’s sake, keep your mind aisy.’ Trust in God, father; every thing’s in *his* hands; if it’s his will to make us suffer, we ought to submit; and if it’s not his will, he surely can bring us out of all our troubles. That’s the greatest comfort I have.’

Fardorougha once more became calm, but still there was on his countenance, which was mournful and full of something else than simple sorrow, some deeply fixed determination, such as it was difficult to develope.

‘Connor, achora,’ said he, ‘I must lave you, for there’s little time to be lost. What attorney would you wish me to employ? I’ll go home an’ sell oats an’ a cow or two. I’ve done you harm enough—more than you know—but now I’ll spare no cost to get you out of this business. Connor, the tears that I saw a while ago run down your cheeks cut me to the heart.’

The son then informed him that a friend had taken proper measures for his defence, and that any further interference on his part would only create confusion and delay. He also entreated his father to make no allusion whatsoever to *this* circumstance, and added, ‘that he himself actually knew not the name of the friend in question, but that, as the matter stood, he considered even a surmise to be a breach of confidence that might be indelicate and offensive. After the trial, you can and ought to pay the expenses, and not be under an obligation to any one of so solemn a kind as that.’ He then sent his affectionate love and duty to his mother, at whose name his eyes were again filled with tears, and begged the old man to comfort and support her with the utmost care and tenderness. As she was unwell, he requested him to dissuade her against visiting him till after the trial, lest an interview might increase her illness, and render her less capable of bearing up under an unfavourable sentence, should such be the issue of the prosecution. Having then bade farewell to, and embraced the old man, the latter departed with more calmness and fortitude than he had up to that period displayed.

When Time approaches the miserable with calamity in his train, his pinion is swifter than that of the eagle; but, alas! when carrying them towards happiness, his pace is slower than is that of the tortoise.

The only three persons on earth, whose happiness was involved in that of O’Donovan, found themselves, on the eve of the assizes, overshadowed by a dreariness of heart, that was strong in proportion to the love they bore him. The dead calm which had fallen on Fardorougha was absolutely more painful to his wife, than would have been the paroxysms that resulted from his lust of wealth. Since his last interview with Connor, he never once alluded to the loss of his money, unless abruptly in his dreams, but there was stamped upon his whole manner a gloomy and mysterious composure, which, of itself woefully sank her spirits, independently of the fate which impended over their son. The change, visible on both, and the breaking down of their strength were indeed pitiable.

As for Una, it would be difficult to describe her struggle between confidence in his innocence, and apprehension of the law, which she knew had often punished the guiltless instead of the criminal. ’Tis true she attempted to assume in the eyes of others, a fortitude which belied her fears, and even affected to smile at the possibility of her lover’s honour and character suffering any tarnish from the ordeal to which they were about to be submitted. Her smile, however, on such occasions, was a melancholy one, and the secret tears she shed might prove, as they did to her brother, who was alone privy to her grief, the extent of those terrors which, notwithstanding her disavowal of them, wrung her soul so bitterly. Day after day her spirits became more and more depressed, till, as the crisis of Connor’s fate arrived, the roses had altogether flown from her cheeks.

Indeed, now that the trial was at hand, public sympathy turned rapidly and strongly in his favour; his father had lost that wealth, the acquisition of which earned him so heavy a portion of infamy; and, as he had been sufficiently punished in *his own person*, they did not think it just to transfer any portion of the resentment borne against him to a son who had never participated in his system of oppression. They felt for Connor now on his own account, and remembered only his amiable and excellent character. In addition to this, the history of the mutual attachment between him and Una having become the topic of general conversation, the rash act for which he stood committed was good-humouredly resolved into a foolish freak of love; for which it would be a thousand murders to take away his life. In such mood was the public, and the parties most interested in the event of our story, when the morning dawned of that awful day which was to restore Connor O’Donovan to the hearts that loved him so well, or to doom him a convicted felon, to a shameful and ignominious death.

At length the trial came on; and our unhappy prisoner, at the hour of eleven o’clock, was placed at the bar of his country to stand the brunt of a Government

prosecution. Common report had already carried abroad the story of Una's love and his, many interesting accounts of which had got into the papers of the day. When he stood forward, therefore, all eyes were eagerly rivetted upon him; the judge glanced at him with calm dispassionate scrutiny, and the members of the bar, especially the juniors, turning round, surveyed him through their glasses with a gaze in which might be read something more than that hard indifference which familiarity with human crime and affliction ultimately produces even in dispositions the most humane and amiable. No sooner had the curiosity of the multitude been gratified, than a murmur of pity, blended slightly with surprise and approbation, ran lowly through the court-house. One of the judges whispered a few words to his brother, and the latter again surveyed Connor with a countenance in which were depicted admiration and regret. The counsel also chatted to each other in a low tone, occasionally turning round and marking his deportment and appearance with increasing interest.

Seldom, probably never, had a more striking, perhaps a more noble figure, stood at the bar of that court. His locks were rich and brown; his forehead expansive, and his manly features remarkable for their symmetry; his teeth were regular and white, and his dark eye full of a youthful lustre which the dread of no calamity could repress. Neither was his figure, which was of the tallest, inferior in a single point to so fine a countenance. As he stood, at his full height of six feet, it was impossible not to feel deeply influenced in his favour, especially after having witnessed the mournful but dignified composure of his manner, equally remote from indifference or dejection. He appeared indeed to view in its proper light, the danger of the position in which he stood, but he viewed it with the calm unshrinking energy of a brave man who is always prepared for the worst. Indeed there might be observed upon his broad open brow a loftiness of bearing such as is not unfrequently produced by a consciousness of innocence, and the natural elevation of mind which results from a sense of danger; to which we may add that inward scorn which is ever felt for baseness, by those who are degraded to the necessity of defending themselves against the villany of the malignant and profligate.

When called upon to plead to the indictment, he uttered the words 'not guilty' in a full, firm and mellow voice that drew the eyes of the spectators once more upon him, and occasioned another slight hum of sympathy and admiration. No change of colour was observable on his countenance, or any other expression, save the lofty composure to which we have just alluded.

The trial at length proceeded, and, after a long and able statement from the attorney-general, Bartle Flanagan was called up on the table. The prisoner, whose

motions were keenly observed, betrayed, on seeing him, neither embarrassment nor agitation; all that could be perceived, was a more earnest and intense light in his eyes, as they settled upon his accuser. Flanagan detailed, with singular minuteness and accuracy, the whole progress of the crime from its first conception to its perpetration. Indeed, had he himself been in the dock, and his evidence against Connor a confession of his own guilt, it would, with some exceptions, have been literally true. He was ably cross-examined, but no tact or experience, or talent, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, could in any important degree shake his testimony. The ingenuity with which he laid and conducted the plot was astonishing, as was his foresight, and the precaution he adopted against detection. Cassidy, Connor's attorney, had ferreted out the very man from whom he purchased the tinder-box, with a hope of proving that it was not the prisoner's property but his own, yet this person, who remembered the transaction very well, assured him that Flanagan said he procured it by the desire of Fardorougha Donovan's son.

During his whole evidence, he never once raised his eye to look upon the prisoner's face, until he was desired to identify him. He then turned round, and standing with the rod in his hand, looked for some moments upon his victim. His dark brows got black as night, whilst his cheeks were blanched to the hue of ashes—the white smile as before sat upon his lips, and his eyes, in which there blazed the unsteady fire of a treacherous and cowardly heart, sparkled with the red turbid glare of triumph and vengeance. He laid the rod upon Connor's head, and they gazed at each other face to face, exhibiting as striking a contrast as could be witnessed. The latter stood erect and unshaken—his eye calmly bent upon that of his foe, but with a spirit in it that seemed to him alone by whom it was best understood, to strike dismay into the very soul of falsehood within him. The villain's eyes could not withstand the glance of Connor's—they fell, and his whole countenance assumed such a blank and guilty stamp, that an old experienced barrister who watched them both, could not avoid saying, that if he had his will they should exchange situations.

'I would not hang a dog,' he whispered, 'on that fellow's evidence—he has guilt in his face.'

When asked why he ran away on meeting Phil Curtis, near O'Brien's house, on their return that night, while Connor held his ground, he replied that it was very natural he should run away, and not wish to be seen after having assisted at such a crime. In reply to another question, he said it was as natural that Connor should have run away also, and that he could not account for it, except by the fact that God always occasions the guilty to commit some oversight, by which they may be brought to punishment. These

replies, apparently so rational and satisfactory, convinced Connor's counsel that his case was hopeless, and that no skill or ingenuity on their part could succeed in breaking down Flanagan's evidence.

The next witness called was Phil Curtis, whose testimony corroborated Bartle's in every particular, and gave to the whole trial a character of gloom and despair. The constables who applied his shoes to the foot-marks were then produced, and swore in the clearest manner as to their corresponding. They then deposed to finding the tinder-box in his pocket, according to the information received from Flanagan, every tittle of which they found to be remarkably correct.

There was only one other witness now necessary to complete the chain against him, and he was only produced because Biddy Nulty, the servant-maid, positively stated, and actually swore, when previously examined, that she was ignorant whether Connor slept in his father's house on the night in question or not. There was no alternative, therefore, but to produce the father; and Fardorougha Donovan was consequently forced to become an evidence against his own son.

The old man's appearance upon the table excited deep commiseration for both, and the more so when the spectators contemplated the rooted sorrow which lay upon the wild and wasted features of the wo-worn father. Still the old man was composed and calm; but his calmness was in an extraordinary degree mournful and touching. When he sat down after having been sworn, and feebly wiped the dew from his thin temples, many eyes were already filled with tears. When the question was put to him if he remembered the night laid in the indictment, he replied that he did.

'Did the prisoner at the bar sleep at home on that night?'

The old man looked into the face of the counsel with such an eye of deprecating entreaty, as shook the voice in which the question was repeated. He then turned about, and taking a long gaze at his son, rose up, and extending his hands to the judges, exclaimed:

'My lords, my lords, he is my only son—my only child!'

These words were followed by a pause in the business of the court, and a dead silence of more than a minute.

'If Justice,' said the judge, 'could on any occasion waive her claim to a subordinate link in the testimony she requires, it would certainly be in a case so painful and affecting as this. Still we cannot permit personal feeling, however amiable, or domestic attachment, however strong, to impede her progress when redressing public wrong. Although the duty be painful, and, we admit, that such a duty is one of unexampled

agony, yet it must be complied with, and you consequently will answer the question which the counsel has put to you. The interests of society require such sacrifices, and they must be made.'

The old man kept his eyes fixed on the judge while he spoke, but when he had ceased, he again fixed them on his son.

'My lord,' he exclaimed again, with clasped hands, 'I can't—I can't.'

'There is nothing criminal, or improper, or sinful in it,' replied the judge; 'on the contrary, it is your duty both as a Christian and a man. Remember you have this moment sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth; you consequently must keep your oath.'

'What you say, sir, may be right, an' of coorse is; but oh, my lord, I'm not able; I can't get out the words to hang my only boy. If I said any thing to hurt him, my heart 'ud break before your eyes. Maybe you don't know the love of a father for an only son!'

'Perhaps, my lords,' observed the attorney-general, 'it would be desirable to send for a clergyman of his own religion, who might succeed in prevailing on him to—'

'No,' interrupted Fardorougha, 'my mind's made up—a word against him will never come from my lips, not for priest or friar. I'd die widout the saykerment sooner.'

'This is trifling with the court,' said the judge, assuming an air of severity, which, however, he did not feel. 'We shall be forced to commit you to prison unless you give evidence.'

'My lord,' said Fardorougha, meekly but firmly, 'I am willin' to go to prison. I am willin' to die wid him, if he is to die—but I neither can nor will open my lips against him. If I thought him guilty I might, but I know he is innocent—my heart knows it—an' am I to back the villain that's strivin' to swear away his life? No, Connor avourneen, whatever they do to you, your father will have no hand in it.'

The court, in fact, were perplexed in the extreme. The old man was not only firm, from motives of strong attachment, but intractable from an habitual narrowness of thought which prevented him from taking that comprehensive view of justice and judicial authority, which might overcome the repugnance of men less obstinate from ignorance of legal usages.

'I ask you for the last time,' said the judge, 'will you give your evidence? because if you refuse, the court will feel bound to send you to prison.'

'God bless you, my lord; that's a relief to my heart—any thing, any thing, but to say a word against a boy that, since the day he was born, never vexed either his mother or myself. If he gets over this, I have much to make up to him, for indeed I wasn't the father to him that I ought. Avick machree, now I feel it, maybe whin it's too late.'

prosecution. Common report had already carried abroad the story of Una's love and his, many interesting accounts of which had got into the papers of the day. When he stood forward, therefore, all eyes were eagerly rivetted upon him; the judge glanced at him with calm dispassionate scrutiny, and the members of the bar, especially the juniors, turning round, surveyed him through their glasses with a gaze in which might be read something more than that hard indifference which familiarity with human crime and affliction ultimately produces even in dispositions the most humane and amiable. No sooner had the curiosity of the multitude been gratified, than a murmur of pity, blended slightly with surprise and approbation, ran lowly through the court-house. One of the judges whispered a few words to his brother, and the latter again surveyed Connor with a countenance in which were depicted admiration and regret. The counsel also chatted to each other in a low tone, occasionally turning round and marking his deportment and appearance with increasing interest.

Seldom, probably never, had a more striking, perhaps a more noble figure, stood at the bar of that court. His locks were rich and brown; his forehead expansive, and his manly features remarkable for their symmetry; his teeth were regular and white, and his dark eye full of a youthful lustre which the dread of no calamity could repress. Neither was his figure, which was of the tallest, inferior in a single point to so fine a countenance. As he stood, at his full height of six feet, it was impossible not to feel deeply influenced in his favour, especially after having witnessed the mournful but dignified composure of his manner, equally remote from indifference or dejection. He appeared indeed to view in its proper light, the danger of the position in which he stood, but he viewed it with the calm unshrinking energy of a brave man who is always prepared for the worst. Indeed there might be observed upon his broad open brow a loftiness of bearing such as is not unfrequently produced by a consciousness of innocence, and the natural elevation of mind which results from a sense of danger; to which we may add that inward scorn which is ever felt for baseness, by those who are degraded to the necessity of defending themselves against the villany of the malignant and profligate.

When called upon to plead to the indictment, he uttered the words 'not guilty' in a full, firm and mellow voice that drew the eyes of the spectators once more upon him, and occasioned another slight hum of sympathy and admiration. No change of colour was observable on his countenance, or any other expression, save the lofty composure to which we have just alluded.

The trial at length proceeded, and, after a long and able statement from the attorney-general, Bartle Flanagan was called up on the table. The prisoner, whose

motions were keenly observed, betrayed, on seeing him, neither embarrassment nor agitation; all that could be perceived, was a more earnest and intense light in his eyes, as they settled upon his accuser. Flanagan detailed, with singular minuteness and accuracy, the whole progress of the crime from its first conception to its perpetration. Indeed, had he himself been in the dock, and his evidence against Connor a confession of his own guilt, it would, with some exceptions, have been literally true. He was ably cross-examined, but no tact or experience, or talent, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, could in any important degree shake his testimony. The ingenuity with which he laid and conducted the plot was astonishing, as was his foresight, and the precaution he adopted against detection. Cassidy, Connor's attorney, had ferreted out the very man from whom he purchased the tinder-box, with a hope of proving that it was not the prisoner's property but his own, yet this person, who remembered the transaction very well, assured him that Flanagan said he procured it by the desire of Fardorougha Donovan's son.

During his whole evidence, he never once raised his eye to look upon the prisoner's face, until he was desired to identify him. He then turned round, and standing with the rod in his hand, looked for some moments upon his victim. His dark brows got black as night, whilst his cheeks were blanched to the hue of ashes—the white smile as before sat upon his lips, and his eyes, in which there blazed the unsteady fire of a treacherous and cowardly heart, sparkled with the red turbid glare of triumph and vengeance. He laid the rod upon Connor's head, and they gazed at each other face to face, exhibiting as striking a contrast as could be witnessed. The latter stood erect and unshaken—his eye calmly bent upon that of his foe, but with a spirit in it that seemed to him alone by whom it was best understood, to strike dismay into the very soul of falsehood within him. The villain's eyes could not withstand the glance of Connor's—they fell, and his whole countenance assumed such a blank and guilty stamp, that an old experienced barrister who watched them both, could not avoid saying, that if he had his will they should exchange situations.

'I would not hang a dog,' he whispered, 'on that fellow's evidence—he has guilt in his face.'

When asked why he ran away on meeting Phil Curtis, near O'Brien's house, on their return that night, while Connor held his ground, he replied that it was very natural he should run away, and not wish to be seen after having assisted at such a crime. In reply to another question, he said it was as natural that Connor should have run away also, and that he could not account for it, except by the fact that God always occasions the guilty to commit some oversight, by which they may be brought to punishment. These

replies, apparently so rational and satisfactory, convinced Connor's counsel that his case was hopeless, and that no skill or ingenuity on their part could succeed in breaking down Flanagan's evidence.

The next witness called was Phil Curtis, whose testimony corroborated Bartle's in every particular, and gave to the whole trial a character of gloom and despair. The constables who applied his shoes to the foot-marks were then produced, and swore in the clearest manner as to their corresponding. They then deposed to finding the tinder-box in his pocket, according to the information received from Flanagan, every tittle of which they found to be remarkably correct.

There was only one other witness now necessary to complete the chain against him, and he was only produced because Biddy Nulty, the servant-maid, positively stated, and actually swore, when previously examined, that she was ignorant whether Connor slept in his father's house on the night in question or not. There was no alternative, therefore, but to produce the father; and Fardorougha Donovan was consequently forced to become an evidence against his own son.

The old man's appearance upon the table excited deep commiseration for both, and the more so when the spectators contemplated the rooted sorrow which lay upon the wild and wasted features of the wo-worn father. Still the old man was composed and calm; but his calmness was in an extraordinary degree mournful and touching. When he sat down after having been sworn, and feebly wiped the dew from his thin temples, many eyes were already filled with tears. When the question was put to him if he remembered the night laid in the indictment, he replied that he did.

'Did the prisoner at the bar sleep at home on that night?'

The old man looked into the face of the counsel with such an eye of deprecating entreaty, as shook the voice in which the question was repeated. He then turned about, and taking a long gaze at his son, rose up, and extending his hands to the judges, exclaimed:

'My lords, my lords, he is my only son—my only child!'

These words were followed by a pause in the business of the court, and a dead silence of more than a minute.

'If Justice,' said the judge, 'could on any occasion waive her claim to a subordinate link in the testimony she requires, it would certainly be in a case so painful and affecting as this. Still we cannot permit personal feeling, however amiable, or domestic attachment, however strong, to impede her progress when redressing public wrong. Although the duty be painful, and, we admit, that such a duty is one of unexampled

agony, yet it must be complied with, and you consequently will answer the question which the counsel has put to you. The interests of society require such sacrifices, and they must be made.'

The old man kept his eyes fixed on the judge while he spoke, but when he had ceased, he again fixed them on his son.

'My lord,' he exclaimed again, with clasped hands, 'I can't—I can't.'

'There is nothing criminal, or improper, or sinful in it,' replied the judge; 'on the contrary, it is your duty both as a Christian and a man. Remember you have this moment sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth; you consequently must keep your oath.'

'What you say, sir, may be right, an' of coorse is; but oh, my lord, I'm not able; I can't get out the words to hang my only boy. If I said any thing to hurt him, my heart 'ud break before your eyes. Maybe you don't know the love of a father for an only son?'

'Perhaps, my lords,' observed the attorney-general, 'it would be desirable to send for a clergyman of his own religion, who might succeed in prevailing on him to—'

'No,' interrupted Fardorougha, 'my mind's made up—a word against him will never come from my lips, not for priest or friar. I'd die widout the say-kerment sooner.'

'This is trifling with the court,' said the judge, assuming an air of severity, which, however, he did not feel. 'We shall be forced to commit you to prison unless you give evidence.'

'My lord,' said Fardorougha, meekly but firmly, 'I am willin' to go to prison. I am willin' to die wid him, if he is to die—but I neither can nor will open my lips against him. If I thought him guilty I might, but I know he is innocent—my heart knows it—an' am I to back the villain that's strivin' to swear away his life? No, Connor avourneen, whatever they do to you, your father will have no hand in it.'

The court, in fact, were perplexed in the extreme. The old man was not only firm, from motives of strong attachment, but intractable from an habitual narrowness of thought which prevented him from taking that comprehensive view of justice and judicial authority, which might overcome the repugnance of men less obstinate from ignorance of legal usages.

'I ask you for the last time,' said the judge, 'will you give your evidence? because if you refuse, the court will feel bound to send you to prison.'

'God bless you, my lord; that's a relief to my heart—any thing, any thing, but to say a word against a boy that, since the day he was born, never vexed either his mother or myself. If he gets over this, I have much to make up to him, for indeed I wasn't the father to him that I ought. Avick machree, now I feel it, may-be whin it's too late.'

These words affected all who heard them, many even to tears.

'I have no remedy,' observed the judge. 'Tipstaff, take away the witness to prison. It is painful to me,' he added, in a broken voice, 'to feel compelled thus to punish you for an act which, however I may respect the motives that dictate it, I cannot overlook. The ends of justice cannot be frustrated.'

'My lord,' exclaimed the prisoner, 'don't punish the old man for refusing to speak against me. His love for me is so strong, that I know he couldn't do it. I will state the truth myself, but spare him. I did *not* sleep in my own bed on the night Mr. O'Brien's haggard was burned, nor on the night before it. I slept in my father's barn with Flanagan, both times at his own request, but I did not then suspect his design in asking me.'

'This admission, though creditable to your affection and filial duty, was indiscreet,' observed the judge. 'Whatever you think might be serviceable, suggest to your attorney, who can communicate it to your counsel.'

'My lord,' said Connor, 'I could not see my father punished for loving me as he does; and besides I have no wish to conceal any thing. If the whole truth could be known, I would stand but a short time where I am, nor would Flanagan be long out of it.'

There is an earnest and impressive tone in truth, especially when spoken under circumstances of great difficulty, where it is rather disadvantageous to him who utters it, that in many instances produces conviction by an inherent candour which all feel without any process of reasoning or argument. There was in those few words a warmth of affection towards his father, and a manly simplicity of heart, each of which was duly appreciated by the assembly about him, who felt, without knowing why, the indignant scorn of falsehood that so emphatically pervaded his expressions. It was indeed impossible to hear them, and look upon his noble countenance and figure without forgetting the humbleness of his rank in life, and feeling for him a marked deference and respect.

The trial then proceeded, but, alas, the hopes of Connor's friends abandoned them at its conclusion; for although the judge's charge was as favourable as the nature of the evidence permitted, yet it was quite clear that the jury had only one course to pursue, and that was to bring in a conviction. After a lapse of about ten minutes, they returned to the jury-box, and as the foreman handed down their verdict, a feather might be heard falling in the court. The faces of the spectators got pale, and the hearts of strong men beat as if the verdict about to be announced were to fall upon themselves, and not upon the prisoner. It is at all times an awful and trying ceremony to witness, but on this occasion it was a much more affecting one than

had occurred in that court for many years. As the foreman handed down the verdict, Connor's eye followed the paper with the same calm resolution which he displayed during the trial. On himself there was no change visible, unless the appearance of two round spots, one on each cheek, of a somewhat deeper red than the rest. At length, in the midst of the dead silence, pronounced in a voice that reached to the remotest extremity of the court, was heard the fatal sentence—'Guilty;' and afterwards in a less distinct manner, 'with our strongest and most earnest recommendation for mercy, in consequence of his youth and previous good character.' The wail and loud sobbings of the female part of the crowd, and the stronger but more silent grief of the men, could not for many minutes be repressed by any efforts of the court or its officers. In the midst of this a little to the left of the dock, was an old man, whom those around him were conveying in a state of insensibility out of the court, and it was obvious that from motives of humane consideration for the prisoner, they endeavoured to prevent him from ascertaining that it was his father. In this, however, they failed; the son's eye caught a glimpse of his grey locks, and it was observed that his cheek paled for the first time, indicating by a momentary change, that the only evidence of agitation he betrayed, was occasioned by sympathy in the old man's sorrows, rather than by the contemplation of his own fate.

The tragic spirit of the day, however, was still to deepen, and a more stunning blow, though less acute in its agony, was to fall upon the prisoner. The stir of the calm and solemn jurors, as they issued out of their room—the hushed breaths of the spectators—the deadly silence that prevails—and the appalling announcement of the word 'Guilty'—are circumstances that test human fortitude, more even than the passing of the fearful sentence itself. In the latter case hope is banished, and the worst that can happen known; the mind is, therefore, thrown back upon its last energies, which give it strength in the same way in which the death-struggle frequently arouses the muscular action of the body—an unconscious power or resistance that forces the culprit's heart to take refuge in the first and strongest instincts of its nature, the undying principle of self-preservation. No sooner was the verdict returned, and silence obtained, than the judge, now deeply affected, put on the black cap, at which a low wild murmur of stifled grief and pity ran through the court-house; but no sooner was his eye bent on the prisoner, than their anxiety to hear the sentence hushed them once more into the stillness of the grave. The prisoner looked upon him with an open but melancholy gaze, which from the candid and manly character of his countenance, was touching in the extreme.

'Connor O'Donovan,' said the judge, 'have you any

thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?

'My lord,' he replied, 'I can say nothing to prevent it. I am prepared for it. I know I must bear it, and I hope I will bear it as a man ought that feels his heart free from even a thought of the crime he is to die for. I have nothing more to say.'

'You have this day been found guilty,' proceeded the judge, 'and, in the opinion of the court, upon clear and satisfactory evidence, of a crime marked by a character of revenge, which I am bound to say must have proceeded from a very malignant spirit. It was a wanton act, for the perpetration of which your motives were so inadequate, that one must feel at a loss to ascertain the exact principle on which you committed it. It was also not only a wicked act, but one so mean, that a young man bearing the character of spirit and generosity which you have hitherto borne, as appears from the testimony of those respectable persons who this day have spoken in your favour, ought to have scorned to contemplate it even for a moment. Had the passion you entertained for the daughter of the man you so basely injured, possessed one atom of the dignity, disinterestedness, or purity of true affection, you never could have stooped to any act offensive to the object of your love, or to those even in the remotest degree related to her. The example, consequently, which you have held out to society, is equally vile and dangerous. A parent discharges the most solemn and important of all duties, when disposing of his children in marriage, because by that act he seals their happiness or misery in this life, and most probably in that which is to come. By what tie, by what duty, by what consideration, is not a parent bound to consult for the best interests of those beloved beings whom he has brought into the world, and who, in a great measure depend upon him as their dearest relative, their guardian by the voice of nature, for the fulfilment of those expectations upon which depends the principal comforts and enjoyments of life? Reason, religion, justice, instinct, the whole economy of nature, both in man and the inferior animals, all teach him to secure for them, as far as in him lies, the greatest sum of human happiness; but if there be one duty more sacred and tender than another, it is that which a parent is called upon to exercise on behalf of a daughter. The son, impressed by that original impulse which moves him to assume a loftier place in the conduct of life, and gifted also with a stronger mind, and clearer judgment, to guide him in its varied transactions, goes abroad into society, and claims for himself a bolder right of thought and a wider range of action, while determining an event which is to exercise, as marriage does, such an important influence upon his own future condition, and all the relations that may arise out of it. From this privilege the beautiful and delicate frame-work of woman's moral

nature debars her, and she is consequently forced, by the graces of her own modesty—by the finer texture of her mind—by her greater purity and gentleness—in short, by all her virtues, into a tenderer and more affecting dependence upon the judgment and love of her natural guardians, whose pleasure is made, by a wise decree of God, commensurate with their duty in providing for her wants and enjoyments. There is no point of view in which the parental character shines forth with greater beauty than that in which it appears while working for and promoting the happiness of a daughter. But you, it would seem, did not think so. You punished the father by a dastardly and unmanly act, for guarding the future peace and welfare of a child so young, and so dear to him. What would become of society if this exercise of a parent's right on behalf of his daughter were to be visited upon him as a crime, by every vindictive and disappointed man, whose affection for them he might, upon proper grounds, decline to sanction? Yet it is singular, and, I confess, almost inexplicable to me at least, why you should have rushed into the commission of such an act. The brief period of your existence has been stained by no other crime. On the contrary, you have maintained a character far above your situation in life—a character equally remarkable for gentleness, spirit, truth, and affection—all of which your appearance and bearing have this day exhibited. Your countenance presents no feature expressive of ferocity, or of those headlong propensities which lead to outrage; and I must confess, that on no other occasion of my judicial life have I ever felt my judgment and my feelings so much at issue. I cannot doubt your guilt, but I shed those tears that it ever existed, and that a youth of so much promise should be cut down prematurely by the strong arm of necessary justice, leaving his bereaved parents bowed down with despair that can never be comforted. Had they another son, or another child to whom their affections could turn—'

Here the judge felt it necessary to pause, in consequence of his emotions. Strong feelings had, indeed, spread through the whole court, in which, while he ceased, could be heard low moanings, and other symptoms of acute sorrow.

'It is now your duty to forget every earthly object on which your heart may have been fixed, and to seek that source of consolation and mercy which can best sustain and comfort you. Go with a penitent heart to the throne of your Redeemer, who, if your repentance be sincere, will in no wise cast you out. Unhappy youth, prepare yourself, let me implore you, for infinitely a greater and more awful tribunal than this. There, should the judgment be in your favour, you will learn that the fate which has cut you off in the bloom of early life, will bring an accession of happiness to your being for which no earthly enjoyment here, however prolong-

ed or exalted, could compensate you. The recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, will not be overlooked; but in the meantime the court is bound to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from the prison from which you came, on the 8th of next month, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the front drop of the jail, and there hanged by the neck, until you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!

'My lord,' said the prisoner, unmoved in voice or in manner, unless it might be that both expressed more decision and energy than he had shown during any other part of the trial; 'my lord, I am now a condemned man, but if I stood with the rope about my neck, ready to die, I would not exchange situations with the man that has been my accuser. My lord, I can forgive him, and I ought, for I know he has yet to die, and must meet his God. As for myself, I am thankful that I have not such a conscience as his to bring before my Judge; *and for this reason I am not afraid to die.*'

He was then removed amidst a murmur of grief, as deep and sincere as was ever expressed for a human being under circumstances of a similar character. After having entered the prison, he was about to turn along a passage which led to the apartment hitherto allocated to him.

'This way,' said the turnkey, 'this way; God knows I would be glad to let you stop in the room you had, but I haven't the power. We must put you into one of the condemned cells; but by — it'll go hard if I don't stretch a little to make you as comfortable as possible.'

'Take no trouble,' said Connor, 'take no trouble. I care now little about my own comfort; but if you wish to oblige me, bring me my father. Oh, my mother, my mother!—you, I doubt, are struck down already!'

'She was too ill to attend the trial to-day,' replied the turnkey.

'I know it,' said Connor; 'but as she's not here, bring me my father. Send out a messenger for him, and be quick, for I won't rest till I see him—he wants comfort—the old man's heart will break.'

'I heard them say,' replied the turnkey, after they had entered the cell allotted to him, 'that he was in a faint in Mat Corrigan's public-house, but that he had recovered. I'll go myself and bring him in to you.'

'Do,' said Connor, 'an' leave us the moment you bring him.'

It was more than an hour before the man returned, holding Fardorougha by the arm, and after having left him in the cell, he instantly locked it outside, and withdrew as he had been desired. Connor ran to support his tottering steps; and woefully indeed did that unfortunate parent stand in need of his assistance. In the picture presented by Fardorougha the unhappy

young man forgot in a moment his own miserable and gloomy fate. There blazed in his father's eyes an excitement at once dead and wild—a vague fire without character, yet stirred by an incomprehensible energy wholly beyond the usual manifestations of thought or suffering. The son on beholding him shuddered, and not for the first time, for he had on one or two occasions before become apprehensive that his father's mind might, if strongly pressed, be worn down by the singular conflict of which it was the scene, to that most frightful of all maladies—insanity. As the old man, however, folded him in his feeble arms, and attempted to express what he felt, the unhappy boy groaned aloud, and felt even in the depth of his cell, a blush of momentary shame suffuse his cheek and brow. His father, notwithstanding the sentence that had been so shortly before passed upon his son—that father, he perceived to be absolutely intoxicated, or to use a more appropriate expression, decidedly drunk. There was less blame, however, to be attached to Fardorougha on this occasion, than Connor imagined. When the old man swooned in the court-house, he was taken by his neighbours to a public-house, where he lay for some minutes in a state of insensibility. On his recovery he was plied with burnt whiskey, as well to restore his strength and prevent a relapse, as upon the principle that it would enable him to sustain with more firmness the dreadful and shocking destiny which awaited his son. Actuated by motives of mistaken kindness, they poured between two and three glasses of this fiery cordial down his throat, which, as he had not taken so much during the lapse of thirty years before, soon reduced the feeble old man to the condition in which we have described him when entering the gloomy cell of the prisoner.

'Father,' said Connor, 'in the name of heaven above, who or what has put you into this dreadful state, especially when we consider the hard, hard fate that is over us, and upon us?'

'Connor,' returned Fardorougha, not perceiving the drift of his question, 'Connor, my son, I'll hang—hang him, that's one comfort.'

'Who are you spaking about?'

'The villain sentence was passed on to—to-day. He'll swing—swing for the robbery; P——e will. We got him back out of that nest of robbers, the Isle o' Man—o' Man they call it—that he made off to, the villain!'

'Father dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state on sich a day—sich a black day to us. For *your* sake I am. What will the world say of it?'

'Connor, I'm in great spirits all out, exceptin' for something that I forget, that—that—li—lies heavy upon me. That I mayn't sin, but I am—I am, indeed—for now that we've *catch* him, we'll hang the villain up. Ha, ha, ha, it's a pleasant sight to see sich a fellow danglin' from a rope!'

'Father, sit down here, sit down upon this bad and comfortless bed, and keep yourself quiet for a little. Maybe you'll be better soon. Oh, why did you drink, and us in such trouble!'

'I'll not sit down; I'm very well able to stand,' said he, tottering across the room. 'The villain thought to starve me, Connor, but you heard the sentence that was passed on him to-day. Where's Honor, from me? she'll be glad whin—whin she hears it, and my son, Connor, will too—but he's, he's—where is Connor?—bring me, bring me to Connor. Ah, avourneen, Honor's heart's breaking for him—'tany rate, the mother's heart—the mother's heart—she's laid low wid an achin' sorrowful head for her boy.'

'Father, for God's sake, will you try and rest a little. If you could sleep, father dear, if you could sleep.'

'I'll hang P——— I'll hang him—but if he gives back my money, I'll not touch him. Who are you?'

'Father dear, I'm Connor, your own son, Connor.'

'I'll marry you and Una, then. I'll settle all the villain robbed me of on you, and you'll have every penny of it *after my death*. Don't be keepin' me up, I can walk very well; ay, an' I'm in right good spirits. Sure, the money's got, Connor—got back every skillen of it. Ha, ha, ha, God be praised! God be praised! We've a right to be thankful—the world isn't so bad, afther all.'

'Father, will you try and rest?'

'It's not bad, afther all—I won't starve, as I thought I would, now that the *arrighad* is got back from the villain. Ha, ha, ha, it's great—it's great, Connor, ahagur.'

'What is it, father dear?'

'Connor, sing me a song—my heart's up—it's light—arn't you glad?—sing me a song.'

'If you'll sleep first, father dear.'

'The *Uligone*, Connor, or *Shuilagra*, or the *Trougha*—for, avourneen, avourneen, there must be sorrow in it, for my heart's low, and your mother's heart's in sorrow, and she's lyin' far from us, an' her boy's not near her, an' her heart's sore, sore, and her head achin', bekase her boy's far from her, an' she can't come to him!'

The boy, whose noble fortitude was unshaken during the formidable trial it had encountered in the course of that day, now felt overcome by this simple allusion to his mother's love. He threw his arms about his father's neck, and placing his head upon his bosom, wept aloud for many, many minutes.

'Hush, Connor, hush, ashore—what makes you cry? Sure, all 'ill be right now that we've got back the money. Eh? Ha, ha, ha, it's great luck, Connor, isn't it great? An' you'll have it, you an' Una, *afther my death*—for I won't starve for e'er a one o' yeas.'

'Father, father, I wish you would rest.'

'Well, I will, avick, I will—bring me to bed—you'll

sleep in your own bed to night. Your poor mother's head hasn't been off o' the place where your own lay, Connor. No, indeed; her heart's low—it's breakin'—it's breakin'—but she won't let any body make *your* bed but herself. Oh, the mother's love, Connor—that mother's love—that mother's love—but, Connor—'

'Well, father, dear?'

'Isn't there something wrong, avick? isn't there something not right, somehow?'

This question occasioned the son to feel as if his heart would literally burst to pieces, especially when he considered the circumstances under which the old man put it. Indeed there was something so transcendantly appalling in his intoxication, and in a wild but affecting tone of his conversation, that when joined to his pallid and spectral appearance, it gave a character, for the time being, of a mood that struck the heart with an image more frightful than that of madness itself.

'Wrong, father!' he replied, 'all's wrong, and I can't understand it. It's well for you that you don't know the doom that's upon us now, for I feel how it would bring you down, and how it will, too. It will kill you, my father—it will kill you.'

'Connor, come home, avick, come home—I'm tired at any rate—come home to your mother—come, for her sake—I know I'm not at home, an' she'll not rest till I bring you safe back to her. Come now, I'll have no put offs—you must come, I say—I order you—I can't and won't meet her widout you. Come, avick, an' you can sing me the song goin' home—come wid your own poor ould father, that can't live widout you—come, a *sullish machree*, I don't feel right here—we won't be properly happy, till we go to your lovin' mother.'

'Father, father, you don't know what you're making me suffer. What heart, blessed heaven, can bear—'

The door of his cell here opened, and the turnkey stated that some five or six of his friends were anxious to see him, and, above all things, to take charge of his father to his own home. This was a manifest relief to the young man, who then felt more deeply on his unhappy father's account than on his own.

'Some foolish friends,' said he, 'have given my father liquor, an' it has got into his head—indeed it overcame him the more, as I never remember him to taste a drop of spirits during his life before. I can see nobody now an' him in this state; but if they wish me well, let them take care of him, and leave him safe at his own house, and tell them I'll be glad if I can see them to-morrow, or any other time.'

With considerable difficulty Fardorougha was removed from Connor, whom he clung to with all his strength, attempting also to drag him away. He then wept bitterly, because he declined to accompany him home, that he might comfort his mother, and enjoy

the imagined recovery of his money from P——e, and the conviction which he believed they had just succeeded in getting against that notorious defaulter.

After they had departed, Connor sat down upon his hard pallet, and, supporting his head with his hand, saw, for the first time, in all its magnitude and horror, the death to which he found himself now doomed. The excitement occasioned by his trial, and his increasing firmness, as it darkened on through all its stages to the final sentence, now had in a considerable degree abandoned him, and left his heart, at present more accessible to natural weakness than it had been, to the power of his own affections. The image of his early-loved Una had seldom since his arrest been out of his imagination. Her youth, her beauty, her wild but natural grace, and the flashing glances of her dark enthusiastic eye, when joined to her tenderness and boundless affection for himself—all caused his heart to quiver with deadly anguish through every fibre. This produced a transition to Flanagan—the contemplation of whose perfidious vengeance made him spring from his seat in a paroxysm of indignant but intense hatred, so utterly furious that the swelling tempest which it sent through his veins caused him to reel with absolute giddiness.

'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'you are just, and will this be suffered?'

He then thought of his parents, and the fiery mood of his mind changed to one of melancholy and sorrow. He looked back upon his aged father's enduring struggle—upon the battle of the old man's heart against the accursed vice which had swayed its impulses so long—on the protracted conflict between the two energies, which, like contending armies in the field, had now left little but ruin and desolation behind them. His heart, when he brought all these things near him, expanded, and like a bird, folded its wings about the grey-haired martyr, to the love he bore him. But his mother—the caressing, the proud, the affectionate, whose heart, in the vivid tenderness of hope for her beloved boy, had shaped out his path in life, as that on which she could brood with the fondness of a loving and delighted spirit—that mother's image, and the idea of her sorrows prostrated his whole strength, like that of a stricken infant, to the earth.

'Mother, mother,' he exclaimed, 'when I think of what you reared me for, and what I am, this night, how can my heart do otherwise than break, as well on your account as my own, and for all that love us! Oh! what will become of you, my blessed mother! Hard does it go with you that you're not about your pride, as you used to call me, now that I'm in this trouble, in this fate that is soon to cut me down from your loving arms! The thought of you is dear to my heart, dear, dearer, dearer than that of any—than my own Una. What will become of her, too, and the old

man? Oh, why, why is it that the death I am to suffer is to fall so heavily on them that love me best?'

He then returned to his bed, but the cold and dreary images of death and ruin haunted his imagination, until the night was far spent, when at length he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

By the sympathy expressed at his trial, our readers may easily conceive the profound sorrow which was felt for him, in the district where he was known, from the moment the knowledge of his sentence had gone abroad among the people. This was much strengthened by that which, whether in man or woman, never fails to create an amiable prejudice in its favour—I mean youth and personal beauty. His whole previous character was now canvassed with a mournful lenity that brought out his virtues into beautiful relief; and the fate of the affectionate son was deplored no less than that of the youthful, but rash and inconsiderate lover. Neither was the father without his share of compassion, for they could not forget that, despite of all his perversity and extortion, the old man's heart had been fixed, with a strong but uncouth affection upon his amiable and only boy. It was, however, when they thought of his mother, in whose heart of hearts he had been enshrined as the idol of her whole affection, that their spirits became truly touched. Many a mother assumed in her own person, by the force of imagination, the sinking woman's misery, and poured forth, in unavailing tears, the undeniable proofs of the sincerity with which she participated in Honor's bereavement. As for Flanagan, a deadly weight of odium, such as is peculiar to the *Informer* in Ireland, fell upon both him and his. Nor was this all. Aided by that sagacity which is so conspicuous in Irishmen, when a vindictive or hostile feeling is excited among them, they depicted Flanagan's character with an accuracy and truth astonishingly correct and intuitive. Numerous were the instances of cowardice, treachery, and revenge remembered against him, by those who had been his close and early companions, not one of which would have ever occurred to them, were it not that their minds had been thrown back upon the scrutiny by the melancholy fate in which he had involved the unhappy Connor O'Donovan. Had he been a mere ordinary witness in the matter, he would have experienced little of this boiling indignation at their hands; but first to participate in the guilt, and afterwards, for the sake of the reward, or from a worse and more flagitious motive, to turn upon him, and become his accuser, even to the taking away the young man's life—to *stag* against his companion and accomplice—this was looked upon as a crime ten thousand times more black and damnable than that for which the unhappy culprit had been consigned to so shameful a death.

But, alas, of what avail was all this sympathy and

indignation to the unfortunate youth himself, or to those most deeply interested in his fate? Would not the very love and sorrow felt towards her son fall upon his mother's heart with a heavier weight of bitterness and agony? Would not his Una's soul be wounded on that account with a sharper and more deadly pang of despair and misery. It would, indeed, be difficult to say whether the house of Bodagh Buie or that of Fardorougha was then in the deeper sorrow. On the morning of Connor's trial Una arose at an earlier hour than usual, and it was observed when she sat at breakfast, that her cheek was at one moment pale as death, and again flushed and feverish. These symptoms were first perceived by her affectionate brother, who, on witnessing the mistakes she made in pouring out the tea, exchanged a glance with his parents, and afterwards asked her to allow him to take her place. She laid down the teapot, and looking him mournfully in the face, attempted to smile at a request so unusual.

'Una dear,' said he, 'you must allow me. There is no necessity for attempting to conceal what you feel—we all know it—and if we did not, the fact of your having filled the sugar-bowl instead of the tea-cup would soon discover it.'

She said nothing, but looked at him again, as if she scarcely comprehended what he said. A glance, however, at the sugar-bowl convinced her that she was incapable of performing the usual duties of the breakfast table. Hitherto she had not raised her eyes to her father or mother's face, nor spoken to them as had been her wont, when meeting at that strictly domestic meal. The unrestrained sobbings of the mother now aroused her for the first time, and on looking up, she saw her father wiping away the big tears from his eyes.

'Una, avourneen,' said the worthy man, 'let John make tay for us—for, God help you, you can't do it. Don't fret, achora machree, don't, don't, Una; as God is over me, I'd give all I'm worth to save him, for your sake.'

She looked at her father, and smiled again; but that smile cut him to the heart.

'I will make the tea myself, father,' she replied, 'and won't commit any more mistakes;' and as she spoke he unconsciously poured the tea into the slop-bowl.

'Avourneen,' said her mother, 'let John do it: acushla machree, let him do it.'

She then rose, and without uttering a word, passively and silently placed herself on her brother's chair—having, at the same time, taken that on which she sat.

'Una,' said her father, taking her hand, 'you must be good girl, and you must have courage; and whatever happens, my darling, you'll pluck up strength, I hope, and bear it.'

'I hope so, father,' said she, 'I hope so.'

'But, avourneen machree,' said her mother, 'I would

rather see you cryin' fifty times over, than smilin' the way you do.'

'Mother,' said she, 'my heart is sore—my heart is sore.'

'It is, ahagur machree; and your hand is tremblin' so much that you can't bring the tay-cup to your mouth; but, then, don't smile so sorrowfully, *anein machree*.'

'Why should I cry, mother?' she replied; 'I know that Connor is innocent. If I knew him to be guilty, I would weep, and I ought to weep.'

'At all events, Una,' said her father, 'you know it's the government, and not us that's prosecuting him.'

To this Una made no reply, but, thrusting away her cup, she looked with the same mournful smile from one to another of the little circle about her. At length she spoke.

'Father, I have a request to ask of you.'

'If it's within my power, Una darling, I'll grant it; and if it's not, it'll go hard with me but I'll bring it within my power. What is it, *asthore machree*?'

'In case *he's* found guilty, to let John put off his journey to Maynooth, and stay with *me* for some time—it won't be long I'll keep him.'

'If it pleases you, darling, he'll never put his foot into Maynooth again.'

'No,' said the mother, '*dhamhó* to the step, if you don't wish him.'

'Oh, no, no,' said Una, 'it's only for a while.'

'Unless she desires it, I will *never* go,' replied the loving brother; 'nor will I ever leave you in your sorrow, my beloved and only sister—never—never—so long as a word from my lips can give you consolation.'

The warm tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he spoke, and both his parents, on looking at the almost blighted flower before them, wept as if the hand of death had already been upon her.

'You, father, and John are going to his trial,' she observed; 'for me I like to be alone;—alone; but when you return to-night, let John break it to me. I'll go now to the garden. I'll walk about to-day—only before you go, John, I want to speak to you.'

Calmly and without a tear, she then left the parlour, and proceeded to the garden, where she began to dress and ornament the hive which contained the swarm that Connor had brought back to her on the day their mutual attachment was first disclosed to each other.

'Father,' said John, when she was gone, 'I am afraid that Una's heart is broken, or if not broken, that she won't survive his conviction long—it's breaking fast—for my part, in her present state, I neither will nor can leave her.'

The affectionate father made no reply, but putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept, as did her mother, in silent but bitter grief.

'I cannot spake about it, nor think of it, John,' said

he, after some time, 'but we must do what we can for her.'

'If any thing happens her,' said the mother, 'I'd never get over it. Oh merciful Saviour! how could we live without her!'

'I would rather see her in tears,' said John—'I would rather see her in outrageous grief a thousand times, than in the calm but ghastly resolution with which she is bearing herself up against the trial of this day. If he's condemned to death, I'm afraid that either her health or reason will sink under it, and, in that case, God pity her and us, for how, how, as you say, mother, could we afford to lose her? Still let us hope for the best. Father, it's time to prepare; get the car ready. I am going to the garden, to hear what the poor thing has to say to me, but I will be with you soon.'

Her brother found her, as we have said, engaged calmly, and with a melancholy pleasure, in adorning the hive which, on Connor's account, had become her favourite. He was not at all sorry that she had proposed this short interview, for as his hopes of Connor's acquittal were but feeble, if, indeed, he could truly be said to entertain any, he resolved by delicately communicating his apprehensions, to gradually prepare her mind for the worst that might happen.

From the Spectator.

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

We wish to offer a few observations on the subject of literature regarded as a profession, and on the moral circumstances attending its pursuit. If in doing so we have occasion to animadvert with severity on certain sins of the fraternity with which we deem them for the most part chargeable, we shall hardly be suspected of a desire to depreciate a profession the honour and respectability of which we have as much interest in upholding as any of our contemporaries.

The profession of literature has at all times been regarded with some degree of suspicion. It is so little analogous to any other pursuit—the material or commodity in which it deals is so unlike that constituting the basis of any other traffic or business—it is so liable to fluctuations of value, so precarious and so deceptive—that we cannot wonder at any degree of distrust with which it may inspire those not well accustomed to its operations. In the dark ages, reading and writing were a sort of cabalistic arts; and we find that amongst savage tribes at the present day no occupations of European travellers excite so much jealousy and suspicion. Familiar as these arts have long been amongst ourselves, it is not till recently, that is to say till within the present century, that literature has assumed a decidedly professional character in England.

And still some of the old mystery clings to it; if the virtue of its enchantments has not declined, neither have the prejudices existing against its professors altogether subsided. Those who live in great towns are not able to estimate the force of these prejudices. Wherever a large population is drawn to a focus, the profession of literature soon starts into existence, and by supplying an actual want gains an equal footing with other occupations. But in the rural districts, where the social uses of literature are comparatively little felt or appreciated, and where the idea of gaining a livelihood attaches chiefly to the disposal of good solid productions, or the performance of sufficient personal services, an author—living on the airy creations of his mind—is still a phenomenon and a mystery, neither very well liked nor at all understood. What can he do to acquire the money that flows to him? He comes not forth, neither does he make any stir; nobody sees him, nobody hears him, the whole day long; the lazy rogue in his slippers, hanging about the house, and taking no part in the business of the working world—what right has he to the livelihood he gets! He is assuredly a truant,—an idle scapegrace, skipping duty; and it is no honest penny that he is making. Such reflections are still likely to pass through the minds of unsophisticated people, living apart from the influences of a highly-civilized state of society. Not can it be doubted that a portion of the same feeling, which might suggest such a train of reflections in regard to literary men to the uneducated and ignorant, is entertained even by those who are qualified to appreciate their labours, and who habitually respect them.

It is obvious, therefore, that the literary profession, though rightfully honoured, and possessing no doubtful claim to the position it occupies, does present certain anomalies and objectionable features, detracting from the fulness and integrity of its pretensions. To these features we wish accordingly to point attention; and we do so without the least intention of reserve, though with the utmost good-will towards the profession. The subject is one of great extent, and we shall probably recur to it more than once. In the mean while, not aiming at any strict analysis or methodical procedure, we will briefly glance at some of the more obvious sins of professional writers.

The most noticeable evil besetting the path of professional literature is the temptation to *diffusiveness* which its conditions hold forth. The brains of a professional writer must be in a perpetual flux, or he cannot fulfil his engagements. It is on all occasions absolutely necessary to say something—whether or not he has any thing to say. This dilemma is, at first sight, simply a ludicrous one; but on further consideration it assumes a serious aspect. A *perpetual obligation to speak* can under no circumstances, even the

most favourable, be supposed to be attended with a continuance of happy results; but, under such circumstances as may be called ordinary, it must manifestly result in the utterance of frequent and considerable nonsense. This result produces another, less innocent; for as nonsense, undisguised, is apt to incur inconvenient penalties, so it becomes necessary to disguise it and make it pass for sense; and this is done by the adoption of a style of writing that seems to have been invented on purpose. It is not easy to characterize this style, (by which we shall probably be understood to point to the commonplace newspaper style, as well as that adopted in the Houses of Parliament,) but its leading qualities may be mentioned: and these are *smoothness* and *vagueness*. *Smoothness*, or a pleasant and easy fluency, is of the greatest importance, because it is the means of dropping the reader, or the hearer, gently and as it were imperceptibly down the tide of the nonsense, and lulling him into a happy state of passive indifference, in which he insists on nothing too much, and lets every sentence pass him in peace, without exaction or scrutiny; whereas were he so far roused from his siesta as to arrest one of the periods and demand "what it meant!" there would at once be an end of the charm, and the unlucky speaker would stand confessed in all the nakedness of nonsense. Like Sir Toby Belch's letter of defiance, the article of the learned editor, or speech of the honourable member, though "exceeding good," would be found to be no less "senseless."* *Vagueness* is important, because it puts off the reckoning, and procures a long term of credit for meaning; for in proportion as a discourse is spread over a large surface, the chances of particular error are reduced, and ignorance escapes exposure,—as the county of Cornwall might more safely be described than the town of Truro, by him who had seen neither Truro nor Cornwall.

When we consider how rare a privilege it is to be able to add to the stock of human knowledge, even where the mind has been continually and studiously addressed to the contemplation of a single branch of science, and how much time and thought deserve to be bestowed on every discourse intended for the public ear, we almost shrink from the reflection that there are hundreds or rather thousands of individuals, writers for the periodical press in England, for the most part little raised either by nature or education above the level of the mass, whose livelihood depends on their boldly advancing and unscrupulously maintaining opinions, from day to day and from week to week, on all the most vital and sacred questions that can engage the mind of man. The amount of error thus diffused is, of course, incalculable; and when mixed up with

party virulence, becomes a public poison of frightful power. It is allowed to be a bad case where safety lies in excess; but as extremes neutralize one another, so it often happens that the excessive absurdity or excessive dishonesty of two opposite portions of the public press defeats the mischief which either would separately inflict.

The most baneful effect arising from the necessity of continual composition, is the unfortunate encouragement it offers to falsehood. Truth is not always at hand—but *something* must be said. The actual cold-blooded invention of an untruth, to the credit of the press be it spoken, is certainly rare; but there are many shades between truth and its opposite, and the tendency we advert to is rather towards equivocation and evasion than inventive falsehood. A professional writer is liable to contract an indifference to the sterner dictates of conscience, and to tamper with the truth on paper, in a manner he would be ashamed to do in conversation. The fault is only not morally serious in the individual because it is committed under cover of the protecting sophistry, that official circumstances require it; which, taking off the edge of self-reproach, leaves each man blameless in his own regard, and with sufficient character at stake to forbid the spirit of falsehood from spreading in the direction of private life. But whoever is of opinion that no circumstances, official or otherwise, can justify, or even palliate, deviations from truth and honour, must necessarily rank the manœuvres and tricks of the press amongst the sins of society—and not amongst the least considerable.

These few remarks apply chiefly to the periodical press; but, in resuming the subject, it will not be uninteresting to extend it to a consideration of other cases. Poets have in all ages been more or less objects of censure or ridicule; and it will be well worth while to inquire into the causes of those peculiarities which appear to have exposed them to such a misfortune.

From the Spectator.

TRANSPORTATION.

Crime and immortality of every species and degree flourish in the Penal Colonies of England. It is not merely that a certain portion of wickedness is transferred from one part of the British dominions to another by the Transportation system: that system gives a direct stimulus to the growth of vice and the perpetration of crime, which could scarcely be applied to the same extent in any other way. Transportation, as at present managed, might be a cunningly-devised plan for the multiplication of villany and the conversion of a beautiful and fertile country into Sodom and Gomorrah. But though such are the results in the Colonies, is not the Mother Country benefitted? does not transportation

**Fabian* (eulogizing Sir Toby's letter)—"Very brief, and exceeding good senseless!"

act as a preventive of crime in England?—It has been already stated, on the authority of Sir William Molesworth's Committee, that banishment is in some measure terrible to rural offenders, but that the more accomplished rogues in London and the large towns fear it not. The severity of the punishment is underrated. The criminals send home false accounts of their condition. Exile is little dreaded except by persons who have strong affection for their native land, their kindred, and acquaintances. To the bulk of the criminal population, the life of honest industry which they must lead if they abstain from thieving, is more disagreeable than they imagine their condition must be in New South Wales; where they are, at all events, secure of food and raiment, and expect to meet many of their old comrades. But hear the emphatic statement of the Report—

"It is proved by the most irrefragable testimony, that both those who are prosperous and those who are miserable, the drawers of prizes and the drawers of blanks in this strange lottery, influenced perhaps by the desire common to human nature, of having companions and partakers, whether of misery or of happiness, concur in tempting their friends in this country by the most alluring descriptions to come out and join them; thereby tending to diminish the little apprehension, if any, which is entertained by the lower orders for the punishment of transportation. Both reason and experience, therefore, prove that the utmost apprehension which the generality of offenders feel for transportation, is little more than that they would experience for simple exile; which, next to transportation, is perhaps the most unequal of punishments."

"A little wicked tailor," said Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes from Botany Bay to his friends in England, that he is "as comfortable as a finger in a thimble; and though only a fraction of humanity, is filled with rum and kangaroo." The information would have its effect on the tailor's former comrades, who would be eager to participate in the comfort and kangaroo. Such accounts, though often false, the Committee state are frequently transmitted by convicts; and they account for the fact that many have committed crimes with the desire and intention of being transported. Like the crowd of ghosts on the banks of Acheron,

"Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

Poetry and exaggeration apart, it is certain that transportation is not generally dreaded by those who render themselves liable to it, and it is therefore safe to conclude, that to make it the punishment for the great majority of serious offences, is to hold out a premium for the commission of them. The system, then, does not lessen crime at home, while in the colony its effects are indescribable in the full extent of their atrocity.

The expense of the transportation system is very great. There are no data for ascertaining accurately

what it has cost this country. From 1787 to 1837, the outlay has been more than eight millions, certainly. The account rendered of the expenditure for New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in 1836-7, was 488,013*l.*; the total number of convicts in the two colonies being then 60,000. The cost is annually increasing. In the sum of 488,013*l.*, the expenses at Bermuda, where a small penal establishment is kept up, and of the Hulks at home, are not included. The Committee say, that "were it not for the convict establishment, New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land ought to pay the greater part at least of their own expenses; and were they to do so, the annual charge of maintaining well-managed penitentiaries, even upon a most expensive scale, including in that charge the interest of the money spent in their first establishment, could hardly equal the present expenditure."

The Committee wind up their remarks on the effect of the Transportation system, as regards the prevention of crime and the punishment of offenders, with the following summary of the facts proved in evidence—

"They consider that they have submitted the most unquestionable proofs that the two main characteristics of transportation, as a punishment, are inefficiency in deterring from crime, and remarkable efficiency, not in reforming, but in still further corrupting, those who undergo the punishment; that these qualities of inefficiency for good and efficiency for evil, are inherent in the system, which therefore is not susceptible of any satisfactory improvement; and lastly, that there belongs to the system, extrinsically from its strange character as a punishment, the yet more curious and monstrous evil of calling into existence, and continually extending, societies, or the germs of nations, most thoroughly depraved as respects both the character and degree of their vicious propensities."

Were the inquiry to stop here, there would be no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the system should be abolished; but other questions arise, the consideration of which the committee do not shirk.

It is known that the Penal Colonies have experienced, for many years, almost unprecedented economical prosperity. The growth in wealth has been owing to the regular and increasing supply of convict labourers—

"The convicts were assigned to settlers as slaves; they were forced to work in combination, and raised more produce than they could consume; for this surplus produce Government provided a market, by maintaining military and convict establishments, which have cost this country above 7,000,000*l.* of the public money. Thus the Government first supplied the settlers with labour, and then bought the produce of that labour: the trade thus carried on was a very profitable one for the settlers, as long as the demand of the Government exceeded the supply; and this excess of demand over supply has continued up to a late period."

But of late years there has been a great want of workmen. Capital has been rapidly augmented; and

is to be had at low prices to an unlimited extent; but labour is a scarce commodity. The peculiar circumstances of the colony have tended to increase this evil. As in the Southern States of North America, no white man will engage for hire to perform the work generally given to slaves, so in New South Wales, where a species of slavery exists, free men will not labour like convicts. In consequence of the disproportion of the sexes, (the number of convict men to women is as 17 to 1,) the actual population does not equal the number of persons who have arrived in the colony. At this time, 10,000 labourers are required in New South Wales; but there will not be sent more than 3,000 during the current year. For want of labourers, especially of shepherds, the loss of property is annually very large. It appears then, that even under existing circumstances, with a considerable supply of convicts, who can be compelled to work in combination, the deficiency of hired labour is nevertheless severely felt. What would become of the colony were that supply to be at once cut off? Would it not perish! The Committee see only one remedy—the encouragement of free emigration, on the system successfully practised in the new colony of South Australia. The reader is aware that at present the proceeds of lands sold in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land may be devoted to the payment of the passage-money and other expenses of emigrants, according to Lord Howick's regulations in 1831, which are justly lauded by the Committee. The price of land per acre is now 5s.; but the Committee recommend that, with the view of preventing an injurious dispersion of the population, it should be raised to at least 1*l.*, the present South Australian rate, and afterwards considerably higher. To a certain extent it is probable that the recommendation of the Committee might be successfully followed, notwithstanding the facilities for emigration to other and purer parts of Australia; and which encouragement ere long, it is to be hoped, will be offered also to persons wishing to colonize New Zealand. But we should have sore misgivings about sending the sober, honest, and chaste portion of the labouring population of this country, (and such only are *desirable* as free immigrants,) into the pestilential atmosphere of the Penal Colonies, where every moral and religious principle is all but certain to be subverted by contact and association with transported offenders. The importation of Hill Coolies is decidedly condemned by the Committee.

But without encouragement to emigration, or a continuance of the supply of convict labour, the colony cannot subsist. Why, then, it must sink. It is impossible for any well-regulated mind for an instant to regard the economical prosperity of such a population as now exists in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, as a set-off against the moral depravity on which that prosperity is based. Besides, if there is one point

in futurity on which, judging from experience, we may rely, it is that the present system must end in some awful calamity. The elements of prolonged success are not to be found in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. The longer the present state of things is kept up by the power of England, the more dreadful will be the eventual crash and consummation. A general corruption of morals has always been followed by social subversion; but where, except in the destroyed cities whose fate we read of in the Bible, has such universal and horrible depravity existed, as in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land? Take away the strong military force maintained by this country, and the majority of the wretched inhabitants would fall upon one another with the fury of wild beasts. The best that can happen to those colonies would be that their population should be gradually suffered to dwindle away or be dispersed.

The difficult question of providing a substitute for the present system of Transportation, must be reserved for another paper.

From the Spectator.

Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce.

By THOMAS CLARKSON, M. A.

The object of this book is to defend Mr. Clarkson's reputation from the covert attacks made upon it by the two reverend sons of Wilberforce, in the *Life of their father*; where they had charged him, in his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' with 'numberless misstatements' chiefly relating to the respective merits of Clarkson and Wilberforce in originating plans for the 'agitation' of the question, and where he is referred to throughout in a depreciatory and unfriendly tone. Although effected in rather a roundabout way—both by Mr. Clarkson, and a friend who, relieving him in his eightieth year from the drudgery of editing, has taken the opportunity to throw in a few addenda of his own—the purpose of the book is perfectly accomplished. It is shown, both by the citation of particular passages, and by the authority of mutual friends not only acquainted with the history, but with many of the events which it narrates, that Mr. Clarkson's work does not justify the interpretation the sons of Wilberforce have put upon it; and, which is much better, that his narrative is substantially correct, and that Clarkson really did 'engage' (since that is to be the word) Wilberforce publicly to move in the matter. The other points relating to Mr. Clarkson's own dignity, in being held up as an 'agent of the Committee instead of a member, afford less distinct holding-ground to grapple with, and are of a more trivial nature. However, they are pretty well disposed of.

But Mr. Clarkson's book is not confined to defence,

though the attack is incidental. By the story-telling mode adopted, it is shown that the Messrs. Wilberforce went on their course in despite of Mr. Clarkson's own explanations and such evidence as he has now offered to the public. The editor of the volume also convicts them of incorrectness, in referring generally to some manuscript authorities, borrowed from Mr. Clarkson, in a way in which those manuscripts do not bear out.

In reviewing the *Life of Wilberforce*, we stated in a note, that neither Clarkson nor Wilberforce first *publicly* broached the subject of slavery or the slave-trade, but that it was mooted before either took it up,—by Granville Sharpe in 1772, by Porteus in 1783, by Ramsay in 1784. In 1785 Clarkson came into the field, and Wilberforce *publicly* in 1787 or 1788. But there is one man we then omitted who is entitled to priority over both Clarkson and Wilberforce; to coeval claim with Ramsay; and whose *disposing* influence upon the mind of the growing generation was greater than that of the whole batch of them put together. In 1784, William Cowper published in the *Task* his indignant denunciation of slavery, and his exhortation to abolish it, beginning

‘He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own.’

Of course we do not mean to say that poetry will carry measures through Parliament, or form committees of agitation, or prove in detail the facts of a case. But a writer read extensively by those classes who were chiefly interested in Abolition, and read too by extracts in almost every school, must have formed the minds of thousands to receive impressions, to which they would otherwise have been deaf or indifferent.

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From the Examiner.

MR. SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY.

It is quite understood to be the prevailing opinion of the Court circle that the American artist has succeeded in rendering the best and the most graceful likeness of our youthful Queen, and several of our painters have rendered a willing and a merited tribute of praise to their transatlantic brother. In our own judgment, Lawrence never painted a head and bust more elegantly, while the clear and brilliant colouring strongly reminds us of Romney, as to painting. We speak emphatically of the head and bust, because we cannot admire the dusky and opaque ground to the picture, and many of the accessorial parts have that vaporous style of the modern French school which succeeded the severe contours of David.* There is one pearly tone,

*Mr. Sully is mentioned as having studied originally under West, and (it is a poor compliment to say) greatly transcends his instructor. He is worth a wilderness of him who once was “Europe’s worst dauber and poor England’s best.”

a reflected light upon the cheek, worthy of Titian or Guido. The artist has avoided a full-length portrait of his royal model, but the proportions are well adapted to engraving, and we are glad to learn that the latter task has been confided to one so capable of doing full justice to it as Wagstaff. Indeed the vapoury style to which we have referred may be a calculated effect to allow for the delicacy of *burin*. The expression of the face struck us as peculiarly felicitous. There is a great deal of benevolence, and something of girlish playfulness, though the predominating character is investigation. We congratulate Mr. Sully upon the execution of a work which has enabled the English public to form the same conclusion as to his talents that has been justly pronounced in the United States, and we further congratulate him upon having had the opportunity of transmitting *such* an original to his own country; for we have a strong notion that the opulent and moral descendants of William Penn would not have sent him over to furnish them with a ‘counterfeit presentment’ of any bloated debauchee, or vulgar old sailor, who might have previously filled a very high office with us. The idea of a gifted and a virtuous young female’s sway will not be repulsive to the sternest republican. As we understand that Mr. Sully has just quitted this country for the United States, we can only offer our cordial wishes for the future welfare of a gentleman who has fully impressed us with his power as an artist, and his amiability in social intercourse.

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From the Spectator.

JAMES'S LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Historiographer in Ordinary to her Majesty, Author of “*Richelieu*,” &c. Vols. III. and IV. Bentley.

When we noticed the first and second volumes of this work, we remarked, that they embraced but a small portion of the subject; that, at the close of the second volume, Louis was left in his twentieth year; and that, as his eventful reign endured for more than seventy years, Mr. James apparently contemplated a book of very considerable magnitude. He has, however, completed his task in two volumes more; and it does not seem, after all, that the parts of the work are out of proportion. The first two volumes embraced a portion of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and the regency of his widow Anne of Austria, when the violent disturbances which agitated the kingdom, and the rude and half-civilized state of society, gave a wild and even romantic interest to the occurrences of the time. As society

grows more and more civilized and settled, its history grows less and less striking. The people occupy a smaller and smaller space in the picture; and the history of empires becomes a record of the intrigues, disputes, quarrels, and combinations, of princes and rulers; a detail of the endless mazes of crooked diplomacy; and a narrative of bloody wars, fought to gratify the ambition, cupidity, or personal animosity of sovereigns and statesmen. "Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

The accession of Louis the Fourteenth was followed by a long period of internal tranquillity and rapidly-advancing civilization. The nobles drawn from their feudal fastnesses, where from the middle ages downwards they had ruled their vassals in fierce and solitary grandeur, and assembled round the brilliant court of the sovereign, gained smoothness from mutual contact, and acquired a taste for gallantry, literature, and the arts; while the people, undisturbed by civil broils, and freed from the iron rule of petty tyrants, rapidly advanced in commerce, agriculture, and every other peaceful pursuit. Such was the progress of society during the reign of Louis; a progress incomparably more rapid than in any other period of similar duration in the history of France. But it was a progress which, though full of matter for the economist and the philosophical inquirer, has hitherto been looked upon as little connected with the province of history, and still less with that lightest species of history which (like the present work) assumes the form of biography.

Such being the case, Mr. James has been able to comprise in his two latter volumes every thing of remarkable moment that belongs to "the life and times" of Louis the Fourteenth during his sixty years of independent sovereignty. Much of the history of the period has irrecoverably lost its interest for the general reader. Nothing but great ardour in the study of history or politics would now induce anybody to gain a knowledge of the complicated and ever-changing relations among the powers of Europe, and the endless negotiations, controversies, and treaties, to which these relations gave rise. All partiality or predilection for any of the contending parties is long ago extinct: we care not now who lost or who won; and no feeling is excited but that of disgust and indignation when we read of provinces laid waste, cities sacked, and thousands of brave men placed against each other in bloody strife, to gratify the passions of an ambitious or profligate monarch, a rapacious minister, or a titled courtesan.

We shall not say that Mr. James has bestowed too much time upon the political *tracasseries* and military transactions of the Grand Monarque's reign, because they form a large portion of his personal as well as public history, and the work would have been incom-

plete without them. Mr. James has made his account of these matters as succinct as is consistent with clearness: but still, there are parts of his book in which most readers will not have much scruple in turning over two leaves at a time. The fault lies in the subject more than in the writer; though we think that he might have imparted some graphic interest to the exploits of Turenne, Montecuculi, Villeroi, and Marlborough, instead of chronicling petty movements, affairs and sieges, frequently with the dryness of a gazette. As these chronicles, however, seem to be careful and accurate, they may be useful in the way of reference.

A large portion of the work, however, consists of matter much more attractive. Mr. James's account of Louis's government, and the effects of his policy, alternately salutary and pernicious, upon the condition of France, is valuable and instructive, and affords materials for testing the author's estimate (somewhat too favourable) of the monarch's character. Louis, moreover, was not only a great king, but a very remarkable man; and his personal biography is much more striking than is usually the case with men placed so far beyond the reach of the vicissitudes of fortune. Louis was gifted by nature with good and noble qualities, which, though impaired by the possession of absolute power, and habits of indulgence, were never destroyed; and their influence on his conduct, both public and private, during the whole of his life, make him a more interesting object than he might have been even if he had been a wiser and better man. Mr. James's book is a full-length portrait of the individual—somewhat flattered, as portraits generally are, but well drawn, strongly coloured, and, on the whole, a good likeness. The principal figure, too, is advantageously placed in the centre of a group consisting of the memorable personages—the wise, the brave, the gay, and the fair—who composed the brilliant and dissolute court of Louis; and the whole forms a picture, happy in its subject, and skilfully treated by the artist.

It was Louis the Fourteenth who first established despotism in France. Before his time, and even in the reign of his predecessor, the people enjoyed considerable practical freedom and constitutional privileges; and were bold and turbulent in opposition to the throne when these privileges were invaded. One of them, similar to our Habeas Corpus Act, gave to every French subject, imprisoned on a criminal charge, the right of demanding to be brought to trial within a certain number of days: but this, with every thing which interposed an obstacle to his own absolute power, was swept away by Louis. Mr. James describes very well the manner in which, under the influence of the young king, the despotic principle assumed that sentimental character, that air of abso-

lute devotion to the Grand Monarque, which continued to distinguish French loyalty down to the time of the Revolution.

"After the death of Mazarin, we have seen that Louis burst forth upon the French people in a new character. The energy and the determination which he displayed, the great abilities of his mind, the grace and dignity of his person, the weariness which the whole French nation felt of civil contentions, the change from poverty and want to prosperity and abundance, the introduction and improvement of refined arts, the extension of luxurious habits, the passion for gaming, and the consequent necessity of frequent pecuniary supplies; the general conviction throughout the country of the selfishness of the higher classes, and their real want of that patriotism to which they had pretended in the civil war, gave to every thing in France a general tendency towards the establishment of the most despotic authority, but of a light and cheerful kind. The people submitted, and were contented; the nobles turned courtiers, and vied with each other in flattery and submission; and devotion to the King became as much a *fashion* under Louis the Fourteenth, as opposition to the court had been in the times of the Fronde. But Louis, with greater opportunities and greater skill than the factious leaders of his mother's days, contrived to impress upon that, which had been at first *but a fashion*, the character of a sentiment: he taught the court and the people to believe that their glory was involved in his—that his success and his aggrandisement were intimately united with those of France. In effecting this object, his talents, his courage, his grace, his dignity, his pride, his ambition, his selfishness, each played a part. The great and grasping projects which dazzled his own imagination dazzled still more easily the imagination of his people; he led them, in short, in the way they were most willing to follow; and while he did so, he kept up his own dignity with so powerful a hand, that the nation felt its dignity increased by that of its monarch.

Louis, however, though a despot, was no tyrant. He was mild in his nature; and, when cruelties were committed in his name or under his authority, it was when this part of his character was overpowered by ambition or religious bigotry. The persecution of the Protestants forms perhaps the greatest blot on his memory: but this measure, equally barbarous and impolitic, which gave a deathblow to the manufactures of France, was the work of designing Churchmen, who taught him to make it a matter of conscience. To this act the King was impelled by the counsels of Louvois, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Colbert,—two men who stood, like familiar dæmons, at each ear of the monarch, the one prompting him to good and the other to evil. While Colbert had the ascendancy, the government was wise, beneficial, and prosperous; the taxes were reduced, and every encouragement given to commerce, agriculture, and the arts. When Louvois, by his rival's death, acquired unbounded influence over the King, the government became ambitious, arbitrary, oppressive, and unfortunate. In truth, notwithstanding all that Mr. James

has said of the personal energy of Louis, his government was of aameleon character, varying in its hue according as Mazarin, Colbert, and Louvois were successively in the ascendant. Still, however, the mildness of Louis's personal character never forsook him, and showed itself in his worst days as well as in his best. Of this disposition in his early years, Mr. James gives the following pleasing instances.

Several anecdotes of Louis during the war in Holland remain well authenticated, and cast greater lustre upon him than any of his military movements in that campaign. The original clemency of his nature shone out on many occasions, and still marked distinctly the difference between the despot and the tyrant. Notwithstanding the strictness of his discipline and the examples he was obliged occasionally to make, he contrived to reconcile military severity, not only with substantial justice but even with mercy itself. In first commencing his march, and especially in passing through the Spanish Netherlands, an order had been given for no man, on pain of death, to stray from his corps; and on the third or fourth day's march, two men were hang in sight of the army for disobedience of this command. It was studiously concealed, however, by Louis's order, that they had been caught in the commission of plunder and rape; and by affecting to punish the minor offence, when in reality he punished the greater, he produced the beneficial effects of stopping such crimes in the outset.

To another offence, with which Louis would have found it more difficult to deal, namely, treason, he shut his eyes, where it was not dangerous to do so. In a number of the places taken from the Dutch, considerable portions of the garrisons were found to be French: these places in general surrendered at discretion, and Louis therefore was justified by law and custom in dealing with the garrisons as he thought fit. Had he acted with any degree of severity, the slaughter would have been dreadful; but in all instances he shut his eyes, and would not even see the garrisons, lest he should be obliged to recognise his own subjects.

Of the same disposition in his latter days, even when exerted in opposition to his powerful minister, the following passage affords a very remarkable instance.

The ravages committed in the Palatinate have cast a deep stain upon Louis's reputation for mildness and humanity; nor were these ravages confined to one campaign; for the scenes of horror which were perpetrated by the army under Turenne were trifling when compared with those afterwards enacted by the forces of Duras. That stain must remain upon the memory of Louis; for though these terrible transactions took place solely by order of Louvois, yet, as we have before remarked, the king who suffers his authority to be so abused, becomes chargeable with no slight portion of the crime. But in making this acknowledgment, we must not omit to show, by the last act of the tragedy, (which preceded only a short time the death of Louvois,) that Louis was throughout opposed to the cruelty of his minister, and only submitted unwillingly to the instigations of one in whom he had been accustomed to place the most unbounded confidence. It was contrary both to his wishes and his judgment that these

acts were committed, if we may believe the account of almost every contemporary historian; and every fresh instance of cruelty to which he was called upon to consent, increased the indignant opposition of the monarch.

At length, after Manheim and Heidelberg had been taken, and all the beautiful country lying under the Bergstrasse had been ravaged from end to end; after three or four considerable towns, more than fifty castles, and an immense number of villages and boroughs had been burnt to the ground, Louvois proposed to the King that the large and important city of Treves should also be destroyed. Louis refused his consent, and Louvois argued with him and urged him in vain; but the minister, though fearful of pressing the matter further at the time, on account of the signs of indignation which the King displayed, knew that by importunity and argument he could frequently overcome the King's resolutions; and returning after a few days, he told the monarch, that having clearly perceived that nothing but conscientious scruples had prevented him from taking a step so necessary as the burning of Treves, he had determined to bring the moral and religious responsibility upon himself, and had consequently sent off a courier on his own authority with an order to destroy that city.

The King's rage was now so fearfully excited, that, forgetting all his usual dignity of demeanour, he started up and would have knocked down the minister with the fire-irons, if Madame De Maintenon had not cast herself in the way while Louvois hastened to escape by the door. 'Send off another courier instantly,' shouted the King, as he made his escape. 'If he arrive not in time, and they burn a single house, your head shall answer for it.'

Louvois it would seem, had told his master a falsehood. No courier had really been sent; but he was now compelled to go through the form of despatching another courier, apparently charged with a counter order, for the purpose of satisfying the King.

In private life, Louis exhibited warm affections, and a generous and magnanimous spirit: in all which particulars he forms a complete contrast to the heartless voluptuary Charles the Second, to whom he has been often and too hastily compared. They were both licentious, and both by their example heightened the licentiousness of their courts. There was an external resemblance, too, in the course of their irregular amours. But Louis was susceptible of deep and enduring passion, and of all those feelings which, in an humble sphere, might have made him happy and exemplary in domestic life; while Charles was as incapable of love as of friendship, generosity, or gratitude. That Louis was capable of inspiring love, too, as well as of feeling it, appears from the history of the unhappy La Valliere, whose passion for him was as ardent as it was disinterested and sincere. Louis's first irregularities appear to have originated in blighted affection and a marriage of state. He was passionately enamoured of Marie de Mancini, the captivating niece of Cardinal Mazarin; whom he would have married, had he not been forced, by political intrigues, into his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. This young lady, too,

seems to have really loved her royal admirer; and the pair were nearly heart-broken at parting. Mazarin supported the Queen-mother in her opposition to the King's marriage with his niece, and determined to prevent it.

In pursuance of his determination, Mazarin gave orders that his niece should be immediately removed from the court and placed with her sister at a convent in Brouage; and on the night before her departure, the Queen withdrew her son from the court and spoke with him long alone. When they returned, it was evident that they had both been weeping; but the mind of Louis was now made up: he was determined to yield to reason rather than to passion; and though he continued to the last to show the same tenderness towards Marie De Mancini, he suffered her to depart on the 22nd of June. He conducted her himself to the carriage prepared to bear her away without at all attempting to conceal the tears he shed. She made one effort to arm passion against reason at the very last moment: 'You weep,' she said, 'and yet you might command.' Louis, however, resisted both his own passion and hers, and having seen her depart, he set out for Chantilly to bury his grief in solitude.

Louis could not love the wife so forced upon him: he neglected her, and sought happiness elsewhere. His intercourse with La Valliere soon followed. Mr. James's history of this lady is interesting, and feelingly told: we suspect, however, that James, like other writers, colours his heroine's character a little too highly. She was, it is said, a prey to remorse during the whole period of her intercourse with the King: but, if there was remorse, there was no repentance. There was no indication of the only test of repentance, the resolution to sin no more: for it was not till she had lost every hope of keeping her hold of the King's affection, that she slowly and reluctantly made up her mind to retire to the convent of the Carmelites. Her fall was the rise of the haughty and imperious Madame de Montespan; and she in her turn, though after a long period of power, was forced to give way to the artful and hypocritical Maintenon; who exercised a despotic sway over the mind of Louis to the last day of his life.

Louis died on the 1st September 1715: and 'the people of France,' says Mr. James, 'so far from weeping for his death, gave signs of rejoicing, *which were at least indecent.*' We suspect this is not the proper commentary on the rejoicings of the people of France. In a great political event, in which the people are deeply interested either for good or evil, they will naturally feel strongly, and as naturally give strong expression to their feelings. Had Louis, long before, followed to the grave his illustrious minister Colbert, arrested in the course of a beneficent and enlightened administration, his death would have been sincerely mourned by the people. But the sovereign who, guided by evil counsellors, had driven the artisans from the towns, and torn the peasants from the fields—

who had ruined the finances, the commerce, and the agriculture of France—who had loaded the industrious classes with heavy burthens, from which the privileged orders were free—and, bitterest of all, who had humbled the 'great nation' in the eyes of all Europe—must necessarily have become an object of hatred; and hence it was that his death was hailed with general joy, as the removal of an intolerable grievance.

From the Examiner.

Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne. By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne. Longman, London; Black, Edinburgh.

This pamphlet—most fortunately, as we cannot help thinking, for its authors—makes its appearance under circumstances calculated, if not to disarm criticism, at least to blunt its sharpness. The feeling which prompts it is one with which the public generally cannot fail to sympathise, inasmuch as it is the laudable and natural desire to vindicate the character of a deceased friend and relation.

There is an old proverb, however, about good intentions and the place they pave, not altogether inapplicable to this production. That its authors, losing sight of their intentions, and the most probable method of inducing right-minded persons to respect them, have conceived their "Refutation," in a violent spirit, and clothed it in coarse and irritating terms, must be obvious to every reader. We hold that neither its manner nor its matter is at all likely to serve the object sought to be attained. We think indiscriminate and blustering abuse of Mr. Lockhart, and the constant endeavour to fix upon that gentleman the guilt of wilful falsehood or concealment of the truth, as little calculated to impeach the veracity of his narrative as the production of a few unexplained and isolated items from the Trust accounts is calculated to throw any clear or satisfactory light upon the so much talked of and so very complicated partnership affairs of Ballantyne and Company.

Before proceeding to the matter of this pamphlet, let us illustrate our objection to the manner. In the very outset there is something excessively disgusting and offensive in the selection of a few most affecting words—among the last Scott spoke—for the motto:—

"'Lockhart,' said Sir Walter Scott, when his son-in-law was called to his death-bed, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'"

This is a touching fragment of a most solemn scene.

The dying words of Scott should be held more sacred, and not caught for the motto of a personal controversy, because a vulgar point may be made in the first page, and an empty boast held out how the refuters will show that Mr. Lockhart is neither virtuous, religious, nor good. It is an unworthy and indecent proceeding, and the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne should, of all people living, have known better than to resort to it.

As further specimens of the style which pervades the pamphlet, we would cite the constant use of such terms as "foul aspersions"—"misstatements and calumnies"—"libellous misrepresentations"—"bitter personalities"—"pandering to a depraved taste"—"cruel and ridiculous distortions"—"vulgar wit and ribald exaggeration"—"scandalously abused"—"gross and libellous caricature"—and many other expressions of similar scurrility, which will be found plentifully scattered over almost every page.

The matter, which from its want of arrangement it is no easy task to make an abstract of, appears to resolve itself into two heads. First, that Mr. Lockhart designedly and with malice aforethought has, in his biography of Sir Walter Scott, sought every opportunity of blackening the character of the Messrs. Ballantyne, and of holding them up to vulgar ridicule and merriment; and, secondly, that he has, by a falsification of the accounts of the printing firm (intentional in part, and in part arising from his ignorance), attempted to practice upon the credulity of his readers, by leading them to believe that Scott's embarrassments were in some degree occasioned by his business connexion with the Messrs. Ballantyne, and not wholly and solely by his love of improving Abbotsford, his passion for land, his fondness for old books and old armour, and the most signal and extraordinary improvidence.

With reference to the first charge—that of holding up the Messrs. Ballantyne to ridicule—we must say, without the least intention of wounding the feelings of any surviving member of their family, that the Messrs. Ballantyne seem all along greatly to have mistaken their own position. Mr. James Ballantyne was a respectable small tradesman, doing business originally in the small town of Kelso, whence he gladly removed to Edinburgh, in compliance with the invitation of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. John Ballantyne had succeeded his father in the business of "a dealer in goods of all sorts," or in one branch of the business—what branch it was we are not informed—and kept a shop in Kelso from 1795 to 1805, when he went to settle in Edinburgh, where his brother James was then established. The brothers had been well educated. Mr. James Ballantyne corrected the proof-sheets of the *Waverley Novels*, and wrote criticisms thereupon to Scott as they passed through the press—not always, we think, with a precise recollection of their relative positions in

the world of letters, or with the most delicate regard to Sir Walter's state of health or spirits at the moment. He was, however, a gentleman by manners and acquirements, and wrote theatrical critiques in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, of which he was a proprietor.

Now it is perfectly clear to the most obtuse person in existence that the whole importance of Mr. James Ballantyne, or his brother, or both, was solely and wholly derived from their connection with Scott; that but for Scott Mr. James Ballantyne would have lived and died a printer at Kelso; that but for Scott Mr. John Ballantyne would have lived and died in the one branch of the business of the dealer in goods of all sorts; that but for Scott nobody but the worthy burghers of Kelso, and perchance a few friends or relatives in Edinburgh, would have had the smallest curiosity or interest in the Messrs. Ballantyne's affairs. Then what means the grandiloquent declaration of this pamphlet, that Mr. Lockhart has pandered "to that depraved taste which gloats over all sorts of revelations calculated to lower to the level of the vulgar herd those who had before appeared to occupy elevated stations!"—and why the soreness occasioned by Mr. Lockhart's presuming to call the Messrs. Ballantyne "printers," or "the Ballantynes;" speaking and writing of them as other most respectable persons in the same way of business are spoken and written of every day? If Sir Walter Scott, in the kindness of his nature and that comprehensive goodness of heart which extended itself to everything and everybody within the sphere of his influence, distinguished Mr. James Ballantyne by his intimacy and honoured his board with his presence, his descendants should be only too proud to trace their deceased relative's notoriety to its true source. And they should entertain too much respect for the memory of the great man who thus distinguished him, to presume to discuss his expenditure, and comment on the tastes he indulged, as if they were his equal, or as if his wishes and aspirations could be bounded by the measure of their own.

In fact, so far as Mr. James Ballantyne is concerned, we take Mr. Lockhart's real offence to have been simply this—that throughout his biography he has [properly] considered him as a man made by Scott, having no previous or other existence as a public man, and achieving his position in society solely through his means, and by the magic of his name. We confess that we think Mr. Lockhart might have abstained from the frequent use of the nicknames applied to the Messrs. Ballantyne, but it is no great stretch of imagination to assume that knowing them to have been bestowed by Scott in moments of thoughtlessness and good humour, he preserved them rather as little traits of his cheerfulness and hilarity to those by whom he was surrounded, than as throwing any slight or dis-

paragement upon those gentlemen. The soreness upon this head again is only an additional proof to us that the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne always appear to consider him the great object of interest with Mr. Lockhart's readers, and to forget that he is only interesting as a second or third-rate actor in the sad drama of Scott's life and death.

With regard to the description of Mr. James Ballantyne's dinners, his manner, or his speeches, we see nothing whatever in it, at which any sensible man would feel disposed to take umbrage. We rose from the perusal of those portions of Mr. Lockhart's book, at the time they appeared, with anything but an unfavourable impression of Mr. James Ballantyne, and certainly without the remotest idea that the lively sketches were conceived or executed in an ill-natured spirit.

In the early history of Mr. John Ballantyne, Mr. Lockhart appears to have been led into some errors—not very important, however, if we except the statement that his goods were once sold in Kelso for the benefit of his creditors. This is denied in the pamphlet before us, but the denial is so brief and so strictly confined to the terms of Mr. Lockhart's assertion, that it leaves us in some doubt whether Mr. John Ballantyne did not at that time *compound* with his creditors, which would reduce Mr. Lockhart's mistake very considerably. From the evidence produced on both sides it would appear pretty clear that Scott was angry with him one day, and in good-humour another, as the vexations and exigencies of the business arose and vanished. There are very few persons placed in the same positions with reference to each other for any length of time, whose correspondence would not present similar contradictions.

Of this gentlemen, then, we will only say that it is evident, from all the circumstances in which he was an actor, as well as from Sir Walter Scott's own letter (quoted in this pamphlet with a complimentary passage in large capitals as a distinct proposition, and the preliminary "*if*" in the usual type) that he was not a man of business; that his want of knowledge of, or want of attention to business, seriously involved his partners on several occasions; and that both to him and his brother, Mr. Lockhart bears honourable testimony in the following passage:—

"The early history of Scott's connexion with the Ballantynes has been already given in abundant detail; and I have felt it my duty not to shrink, at whatever pain to my own feelings or those of others, from setting down, plainly and distinctly, my own impressions of the character, manners, and conduct of those two very dissimilar brothers. I find, without surprise, that my representations of them have not proved satisfactory to their surviving relations. That I cannot help—though I sincerely regret, having been compelled, in justice to Scott, to become the instrument for opening old wounds in kind bosoms, animated, I doubt not, like my own,

by veneration for his memory, and respected by me for combining that feeling with a tender concern for names so intimately connected with his throughout long years of mutual confidence. But I have been entirely mistaken if those to whom I allude, or any others of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine as designed to cast the slightest imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. No suspicion of that nature ever crossed my mind. I believe James to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man: that his principles were of a lofty stamp—his feelings pure even to simplicity. His brother John had many amiable as well as amusing qualities, and I am far from wishing to charge even him with any deep or deliberate malversation. Sir Walter's own epithet of 'my little picaroon' indicates all that I desired to imply on that score. But John was, from mere giddiness of head and temper, incapable of conducting any serious business advantageously, either for himself or for others; nor dare I hesitate to express my conviction that, from failings of a different sort, honest James was hardly a better manager than the picaroon."

Much is attempted to be made in the "Refutation," of Mr. Lockhart's use of this word "Picaroon," and the meaning he intended it to bear, which, it is angrily contended, is an "odious imputation." These passages at least might have been spared, since Mr. Lockhart here distinctly shows that he does not understand the term as implying any deep or deliberate malversation. A great deal is said, too, about Mr. Lockhart's writing to Mr. James Ballantyne on his death-bed, for his recollections of Scott, and calling them "precious." That he really considered them so is sufficiently proved by their insertion in the Biography. There is a note of admiration, too, because Mr. Lockhart subscribes himself "Truly and cordially yours," and a dozen lines of great declamation, terminating with the remark that "these letters require no commentary"—in which we quite concur.

With regard to the second charge, the falsification of accounts by Mr. Lockhart, intentionally or in ignorance, to blacken and defame the Messrs. Ballantyne, we shall offer but very few words. An article in the *Standard*, as ably-written as it was justly felt, called forth by a groundless charge in this same pamphlet, forcibly pointed out the very unsatisfactory nature of any more extracts from accounts of such magnitude extending over so many years, and further reminded the reader, that this "Refutation" assumed, that when Sir Walter Scott first became connected with the Ballantynes, he had no private means or fortune whatever: which was notoriously untrue. In the confusion and entanglement of these affairs, Mr. Lockhart may very possibly have fallen into some technical mistakes relative to bills; but that he has in the main, in any material degree, perverted the sum and substance of the matters of account between Scott and Messrs. Ballantyne we do not believe. We have no satisfactory evidence to show us that he has; and we have the strong

presumptive evidence of his position, his character, and the mode in which he has executed his task (never unduly exalting Scott, but, in his desire to be impartial, sometimes leaning more than we should have supposed necessary the other way), that he has not.

Besides which, and we would impress what we are about to say most strongly on the reader, let these considerations never be lost sight of—that the firm was, to all intents and purposes, Scott, and Scott alone; that without his support it never could have crawled through one lingering year; that it existed in the full height and zenith of his fame, and had the incalculable advantage of producing before the world the most brilliant and successful of his creations; that if Sir Walter Scott drew his means of subsistence from its funds, Mr. James Ballantyne likewise drew his for many years, during which he lived in an elegant manner, and mingled with expensive society; and that if Sir Walter Scott had "an ambition to become a landed proprietor, and endow a family," as this pamphlet with some impertinence remarks, he had, of all men living, a right to entertain it. Foremost and unapproachable in the bright world of fiction, gifted with a vivacity and range of invention scarcely ever equalled, and never (but in the case of Shakspeare) exceeded; endowed, as never fabled enchanter was, with spells to conjure up the past, and give to days and men of old the spirit and freshness of yesterday; to strip Religion of her gloom, Virtue of her austerity, and present them both in such attractive forms that you could not choose but love them—combining with all these things a degree of worldly success never before attained through the same path, and coining gold with the rapidity of even his thought—who ever had a right, if Scott had not, to look to the endowment of those who bore his great name, and to encourage the ambition of raising an edifice whence he might gaze with swelling heart on scenes he had painted in colours scarcely less glowing than those in which they lay spread out before him; where his children might be reared in that land of which every glen and rock and blade of heather bore the impress of his genius; and through whose halls his descendants of the third and fourth generation might one day lead pilgrims from some of the many lands to which his works had penetrated, and show them where He lived and died.

Let us hear no more dissertations when Mr. James Ballantyne knew, and when he ceased to know, that Abbotsford stood between him and ruin. The owner of Abbotsford had stood between him and ruin for many long years, and that is enough.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Il Duca d'Athene, Narrazione* (The Duke of Athens, a Narration), by N. Tommaseo. 12mo. Paris, 1837.
2. *Il Primo Viceré de Napoli* (The first Viceroy of Naples), by E. C. di Belmonte. 12mo. Parigi: Londra, 1838.

Not many years ago the novel, as we understand the word, might have been considered as unknown in Italy; and now Italian historic novels and novelists are actually swarming, in numbers, if not quite equal to those of France and Germany, yet approaching very near to our own present home growth. Four authors of this class we some seven or eight numbers back introduced to our readers, and are now called upon to perform the same friendly office to two more of the fraternity, who have risen since that time. These are the Signori Tommaseo and di Belmonte; which last is, however, as we are assured upon good authority, a mere *nom de guerre*, assumed in compliance with a German fashion. The author's true patronymic is Capoccio, and he himself, we apprehend, a descendant, if not the direct representative of an Italian warrior celebrated in his novel and one of the champions of Italy in the well-known combat of thirteen Italian against thirteen French knights, fought for the express purpose of ascertaining the relative military, or rather chivalrous prowess of the two nations; and in which victory decided nearly, if not quite, for the last time, in favour of the former mistress of the world.

Both *Il Duca d'Athene*, and *Il Primo Viceré di Napoli*, are extremely popular in Italy, and are moreover considered there as decidedly historical. They nevertheless differ very materially, not to say essentially, from each other in character; and, to speak sooth, neither of them answers precisely to our idea of the historic novel. *Il Duca d'Athene* is, in conception and situation, pretty much what our last number predicated of *Ida della Torre*, save that it has far less intermixture of love story: in fact there is very little of love itself, and of incident arising out of the passion, none. Its merits lie in embodying the humours of the democratic Florentine nobles, people, and populace, in their republican condition; and presenting vivid, striking, and instructive views of the nature of democracy, even in a small, highly cultivated, and, for the times, highly enlightened state.

Il Primo Viceré di Napoli on the contrary, in due compliance with the most approved recipes for the concoction of these same historic novels, combines a regular love story with a fragment of history, but does not blend them. The history comes first; and the love story, with the exception of a bare mention of its existence in the early part, follows only when all historical curiosity, all doubt, and sympathy are ended. Unfortunately, too, for our gentlest readers, this portion

is interesting chiefly for the picture it affords of the state of the country at the opening of the sixteenth century. But we must speak of these works separately, and somewhat more in detail, beginning with the former and far better performance, *Il Duca d'Athene*, inasmuch as it takes precedence in time both of action and of publication.

As every reader may not be so familiar with the history of the Italian republics as M. ~~de Sismondi~~ de Sismondi, it may not be amiss to give the origin of the tale, for the sake of rendering intelligible the portion of history wrought out in this narration, as Signor Tommaseo is pleased to call it.

The Florentines, who long alternated between the extremes of self-government, to adopt the favourite liberal expressions for a sort of dictatorship, in June 1342 elected the French Comte de Brienne, titular Duke of Athens, Captain and Signor of Florence for one year. In the following September they were induced by the duke to make the term of his rule coequal with that of his natural life; and on the 26th of the following July, exasperated by his arbitrary tyranny, they rose in rebellion against him. This insurrection is the subject of the narration before us.

The opening of the book exhibits, in a series of sketches, the vindictive grief of parents unjustly bereaved of their children by legal or illegal murders; the insolence and licentious amours of the duke's creatures, whether foreigners, or the yet more detested exiles of neighbouring Italian cities; and conspiracy ripening amongst nearly the whole population of Florence. This too, not in one indivisible, nor even in a federate form, but, as it should seem, a variety of unconnected conspiracies, scarcely aware of each other's existence; whilst the moment that is to call them all into action appears to be still remote and uncertain. But so many important secrets, each known to so many persons, were not likely to remain long impenetrable to the ruler; and accordingly we early find the fears of one conspirator revealing that which, as implicating the principal nobles, appears the chief conspiracy, to the duke, who immediately secures the person of its leader, Adimari. This blow brings the heads of the scattered conspiracies together on the very night of the arrest; when, in order if possible to save Adimari from death or torture, the ensuing morning is appointed for the general rising, and an introductory popular movement is arranged to collect and excite the rabble. The outbreak affords a lively picture:

"As nine* o'clock struck, a tumult arose in Porta San Piero: an apprentice first commenced, screaming from his shop-door to a neighbouring apprentice,—'We are now not Florentines but Frenchmen, I tell you,

* Italian hours are counted from sun-set; so this would be, in July, between four and five o'clock in the morning.

having a French ruler: he who calls himself a Florentine is a traitor!"

"Who denies it?" cried the other, with the full strength of his lungs, 'We are Frenchmen; I well know that!'

"Thou'rt flouting me, and dost not speak as thou truly thinkest," replied the first; and thou liest in thy throat!"

"And I tell thee that Florence is no Florence now, and that thou'rt a scoundrel, the very refuse of *Paris*!"

From all sides the people flocked to the scene of strife.

"Lower down, in *Mercato Vecchio*, two blackguards got up another quarrel. 'Thou grumblest,' said the one, 'because wine is dear; and I tell thee the dearer wine is, the better it relishes, and cheers without getting into the head, and leaves us free to think of the mercies of our lord the duke.'

"To which the second replied, 'Who denies the duke's mercies? Villain, would'st set me at loggerheads with *Guilio d'Assisi*? (the *bargello*, or head of the police.) I'll have a bout with thee first.'

"And grappling each other, they rolled together in the kennel. The noise attracted a crowd.

"When hark! a cry of 'To arms!' bursts from one of the nearest houses, and then from an opposite and distant street, and now it resounds on all sides, filling the city like the deep voice of a bell in the silence of the night. Some shops are already closed, and the owners hurrying along, shouting 'To arms!' Other tradesmen are precipitately shutting up theirs; artificers and labourers run each to his own ward, whilst a few companies, some mounted, others on foot, impetuously scour through the town. Men in the streets call forth their comrades who had remained at home. Cries hurtle in the air like arrows in battle. Banners with the arms of the people, a cross gules on a field argent, some with, some without the regal portcullis, waved from the mansions of the noble and the citizen, and even from the meanest hovels. The red lily too was there; whilst the duke's banners were thrown down, and dragged by a rabble of boys through the filth and the blood from the slaughterhouses, with cries of 'Death to the duke and his minions! Long live the people and commonwealth of Florence!' One thought, that of mutual assistance, filled every mind. From the windows the women, loudly reiterating the cries of 'Death!' and 'Long life!' threw, one a flag, another a spear, to husband or to father. Others knelt to pray, but interrupted their devotions, to chorus from their windows the cry of 'Death! Death!' The streets were instantaneously thronged with people, active as ants expecting rain. *

"All was in order; every man ranged under the banners of his ward; and they moved as lightly under the weight of their arms as in the burgher frock; both tradesmen and artificers being well trained to break opposing breastplates with the charge of their spears. The Adimari rode through the six wards, preparing for attack and defence; of the other conspirators, each provided for his own district. Even the Medici appeared, as if from underground, stirred partly by shame, partly by the desire of vengeance for the fate of *Giovanni de Medici*, sentenced to death a year before by the duke. *

"The duke's soldiers armed hastily at the sound of the tumult, and hurried to their posts. The best marks-

men thronged the windows of the palace, the horsemen the piazza below. But many were made prisoners on their way thither; one was intoxicated; the right foot of another was grappled by a boy, whilst the left was already in the stirrup; others were set upon unawares, bound, and stripped of their splendid armour. * * *

"One Burgundian giant, his shield covered with a tiger's skin, brandishing his huge spear, and uttering terrific threats, routed all before him: but a tanner, armed with a scythe, came behind, and aiming at the joint of the armour between the neck and the head, cut right through. The body fell to the left, the spear to the right, and the head in its helmet spun amongst the horse's feet. Two fair twin youths, reared under the joyous sun of Provence, covered with gold-pointed and beautifully carved shields, and mounted on white mares, were galloping with unclosed visors, when two arrows struck them, and they fell dead at the same instant. The women set up a cry of pity: but two of the populace, catching the flying mares, exclaimed, 'Thanks to the good duke for the gift! Oh, the Florentine people for ever!'

The duke and his guards are shut up in the ducal palace, where they are first besieged, then blockaded; whilst the leaders of the conspiracy new model the government, and the people revel in atrocious revenge upon all such of the duke's creatures as fall in their way. Many scenes of their cannibal triumph are taken from contemporary writers, and graphically given; but the subject is revolting and some of the passages are too coarse and too horrible to translate; nevertheless, as a specimen, we select one of the least offensive, yet still characteristic from the blending of buffoonery with ruthless cruelty.

"It was well that the better citizens provided for the concerns of the republic; the people heeded them not, engrossed with past sufferings and present joys. * * * The worst amongst them, like drunkards to whom a holiday is nothing beyond an opportunity for intoxication, were in keen pursuit of vengeance. Meanwhile the blockade continued; hunger, noiseless and invincible as death, pressed on each separately, fixing a gnawing tooth under the steel cuirass. The complaints of the soldiers were loud; the more delicate barons were silent from pride, which assumes the mien of many a virtue.

"The inferior citizens meanwhile were hunting for victims; but they sought not so much the pages and courtiers of the merciless duke, as the ministers of his cruelty. Forgetting in their blind fury that the *bargello* (or minister of the police) with his son *Ippolito* were shut up with the duke, they sought him in his usual abode; he and *Correttieri Visdomini* being the main objects of the popular rage. Spreading themselves throughout the city, making every alley, by-way, and corner, a mesh of the net designed to entangle their foes, the people hunted their prey by the scent, impatient to tear it with their fangs. *Bindo Altoviti* surprised a notary, a man well known for cruelty, who, in female apparel, crossing the street like a truant cat, was stealing down the bank to crouch amongst the reeds at the washing places in the river. *Altoviti*, noting his mistrustful glances, and masculine step, guessed the truth, unmasked and pointed him out to the attendant rabble; intending to deliver him to contumely, not

murder. The populace, stripping him of his borrowed garments, and tearing those proper to his own sex, proceeded to inflict flagellation upon the delinquent. The poor wretch invoked the name of the Virgin, and his tormentors shouted, 'My lady's going to lie in! What fresh crime art about to bring into the world? Perhaps anew compact betwixt the duke and the commonwealth, guarded with securities and oaths, like the first? Ah, dog of a notary! Ah, slave of the *bargello*! Tell us how many hast sent to the gallows, how many to the rack!' Every word was accompanied with a blow. Suddenly a corn-sifter collared him, exclaiming, 'We must make as many mouthfuls of this rascal as he has betrayed citizens.' To utter these words, to tear the miserable man quarter from quarter, limb from limb; sawing his flesh with blunt saws, while it still creaked and palpitated, gnawing his fingers and other limbs, as they seemed spasmodically to seek their perhaps still living fellows—all this was the work of a moment."

In the course of a few days famine compels the duke to capitulate, and the only condition upon which he can obtain permission for himself and his guards to leave Florence unharmed, is the surrender of Guilio and Ippolito d'Assisi and Cerrettieri Visdomini to the brutal pleasure of the people. The duke rejects the infamous terms. Our last extract from this volume shall be the struggle that extorts his consent.

"Duke Gualtieri, to strengthen himself against temptation, summoned Rinaldo, Conte d'Altavilla (alias Comte d'Huntemville, his almost only virtuous French follower), and sent him to intercede. The count invited Pino d'Rossi (one of the *bakia*, or ruling council) to a conference, and offered whatever terms the Florentines should desire, except blood.

"Pino d'Rossi, lowering his voice in deep shame, replied, 'The people insist upon blood.'

"But of what avail those three guilty heads?"

"They avail to save a fourth yet more guilty. Hard as it is to say it, suffer the fate of these miscreants to be fulfilled. In a well-ordered town, would they not already be the prey of the gallows? * * * Let us yield to iron necessity, and give thanks that it is no worse. * *

"The duke's internal struggle continued, and wearied therewith he could bear no conversation. * * * All the *bakia*, the bishop excepted, and the Siennese envoys, repeatedly came, separately or together, to urge the imminence of the danger, and the necessity of submission; which he sometimes resented as though he had been the victor. * *

"The soldiers sent a corporal to pray the duke to yield, but to pray in words of command. He, either offended from pride, or perhaps inspired by his good angel, answered 'No!' One only honourable course was open to him; to have bargained for the lives of his followers as the price of his own, then to have gone forth and died with the courage of a Frenchman. But of this he thought not. And grievous indeed it were could the wicked repair a foul life by a fair end. Even to the good, it is not easy to die well. * * *

"Twelve of the chief soldiers were sent back to the duke. * * * One of them grasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, outstretched the left to his lord's face, and said 'You must now choose, lord duke, between these three heads and your own.'

"Recoiling as from the touch of a serpent, Gualtieri exclaimed, 'What is that?'

"My will, and the will of my three hundred comrades without.'

"It is our will,' re-echoed the three hundred as one man; some clashing their arms, others striking theirs against the ground.

"I am your commander, and mine is the will that must govern.'

"To day, sire, we are more dukes than you, because the unanimous will of three hundred men is stronger than your's. You ~~must~~ make our three hundred heads fly from that window; yours ~~can~~ can.'

"Gualtieri spoke not. The soldier struck with the thought of having said too much, with astonishment at what he had done, withdrew, followed by his comrades, one only remaining. To him the duke said, 'Return in two hours. If I then neither speak nor make sign, be the three surrendered. If I say, 'No, have respect for a while to my will, my conscience.' With a trepidation that seemed intreaty, he added, 'But for a while.' * * *

"The two hours elapsed. At noon a Burgundian silently appeared—'No!' Two more hours passed—'No!' Another two—'No!' But the rage within and without pressed like the executioner's noose, the increasing yells were fearful, insupportable. * * * They, the soldiers, entered. The duke moved neither tongue nor muscle; and the torture of that immoveable silence surpassed all he had ever endured from crimes perpetrated or suffered under. They went out, and he would have recalled them, but fancied it too late. And bitter was his remorse for thus deceiving himself."

The victims being surrendered are actually torn piece-meal and half-devoured, with circumstances of even more atrocity than in the case of the notary, although without the horrible intermixture of buffoonery. The duke departs in safety with his followers, and the narration, ere it closes, returns for a moment to the loves of the French Rinaldo d'Altavilla with Matilda degli Adimari, daughter of the chief conspirator. Their loves had early been mentioned, and we are now briefly told that they married, and Matilda died in childbed within the year.

The historical subject of *Il Primo Vicere di Napoli*, is the conquest of Naples by the troops of Louis XII. of France, and Ferdinand V. of Spain; the quarrel to which the division of the spoil between the royal plunderers gave rise, the consequent war, and the final seizure of the whole by the Spaniards under the conduct of the able though we grieve even to say it, not equally conscientious great captain, Gonsalvo di Cordova. The book opens with the first entrance of the French troops into the Neapolitan dominions; and perhaps we cannot select a fairer specimen of the author's talent than a scene at the very beginning, exhibiting the deadly spirit of faction and private feud, that has for so many centuries mainly contributed to lay Italy at the foot of every invader.

"It was a fair morning of the month of June when two warriors who had recently met, rode through a wood towards the camp. Both were in the flower of youth; the one, very tall, was too slender to be called

well-proportioned; the other, scarcely surpassing the middle stature, impressed the beholder at first sight by his perfect symmetry of limb and grace of carriage. The first rode a powerful bay charger; the second a black jennet. The richly chiselled armour of the former showed a man of high rank; that of the latter, though of fair temper and well burnished, was far inferior in precious work. But whatever difference of rank might hence be inferred betwixt them, their manners betokened perfect equality.

"King ~~and~~ have been my stars," said the seemingly more considerable of the two, "in bringing to meet me, ere I reach the camp, him I most wished to see."

"And but too happy am I, my Pompeo," rejoined the other, "to return thither in thy company. Who could have thought that upon my foraging mission I should fall in with thee! And the enemy so near! Oh my heart wept to see our lances in rest without thee!"

"At Capua I was charged to use despatch! My uncle dwelt upon the importance of the orders of which I am the bearer. Did he suppose such injunctions could add to the speed of him who is hurrying to camp in the hope of a battle?"

"Thou'rt in good time, friend; thou'lt share in the very first banquet."

"What delight! To mount so fine a charger; to brandish such splendid arms! The time is come, Gianni, to practise in earnest the sports of our childhood. This will be a rare tilting bout, with a real enemy confronting us!"

"Add, too, a detested enemy."

"Right, Gianni, right. Methinks this sword would cut less sharply were it wielded against other than the Orsini."

"I am more desirous to wield mine against the pestilence from beyond the Alps. Happy I, if yet this virgin blade, still pure from blood, be never stained by blood of Italy."

"Oh thou hast not had a father slain by those villains! Thou didst not last year see the slaughter of Monticelli! When Marcantonio and I reached the combatants, those we best loved were falling like leaves under their blows. Signor Antonio, the bravest man of the house of Lavelli, dying between my feet! And I myself, had not Capoccio arrived in time with his squadron." * * *

"I understand; but when the fate of all is at stake, private hatreds and enmities should be forgotten. *"

* * * Such quarrels and mistrusts amongst ourselves, with such indifference towards the foreigner! Why when King Charles came, we were all on his side, and the Orsini of course on the Neapolitan. And now 'tis the very reverse!"

"What would'st thou have? An enmity of 206 years standing! Thou know'st too with whom originated the new rupture. After the peace concluded with Carlo Orsini, whilst he was still our prisoner, was it fair, was it seemly to engage themselves to the infamous Cæsar Borgia?"

"I say not that the fault was your's; but I know that its punishment will light upon us all."

A few months later this prediction is fulfilled, the conquest of the kingdom is completed, and the whole Colonna party proceed to join the Spaniards under Gonsalvo di Cordova; but we must stop here.

If such conversation as we have extracted can ever

be entertaining, it must be to the interlocutors alone; and we may hint to our readers that there are verifications everywhere of the proverb to go farther and fare worse. Let him therefore rest content, as we doubt not he will, with this specimen of the Vicaroy, the author of which, whether Belmonte or Capoccio, does not possess either the dramatic or graphic power of Tommaso. We must, however, bestow on him the praise of giving a fair picture of the condition of the country during the unhappy times in which he has laid his scene, and especially of the degree to which, at the end of the war, it was infested by banditti, who bid defiance to any minister of justice, less powerful than a troop of soldiers.

From the mediocrity of the extract given we are satisfied to refer any more curious reader to the work itself for further specimens, confessing that its merits cannot, in our judgment, warrant us in proceeding farther.

From the Spectator.

MAJOR MITCHELL'S AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITIONS.

Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, with Descriptions of the recently explored Region of Australia Felix, and of the Present Colony of New South Wales. By Major T. L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General, &c. &c. In 2 vols. Boone.

In novelty and variety of scenery, character, and incident, these volumes recall the idea of the older travellers, before travelling became a mode of varying amusement—an excursion for the listless, the vacant, and the ignorant. With an interest that reminds us of the reading of other days, we follow Major Mitchell and his band of convict explorers through the pathless wilds of Australia, partaking of their hopes of discovery; sympathizing with their toils, their hardships, their short commons, and, more terrible, their severe thirst in some of those arid wastes; listening with curiosity, though with a more discriminating attention than of yore, to strange descriptions of savage life and savage men, and their fruitless efforts to check the progress of civilization; whilst, scattered throughout the volumes, we meet incidental sketches of colonial life, and gain glimpses of convict character. It is true that with all this is mingled some of the dry minuteness inseparable from the character of a journal, noting down day by day the little circumstances that were of vast immediate interest to the actors, but seem barren incarnations to the reader. The journals too—"written," says Major Mitchell, "at the close of many a laborious day, when the energies both of mind and body were

almost exhausted by long-continued toil¹²—will occasionally seem obscure, from an insufficient development of the writer's meaning, or the recurrence of surveying technicalities, unless the reader bear steadily in mind the route and purposes of the expedition,—a knowledge which will be greatly facilitated by a preliminary inspection of the general map. These drawbacks, however, are trifling faults in a work of so much interest, even had they been far greater than they are.

But it is not as a literary production or as a book of incidents or description, that Major Mitchell's Expeditions are to be estimated. Their generic character is *discovery*—discovery not more important as an augmentation of knowledge, than as having a direct bearing upon human affairs. The subjects upon which our author's enterprise has thrown a new light, are zoology, botany, geology, geography, and man. Leaving the first three subjects to their more appropriate organs, we shall limit ourselves to the conveyance of some general views of the interior of Australia, and the character of its tribes.

Turning to a map, the reader will find Botany Bay on the Eastern coast of New Holland, in the thirty-fourth degree of south latitude. This spot is the centre of the settlement; which extends north and south for two degrees of latitude, forming a sea-coast range of about three hundred miles. The breadth of the province may be reckoned at somewhat less than two hundred miles in the broadest part; and its irregular boundary line, as laid down by Major Mitchell, would be contained within the shape of a half-heart except towards the southern extremity, or lower end. Its physical features are sandy plains and rocky mountain ranges, intermingled here and there with spots capable of cultivation, especially on a water-line; the proportion of the fertile to the barren will be apprehended from Major Mitchell's statement, that out of twenty-three millions of acres, not quite four millions and a half have been found "worth having." The range of mountains parallel to the sea, which form the inland boundary of the province, extend further north than any survey has yet been made, and southward to Cape Northumberland, about two hundred miles from Adelaide, the new capital of South Australia. Beyond this range very little was hitherto known. Savages and runaway convicts had told stories of inland rivers terminating in large inland seas; which were in a measure confirmed by Mr. Oxley and other credible travellers, who had attempted to explore the country in very rainy seasons. Captain Sturt's expedition had succeeded in tracing a river from the plains below the mountains of New South Wales, to Lake Alexandrina, within fifty or sixty miles of Adelaide. But the knowledge of the features of this vast tract of country was scanty until the expeditions of Major

Mitchell, who, by his enterprise as an explorer and his skill as a surveyor, has shown that the five larger rivers of this great natural basin, with their tributaries, and most probably every river arising to the west of the mountain range already spoken of eventually combine to water the territory of South Australia, having their embouchure in the yet but partially known Lake Alexandrina. Major Mitchell has also described with the accuracy and skill both of an engineer and a geologist, the general nature and features of the country as it was seen by him, and as natural appearances proved it would be in times of flood. He has moreover discovered "*Australia Felix*," by far the finest country yet found in that extensive continent; having a delightful climate, a rich soil, beautifully undulating and well watered, lying just on the boundary line of South Australia, but naturally forming a part of its territory.

The expeditions by means of which these important discoveries were effected were three. The first in a Northern direction, was undertaken on the report of a runaway convict, in search of a large river called the Kindur, by means of which, he said, he had twice reached the sea. No such river, however, could be found; and the man, who was eventually hanged, was supposed to have invented the tale to gain time and facilitate his escape. This expedition was compelled to return, by the natives cutting off a party who were coming up with supplies. The course of the second journey was about North-west; and its object was to trace the Darling, into which several other rivers were inferred to fall: but before completing their survey, the explorers were stopped by the hostility of the natives. The third expedition, and in its results the most important, was nearly due West at starting. Its object was to follow the Lochlan, whose floods had stopped Mr. Oxley nearly twenty years before; to trace the Darling upwards from its junctions with the Murray; and then to explore the interior in a Southern direction. The hostility of the natives again prevented Major Mitchell reaching the point whence he had previously retreated; but all the other purposes of the expedition were fully accomplished. The junction of the Darling, the Lochlan, and the Murrumbidgee with the Murray, on its northern side, were proved; its upward course was traced, several tributaries were discovered on its southern side, and at last Major Mitchell arrived at Australia the Happy; whence he joyfully pursued his homeward course by an untrodden road in a parallel line to the sea; having, in addition to the discoveries we have alluded to, effected a general survey, from three to five hundred miles in breadth, of the country lying round the colony of New South Wales.

Except to the South of the Murray, the generic features of this vast country are—an alternation of ex-

tensive grazing plains, fertile till parched up by drought; flats of a soft soil, which after rain is scarcely passable even with light carriages, whilst in dry weather it cracks into large gaps; wastes, varying from scrub to sandy desert, and occasional high lands, which towards the North and South run into the range of mountains parallel to the coast. Some of the more fertile spots are beautifully clothed with trees, having a park-like appearance; nor is wood any where scarce save on the soils not adapted to its growth. But the most striking character of the whole country is the evident proof it affords of violent floods succeeding the long droughts. Extensive lagoons are discovered along the banks of the rivers, clearly produced by their overflowing; and these vary from lakes, to pools of mud, or hollows of springing vegetation. The courses of the streams themselves gave evident marks of being subjected to violent torrents at pretty long intervals; and in one place Major Mitchell saw some saplings of about ten years old, which, after growing in safety for that period, had been destroyed by an inundation. A want of water—that is, the uncertainty of finding it—is as much felt throughout these vast plains as in New South Wales. None of the rivers were navigable for the small boats carried by the party: in some places they were merely a succession of long ponds; and they all appeared to dwindle gradually away towards their termination, no water being found in any at their junction with the greater streams except the Murrumbidgee. But the Murray is always full. Hence, it seems to follow, that for years to come, the country, like the colonized part of New South Wales, will only be fit for scattered locations and grazing-grounds. Time and population—the appliances of art to embank rivers, to sink wells, to form tanks, and to bring into operation the various resources of human science, so as to husband and equalize the waters—may perhaps enable it to support a dense population; but this will be ages hence.

On the banks of the Murray the country improves, and continues till Australia Felix is reached. This district, commencing at the 141st degree of East longitude, (the imaginary boundary of South Australia,) terminates on the North towards the river Bayungun; and is bounded on the East by the Pacific Ocean, on the West by a mountain chain, and the great inland plains. This region is painted by Major Mitchell in such glowing colours, that we should have imagined any other man than a Surveyor General was speaking, not of things as they actually were, but as they appeared by contrast with the interior wastes. Nay, although our officer of Engineers notes with a professional eye the nature of the soil, the character of the rocks, the rise and fall of the surface, the water-marks on banks and trees, with all the other specific points by which art prevents enthusiasm from running into

error, still we think the flush of discovery contributed to heighten the general picture. Major Mitchell thus paints the lucky land, which must shortly be colonized by respectable free settlers, or by convict tribes, according to the pleasure of an upper clerk in the Colonial Office.

APPROACH TO AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"The party moved forward in the direction of Mount Hope, and leaving the hill on the left, continued towards Pyramid Hill, where we encamped at about three-quarters of a mile from its base. We were under no restraint now in selecting a camp, from any scarcity of water or grass, for every hollow in the plains contained some water, and grass grew every where. The strips of wood which diversified the country as seen from the hills, generally enclosed a hollow with polygonum bushes, but without any marks of ever having had any water in them: although it may be presumed that in very wet seasons it must lodge there, as in so many canals; and this, indeed, seemed to me to be a country where canals would answer well, not so much, perhaps, for inland navigation, as for the better distribution of water over a fertile country, enclosed as this is by copious rivers."

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

"After travelling through a little bit of scrub, we descended on one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw: the turf, the woods, and the banks of the little stream which murmured through the vale, had so much the appearance of a well kept park, that I felt loth to break it by the passage of our cart-wheels. Proceeding for a mile and a half along this rivulet through a valley wholly of the same description, we at length encamped on a flat of rich earth nearly quite black, and where the *anthistiria* grew in greater luxuriance than I had ever before witnessed in Australian grass. The earth seemed to surpass in richness any that I had seen in New South Wales, and I was even tempted to bring away a specimen of it. * * *

"At two miles on this day's journey we crossed a deep running stream. The height of its banks above water was twelve feet, and they were covered with a rich sward, the course of the stream being to the westward. The land along the margins of this stream was as good as that we were now accustomed to see everywhere around us, so that it was no longer necessary to note the goodness or beauty of any place in particular. * * *

"We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unencumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes, with an exuberant soil under a temperate climate, bounded by the sea-coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains, this highly-interesting region lay before me with all its features new and untouched as they fell from the hand of the Creator. Of this Eden it seemed that I was only the Adam; and it was indeed a sort of paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams, to behold its scenery, to investigate its geological character, and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages all still unknown to the civilized world, but yet certain to become at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people."

Major MITCHELL has hitherto been speaking of land on the Western or landward side of the mountain range. The following passage relates to one of his various pictures when he had turned the mountains and was approaching the coast.

"At a mile and a half from the camp, a scene opened to our view which gladdened every heart. An open grassy country, extending as far as we could see; the hills round and smooth as a carpet; the meadows broad, and either green as an emerald, or of a rich golden colour, from the abundance, as we soon afterwards found, of a little ranunculus-like flower. Down into that delightful vale our vehicles trundled over a gentle slope; the earth being covered with a thick matted turf, apparently superior to any thing of the kind previously seen. That extensive valley was watered by a winding stream, whose waters glittered through trees fringing each bank."

Hitherto the Aborigines of Australia have been rated the lowest in the scale of humanity. From the facts of Major Mitchell, this judgment would appear to be the result of hasty or ignorant observation; or the depressing influences of a scanty subsistence have reduced the inhabitants of the country between the mountains and the sea below the character of the tribes in the interior. Excepting cases of old age and disease, which fall with aggravated weight upon uncivilized man, the aborigines come out active, industrious according to their knowledge, less treacherous than some savages have shown themselves, possessing certain arts, and a few customs which, though based most probably in superstition, exhibit a degree of thought, self-control, and labour, which as it contributes nothing to their physical comfort, could be spared. They are fowlers and fishers when birds and fish are found; they follow these callings with as much system as our decoy-men, and the nets which they use are pronounced by Major Mitchell equal in workmanship to ours; with a wooden spade they search for a species of edible root, at a labour equal to that of an agriculturist; in the power of tracking an enemy or finding their way through an unknown country, they exhibit the sagacity of the Red Indian; and many of the tribes display powers of endurance which leave those of civilized man at considerable distance. Some of their huts are neat and display contrivance; and their modes of sepulture, though various, show in each case something beyond the mere animal they have hitherto been held. Here is an account of some of their burial places, followed by sketches of the race.

"As we passed a burial-ground, called by them 'Milmeridien,' I rode to examine it; and in doing so I remarked, that these natives scarcely lifted up their heads when they passed through it, but continued, although I remained there for half an hour, after which I found them waiting for me at about a mile further on. This burying-ground was a fairy-like spot, in the midst of a scrub of drooping acacias. It was an extensive space, laid out in little walks, which were narrow and smooth,

as if intended only for 'sprites.' All these ran in gracefully curved lines, and enclosed the heaving heaps of reddish earth, which contrasted finely with the acacias and dark casuarinas around. Others gilt with moss shot far into the recesses of the bush, where slight traces of still more ancient graves proved the antiquity of these simple but touching records of humanity: with all our art we could do no more for the dead than these poor savages had done." * * *

"On a corner of the plain, just as we approached the land of reedy hollows, I perceived at some distance a large, lonely hut, of peculiar construction, and accordingly rode to examine it. On approaching it, I observed that it was closed on every side, the materials consisting of poles and large sheets of bark, and that it stood in the centre of a plot of bare earth of considerable extent, which was enclosed by three small ridges, the surface within the artificial area having been made very level and smooth. I had little doubt that this was a tomb; but on looking through a crevice, I perceived that the floor of the hut was covered with a bed of rushes, that had been recently occupied. On removing a piece of bark and lifting the rushes, I perceived, on thrusting my sabre into the hollow loose earth under them, that this bed covered a grave. Tommy Came-first, who was with me, at first pronounced it to be the work of a White man; but by the time I had finished a sketch of it, the widow had hailed him from the woods, telling him that it was a grave; after which I could not prevail on him to approach it. I carefully replaced the bark, anxious that no disturbance of the repose of the tomb should accompany the prints of the White man's feet. I afterwards learnt from the widow, that the rushes within that solitary tomb were actually the nightly bed of some near relative or friend of the deceased, (most frequently a brother,) and that the body was thus watched and attended in the grave, through the process of corruption, or, as Piper interpreted her account, until no flesh remains on the bones; *and then he yan* (i. e. goes away)." No fire, the constant concomitant of other places of shelter, had ever been made in that solitary hut, the abode alike of the living and the dead, although recent remains of several fires appeared on the heath outside."

THE SAVAGE AT HOME.

"As I was reconnoitering the ground for a camp, I observed a native on the opposite bank; and, without being seen by him, I stood awhile to watch the habits of a savage man 'at home.' His hands were ready to seize, his teeth to eat, any living thing; his step, light and noiseless as that of a shadow, gave no intimation of his approach; his walk suggested the idea of the prowling of a beast of prey. Every little track or impression left on the earth by the lower animals caught his keen eye; but the trees overhead chiefly engaged his attention. Deep in the hollow heart of some of the upper branches was still hidden, as it seemed, the opossum on which he was to dine. The wind blew cold and keenly through the lofty trees on the river margin; yet that broad brawny savage was entirely naked. Had I been unarmed, I had much rather have met a lion than that sinewy biped: but I was on horseback, with pistols in my holsters, a broad river was flowing between us, and I overlooked him from a high bank; and I ventured to disturb his meditations with a loud halloo. He then stood still, looked at me for about a minute, and then retired with that easy bounding kind of step which may be termed a running walk,

exhibiting an unrestrained facility of movement, apparently incompatible with dress of any kind. It is in bounding lightly, at such a pace, that, with the additional aid of the 'wammerah,' the aboriginal native can throw his spear with sufficient force and velocity to kill the emu or kangaroo, even when at their speed."

AFFECTION AND FIDELITY.

"A fire was burning near the water, and at it sat a Black child of about seven or eight years old, quite blind. All the others had fled save one poor little girl still younger; who, notwithstanding the appearance of such strange beings as we must have seemed to her, and the terror of those who fled, had nevertheless lingered about the bushes, and at length took her seat behind the blind boy. A large supply of the balyan root lay beside them, and a dog, so lean as scarcely to be able to stand, drew his feeble body close up beside the two children, as if desirous to defend them. They formed indeed a miserable group; exhibiting, nevertheless, instances of affection and fidelity creditable both to the human and canine species."

AUSTRALIAN HARDIHOOD.

"At this camp, where we lay shivering for want of fire, the different habits of the aborigines and us strangers from the North were strongly contrasted. On that freezing night, the natives stripped off all their clothes, (their usual custom,) previous to lying down to sleep in the open air; their bodies being doubled round a few burning reeds. We could not understand how they bore the cold thus naked, when the earth was white with hoar frost; and they were equally at a loss to know how we could sleep in our tents without having a bit of fire beside us to keep our bodies warm. For the support of animal heat, fire and smoke are almost as necessary to them as clothes are to us; and the naked savage is not without some reason on his side, for with fire to warm his body he has all the comfort he ever knows; whereas we require both fire and clothing, and can therefore have no conception of the intensity of enjoyment imparted to the naked body of a savage by the glowing embrace of a cloud of smoke in winter, or in summer the luxury of a bath which he may enjoy in any pool, when not content with the refreshing breeze that fans his sensitive body during the intense heat. Amidst all this exposure, the skin of the Australian native remains as soft and smooth as velvet; and it is not improbable that the obstructions of drapery would constitute the greatest of his objections in such a climate to the permanent adoption of a civilized life."

In addition to these qualities, the natives of the Northern districts exhibited great boldness—greater, indeed, than the Mexicans and Peruvians, whom horses scared. See, for example, Major Mitchell's description of the manner in which one of them faced two to one with a horse included.

"As I approached a fresh tract, I saw a kangaroo, which sat looking at my horse until we were very near it; and I was asking Woods whether he thought we could manage to carry it back if I shot it, when my horse suddenly pricking his ears, drew my attention to a native, apparently also intent on the kangaroo, having two spears on his shoulder. On perceiving me, he stood and stared for a moment; then, taking one step back and swinging his right arm in the air, he poised

one of his spears, and stood stretched out in an attitude to throw. He was a tall man, covered with pipe-clay; and his position of defiance then, as he could never have before seen a horse, was manly enough. I could not retire at that moment, although most anxious to avoid a quarrel with the natives. I therefore galloped my horse at him; which had the desired effect, for he immediately turned, and disappeared at a dog-trot among the bushes. I gained a convenient cover by going forward, which enabled me to retire upon the river without seeming to turn, as I in fact did, to avoid further collision with the natives at so great a distance from the party."

Our author accuses the tribes who opposed him of treachery and savageness; but we cannot agree with him. In the first place, he had really no business amongst them. By the laws of reason, if not of nations, he had no more *right* there, than he had to make surveys with an armed band in France or Russia. As regards the attack in the first expedition, the few men present were all cut off; so no evidence exists as to whether any provocation was given,—which, as the party consisted of convicts, was highly probable. The charge of treachery against the tribes on the Darling seems not only unsupported, but the reverse. They had accompanied the expedition some time, on apparently friendly terms, though latterly pilfering, and becoming troublesome in proportion as their numbers increased. At last all crossed the river save two old men—

"The ceremony they then went through when the others had gone was most incomprehensible, and seemed to express no good intentions. The two old men moving slowly in opposite directions, made an extensive circuit of our camp; the one waving a green branch over his head, and occasionally shaking it violently at us, and throwing dust towards us, now and then sitting down and rubbing himself over with dust. The other took the band from his head, and waved it in gestures as furious, occasionally throwing dust also.

"When they met, after having paced half round this circuit, they turned their backs on each other, waving their branches as they faced about, then shaking them at us, and afterwards again rubbing themselves with dust. On completing their circuit, they coolly resumed their seats at a fire some little way from our camp. An hour or two after this ceremony, I observed them seated at a fire made close to our tents; and on going out of mine, they called to me: upon which I went down and sat with them as usual, rather curious to know the meaning of the extraordinary ceremony we had witnessed. I could not, however, discover any change in their demeanour; they merely examined my boots and clothes, as if they thought them already their own."

"Soon after sunrise this morning, some natives, I think about twelve or thirteen in number, were seen approaching our tents at a kind of run, carrying spears and green boughs. As soon as they came within a short distance from the tents, they struck their spears in the ground, and seemed to beckon me to approach them; and as I was advancing towards them, they violently shook their boughs at me, and dashed them to the ground, having first set them on fire, calling out 'Nangry' (sit down); which mandate I accordingly

obeyed; but seeing that they stood, and continued their unfriendly gestures, I again stood up and called to the party; on seeing which, they immediately turned and ran away."

Considering that a green bough, borne in a friendly manner, is with the aborigines a sign of peace, these various ceremonies appear to us as clear a declaration of war, as a written manifesto "larded with many several sorts of reasons," issued by a civilized potentate, on less provocation than an invasion of his realm by strangers, who had actually chalked out a spot for settlement and fortified it.

After hostile indications, restrained by fear on the part of the natives, and by kindness and prudence on the part of Major Mitchell, a skirmish took place in his absence; when several aborigines were shot. On this our author wisely determined to return; as he was surrounded by foes, and the further survey of the Darling promised little. But on his third expedition, he encountered this identical tribe at the mouth of the river; who, having heard of his coming, had descended several hundred miles to meet him, and, as he says, to murder and rob the party. They dogged the expedition for some distance, essaying "treacherous" attacks, (or, as the Major in the case of a civilized foe would call them, "stratagems,") and displaying no mean strategy in the attempt. At last, however, a sort of engagement was brought on by the hastiness of one of his convict band, and was attended with greater loss of life than in the former; after which he was no more troubled. Now, looking at all the circumstances of the case—a handful of individuals in an unknown country, surrounded by savages whose language they could not understand, and whose conduct, after the receipt of some presents, appeared to the people inconvenienced by it the height of treachery—we blame no one for these unhappy rencontres, which were in reality the offspring of a stern necessity, but we say the savages had *right* on their side. Major Mitchell, however, thus philosophically comments on the matter.

"Much as I regretted the necessity for firing upon these savages, and little as the men might have been justifiable under other circumstances for firing upon any body of men without orders, I could not blame them much on this occasion, duly considering the circumstances, for the result was the permanent deliverance of the party from imminent danger. The men composing it were liable to be exposed, in their turns, singly, when following the cattle, which often unavoidably strayed far from the camp during the night; and former experience had, in my mind, rendered the death of some of these men certain. I was, indeed, satisfied that this collision had been brought about in the *most providential* manner; for it was probable that, from my regard for the aborigines, I might otherwise have postponed my orders to fire longer than might have been consistent with the safety of all my men. Such was the fate of the barbarians, who a year before had commenced hostilities by attacking treacherously a small body of strangers, who, *had they been sent from heaven,*

could not have done more to minister to their wants than they did then, nor endured more for the sake of peace and good-will. The men had then been compelled to fire upon them in their own defence, at the risk of my displeasure. The hostility of these savages had then prevented me from dividing my party, and obliged me to retire sooner from the Darling than I might otherwise have done. It now appeared that they had discovered this, judging from their conduct on this occasion; and, unappalled by the effects of fire-arms, to which they were no longer strangers, they had boastfully invaded the haunts of other tribes, more peaceably disposed than themselves, with the avowed object of meeting and attacking us. They had persisted in following us with such bundles of spears as we had never seen on other occasions, and were on the alert to kill any stragglers; having already, as they acknowledged, killed two of our cattle."

These are the views of a gentleman of acquirements, extensive experience of life, and of enlarged mind—one too who speaks very favourably of the aborigines, holds that they may be civilized, and is not disposed to blink the ill-treatment they receive from the colonists. If, therefore, colonial prejudices on the subject so warp a man of this character, what is to be expected from interested colonists and angry or wanton convicts? The rapid destruction of the race. This consummation will no doubt be hastened by continuing the transportation system; but, quick or slow, its final end is sure, under the present Government plans of colonization. It is all very proper for the "Aborigines Protection Society" to offer prizes for essays; but if they intend to do any thing, they must bestir themselves after the fashion of their prototype, the Anti-Slavery Society, and shout to the Colonial Office, "Sleep no more!"

It would also be well if public attention were directed towards Australia Felix. To extend thither the present system of transportation, would be to people Paradise with devils. If the donothing plan be preferred, adventurers will piratically settle on it, as they have begun to settle on its boundaries already. Whether it should be included in South Australia, or made a new province, is a matter of fair consideration; but one course or the other should be followed, if the country is to reap any benefit from Major Mitchell's discoveries.

Though several topics remain untouched, we must close here; remarking, that the work is illustrated with a variety of plates, cuts, and plans, which, like the text, and indeed the idea and conduct of the expeditions, display the accomplished and practical surveyor.

From the Spectator.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S NORTHERN TOUR.

Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe, in 1836, 1837. By the Marquis of Londonderry. In 2 vols. Bentley.

These are very amusing volumes, from their sub-

ject and their character. They treat of those things which interest most people; and as they exact no close attention to comprehend them, never weary. Such as the behaviour and personal characteristics of kings, ministers, and other great men; the modes, etiquette, and pageantries of courts, and all the outward forms of sovereign power. The author, too, shines strongly through his narrative, imparting that spirit which *character* always gives. In the outpouring of his tour, more clearly than in his speeches, we trace the qualities of the Marquis of Londonderry,—great transparency of feeling; an active mind, not devoid of vigour, or occasionally of justness of thought, and possessing much quickness of observation; but these faculties dashed by an indiscriminateness which strikingly detracts from their utility. As a writer, he has no selection: so that he often becomes absurd from want of knowing when to stop, and gives a character of bathos to things necessary or things indifferent. Take an example. Hume, in his episode of the discovery of America, notes that “on the 2nd of August 1492, *a little before sunset*, Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, set out on his memorable voyage,”—marking the greatness of the action by the minuteness of the details. But the Marquis of Londonderry outdoes this particularity, in chronicling his arrival at the “Hotel Belle Vue, Place Royale, (Brussels,) *at four o'clock A. M.*, on the 7th.”

The first great cause of Lord Londonderry's tour, seems to have been the loss of that embassy, which, so far as Lord John Russell's conduct is in question, “no time can efface or circumstances remove from his memory.” The immediate motive was weariness at the close of the Parliamentary campaign of 1836, “an anxiety for change of scene, and a desire of acquiring new ideas.” The outset of his journey was to Calais; whence he traversed Belgium, Holland, and Hanover, to Copenhagen. From the Danish capital he proceeded through Sweden to Stockholm; and thence to St. Petersburg and Moscow; returning home by way of Berlin. In Belgium, he seems neither to have sought nor received public attentions; in Holland, a marked incivility from the Princess of Orange induced him to eschew all connexion with the Dutch King or his family; and he found the King of Denmark a foe to all innovations, possessed with exploded notions, and seemingly as dull as his own capital,—which has no gas-lights, and where grass grows in the streets. At Stockholm, Charles John (Bernadotte), despite his illegitimacy as a crowned head, won the heart of the Marquis by his attentions to himself and the Marchioness. But the climax was reserved for St. Petersburg. Here our travellers were fêted and lionized, not only by ambassadors and Russian statesmen, but by the Imperial Autocrat. If there was a review, the Marquis of Londonderry was “engaged to assist;” no

party was complete without his presence; and he was even admitted (under the rose) to exclusively national fêtes, where *no ambassador* was ever allowed to be present.

The narrative of these things, in common hands, would of necessity have displayed a very vulgar spirit; but there is nothing of this in the Marquis. Though his matter may indeed sometimes smack of the fashionable novelist, his manner is that of a gentleman. There is no vulgar pluming himself upon the high society which surrounds him, but exultation and gratitude at the *kindness* of his reception; for a strong *bonhomie* and human feeling are visible throughout. It was scarcely to be expected that a shrewder man, in such a position, should analyze motives, to see how much of the attention arose from kingcraft, and how much was paid to an active Tory and incessant talker. However, let the author speak for himself. Here is his first interview with the Empress and her children.

“At five o'clock in the evening of our arrival, carriages were sent for us to proceed to our presentation to the Empress, and to dinner. We found a large circle present in a very spacious room of three compartments, separated by columns. In the centre division were laid the tables for dinner; in the end compartment the company were assembled. The Nesselrodes had preceded us, and many of our St. Petersburg acquaintance were already arrived. It was uncertain in what manner the Empress would receive us; whether we were to be presented by our own ambassador, or by the high officers and *dames d'honneur* of the court. At length we found that the Empress had commanded her Grand Maître, Prince Volkouski, and Madame Nesselrode, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to introduce us; and we were honoured with a private audience of her Imperial Majesty. She entered the apartment into which we were introduced with the Grand Duke Heritier, Cesarowitch. She came immediately up to me, and in the most gracious manner accosted me as an old acquaintance; remembering me (she was pleased to say) perfectly in 1813 in Silesia. The indescribable majesty of deportment and fascinating grace that mark this illustrious personage are very peculiar. Celebrated as are all the females connected with the lamented and beautiful Queen of Prussia, there is none of them more bewitching in manners than the Empress of Russia; nor is there existing, according to all report, so excellent and perfect a being. After a kind and gracious conversation with me, she turned to my companions; and, while talking to them, the Cesarowitch approached me. He is eighteen, remarkably tall and handsome, has a benign countenance and a princely air, and is undoubtedly one of the handsomest young men that can be seen. The Princess Olga, the younger of two sisters, was in the background: she appeared about fourteen or fifteen, fair and delicate, but tall, with very brilliant and large sparkling eyes.

“Her elder sister, we understood afterwards, was ill, and not able to appear; but, at a subsequent period, I often saw her; and although, perhaps, she is not at first so striking as the Grand Duchess Olga, she has an extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor, and her countenance has all that ingenuousness and intelligence which characterize her Imperial father. She is, I be-

lieve, two years older than her sister. After half an hour's conversation, the Empress proceeded to the general reception-room; and, making her *tournée*, &c. to the ladies, the ministers, the gentlemen, the officers, &c. that were assembled, she went into the dinner-room, the ladies following her successively according to their rank, and then the gentlemen. I was directed to sit on the left of the Grand Chamberlain, opposite the Empress, the American Ambassador sitting on his right. The Empress sat next her son and her daughter, the other ladies ranging in a line on each side. The dinner was served *à la Russe*; each plate handed round, the dessert and decorations filling up the centre of the tables. This mode of managing the dinner is now very generally introduced throughout the European Continent; England alone preserving the custom of placing the dishes upon the table, and having them carved by the master and mistress or their immediate intimates."

GOVERNESSES' REPORT ON FAMILY VIRTUES.

"On returning for the ball, we found the Emperor's younger children, the two Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, with their governesses and preceptors, assembled in the outer room, where a large *montagne Russe* had been erected for their amusement; in using which, they often got the Emperor and ladies of the Court to join. The two boys are fair, but strong and healthy. They were dressed *en Cosaque*, spoke English, and had a Scotch lady in charge of them, who was very conversable and agreeable. She had been nineteen years in the Imperial family, and gave me the most interesting account of the perfection of its interior, and of the *qualities of the Emperor as a father, husband, and master*, which could only be surpassed by those of the Empress as a mother and a wife."

Let Lord Londonderry also describe his first interviews with the Autocrat, military and civil.

"On the 24th of October, the Emperor had graciously proposed to me to be present at a review of the cavalry of the guards. I received an invitation by letter on the evening of the 23d, from Benkendorff, the Minister of War, saying, he was commanded by his Imperial Majesty to invite me to the manœuvre; that one of his horses would be in waiting for me at the Marble Palace, close to the Champ de Mars, where the manœuvre was to take place. Officers were expected in full dress at twelve. I repaired to the palace, where I found a richly-caparisoned Arabian charger ready for me; and joining General Benkendorff and Czernicheff, we proceeded to where a very large assemblage of general and staff-officers were waiting the Emperor's arrival.

"In a few minutes his Imperial Majesty made his appearance. Riding directly up to me, with the most cordial shake of the hand, he added, '*Mon cher, je suis enchanté de vous voir; vous n'êtes pas le moindre du monde changé.*' He then galloped off rapidly to the body of the cavalry, which were formed in two lines. Arriving on the left flank, he received the salutes as he passed along, greeting every regiment with the accustomed cry of 'How are you, my children?' while they reply, in deafening response, 'We thank you, my father.' The cavalry assembled consisted of about eight thousand horses. The regiments of Chevaliers de la Garde, detachments of regiments formed regimentally, assembled at Petersburg for instruction, six troops of Light Artillery carrying flying pontoons, Cossacks of the Don and of the Guard, and Circassian Cossacks, formed the mass that was collected. The space of the Champ de

Mars, large as it is, is too confined to exercise, in extended manœuvre, so numerous a body of cavalry. The Emperor, putting himself in the centre, made the two lines defile before him in parade order. They next passed in columns of squadrons, in a trot, and afterwards at a gallop. A charge, or swarm, of the Circassians and Cossacks followed. The galloping by of each regiment in close column of squadrons, and a general salute, finished the exercises; when the Emperor, riding up to the assembled general and staff-officers, dismissed them with, 'Adieu, Messieurs.' * * *

"At nine the soirée commenced. I had seen the Emperor at both the manœuvres; but our meeting on horseback did not afford the opportunity for the cordial reception with which I was now greeted. When with his troops, his Imperial Majesty's attention is so entirely wrapped up, that he seldom articulates but to order, reprimand, or approve. At the two reviews I had little conversation with him, further than the remarks I ventured to make upon the troops. On seeing me enter the saloon, crowded with officers and ladies, he advanced to me with eagerness, and, drawing me into the outer room, he bestowed on me the warmest reception, and entered into a long, familiar, and interesting conversation, which of course due delicacy precludes my putting to paper. At the close of it, the Empress came up, and inquiring as to my satisfaction with all we had seen at Moscow, I was obliged to go through the description, as well and as shortly as I could, of what was most striking there. When she had left me, and they had noticed all the circle, the musicians of the chapel began the concert that was intended for the evening. The Empress led Lady L. to the sofa, and conversed with her nearly all the evening. The Emperor, with two of his Aides-de-camp, (Generals Czernicheff and Kisseleff,) sat down to whist. About eighty or a hundred ladies, and as many officers of high rank and *charges de cour*, formed in groups; while the young children of the Emperor, with their companions, the sons of those attached to the court, together with governesses and preceptors without end, added to the crowd in the ante-room and great saloon.

"This assemblage, without form or ceremony, exhibited a happiness and cheerfulness seldom seen in the interior of a sovereign; 'the eternal ordering you out of the way for a royal personage,' the hint or fear that you are turning your back on royalty, seemed here banished; and the familiarity was so kindly, yet so bewitchingly established, that in half an hour I felt as if I were at home."

There are many descriptions of parties of this kind, and perhaps possessing more of that attraction which such things possess, because the Marquis, dealing with unroyal persons, exercises greater discrimination. There are also innumerable descriptions of pageants, distinguished by gorgeousness and variety of costume: but, if one may be permitted to hazard a judgment on what has not been seen, the splendour of the Russian court is mere mummery, without any moral interest whatever. The Imperial Majesty, too, seems to have dazzled the Marquis's perception, not merely as to defects, but personal qualities. There is no portrait in Russia so characteristic as this sketch of

BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN.

"I was not prepared (from circumstances to which it

is unnecessary to advert) to receive that singularly kind *accueil*, and that royal and affectionate favour, which his Majesty, after a lapse of twenty-three years, was pleased, on my visiting his kingdom, to bestow on me and mine; and we all know, when a monarch gives the tone, how cordially all the court and subjects follow its impulse. Charles-Jean was fifty years of age in 1813; I found him, therefore, with twenty-three years added to his wonderful life, and in appearance little changed; the same vigour of mind, and apparently of body, the same elasticity of intellect; and if his singularly coal-black hair had in this lapse of years received a tinge of a lighter hue, and if it had not its former glossiness, there appeared the same quantity; and the frame of the soldier, the warrior, and the man, was in no degree altered or shrunk, nor its force (to appearance) diminished.

"One singular feature in the King of Sweden has always made a great impression on my mind. In conversing with him, he has the art, as a painter of the first order, of bringing into operation every colour that can embellish the subject of which he treats. He forms, as it were, the *tableau* of his discourse; 'il pose les principes;' and when his groundwork is sufficiently laboured to rivet the attention of the eager listener, he beautifies his allusions, and attracts you by his epigrammatic sentences, while he alludes to history both ancient and modern, and you are enraptured with the brilliancy and playfulness of his conversation. It has been my lot to communicate personally and confidentially with many of the first characters of the age, and I know no individual (not even excepting Prince Metternich) who more entirely interests and completely gains possession of your faculties than the King of Sweden, when he chooses to converse with you with that freedom and ease which he can employ.

"I enjoyed several long conversations with him on nearly every public and political subject during my stay at Stockholm; on which it would be unnecessary and injudicious to dilate. The general purport of his observations was favourable to England. Some little uneasiness, perhaps, towards Russia had lately been created, on account of her having pressed vigorously the completion of the fortifications on the island of Aland, and of her preparing a large dockyard for the whole of her fleet; at which station an immense armament might at any time be collected within forty-eight hours' sail of Stockholm. In alluding to this point, I asked the King why he did not, in like manner, increase the batteries and fortifications on the islands and channel up to his own capital? He replied, he fully intended to do so, and to render it impregnable in the course of time, and when the means were provided by the country for so important an object.

"Desirous of knowing if the King persevered in the same custom as formerly—when I was obliged, from my duties, to visit his Majesty at all hours—of sitting up very late and getting up at one or two in the day, and, while dressing, dictating his letters and business—I heard that in this respect his habits had undergone no change; and that he was known in winter to be six or seven months without going out of his room; and yet, if occasion required it, he could at once change his way of life without the least inconvenience, and be all night on horseback, not feeling the worse for it. He was on the kindest terms with the Queen; who, although doatingly attached to Paris and France, reconciles herself to her great and important duties. She seems the

most amiable person imaginable. We had several dinners with her Majesty during our short stay, both at the palace in town and at Rosenberg in the park."

DILEMMAS OF GREATNESS.

"I must here mention, that, in the most gallant and affectionate manner, the King begged Lady L.'s acceptance of his porphyry *jardinière* that stood in the middle of his drawing-room; and it was impossible not to be won by the extreme condescension and kindness that was shown. We dined in a narrow gallery, and the company consisted of about sixty or eighty persons. I sat, as usual, next to the Queen; whose conversation is always lively and affable; but the place is a little nervous, for the dinner is served *à la Russe*, and the large dishes are always handed round for each guest to help himself. It being etiquette that nothing can be offered between her Majesty and her next neighbour, it happens that a great fish or an immense piece of beef (with all its garniture) is presented over your right shoulder; and you have either to run the risk, by helping yourself with your left hand, of throwing it over the table or over her Majesty, or to do what is not a little annoying with a good appetite, send the dish away."

The picture of Nicholas is of course highly flattered; but, even allowing *all* the Marquis says of him were literally true, he appears a man of form rather than substance. The Marquis thus describes his military labours; but surely much of it might be relegated, and the results only looked to. The employment is less that of an emperor than a drill-sergeant.

"First, as to my own remarks. Having been thirty-five years a soldier, I ought in some degree to be enabled to form a judgment of commanders in the field. I saw the Emperor Nicholas, as I have stated in the early part of this memoir, manœuvre twelve thousand cavalry; he was unassisted by any staff-officer or aid-de-camp; he directed the general officers of brigade, colonels of corps, nay, the adjutants, pivots, and markers, precisely as the most accurate and experienced practical drill officer could do; he corrected all mistakes, and discovered and lectured publicly on the error. It may, however, be said that his Imperial Majesty has always devoted himself to cavalry tactics: be it so. I next saw him manœuvre thirty thousand infantry. He called the generals to the front, gave them verbally the disposition he had conceived, and then formed the attacking and defending corps. He took the whole general direction of every change of position and operation; and, finally, because some partial movement failed, he called his generals and officers together, and read them an instruction of nearly an hour long, on the duties and science of tactics. This is not all. Every general officer, more or less, may be enabled to move and drill great bodies of troops; but I witnessed in Nicholas another singular trait. On one of the military fête days, his Imperial Majesty gave a dinner in the hall of the Palais d'Hiver to the corps des cadets nobles. After the repast, the corps des cadets, a battalion of eight hundred to one thousand strong, fell in, in this immense saloon. The Emperor proceeded to their front, and, to my astonishment, manœuvred the simple battalion. The firing, the common drill, and the duties even of a *sergent-major*, seemed perfectly familiar to them. The recollection of these minutiae of instruction, and having them so entirely at command, are surely very remarkable."

and, upon my commenting with wonder on all this precision, I was informed by several of his officers, that in all the departments of the state, whether of justice, interior or foreign affairs, finances, law, artillery, or marine services, the Emperor exhibited equal proficiency. Now, when this declaration was made by one and all who surrounded him, and when one considers generally that ministers and officers are too apt to raise themselves into importance by taking credit for doing a great deal, one cannot but believe that the justice they all render to the Emperor Nicholas is his due, and that he may be fairly pronounced one of the most wonderfully gifted men of the age."

The Empress also is a martinet in her way.

"At court, dress and the toilette, as already observed, are devotedly cultivated both from taste and policy. Of the innumerable balls that are given during the season at St. Petersburg, the most select are the private balls of the Empress, at the Palais Anishkoff. To none of these are the diplomatic corps invited; a prohibition which they regret exceedingly. There are from eighteen to twenty of these delightful réunions in the season. At these fêtes no lady, much less an *élégante*, is ever seen twice in the same dress; and so entirely without crease or crumple do their exquisite toilets appear, that, to speak metaphorically, the ladies really seem all to be just turned out of a bandbox. Having been present at several of the balls, I can from my own knowledge declare that I saw always new dresses on every fresh occasion. I had the curiosity to ask a mother how she managed with two and sometimes three daughters who were occasionally invited, and if the expense was not very great during the season? She told me rather seriously, that each gown cost two hundred roubles, that was six hundred for her daughters every night, and two hundred and fifty for her own; and multiplying that by twenty would show the cost. These sums were for her own and the young ladies' dresses only. I wished further to know if many princes and nobles did not think it inconvenient; but never could get an admission or a complaint in Russia that any thing was extravagant, or that there was want or distress in the higher circle,—although I have reason to believe that mortgages are not unfrequent on the estates of the higher orders, in that as in other countries. What is rather singular, these estates are managed by an intendant, to whom is delegated absolute and complete direction; and neither wife, son, relation, nor connexion ever influenced a Russian nobleman against the absolute control of his intendant."

The volumes, however, have better things than court gossip, descriptions of imperial parties, or flattering sketches of royal and ministerial personages. Here is an account of a singular institution, but, like all the Russian institutions, *forced*, and therefore not adapted to the country. The reflections of the Marquis show a sound practical sense, for which he has not had credit.

"If I were to particularize any of the great institutions at Moscow, which called forth my warmest admiration, it would undoubtedly be the 'Etablissement des Demoiselles Nobles.' In contemplating a seminary of six or seven hundred young women, from the ages of eight or nine to eighteen or nineteen, the daughters of nobles and the fairest flowers of the empire, it is impos-

sible not to take a peculiar interest in the management that is submitted to your observation. The young ladies are in classes according to their ages. In the class-rooms they are instructed in languages and accomplishments. They have their large saloon for recreation, dancing, and exercises, a magnificent hall for their meals, and an airy and capacious dormitory, their hospital ward and rooms, with convalescent apartments.

"In the above distribution there is much the same order of arrangement preserved as in the military academies and the Corps des Cadets Institution. The governesses and preceptors seem to be chosen with the greatest possible care. The education is at the expense of the Crown, and at twenty they leave the institution, being then complete in their acquirements. To an observer, it is impossible to see any thing work better than this system appears to do. The governesses appear respectable and well-informed ladies, and refined in their manners. The *élèves* (especially the elder ones) not only displayed, on examination, great knowledge, but exhibited it naturally, without ostentation or affectation. Their carriage and grace struck me as very distinguished. Most particular attention seemed to be paid to their neatness in dress. In short, were I to offer an opinion, I should say, that were it not for the insurmountable obstacles which the difference of religion presents to a Protestant, I would infinitely prefer placing my girls in the Institution des Demoiselles Nobles to educating them at home. But then the question arises in Russia, What are the future prospects of perhaps two-thirds of these young persons, when sent from the establishment? It is notorious, that the greater part of them belong to poor though well-born families. They come for admission from all parts of the empire; and much interest is necessary to secure it, and there is great emulation and rivalry in endeavouring to obtain it. They are brought up in every luxury; they have every incitement and opportunity, till twenty years old, of cultivating their talents, and of acquiring knowledge of every description. But then, turned adrift, what is to be their fate? If they do not marry, they are thrown back upon their poor parents, no longer treated as they have been, and may be called upon to return to the drudgery of a Russian house and Russian *ménage*; they pine after all they have left behind; they become unhappy and miserable. If, on the other hand, they marry a poor soldier or a man of small means, they are wholly unfit for the duties of an humble lot; and their beautiful embroidery is lost sight of in the more necessary employment of making and working coarse brown cloth; their drawings are given up for keeping house accounts, their music and dancing for attending to the dairy and looking after the flock.

"These are mournful but true reflections; and my doubt is, whether the plan is not on too luxurious and princely a scale. It is, however, clear that these endowments furnish to the empire a perfect nursery for governesses. The young ladies going forth into such great families as can make them members of their interior and associates of their children, may feel some of the changes or deprivations to which I have above alluded; and certainly many of them may, by the protection of the Empress and the Imperial family, be placed in positions where their education will have made their fortune and their happiness. But I am apprehensive as to the fate of many of these young persons, until this vast empire becomes richer and more advanced."

There are some good remarks on the powers and purposes of Russia. The source they come from is, indeed, rather suspicious; but there is this advantage in reason, that it can stand independent of its author. There are also some judicious observations on Holland. To quote all these would require more space than we can spare; but we will close with a picture of

AMSTERDAM.

"On the 12th, I entered Amsterdam. Forcibly as I was struck with Rotterdam, I own the appearance of this most curious capital of Holland amazed me as much as any place I had ever witnessed. It is not alone the impression produced by the peculiar nature of the country, enclosed and intersected by embankments which, if broken through or destroyed, would level every thing in one chaos of deluge and ruin; it is not the dikes, canals, drawbridges, wind-mills, that appear on all sides, that awaken your attention; but it is the mass of industry, wealth, commerce—the movement of the multitude in sedate and solemn step, all eagerly ruminating and absorbed in the single object of securing profit. In no part of the world is this characteristic of a people so determinately stamped as in the city of Amsterdam.

"The Amster, from which the name of the city is derived, affords basins and numerous docks for all the shipping trading to the Dutch colonies and to the cities on the Rhine. A forest of ships, of all sizes and dimensions, fills up the vast embouchure of one of the finest of rivers. The variegated prows of the Dutch vessels contrast strangely with the new steam-boats arriving from all parts of Europe. The extreme niceness of the streets, the painted doors, windows, (and even many of the houses themselves,) the trees which line the canals, all with coloured palings of wood around them, and lastly, the motley dresses of the inhabitants, especially of the Dutch sailors, clothed in scarlet jackets and blue coarse trousers, afford a *coup d'œil* of variety entirely unique."

* * *

"To describe one principal street of Amsterdam, is to describe all. The Dutch have contrived a canal in the middle of each, a broad road on each side of the canal, and, at intervals, drawbridges, which keep up the communication between each side of the street. Rows of trees line the canals; nor are the drawbridges any impediment to the vessels passing up and down, as by a simple process each drawbridge is raised up and again lowered. This is, however, occasionally inconvenient, as it arrests carriages and passengers, precedence being always given to the shipping. As the large streets are wide, the lateral communications are narrow, without trees or trottoirs. In the main streets there is a small but excellent stone flagging; and before all the doors are green benches or seats, where the Dutch sit at their ease, smoke, and enjoy themselves in the evening, after the labours of the day. The goods in all the shops appeared particularly dear; and throughout Holland the charge for lodgings and eatables was beyond measure exorbitant. I apprehend Rotterdam and Amsterdam are two of the most unreasonable cities in their charges in Europe. Indeed the Dutch seem to think that you should pay them for the air you breathe in their country, and for being on dry land—which, without their dikes, would not be the case."

Several Portraits embellish the volumes; but they scarcely support the praises of the text. Nesselrode looks like a Jew stockbroker; Nicholas, though a well-grown and well-looking man, has neither handsome features nor intellectual expression; and the Empress, on whose beauty and so forth the Marquis is never tired of dilating, seems to us goggle-eyed.

From the Spectator.

BOZ IN BENTLEY.

Bentley's Miscellany, No. XXI.: Article "Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Every Thing." By Boz Bentley.

The September number of *Bentley's Miscellany* contains a paper by Boz, entitled "Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Every Thing," which, besides combining all the amusement of the most ludicrous temporary topic with the popular readableness of a report of stimulating facts, displays a breadth and depth of truthful satire on three of the current nuisances which are intellectually most annoying,—the puff and splutter of "expenses," and "exertions," and "expresses" to announce nothing; the struggling importance of small men, who fancy that ciphers by combination can change their nature; and the various vulgarities of penny-a-liners.

The self-complacent and swelling phraseology of the introduction, and the general management of the subject, display the trading arts of "exclusive intelligencing." The style of the report throughout, but more especially the opening passages, narrating the voyage, felicitously parody the absurd twaddle of a penny-a-liner's reflections, as well as his minute collection of insignificant facts; the ignorance of business and of social life which prompts him to chronicle, as matters of moment, the most commonplace occurrences; and the tautological art by which he repeats the same idea in different phrases. One might fancy the following running report a veritable express, but for the happiness of several of its hits, by which an under-current of satire is kept up at the subjects of the narrative as well as at the mode of narration.

"Saloon of Steamer, }

Thursday Night, Half-past Eight. }

"When I left New Burlington Street this evening in the hackney cabriolet number four thousand two hundred and eighty-five, I experienced sensations as novel as they were oppressive. A sense of the importance of the task I had undertaken, a consciousness that I was leaving London, and stranger still, going somewhere else, a feeling of loneliness and a sensation of jolting, quite bewildered my thoughts, and for a time

rendered me even insensible to the presence of my carpet-bag and hat-box. I shall ever feel grateful to the driver of a Blackwall omnibus, who, by thrusting the pole of his vehicle through the small door of the cabriolet, awakened me from a tumult of imaginings that are wholly indescribable. But of such materials is our imperfect nature composed!

"I am happy to say that I am the first passenger on board, and shall thus be enabled to give you an account of all that happens in the order of its occurrence. The chimney is smoking a good deal, and so are the crew; and the captain, I am informed, is very drunk in a little house upon deck, something like a black turnpike. I should infer from all I hear that he has got the steam up."

"You will readily guess with what feelings I have just made the discovery that my berth is in that same closet with those engaged by Professor Woodensconce, Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime. Professor Woodensconce has taken the shelf above me, and Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime the two shelves opposite. The luggage has already arrived. On Mr. Slug's bed is a long tin tube of about three inches in diameter, carefully closed at both ends. What can this contain? Some powerful instrument of a new construction, doubtless."

Ten Minutes past Nine.

"Nobody has yet arrived, nor has any thing fresh come in my way except several joints of beef and mutton; from which I conclude that a good plain dinner has been provided for to-morrow. There is a singular smell below, which gave me some uneasiness at first; but as the steward says it is always there, and never goes away, I am quite comfortable again. I learn from this man that the different sections will be distributed at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache and the Boot-jack and Countenance. If this intelligence be true, (and I have no reason to doubt it,) your readers will draw such conclusions as their different opinions may suggest.

"I write down these remarks as they occur to me, or as the facts come to my knowledge, in order that my first impressions may lose nothing of their original vividness? I shall despatch them in small packets as opportunities arise."

"Half-past Nine.

"Some dark object has just appeared on the wharf. I think it is a travelling carriage."

"A Quarter to Ten.

"No, it isn't."

"Half-past Ten.

"The passengers are pouring in every instant. Four omnibusses full have just arrived upon the wharf, and all is bustle and activity. The noise and confusion are very great. Cloths are laid in the cabin, and the steward is placing blue plates-full of knobs of cheese at equal distances down the centre of the tables. He drops a great many knobs; but, being used to it, picks them up again with great dexterity, and, after wiping them on his sleeve, throws them back into the plates. He is a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance—either dirty or a mulatto, but I think the former.

"An interesting old gentleman, who came to the wharf in an omnibus, has just quarrelled violently with the porters, and is staggering towards the vessel with a large trunk in his arms. I trust and hope that he may reach it in safety; but the board he has to cross is

narrow and slippery, Was that a splash? Gracious powers!

"I have just returned from the deck. The trunk is standing upon the extreme brink of the wharf, but the old gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The watchman is not sure whether he went down or not, but promises to drag for him the first thing to-morrow morning. May his humane efforts prove successful!

"Professor Nogo has this moment arrived with his nightcap on under his hat. He has ordered a glass of cold brandy and water, with a hard biscuit and a basin, and has gone straight to bed. What can this mean!"

The report of the proceedings of the Association is distinguished by a similar breadth and generality. It is not only the pompous weakness and absurdity of individual members which are touched off: the passing vices and follies of the day are satirized,—the Poor-Jaw assailants in the "Tyrant Sowster;" the blackguardism of a portion of the aristocracy, and the servility of Police Magistrates, in the "Practical Suggestions" for providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young noblemen of England in automaton policemen, &c. who can be assaulted without suffering; whilst here is a pleasant little bit on several topics.

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Front parlour, Black Boy and Stomach-ache.—President—Sir William Joltered.—Vice Presidents—Mr. Muddlebranes and Mr. Drawley.

"Mr. X. X. Misty communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing-bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears; who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed—a brown and ragged animal—had lingered about the haunts of its former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger, and an utter want of any due recompense for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add, that a similar and no less lamentable change had taken place with reference to monkeys. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the Parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution in a great measure of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkeys nothing to sit upon, the source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two

most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measures should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

"The President inquired by what means the honourable Member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

"The author submitted, that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if her Majesty's Government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public expense and for the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited—say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear-garden could be erected in the immediate neighbourhood of both Houses of Parliament—obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

"Professor Mull doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honourable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary, he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honourable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honourable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves?

"Mr. X. X. Misty replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

"Professor Pumpkinskull wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact, that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, on inquiry, should prove to be well-founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

"The President highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous, he had seen some young gentlemen at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies

with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

"After a scene of scientific enthusiasm, it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council."

That class—a numerous class at present—who aim at dignifying their individual consequence by reflecting upon it the beams of a large society, may feel sore at these pungent touches, and perhaps fall foul of the satirist; but without reason. These joint stock unions, it may be said, do good: and no doubt they do in a certain sense; but so does a ploughman, or a blacksmith, much more a cotton factory, though not that sort of rare good which entitles them to call upon the world to look upon. It is their *pretension* that furnishes food for the satirists, and makes the Association for the Advancement of Science a topic for ridicule. The whole thing, in fact, illustrates the primitive meaning of a vulgar but expressive word—*hum-bug*—a sir disproportioned to the nature of the creature causing it."

From the Spectator.

COLOURED DECORATIONS IN HOUSES.

The want of colour in our architectural decorations is as notable a characteristic of this country as its foggy atmosphere: dirt and smoke are not more striking features of London than the dingy drab hue of its streets and houses. We are very Quakers in our taste: one would think that John Bull had as furious an antipathy to bright hues as his brute protonyme for scarlet, so strongly does the horror of colour cling to him. Some hopeful symptoms, however, of an abatement of this chromophobia (not a natural disease of the country, but an affliction superinduced by ill treatment) have lately become manifest: the heavy wainscoting of sitting-rooms has given way to smart paper-hangings, that, however ugly and monotonous, have at least the recommendation of cheerfulness; and the dull leaden hue of the plastered walls has been relieved by a faint tint of colour, and the introduction of pannelling with scroll ornaments in the corners; library and dining-room curtains have been brightening into scarlet and crimson, though Turner the painter still stands alone in the splendour of chrome. yellow draperies; and the chintz patterns of drawing and breakfast rooms have been keeping pace with the increased liveliness of Brussels carpeting and the lightness and elegance of the paper or silk hangings. The dining-room, however, is still the stronghold of sombre blankness; and a portrait or two, in a gilt frame, keeping the chandelier countenance, are the only bright ornaments of the

room. The massive mahogany sideboard, and naked chairs of the same heavy wood, are in keeping with English roast beef and plum-pudding; but as solid joints are now banished from the dinner-table of fashion, we hope mahogany will never more show its mulatto-face clad in black hair-cloth in our sitting-rooms—such covering is fit only for offices.

This cheering improvement of our dwellings is owing to the increasing taste for pictures: engravings in black frames have given place to paintings in gilded ones; and to these are succeeding pannellings of pictures, set in the gold mouldings of the room, as in the instance of Stanfield's landscapes at Sutherland House. A higher refinement is now sprung up, in the revival of the coloured arabesques of Pompeii; a very chaste and elegant variety of this style has employed the talents of no less an artist than Eastlake, who has designed a room for Mr. Bellenden Kerr, something in the manner of the Etruscan vases, we are told. The Duke of Beaufort is having a dining-room decorated in the gayest style of arabesque, by Mr. Latilla, in his imitation fresco; and the effect is delightful: not only does the room look lighter and more spacious, but it induces a feeling of cheerfulness; the bright colours in the wreaths of fruit and flowers, interspersed with animals and figures, start out from the delicate tint of the ground on every side. The transition from a waine-coted room painted in the ordinary way with crude white picked out with a faint neutral tint of some cold hue, is quite enlivening; it is like entering a garden from a stone paved court: when furnished and lighted up, the effect will be brilliant in the extreme—far surpassing in richness and elegance the most gorgeous display of gilding, which is oppressive and monotonous in its splendour, unless plentifully relieved by colour; it is, moreover, less expensive and more durable.

The extension of this style of decoration is greatly to be desired, not only on account of the scope it affords to the fancy and ingenuity of artists and artisans—opening up a wide field for the exercise of skill and taste, and almost creating a new class of intellectual labourers, the mechanic-artists—but for our comfort and enjoyment. The appearance of the room that we occupy, or the house that we inhabit, exerts a real influence upon our senses, though not quite so potent as the state of the atmosphere: a dark and gloomy apartment, or a simply dull room, depresses the spirits at the moment of entering, just as a light, airy, and cheerful one predisposes to serenity. The permanent influence of both on the habitual occupant is not the less sensibly felt for being unperceived. The numerous lights and lively draperies of a drawing-room animate and enliven the visiter, as much as the music and the company; they are the flowers and sunshine of artificial life.

This nascent fondness for colour is but a revival of

our old likings: it is no new fancy, even in this country. The Puritans banished the harmonies of beautiful colour, as well as of sweet sound, from "merry England." In Elizabeth's time not only were the chambers hung with arras, but the ornaments of the rooms and the architectural decorations were coloured and gilded: even monuments in churches were adorned in this splendid style, till we substituted the cold repulsive black-and-white marble of the Low Countries for the attractive elegance of Italian art. That the fondness for colour is national, is proved by the painted bodies of our barbarian forefathers, no less than by the gorgeous doublets and coloured hose of our more civilized progenitors. The love of colour, indeed, is inherent in man, as all nature testifies; and those who, confounding beauty and gaudiness, call bright colour vulgar, will find an answer in every garden starred with dahlias, whose variety of hues is as endless as their fecundity. The fact is, our fastidiousness—not taste, but a poor negation of it—makes us take refuge from violent and discordant contrasts of colour in the neutral ground of drab; we have remained long enough on the threshold of elegance—mere aversion from showy deformity, and it is now time we enter into the sanctuary. Our lively neighbours the French, to whom show is a necessary of life, and who prefer bad combinations of colour to none at all, overdo as much as we fall short: the happy medium lies between the two extremes. The scarlet cloak of the country dame, and the red waistcoat or cap of the labourer, are indulgences of the same sense that drinks in the gorgeous hues of sunset, and feasts on the lustrous splendours of a poppy-field, when its myriad of ruddy lamps are lit up by the sun-beams; and the rude taste is gratified by the uncouth daubs that relieve the bare whiteness of the cottage-wall, just as the enlightened connoisseur is with a picture by Titian or Paul Veronese.

Colour is also an essential part of architectural decoration, without which a building is not complete: the interior of St. Paul's, for instance, looks cold, vacant, and tomb-like, not for want of pews, but of coloured ornament to fill the eye and satisfy the sense of beauty. The painted ceiling of the dome tends to make more evident the absence of any hue but the dingy tints of dust in the rest of the building. The artists offered to furnish it with pictures in West's day; but the then prelate refused their proposal, on grounds that would equally justify the removal of all "graven ornaments" whatever, and render the *beau ideal* of a Protestant place of worship a barn with wooden benches. Coloured and gilded ceilings, heraldic blazonries, and, above all, painted windows—sun-lighted transparencies—are as much integral parts of Gothic as the arabesque scrolls and honeycomb fret-work, harlequin-hued, are of the Moorish architecture. Not only did the Egyptians employ colour most lavishly on the ex-

terior of their temples, as well as in the engraved pictures of the interiors, but the elegant Greeks painted the lily whiteness of their marble temples, and gilded the refined symmetry of the ornaments on them. The painter architects of Italy have left, in St. Peter's and the Vatican, splendid examples of the inseparable union of coloured adornments and architectural forms; for though the noble proportions of the Loggie could not be affected if Raffaele's arabesque and pictures were effaced, the grandeur of the whole would be sensibly lessened, and a hiatus would be visible—a want would be felt, even supposing their former existence to be unknown to us.

The mention of these frescoes—would that the material were as imperishable as the fame of their painters!—brings us back to the circumstances that gave rise to these remarks—the revival of fresco painting in Germany, and the practice of a modified form of it in this country. The arcades of the Hofgarten at Munich, as well as the Glyptothek and Pinakothek, are adorned with paintings in fresco—the true fresco of Italy, where pure water-colours are applied to wet plaster. The practice requires greater dexterity and certainty of hand, as the effect is produced at once, and every separate portion of the picture is successively completed before the plaster dries. A few years back, Mr. J. Lane produced some small pictures in real fresco, as specimens; these are the only ones we have seen. The advantages of fresco-painting consist in its durability, the permanent brilliancy of the colours, and their freedom from the gloss and yellowness of oil. The method adopted renders the style more applicable to ceilings and the walls of lofty buildings, where a powerful impression has to be produced from a distance, than to smaller rooms; it is better suited for public halls and churches, and the saloons and lobbies of a palace, than to private dwellings. Fresco has got into disrepute in this country, owing to the bastard method employed in the Hall at Manchester and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields. This is called *mezzo fresco*: the basis is fresco, that is, the masses of colour are laid on with a water medium on the moist plaster, but the design is finished with distemper—colour mixed with size! which is easily acted on by damp, and consequently the beauty of the painting is soon destroyed: already has the sanctuary of the chapel in Moorfields been repainted. Mr. Latilla who has been lecturing on the subject of fresco at the rooms of the Society for Promoting Practical Design, in Leicester Square, (he delivers his concluding lecture on Tuesday next,) employs flatted oil colours on a composition ground, spread over ordinary plaster walls. The clearness, delicacy, and brightness of these colours, are almost equal to the real fresco, while the process is much easier and cheaper; for merely decorative purposes it is as effective and durable as oil

paint, and it may be washed without injury; in this way he has executed the dining-room for the Duke of Beaufort.

To the Germans we are indebted also for the revival of the ancient practice of encaustic—that is, employing wax as the vehicle, and applying the colour in a warm state. The peculiar advantages of this method over fresco, consists, we believe, in the superior delicacy and high finish it admits of.

The subject deserves the consideration of artists and amateurs, especially with reference to the new Houses of Parliament. If it be not intended to ornament them with historical paintings, surely the introduction of coloured devices might be permitted. Any one who has lounged in the sumptuous cafés of Paris, must have experienced the influence of beautiful colour on the eye and the spirits; and there is much to admire in the taste of the designs. One of the newest, on the Italian Boulevard, in the Elizabethan style, is particularly called to our recollection by the mention of the new Houses of Parliament. It is matter of surprise that, in a country pretending to taste, no allusion is made to pictorial or sculptural adornments for one of the noblest piles of building we shall have to boast of—in architectural magnificence rivalling Westminster Abbey. What are the artists about, that they do not agitate the subject.

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Knag, after doating on Kate Nickleby for three whole days, makes up her mind to hate her for evermore. The causes which lead Miss Knag to form this resolution.

There are many lives of much pain, hardship, and suffering, which, having no stirring interest for any but those who lead them, are disregarded by persons who do not want thought or feeling, but who pamper their compassion and need high stimulants to rouse it.

There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their vocation scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs; and hence it is that diseased sympathy and compassion are every day expended on out-of-the-way objects, when only too many demands upon the legitimate exercise of the same virtues in a healthy state, are constantly within the sight and hearing of the most unobservant person alive. In short, charity must have its romance, as the novelist or playwright must have his. A thief is fustian is a vulgar character, scarcely to be thought of by persons of refinement; but dress him in green velvet

with a high-crowned hat, and change the scene of his operations from a thickly-peopled city to a mountain road, and you shall find in him the very soul of poetry and adventure. So it is with the one great cardinal virtue, which, properly nourished and exercised, leads to, if it does not necessarily include, all the others. It must have its romance; and the less of real hard struggling work-a-day life there is in that romance, the better.

The life to which poor Kate Nickleby was devoted, in consequence of the unforeseen train of circumstances already developed in this narrative, was a hard one; but lest the very dullness, unhealthy confinement, and bodily fatigue, which made up its sum and substance, should deprive it of any interest with the mass of the charitable and sympathetic, I would rather keep Miss Nickleby herself in view just now, than chill them in the outset by a minute and lengthened description of the establishment presided over by Madame Mantalini.

'Well, now, indeed Madame Mantalini,' said Miss Knag, as Kate was taking her weary way homewards on the first night of her novitiate; that Miss Nickleby is a very creditable young person—a very creditable young person indeed—hem—upon my word, Madame Mantalini, it does very extraordinary credit even to your discrimination that you should have found such a very excellent, very well-behaved, very—hem—very unassuming young woman to assist in the fitting on. I have seen some young women when they had the opportunity of displaying before their betters, behave in such a—oh, dear—well—but you're always right, Madame Mantalini, always; and as I very often tell the young ladies, how you do contrive to be always right, when so many people are so often wrong, is to me a mystery indeed.'

'Beyond putting a very excellent client out of humour, Miss Nickleby has not done anything very remarkable to-day—that I am aware of, at least,' said Madame Mantalini in reply.

'Oh, dear!' said Miss Knag; 'but you must allow a great deal for inexperience, you know.'

'And youth?' inquired Madame.

'Oh, I say nothing about that, Madame Mantalini,' replied Miss Knag, reddening; 'because if youth were any excuse, you wouldn't have—'

'Quite so good a forewoman as I have, I suppose,' suggested Madame.

'Well, I never did know anybody like you, Madame Mantalini,' rejoined Miss Knag most complacently, 'and that's the fact, for you know what one's going to say, before it has time to rise to one's lips. Oh, very good! Ha, ha, ha!'

'For myself,' observed Madame Mantalini, glancing with affected carelessness at her assistant, and laughing heartily in her sleeve, 'I consider Miss Nickleby the most awkward girl I ever saw in my life.'

'Poor dear thing,' said Miss Knag, 'it's not her fault. If it was, we might hope to cure it; but as it's her misfortune, Madame Mantalini, why really you know, as the man said about the blind horse, we ought to respect it.'

'Her uncle told me she had been considered pretty,' remarked Madame Mantalini. 'I think her one of the most ordinary girls I ever met with.'

'Ordinary!' cried Miss Knag with a countenance beaming delight; 'and awkward! Well, all I can say is, Madame Mantalini, that I quite love the poor girl; and that if she was twice as indifferent-looking, and twice as awkward as she is, I should be only so much the more her friend, and that's the truth of it.'

In fact, Miss Knag had conceived an incipient affection for Kate Nickleby, after witnessing her failure that morning, and this short conversation with her superior increased the favourable prepossession to a most surprising extent; which was the more remarkable, as when she first scanned that young lady's face and figure, she had entertained certain inward misgivings that they would never agree.

'But now,' said Miss Knag, glancing at the reflection of herself in a mirror at no great distance, 'I love her—I quite love her—I declare I do.'

Of such a highly disinterested quality was this devoted friendship, and so superior was it to the little weaknesses of flattery or ill-nature, that the kind-hearted Miss Knag candidly informed Kate Nickleby next day, that she saw she would never do for the business, but that she need not give herself the slightest uneasiness on this account, for that she (Miss Knag) by increased exertions on her own part, would keep her as much as possible in the back ground, and that all she would have to do would be to remain perfectly quiet before company, and to shrink from attracting notice by every means in her power. This last suggestion was so much in accordance with the timid girl's own feelings and wishes, that she readily promised implicit reliance on the excellent spinster's advice: without questioning, or indeed bestowing a moment's reflection upon the motives that dictated it.

'I take quite a lively interest in you, my dear soul, upon my word,' said Miss Knag; 'a sister's interest, actually. It's the most singular circumstance I ever knew.'

Undoubtedly it was singular, that if Miss Knag did feel a strong interest in Kate Nickleby, it should not rather have been the interest of a maiden aunt or grandmother, that being the conclusion to which the difference in their respective ages would have naturally tended. But Miss Knag wore clothes of a very youthful pattern, and perhaps her feelings took the same shape.

'Bless you!' said Miss Knag, bestowing a kiss upon

Kate at the conclusion of the second day's work, 'how very awkward you have been all day.'

'I fear your kind and open communication, which has rendered me more painfully conscious of my own defects, has not improved me,' sighed Kate.

'No, no, I dare say not,' rejoined Miss Knag, in a most uncommon flow of good humour. 'But how much better that you should know it at first, and so be able to go on straight and comfortable. Which way are you walking, my love?'

'Towards the city,' replied Kate.

'The city!' cried Miss Knag, regarding herself with great favour in the glass as she tied her bonnet. 'Goodness gracious me! now do you really live in the city?'

'Is it so very unusual for anybody to live there?' asked Kate, half smiling.

'I couldn't have believed it possible that any young woman could have lived there under any circumstances whatever, for three days together,' replied Miss Knag.

'Reduced—I should say poor people,' answered Kate, correcting herself hastily, for she was afraid of appearing proud, 'must live where they can.'

'Ah! very true, so they must; very proper indeed!' rejoined Miss Knag with that sort of half sigh, which, accompanied by two or three slight nods of the head, is pity's small change in general society; 'and that's what I very often tell my brother, when our servants go away ill one after another, and he thinks the back kitchen's rather too damp for 'em to sleep in. These sort of people, I tell him, are glad to sleep anywhere! Heaven suits the back to the burden. What a nice thing it is to think that it should be so, isn't it?'

'Very,' replied Kate, turning away.

'I'll walk with you part of the way, my dear,' said Miss Knag, 'for you must go very near our house; and as it's quite dark, and our last servant went to the hospital a week ago, with Saint Anthony's fire in her face, I shall be glad of your company.'

Kate would willingly have excused herself from this flattering companionship, but Miss Knag having adjusted her bonnet to her entire satisfaction, took her arm with an air which plainly showed how much she felt the compliment she was conferring, and they were in the street before she could say another word.

'I fear,' said Kate, hesitating, 'that mamma—my mother, I mean—is waiting for me.'

'You needn't make the least apology, my dear,' said Miss Knag, smiling sweetly as she spoke; 'I dare say she is a very respectable old person, and I shall be quite—hem—quite pleased to know her.'

As poor Mrs. Nickleby was cooling—not her heels alone, but her limbs generally at the street corner, Kate had no alternative but to make her known to Miss Knag, who, doing the last new carriage customer at

second-hand, acknowledged the introduction with condescending politeness. The three then walked away arm in arm, with Miss Knag in the middle, in a special state of amiability.

'I have taken such a fancy to your daughter, Mrs. Nickleby, you can't think,' said Miss Knag, after she had proceeded a little distance in dignified silence.

'I am delighted to hear it,' said Mrs. Nickleby; though it is nothing new to me, that even strangers should like Kate.'

'Hem!' cried Miss Knag.

'You will like her better when you know how good she is,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'It is a great blessing to me in my misfortunes to have a child, who knows neither pride or vanity, and whose bringing-up might very well have excused a little of both at first. You don't know what it is to lose a husband, Miss Knag.'

As Miss Knag had never yet known what it was to gain one, it followed very nearly as a matter of course that she didn't know what it was to lose one, so she said in some haste, 'No, indeed I don't,' and said it with an air intended to signify that she should like to catch herself marrying anybody—no no, she knew better than that.

'Kate has improved even in this little time, I have no doubt,' said Mrs. Nickleby, glancing proudly at her daughter.

'Oh! of course,' said Miss Knag.

'And will improve still more,' added Mrs. Nickleby.

'That she will, I'll be bound,' replied Miss Knag, squeezing Kate's arm in her own, to point the joke.

'She always was clever,' said poor Mrs. Nickleby, brightening up, 'always, from a baby. I recollect when she was only two years and a half old, that a gentleman who used to visit very much at our house—Mr. Watkins, you know, Kate, my dear, that your poor papa went bail for, who afterwards ran away to the United States, and sent us a pair of snow shoes, with such an affectionate letter that it made your poor dear father cry for a week. You remember the letter, in which he said that he was very sorry he couldn't repay the fifty pounds just then, because his capital was all out at interest, and he was very busy making his fortune, but that he didn't forget you were his god-daughter, and he should take it very unkind if we didn't buy you a silver coral and put it down to his old account—dear me, yes, my dear, how stupid you are! and spoke so affectionately of the old port wine that he used to drink a bottle and a half of every time he came. You must remember, Kate!'

'Yes, yes, mama; what of him?'

'Why, that Mr. Watkins, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby slowly, as if she were making a tremendous effort to recollect something of paramount importance; 'that Mr. Watkins—he wasn't any relation, Miss Kate'

will understand, to the Watkins who kept the Old Boar in the village; by the by, I don't remember whether it was the Old Boar or the George the Fourth, but it was one of the two, I know, and it's much the same—that Mr. Watkins said, when you were only two years and a half old, that you were one of the most astonishing children he ever saw. He did indeed, Miss Knag, and he wasn't at all fond of children, and couldn't have had the slightest motive for doing it. I know it was he who said so, because I recollect, as well as if it was only yesterday, his borrowing twenty pounds of her poor dear papa the very moment afterwards.'

Having quoted this extraordinary and most disinterested testimony to her daughter's excellence, Mrs. Nickleby stopped to breathe; and Miss Knag, finding that the discourse was turning upon family greatness, lost no time in striking in with a small reminiscence on her own account.

'Don't talk of lending money, Mrs. Nickleby,' said Miss Knag, 'or you'll drive me crazy, perfectly crazy. My mama—hem—was the most lovely and beautiful creature, with the most striking and exquisite—hem—the most exquisite nose that ever was put upon a human face, I do believe, Mrs. Nickleby (here Miss Knag rubbed her own nose sympathetically;) the most delightful and accomplished woman, perhaps, that ever was seen; but she had that one failing of lending money, and carried it to such an extent that she lent—hem—oh! thousands of pounds, all our little fortunes, and what's more, Mrs. Nickleby, I don't think, if we were to live till—till—hem—till the very end of time, that we should ever get them back again. I don't indeed.'

After concluding this effort of invention without being interrupted, Miss Knag fell into many more recollections, no less interesting than true, the full tide of which Mrs. Nickleby in vain attempting to stem, at length sailed smoothly down, by adding an undercurrent of her own recollections; and so both ladies went on talking together in perfect contentment: the only difference between them being, that whereas Miss Knag addressed herself to Kate, and talked very loud, Mrs. Nickleby kept on in one unbroken monotonous flow, perfectly satisfied to be talking, and caring very little whether anybody listened or not.

In this manner they walked on very amicably until they arrived at Miss Knag's brother's, who was an ornamental stationer and small circulating library keeper, in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road, and who let out by the day, week, month, or year, the newest old novels, whereof the titles were displayed in pen-and-ink characters on a sheet of pasteboard, swinging at his door-post. As Miss Knag happened at the moment to be in the middle of an account of her twenty-second offer from a gentleman of large property, she insisted upon their all going in to supper together; and in they went.

'Don't go away, Mortimer,' said Miss Knag as they

entered the shop. 'It's only one of our young ladies and her mother. Mrs. and Miss Nickleby.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Mr. Mortimer Knag. 'Ah!'

Having given utterance to these ejaculations with a very profound and thoughtful air, Mr. Knag slowly snuffed two kitchen candles on the counter and two more in the window, and then snuffed himself from a box in his waistcoat pocket.

There was something very impressive in the ghostly air with which all this was done, and as Mr. Knag was a tall lank gentleman of solemn features, wearing spectacles, and garnished with much less hair than a gentleman bordering on forty or thereabouts usually boasts, Mrs. Nickleby whispered her daughter that she thought he must be literary.

'Past ten,' said Mr. Knag, consulting his watch. 'Thomas, close the warehouse.'

Thomas was a boy nearly half as tall as a shutter, and the warehouse was a shop about the size of three hackney coaches.

'Ah!' said Mr. Knag once more, heaving a deep sigh as he restored to its parent shelf the book he had been reading. 'Well—yes—I believe supper is ready, sister.'

With another sigh Mr. Knag took up the kitchen candles from the counter, and preceded the ladies with mournful steps to a back parlour, where a char-woman, employed in the absence of the sick servant, and remunerated with certain eighteenpences to be deducted from her wages due, was putting the supper out.

'Mrs. Blockson,' said Miss Knag, reproachfully, 'how very often I have begged you not to come into the room with your bonnet on.'

'I can't help it, Miss Knag,' said the char-woman, bridling up on the shortest notice. 'There's been a deal o' cleaning to do in this house, and if you don't like it, I must trouble you to look out for somebody else, for it don't hardly pay me, and that's the truth, if I was to be hung this minute.'

'I don't want any remarks, if *you* please,' said Miss Knag, with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun. 'Is there any fire down stairs for some hot water presently?'

'No there is not, indeed, Miss Knag,' replied the substitute; 'and so I won't tell you no stories about it.'

'Then why isn't there?' said Miss Knag.

'Because there an't no coals left out, and if I could make coals I would, but as I can't I won't, and so I make bold to tell you Mem,' replied Mrs. Blockson.

'Will you hold your tongue—female?' said Mr. Mortimer Knag, plunging violently into this dialogue.

'By your leave, Mr. Knag,' retorted the char-woman, turning sharp round. 'I'm only too glad not to speak in this house, excepting when and where I'm spoke to, Sir; and with regard to being a female, Sir, I should wish to know what you considered yourself?'

'A miserable wretch,' exclaimed Mr. Knag, striking his forehead. 'A miserable wretch.'

'I'm very glad to find that you don't call yourself out of your name, Sir,' said Mrs. Blockson; 'and as I had two twin children the day before yesterday was only seven weeks, and my little Charley fell down a airy and put his elbow out last Monday, I shall take it as a favor if you'll send nine shillings for one week's work to my house, afore the clock strikes ten to-morrow.'

With these parting words, the good woman quitted the room with great ease of manner, leaving the door wide open, while Mr. Knag, at the same moment, flung himself into the 'warehouse,' and groaned aloud.

'What is the matter with that gentleman, pray?' inquired Mrs. Nickleby, greatly disturbed by the sound.

'Is he ill?' inquired Kate, really alarmed.

'Hush!' replied Miss Knag; 'a most melancholy history. He was once most devotedly attached to—hem—to Madame Mantalini.'

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby.

'Yes,' continued Miss Knag, 'and received great encouragement too, and confidently hoped to marry her. He has a most romantic heart, Mrs. Nickleby, as indeed—hem—as indeed all our family have, and the disappointment was a dreadful blow. He is a wonderfully accomplished man—most extraordinarily accomplished—reads—hem—reads every novel that comes out; I mean every novel that—hem—that has any fashion in it, of course. The fact is, that he did find so much in the books he read applicable to his own misfortunes, and did find himself in every respect so much like the heroes—because of course he is conscious of his own superiority, as we all are, and very naturally—that he took to scorning everything, and became a genius; and I am quite sure that he is at this very present moment writing another book.'

'Another book!' repeated Kate, finding that a pause was left for somebody to say something.

'Yes,' said Miss Knag, nodding in great triumph; 'another book, in three volumes post octavo. Of course it's a great advantage to him in all his little fashionable descriptions to have the benefit of my—hem—of my experience, because of course few authors who write about such things can have such opportunities of knowing them as I have. He's so wrapped up in high life, that the least allusion to business or worldly matters—like that woman just now for instance—quite distracts him; but, as I often say, I think his disappointment a great thing for him, because, if he hadn't been disappointed he couldn't have written about blighted hopes and all that; and the fact is if it hadn't happened as it has, I don't believe his genius would ever have come out at all.'

How much more communicative Miss Knag might

have become under more favourable circumstances it is impossible to divine, but as the gloomy one was within ear-shot and the fire wanted making up, her disclosures stopped here. To judge from all appearances, and the difficulty of making the water warm, the last servant could not have been much accustomed to any other fire than St. Anthony's; but a little brandy and water was made at last, and the guests, having been previously regaled with cold leg of mutton and bread and cheese, soon afterwards took leave; Kate amusing herself all the way home with the recollection of her last glimpse of Mr. Mortimer Knag deeply abstracted in the shop, and Mrs. Nickleby by debating within herself whether the dress-making firm would ultimately become 'Mantalini, Knag and Nickleby,' or 'Mantalini, Nickleby and Knag.'

At this high point, Miss Knag's friendship remained for three whole days, much to the wonderment of Madame Mantalini's young ladies who had never beheld such constancy in that quarter before, but on the fourth it received a check no less violent than sudden, which thus occurred.

It happened that an old lord of great family, who was going to marry a young lady of no family in particular, came with the young lady, and the young lady's sister, to witness the ceremony of trying on two nuptial bonnets which had been ordered the day before, and Madame Mantalini announcing the fact in a shrill treble through the speaking-pipe, which communicated with the work-room, Miss Knag darted hastily up stairs with a bonnet in each hand, and presented herself in the show-room in a charming state of palpitation, intended to demonstrate her enthusiasm in the cause. The bonnets were no sooner fairly on, than Miss Knag and Madame Mantalini fell into convulsions of admiration.

'A most elegant appearance,' said Madame Mantalini.

'I never saw anything so exquisite in all my life,' said Miss Knag.

Now the old lord, who was a very old lord, said nothing, but mumbled and chuckled in a state of great delight, no less with the nuptial bonnets and their wearers, than with his own address in getting such a fine woman for his wife; and the young lady, who was a very lively young lady, seeing the old lord in this rapturous condition, chased the old lord behind a cheval-glass, and then and there kissed him, while Madame Mantalini and the other young lady looked discreetly another way.

But pending the salutation, Miss Knag, who was tinged with curiosity, stepped accidentally behind the glass, and encountered the lively young lady's eye just at the very moment when she kissed the old lord: upon which the young lady in a pouting manner mur-

mured something about 'an old thing,' and 'great impertinence,' and finished by darting a look of displeasure at Miss Knag and smiling contemptuously.

'Madame Mantalini,' said the young lady.

'Ma'am,' said Madame Mantalini.

'Pray have up that pretty young creature we saw yesterday.'

'Oh yes, do,' said the sister.

'Of all things in the world, Madame Mantalini,' said the lord's intended, throwing herself languidly on a sofa, 'I hate being waited upon by frights or elderly persons. Let me always see that young creature, I beg, whenever I come.'

'By all means,' said the old lord; 'the lovely young creature, by all means.'

'Everybody is talking about her,' said the young lady, in the same careless manner; 'and my lord, being a great admirer of beauty, must positively see her.'

'She is universally admired,' replied Madame Mantalini. 'Miss Knag, send up Miss Nickleby. You needn't return.'

'I beg your pardon, Madame Mantalini, what did you say last?' asked Miss Knag, trembling.

'You needn't return,' repeated the superior sharply. Miss Knag vanished without another word, and in all reasonable time was replaced by Kate, who took off the new bonnets and put on the old ones: blushing very much to find that the old lord and the two young ladies were staring her out of countenance all the time.

'Why, how you colour, child!' said the lord's chosen bride.

'She is not quite so accustomed to her business as she will be in a week or two,' interposed Madame Mantalini with a gracious smile.

'I am afraid you have been giving her some of your wicked looks, my lord,' said the intended.

'No, no, no,' replied the old lord, 'no, no, I'm going to be married and lead a new life. Ha, ha, ha! a new life, a new life! ha, ha, ha!'

It was a satisfactory thing to hear that the old gentleman was going to lead a new life, for it was pretty evident that his old one would not last him much longer. The mere exertion of protracted chuckling reduced him to a fearful ebb of coughing and gasping, and it was some minutes before he could find breath to remark that the girl was too pretty for a milliner.

'I hope you don't think good looks a disqualification for the business, my lord,' said Madame Mantalini, simpering.

'Not by any means,' replied the old lord, 'er you would have left it long ago.'

'You naughty creature!' said the lively lady, poking the peer with her parasol; 'I won't have you talk so. How dare you?'

This playful inquiry was accompanied with another

poke and another, and then the old lord caught the parasol, and wouldn't give it up again, which induced the other lady to come to the rescue, and some very pretty sportiveness ensued.

'You will see that those little alterations are made, Madame Mantalini,' said the lady. 'Nay, my lord, you positively shall go first; I wouldn't leave you behind with that pretty girl, not for half a second. I know you too well. Jane, my dear, let him go first, and we shall be quite sure of him.'

The old lord, evidently much flattered by this suspicion, bestowed a grotesque leer upon Kate as he passed, and receiving another tap with the parasol for his wickedness, tottered down stairs to the door, where his sprightly body was hoisted into the carriage by two stout footmen.

'Foh!' said Madame Mantalini, 'how he ever gets into a carriage without thinking of a hearse, I can't think. There, take the things away, my dear, take them away.'

Kate, who had remained during the whole scene with her eyes modestly fixed upon the ground, was only too happy to avail herself of the permission to retire, and hastened joyfully down stairs to Miss Knag's dominion.

The circumstances of the little kingdom had greatly changed, however, during the short period of her absence. In place of Miss Knag being stationed in her accustomed seat, preserving all the dignity and greatness of Madame Mantalini's representative, that worthy soul was reposing on a large box, bathed in tears, while three or four of the young ladies in close attendance upon her, together with the presence of hartshorn, vinegar, and other restoratives, would have borne ample testimony, even without the derangement of the head-dress and front row of curls, to her having fainted desperately.

'Bless me!' said Kate, stepping hastily forward, 'What is the matter?'

This inquiry produced in Miss Knag violent symptoms of a relapse; and several young ladies, darting angry looks at Kate, applied more vinegar and hartshorn, and said it was 'a shame.'

'What is a shame?' demanded Kate. 'What is the matter! What has happened? tell me.'

'Matter!' cried Miss Knag, coming all at once bolt upright, to the great consternation of the assembled maidens; 'Matter! Fie upon you, you nasty creature!'

'Gracious!' cried Kate, almost paralysed by the violence with which the adjective had been jerked out from between Miss Knag's closed teeth; 'have I offended you?'

'You offended me!' retorted Miss Knag, 'You! a chit, a child, an upstart nobody! Oh, indeed! ha, ha! Now, it was evident as Miss Knag laughed, that something struck her as being exceedingly funny, and

as the young ladies took their tone from Miss Knag—she being the chief—they all got up a laugh without a moment's delay, and nodded their heads a little, and smiled sarcastically to each other, as much as to say, how very good that was.

'Here she is,' continued Miss Knag, getting off the box, and introducing Kate with much ceremony and many low curtsays to the delighted throng; 'here she is—everybody is talking about her—the belle, ladies—the beauty, the—oh, you bold-face thing!'

At this crisis Miss Knag was unable to repress a virtuous shudder, which immediately communicated itself to all the young ladies, after which Miss Knag laughed, and after that, cried.

'For fifteen years,' exclaimed Miss Knag, sobbing in a most affecting manner, 'for fifteen years I have been the credit and ornament of this room and the one upstairs. Thank God,' said Miss Knag, stamping first her right foot and then her left with remarkable energy, 'I have never in all that time, till now, been exposed to the arts, the vile arts of a creature, who disgraces us all with her proceedings, and makes proper people blush for themselves. But I feel it, I do feel it, although I am disgusted.'

Miss Knag here relapsed into softness, and the young ladies renewing their attentions, murmured that she ought to be superior to such things, and that for their part they despised them, and considered them beneath their notice; in witness whereof they called out more emphatically than before that it was a shame, and that they felt so angry, they did, they hardly knew what to do with themselves.

'Have I lived to this day to be called a fright!' cried Miss Knag, suddenly becoming convulsive, and making an effort to tear her front off.

'Oh no, no,' replied the chorus, 'pray don't say so; don't, now.'

'Have I deserved to be called an elderly person?' screamed Miss Knag, wrestling with the supernumeraries.

'Don't think of such things, dear,' answered the chorus.

'I hate her,' cried Miss Knag; 'I detest and hate her. Never let her speak to me again; never let anybody who is a friend of mine speak to her; a slut, a hussy, an impudent artful hussy!' Having denounced the object of her wrath in these terms, Miss Knag screamed once, hiccuped thrice, and gurgled in her throat several times; slumbered, shivered, woke, came to, composed her head-dress, and declared herself quite well again.

Poor Kate had regarded these proceedings at first in perfect bewilderment. She had then turned red and pale by turns, and once or twice essayed to speak; but as the true motives of this altered behaviour developed themselves, she retired a few paces, and looked calmly

on without deigning a reply. But although she walked proudly to her seat, and turned her back upon the group of little satellites who clustered round their ruling planet in the remotest corner of the room, she gave way in secret to some such bitter tears as would have gladdened Miss Knag's inmost soul if she could have seen them fall.

CHAPTER XIX.

Descriptive of a dinner at Mr. Ralph Nickleby's, and of the manner in which the company entertained themselves before dinner, at dinner, and after dinner.

The bile and rancour of the worthy Miss Knag undergoing no diminution during the remainder of the week, but rather augmenting with every successive hour; and the honest ire of all the young ladies rising, or seeming to rise, in exact proportion to the good spinster's indignation, and both waxing very hot every time Miss Nickleby was called up stairs, it will be readily imagined that that young lady's daily life was none of the most cheerful or enviable kind. She hailed the arrival of Saturday night, as a prisoner would a few delicious hours' respite from slow and wearing torture, and felt, that the poor pittance from her first week's labour would have been dearly and hardly earned had its amount been trebled.

When she joined her mother as usual at the street corner, she was not a little surprised to find her in conversation with Mr. Ralph Nickleby; but her surprise was soon redoubled, no less by the matter of their conversation, than by the smoothed and retired manner of Mr. Nickleby himself.

'Ah! my dear!' said Ralph; 'we were at that moment talking about you.'

'Indeed!' replied Kate, shrinking, though she scarce knew why, from her uncle's cold glistening eye.

'That instant,' said Ralph. 'I was coming to call for you, making sure to catch you before you left; but your mother and I have been talking over family affairs, and the time has slipped away so rapidly—'

'Well, now, hasn't it?' interposed Mrs. Nickleby, quite insensible to the sarcastic tone of Ralph's last remark. 'Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it possible, that such a——Kate, my dear, you're to dine with your uncle at half-past six o'clock to-morrow.'

Triumphing in having been the first to communicate this extraordinary intelligence, Mrs. Nickleby nodded and smiled a great many times, to impress its full magnificence on Kate's wondering mind, and then flew off, at an acute angle, to a committee of ways and means.

'Let me see,' said the good lady. 'Your black silk frock will be quite dress enough, my dear, with that pretty little scarf, and a plain band in your hair, and a pair of black silk stock——Dear, dear,' cried Mr.

Nickleby, flying off at another angle, 'if I had but those unfortunate amethysts of mine—you recollect them, Kate, my love—how they used to sparkle, you know—but your papa, your poor dear papa—ah! there never was anything so cruelly sacrificed as those jewels were, never!' Overpowered by this agonizing thought, Mrs. Nickleby shook her head in a melancholy manner, and applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

'I don't want them, mama, indeed,' said Kate. 'Forget that you ever had them.'

'Lord, Kate, my dear,' rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, pettishly, 'how like a child you talk. Four-and-twenty silver tea spoons, brother-in-law, two gravies, four salts, all the amethysts—necklace, brooch, and earrings—all made away with at the same time, and I saying almost on my bended knees to that poor good soul, 'Why don't you do something, Nicholas? Why don't you make some arrangement?' I am sure that anybody who was about us at that time will do me the justice to own, that if I said that once, I said it fifty times a-day. Didn't I; Kate, my dear? Did I ever lose an opportunity of impressing it on your poor papa?'

'No, no, mama, never,' replied Kate. And to do Mrs. Nickleby justice, she never had lost—and to do married ladies as a body justice, they seldom do lose—any occasion of inculcating similar golden precepts, whose only blemish is, the slight degree of vagueness and uncertainty in which they are usually developed.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Nickleby, with great fervour, 'if my advice had been taken at the beginning—Well, I have always done my duty, and that's some comfort.'

When she had arrived at this reflection, Mrs. Nickleby sighed, rubbed her hands, cast up her eyes, and finally assumed a look of meek composure, thus importing that she was a persecuted saint, but that she wouldn't trouble her hearers by mentioning a circumstance which must be so obvious to everybody.

'Now,' said Ralph, with a smile, which, in common with all other tokens of emotion, seemed to skulk under his face, rather than play boldly over it—to return to the point from which we have strayed. 'I have a little party of—of—gentlemen with whom I am connected in business just now, at my house to-morrow; and your mother has promised that you shall keep house for me. I am not much used to parties; but this is one of business, and such fooleries are an important part of it sometimes. You don't mind obliging me?'

'Mind!' cried Mrs. Nickleby. 'My dear Kate why—'

'Pray,' interrupted Ralph; motioning her to be silent. 'I spoke to my niece.'

'I shall be very glad, of course, uncle,' replied Kate; 'but I am afraid you will find me very awkward and embarrassed.'

'Oh no,' said Ralph; 'come when you like, in a hackney coach—I'll pay for it. Good night—a—a—God bless you.'

The blessing seemed to stick in Mr. Ralph Nickleby's throat, as if it were not used to the thoroughfare, and didn't know the way out. But it got out somehow, though awkwardly enough; and having disposed of it, he shook hands with his two relatives, and abruptly left them.

'What a very strongly-marked countenance your uncle has,' said Mrs. Nickleby, quite struck with his parting look. 'I don't see the slightest resemblance to his poor brother.'

'Mama!' said Kate, reprovingly. 'To think of such a thing!'

'No,' said Mrs. Nickleby, musing. 'There certainly is none. But it's a very honest face.'

The worthy matron made this remark with great emphasis and elocution, as if it comprised no small quantity of ingenuity and research; and in truth it was not unworthy of being classed among the extraordinary discoveries of the age. Kate looked up hastily, and as hastily looked down again.

'What has come over you, my dear, in the name of goodness?' asked Mrs. Nickleby, when they had walked on for some time in silence.

'I was only thinking, mama,' answered Kate.

'Thinking!' repeated Mrs. Nickleby. 'Aye, and indeed plenty to think about, too. Your uncle has taken a strong fancy to you, that's quite clear; and if some extraordinary good fortune doesn't come to you after this, I shall be a little surprised, that's all.'

With this, she launched out into sundry anecdotes of young ladies, who had had thousand pound notes given them in reticules, by eccentric uncles; and of young ladies who had accidentally met amiable gentlemen of enormous wealth at their uncles' houses, and married them, after short but ardent courtships; and Kate, listening first in apathy, and afterwards in amusement, felt, as they walked home, something of her mother's sanguine complexion gradually awakening in her own bosom, and began to think that her prospects might be brightening, and that better days might be dawning upon them. Such is hope, Heaven's own gift to struggling mortals; pervading, like some subtle essence from the skies, all things, both good and bad; as universal as death, and more infectious than disease.

The feeble winter's sun—and winter's suns in the city are very feeble indeed—might have brightened up as he shone through the dim windows of the large old house, on witnessing the unusual sight which one half-furnished room displayed. In a gloomy corner, where for years had stood a silent dusty pile of merchandise, sheltering its colony of mice, and frowning a dull and lifeless mass upon the panelled room, save when, responding to the roll of heavy wagons in the street with-

out, it quaked with sturdy tremblings and caused the bright eyes of its tiny citizens to grow brighter still with fear, and struck them motionless, with attentive ear and palpitating heart, until the alarm had passed away—in this dark corner was arranged, with scrupulous care, all Kate's little finery for the day; each article of dress partaking of that indescribable air of jauntiness and individuality which empty garments—whether by association, or that they become moulded as it were to the owner's form—will take, in eyes accustomed to, or picturing the wearer's smartness. In place of a bale of musty goods, there lay the black silk dress: the neatest possible figure in itself. The small shoes, with toes delicately turned out, stood upon the very pressure of some old iron weight; and a pile of harsh discoloured leather had unconsciously given place to the very same little pair of black silk stockings, which had been the objects of Mrs. Nickleby's peculiar care. Rats and mice, and such small gear, had long ago been starved or emigrated to better quarters; and in their stead appeared gloves, bands, scarfs, hair-pins, and many other little devices, almost as ingenious in their way as rats and mice themselves, for the tantalisation of mankind. About and among them all, moved Kate herself, not the least beautiful or unwonted relief to the stern old gloomy building.

In good time, or in bad time, as the reader likes to take it, for Mrs. Nickleby's impatience went a great deal faster than the clocks at that end of the town, and Kate was dressed to the very last hair-pin a full hour and a half before it was at all necessary to begin to think about it—in good time, or in bad time, the toilet was completed; and it being at length the hour agreed upon for starting, the milkman fetched a coach from the nearest stand, and Kate, with many adieus to her mother, and many kind messages to Miss La Creevy, who was to come to tea, seated herself in it, and went away in state if ever any body went away in state in a hackney coach yet. And the coach, and the coachman, and the horses, rattled, and jangled, and whipped, and cursed, and swore, and tumbled on together, till they came to Golden Square.

The coachman gave a tremendous double knock at the door, which was opened long before he had done, as quickly as if there had been a man behind it with his hand tied to the latch. Kate, who had expected no more uncommon appearance than Newman Noggs in a clean shirt, was not a little astonished to see that the opener was a man in handsome livery, and that there were two or three others in the hall. There was no doubt about its being the right house, however, for there was the name upon the door, so she accepted the laced coat-sleeve which was tendered her, and entering the house, was ushered up stairs, into a book drawing-room, where she was left alone.

If she had been surprised at the apparition of the footman, she was perfectly absorbed in amazement at the richness and splendour of the furniture. The softest and most elegant carpets, the most exquisite pictures, the costliest mirrors; articles of richest ornament, quite dazzling from their beauty, and perplexing from the prodigality with which they were scattered around, encountered her on every side. The very staircase nearly down to the hall door, was crammed with beautiful and luxurious things, as though the house were brim-full of riches, which, with a very trifling addition, would fairly run over into the street.

Presently she heard a series of loud double knocks at the street-door, and after every knock some new voice in the next room; the tones of Mr. Ralph Nickleby were easily distinguishable at first, but by degrees they merged into the general buzz of conversation, and all she could ascertain was, that there were several gentlemen with no very musical voices, who talked very loud, laughed very heartily, and swore more than she would have thought quite necessary. But this was a question of taste.

At length the door opened, and Ralph himself, divested of his boots, and ceremoniously embellished with black silks and shoes, presented his crafty face.

'I could'nt see you before,' my dear, he said, in a low tone, and pointing as he spoke, to the next room. 'I was engaged in receiving them. Now—shall I take you in?'

'Pray, uncle,' said Kate, a little flurried, as people much more conversant with society often are when they are about to enter a room full of strangers, and have had time to think of it previously, 'are there any ladies here?'

'No,' said Ralph, shortly, 'I don't know any.'

'Must I go in, immediately?' asked Kate, drawing back a little.

'As you please,' said Ralph, shrugging his shoulders. 'They are all come, and dinner will be announced directly afterwards—that's all.'

Kate would have entreated a few minutes' respite, but reflecting that her uncle might consider the payment of the hackney-coach fare a sort of bargain for her punctuality, she suffered him to draw her arm through his and to lead her away.

Seven or eight gentlemen were standing round the fire when they went in, and as they were talking very loud were not aware of their entrance until Mr. Ralph Nickleby, touching one on the coat-sleeve, said in a harsh emphatic voice, as if to attract general attention—

'Lord Frederick Verisopht, my niece, Miss Nickleby.'

The group dispersed as if in great surprise, and the gentleman addressed, turning round, exhibited a

of clothes of the most superlative cut, a pair of whiskers of similar quality, a moustache, a head of hair, and a young face.

'Eh!' said the gentleman. 'What—the—deyvlle!'

With which broken ejaculations he fixed his glass in his eye, and stared at Miss Nickleby in great surprise.

'My niece, my lord,' said Ralph.

'Well then, my ears did not deceive me, and it's not w-a-x work,' said his lordship. 'How do do! I'm very happy.' And then his lordship turned to another superlative gentleman, something older, something stouter, something redder in the face, and something longer upon town, and said in a loud whisper that the girl was 'deyvlsh pitty.'

'Introduces me, Nickleby,' said this second gentleman, 'who was lounging with his back to the fire, and both elbows on the chimney-piece.

'Sir Mulberry Hawk,' said Ralph.

'Otherwise the most knowing card in the par-ck, Miss Nickleby,' said Lord Frederick Verisopht.

'Don't leave me out, Nickleby,' cried a sharp-faced gentleman, who was sitting on a low chair with a high back, reading the paper.

'Mr. Pyke,' said Ralph.

'Nor me, Nickleby,' cried a gentleman with a flushed face and a flash air, from the elbow of Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'Mr. Pluck,' said Ralph. Then wheeling about again towards a gentleman with the neck of a stork and the legs of no animal in particular, Ralph introduced him as the Honourable Mr. Snobb; and a white-headed person at the table as Colonel Chouser. The colonel was in conversation with somebody, who appeared to be a make-weight, and was not introduced at all.

There were two circumstances which, in this early stage of the party, struck home to Kate's bosom, and brought the blood-tingling to her face. One was the flippant contempt with which the guests evidently regarded her uncle, and the other the easy insolence of their manner towards herself. That the first symptom was very likely to lead to the aggravation of the second it needed no great penetration to foresee. And here Mr. Ralph Nickleby had reckoned without his host; for however fresh from the country a young lady (by nature) may be, and however unacquainted with conventional behaviour, the chances are that she will have quite as strong an innate sense of the decencies and proprieties of life as if she had run the gauntlet of a dozen London seasons—possibly a stronger one, for such senses have been known to blunt in this improving process.

When Ralph had completed the ceremonial of introduction, he led his blushing niece to a seat, and as he did so, glanced warily round as though to assure

himself of the impression which her unlooked-for appearance had created.

'An unexpected playture, Nickleby,' said Lord Frederick Verisopht, taking his glass out of his right eye, where it had until now done duty on Kate, and fixing it in his left to bring it to bear on Ralph.

'Designed to surprise you, Lord Frederick,' said Mr. Pluck.

'Not a bad idea,' said his lordship, 'and one that would almost warrant the addition of an extra two and a half per cent.'

'Nickleby,' said Sir Mulberry Hawk, in a thick coarse voice, 'take the hint, and tack it on to the other five-and-twenty, or whatever it is, and give me half for the advice.'

Sir Mulberry garnished this speech with a hoarse laugh, and terminated it with a pleasant oath regarding Mr. Nickleby's limbs, whereat Messrs. Pyke and Pluck 'laughed consumedly.'

These gentlemen had not yet recovered the jest when dinner was announced, and then they were thrown into fresh ecstasies by a similar cause; for Sir Mulberry Hawk, in an excess of humour, shot dexterously past Lord Frederick Verisopht who was about to lead Kate down stairs, and drew her arm through his up to the elbow.

'No, damn it, Verisopht,' said Sir Mulberry, 'fair play's a jewel, and Miss Nickleby and I settled the matter with our eyes, ten minutes ago.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the Honourable Mr. Snobb, 'very good, very good.'

Rendered additionally witty by this applause, Sir Mulberry Hawk leered upon his friends most facetiously, and led Kate down stairs with an air of familiarity, which roused in her gentle breast such disgust and burning indignation, as she felt it almost impossible to repress. Nor was the intensity of these feelings at all diminished, when she found herself placed at the top of the table, with Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht on either side.

'Oh, you've found your way into our neighbourhood, have you?' said Sir Mulberry as his lordship sat down.

'Of course,' replied Lord Frederick, fixing his eyes on Miss Nickleby, 'how can you a-ask me?'

'Well, you attend to your dinner,' said Sir Mulberry, 'and don't mind Miss Nickleby and me, for we shall prove very indifferent company, I dare say.'

'I wish you'd interfere here, Nickleby,' said Lord Verisopht.

'What is the matter, my lord?' demanded Ralph from the bottom of the table, where he was supported by Messrs. Pyke and Pluck.

'This fellow, Hawk, is monopolizing your niece,' said Lord Frederick.

'He has a tolerable share of every thing that you lay claim to, my lord,' said Ralph with a sneer.

'Gad, so he has,' replied the young man; 'deyvie take me if I know which is master in my house, he or I.'

'I know,' muttered Ralph.

'I think I shall cut him off with a shilling,' said the young nobleman, jocosely.

'No, no, curse it,' said Sir Mulberry. 'When you come to the shilling—the last shilling—I'll cut you fast enough; but till then, I'll never leave you—you may take your oath of it.'

This sally (which was strictly founded on fact,) was received with a general roar, above which, was plainly distinguishable the laughter of Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, who were evidently Sir Mulberry's toads in ordinary. Indeed, it was not difficult to see, that the majority of the company preyed upon the unfortunate young lord, who, weak and silly as he was, appeared by far the least vicious of the party. Sir Mulberry Hawk was remarkable for his tact in ruining, by himself and his creatures, young gentlemen of fortune—a genteel and elegant profession, of which he had undoubtedly gained the head. With all the boldness of an original genius, he had struck out an entirely new course of treatment quite opposed to the usual method, his custom being, when he had gained the ascendancy over those he took in hand, rather to keep them down than to give them their own way; and to exercise his vivacity upon them openly and without reserve. Thus he made them butts in a double sense, and while he emptied them with great address, caused them to ring with sundry well-administered taps for the diversion of society.

The dinner was as remarkable for the splendour and completeness of its appointments as the mansion itself, and the company were remarkable for doing it ample justice, in which respect Messrs. Pyke and Pluck particularly signalized themselves; these two gentlemen eating of every dish, and drinking of every bottle, with a capacity and perseverance truly astonishing. They were remarkably fresh too, notwithstanding their great exertions: for, on the appearance of the dessert, they broke out again, as if nothing serious had taken place since breakfast.

'Well,' said Lord Frederick, sipping his first glass of port, 'if this is a discounting dinner, all I have to say is, deyvie take me, if it wouldn't be a good plan to get discount every day.'

'You'll have plenty of it in your time,' returned Sir Mulberry Hawk; 'Nickleby will tell you that.'

'What do you say, Nickleby?' inquired the young man; 'am I to be a good customer?'

'It depends entirely on circumstances, my lord,' replied Ralph.

'On your lordship's circumstances,' interposed Colonel Chouser of the Militia—and the race-courses.

The gallant Colonel glanced at Messrs. Pyke and

Pluck as if he thought they ought to laugh at his joke, but those gentlemen, being only engaged to laugh for Sir Mulberry Hawk, were, to his signal discomfiture, as grave as a pair of undertakers. To add to his defeat, Sir Mulberry, considering any such efforts an invasion of his peculiar privilege, eyed the offender steadily through his glass as if astounded at his presumption, and audibly stated his impression that it was an 'infernal liberty,' which being a hint to Lord Frederick, he put up his glass, and surveyed the object of censure as if he were some extraordinary wild animal then exhibiting for the first time. As a matter of course, Messrs. Pyke and Pluck stared at the individual whom Sir Mulberry Hawk stared at; so the poor Colonel, to hide his confusion, was reduced to the necessity of holding his port before his right eye and affecting to scrutinize its colour with the most lively interest.

All this while Kate had sat as silently as she could, scarcely daring to raise her eyes, lest they should encounter the admiring gaze of Lord Frederick Verisopht, or, what was still more embarrassing, the bold looks of his friend Sir Mulberry. The latter gentleman was obliging enough to direct general attention towards her.

'Here is Miss Nickleby,' observed Sir Mulberry, 'wondering why the deuce somebody doesn't make love to her.'

'No, indeed,' said Kate, looking hastily up, 'I—' and then she stopped, feeling it would have been better to have said nothing at all.

'I'll hold any man fifty pounds,' said Sir Mulberry, 'that Miss Nickleby can't look in my face, and tell me she wasn't thinking so.'

'Done!' cried the noble gull. 'Within ten minutes.'

'Done!' responded Sir Mulberry. The money was produced on both sides, and the Honourable Mr. Snobb was elected to the double-office of stake-holder and time-keeper.

'Pray,' said Kate, in great confusion, while these preliminaries were in course of completion. 'Pray do not make me the subject of any bets. Uncle, I cannot really—'

'Why not, my dear!' replied Ralph, in whose grating voice, however, there was an unusual huskiness, as though he spoke unwillingly, and would rather that the proposition had not been broached. 'It is done in a moment; there is nothing in it. If the gentlemen insist on it—'

'I don't insist on it,' said Sir Mulberry, with a loud laugh. 'That is, I by no means insist upon Miss Nickleby's making the denial, for if she does, I lose; but I shall be glad to see her bright eyes, especially as she favours the mahogany so much.'

'So she does, and it's too bad of you, Miss Nickleby,' said the noble youth.

'Quite cruel,' said Mr. Pyke.

'Horrid cruel,' said Mr. Pluck.

'I don't care if I do lose,' said Sir Mulberry, 'for one tolerable look at Miss Nickleby's eyes is worth double the money.'

'More,' said Mr. Pyke.

'Far more,' said Mr. Pluck.

'How goes the enemy, Saobb?' asked Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'Four minutes gone.'

'Bravo!'

'Won't you ma-ake one effort for me, Miss Nickleby?' asked lord Frederick, after a short interval.

'You needn't trouble yourself to inquire, my back,' said Sir Mulberry; 'Miss Nickleby and I understand each other; she declares on my side, and shews her taste. You haven't a chance, old fellow. Time now, Saobb!'

'Eight minutes gone.'

'Get the money ready,' said Sir Mulberry; 'you'll soon hand over.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Mr. Pyke.

Mr. Pluck, who always came second, and topped his companion if he could, screamed outright.

The poor girl, who was so overwhelmed with confusion that she scarcely knew what she did, had determined to remain perfectly quiet; but fearing that by so doing she might seem to countenance Sir Mulberry's boast, which had been uttered with great coarseness and vulgarity of manner, raised her eyes, and looked him in the face. 'There was something so odious, so insolent, so repulsive in the look which met her, that, without the power to stammer forth a syllable, she rose and hurried from the room. She restrained her tears by a great effort until she was alone up stairs, and then gave them vent.

'Capital!' said Sir Mulberry Hawk, putting the stakes in his pocket. 'That's a girl of spirit, and we'll drink her health.'

It is needless to say that Pyke and Co. responded with great warmth of manner to this proposal, or that the toast was drunk with many little insinuations from the firm, relative to the completeness of Sir Mulberry's conquest. Ralph, who, while the attention of the other guests was attracted to the principals in the preceding scene, had eyed them like a wolf, appeared to breathe more freely now his niece was gone; and the decanters passing quickly round, leant back in his chair, and turned his eyes from speaker to speaker, as they warmed with wine, with looks that seemed to search their hearts and lay bare for his distempered sport every idle thought within them.

Meantime Kate, left wholly to herself, had in some degree recovered her composure. She had learnt from a female attendant, that her uncle wished to see her before she left, and had also gleaned the satisfactory in-

telligence, that the gentleman would take coffee at table. The prospect of seeing them no more contributed greatly to calm her agitation, and, taking up a book, she composed herself to read.

She started now and then when the sudden opening of the dining room door let loose a wild shout of noisy revelry, and more than once rose in great alarm, as a fancied footstep on the staircase impressed her with the fear that some stray member of the party was returning alone. Nothing occurring, however, to realise her apprehensions, she endeavoured to fix her attention more closely on her book, in which by degrees she became so much interested, that she had read on through several chapters without heed of time or place, when she was terrified by suddenly hearing her name pronounced by a man's voice close at her ear.

The book fell from her hand. Loenging on an ottoman close beside her, was Sir Mulberry Hawk, evidently the worse—if a man be a ruffian at heart, he is never the better—for wine.

'What a delightful staidness!' said this accomplished gentleman. 'Was it real, now, or only to display the eye-lashes?'

Kate bit her lip, and looking anxiously towards the door, made no reply.

'I have looked at 'em for five minutes,' said Sir Mulberry. 'Upon my soul they're perfect. Why did I speak, and destroy such a pretty little picture!'

'Do me the favour to be silent now, Sir,' replied Kate.

'No, don't,' said Sir Mulberry, folding his crush hat to lay his elbow on, and bringing himself still closer to the young lady; 'upon my life, you oughtn't to. Such a devoted slave of yours, Miss Nickleby—it's an infernal thing to treat him so harshly, upon my soul it is.'

'I wish you to understand, Sir,' said Kate, trembling in spite of herself, but speaking with great indignation, 'that your behaviour offends and disgusts me. If you have one spark of gentlemanly feeling remaining, you will leave me instantly.'

'Now why,' said Sir Mulberry, 'why will you keep up this appearance of excessive rigour, my sweet creature? Now, be more natural—my dear Miss Nickleby, be more natural—do.'

Kate hastily rose; but as she rose, Sir Mulberry caught her dress, and forcibly detained her.

'Let me go, Sir,' she cried, her heart swelling with anger. 'Do you hear? Instantly—this moment.'

'Sit down, sit down,' said Sir Mulberry; 'I want to talk to you.'

'Unhand me, Sir, this instant,' cried Kate.

'Not for the world,' rejoined Sir Mulberry. Thus speaking, he leant over, as if to replace her in her chair; but the young lady making a violent effort to disengage herself, he lost his balance, and measured

his length upon the ground. As Kate sprung forward to leave the room, Mr. Ralph Nickleby appeared in the door-way, and confronted her.

'What is this?' said Ralph.

'It is this, Sir,' replied Kate, violently agitated: 'that beneath the roof where I, a helpless girl, your dead brother's child, should most have found protection, I have been exposed to insult which should make you shrink to look upon me. Let me pass you.'

Ralph *did* shrink, as the indignant girl fixed her kindling eye upon him; but he did not comply with her injunction, nevertheless; for he led her to a distant seat, and returning and approaching Sir Mulberry Hawk, who had by this time risen, motioned towards the door.

'Your way lies there, Sir,' said Ralph, in a suppressed voice, that some devil might have owned with pride.

'What do you mean by that?' demanded his friend, fiercely.

The swollen veins stood out like sinews on Ralph's wrinkled forehead, and the nerves about his mouth worked as though some unendurable torture wrung them; but he smiled disdainfully, and again pointed to the door.

'Do you know me, you madman?' asked Sir Mulberry.

'Well,' said Ralph: 'The fashionable vagabond for the moment quite quailed under the steady look of the older sinner, and walked towards the door, muttering as he went.

'You wanted the lord, did you?' he said, stepping short when he reached the door, as if a new light had broken in upon him, and confronting Ralph again.

'Damme, I was in the way, was I?'

Ralph smiled again, but made no answer.

'Who brought him to you first?' pursued Sir Mulberry; 'and how without me could you ever have wound him in your net as you have?'

'The net is a large one, and rather full,' said Ralph. 'Take care that it chokes nobody in the meshes.'

'You would sell your flesh and blood for money; yourself, if you have not already made a bargain with the devil,' retorted the other. 'Do you mean to tell me that your pretty niece was not brought here as a decoy for the drunken boy down stairs?'

Although this hurried dialogue was carried on in a suppressed tone on both sides, Ralph looked voluntarily round to ascertain that Kate had not moved her position so as to be within hearing. His adversary saw the advantage he had gained, and followed it up.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he asked again, 'that it is not so? Do you mean to say that if he had found his way up here instead of me, you wouldn't have been a little more blind, and a little more deaf, and a little less flourishing than you have been? Come, Nickleby, answer me that.'

'I tell you this,' replied Ralph, 'that if I brought her here, as a matter of business——'

'Aye, that's the word,' interposed Sir Mulberry, with a laugh. 'You're coming to yourself again now.'

'As a matter of business,' pursued Ralph, speaking slowly and firmly, as a man who has made up his mind to say no more, 'because I thought she might make some impression on the silly youth you have taken in hand and are lending good help to ruin, I knew—knowing him—that it would be long before he outraged her girl's feelings, and that unless he offended by mere puppyism and emptiness, he would, with a little management, respect the sex and conduct even of his usurer's niece. But if I thought to draw him on more gently by this device, I did not think of subjecting the girl to the licentiousness and brutality of so old a hand as you. And now we understand each other.'

'Especially as there was nothing to be got by it—eh?' sneered Sir Mulberry.

'Exactly so,' said Ralph. He had turned away, and looked over his shoulder to make this last reply. The eyes of the two worthies met with an expression as if each rasal felt that there was no disguising himself from the other; and Sir Mulberry Hawk shrugged his shoulders and walked slowly out.

His friend closed the door, and looked restlessly towards the spot where his niece still remained in the attitude in which he had left her. She had flung herself heavily upon the couch, and with her head drooping over the cushion and her face hidden in her hands, seemed to be still weeping in an agony of shame and grief.

Ralph would have walked into any poverty-stricken debtor's house, and pointed him out to a bailiff, though in attendance upon a young child's death-bed, without the smallest concern, because it would have been a matter quite in the ordinary course of business, and the man would have been an offender against his only code of morality. But here was a young girl, who had done no wrong but that of coming into the world alive; who had patiently yielded to all his wishes; who had tried so hard to please him—above all, who didn't owe him money—and he felt awkward and nervous.

Ralph took a chair at some distance, then another chair a little nearer, then moved a little nearer still, then nearer again, and finally sat himself on the same sofa, and laid his hand on Kate's arm.

'Hush my dear!' he said, as she drew it back, and her sobs burst out afresh. 'Hush, hush! Don't mind it now; don't think of it.'

'Oh, for pity's sake, let me go home,' cried Kate. 'Let me leave this house, and go home.'

'Yes, yes,' said Ralph. 'You shall. But you must dry your eyes first, and compose yourself. Let me raise your head. There—there.'

'Oh, uncle!' exclaimed Kate, clasping her hands. 'What have I done—what have I done—that you should subject me to this? If I had wronged you in thought, or word, or deed, it would have been most cruel to me, and the memory of one you must have loved in some old time; but ——'

'Only listen to me for a moment,' interrupted Ralph, seriously alarmed by the violence of her emotions. 'I didn't know it would be so; it was impossible for me to foresee it. I did all I could.—Come let us walk about. You are faint with the closeness of the room, and the heat of these lamps. You will be better now, if you make the slightest effort.'

'I will do anything,' replied Kate, 'if you will only send me home.'

'Well, well, I will,' said Ralph; 'but you must get back your own looks, for those you have will frighten them, and nobody must know of this but you and I. Now let us walk the other way. There. You look better even now.'

With such encouragements as these, Ralph Nickleby walked to and fro, with his niece hanging on his arm; quelled by her eye, and actually trembling beneath her touch.

In the same manner when he judged it prudent to allow her to depart, he supported her down stairs, after adjusting her shawl and performing such little offices, most probably for the first time in his life. Across the hall and down the steps Ralph led her too; nor did he withdraw his hand, until she was seated in the coach.

As the door of the vehicle was roughly closed, a comb fell from Kate's hair, close at her uncle's feet; and as he picked it up and returned it into her hand, the light from a neighbouring lamp shone upon her face. The lock of her hair that had escaped and curled loosely over her brow, the traces of tears yet scarcely dry; the flushed cheek, the look of sorrow, all fired some dormant train of recollection in the old man's breast; and the face of his dead brother seemed present before him, with the very look it wore on some occasion of boyish grief, of which every minutest circumstance flashed upon his mind, with the distinctness of a scene of yesterday.

Ralph Nickleby, who was proof against all appeals of blood and kindred—who was steelled against every tale of sorrow and distress—staggered while he looked, and reeled back into his house, as a man who had seen a spirit from some world beyond the grave.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein Nicholas at length encounters his uncle, to whom he expresses his sentiments with much candour. His resolution.

Little Miss La Creevy trotted briskly through divers
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streets at the west end of the town early on Monday morning—the day after the dinner—charged with the important commission of acquainting Madame Mantalini that Miss Nickleby was too unwell to attend that day, but hoped to be enabled to resume her duties on the morrow. And as Miss La Creevy walked along, revolving in her mind various genteel forms and elegant turns of expression, with a view to the selection of the very best in which to couch her communication, she cogitated a good deal upon the probable causes of her young friend's indisposition.

'I don't know what to make of it,' said Miss La Creevy. 'Her eyes were decidedly red last night. She said she had a head-ache; head-aches don't occasion red eyes. She must have been crying.'

Arriving at this conclusion, which, indeed, she had established to her perfect satisfaction on the previous evening, Miss La Creevy went on to consider—as she had done nearly all night—what new cause of unhappiness her young friend could possibly have had.

'I can't think of any thing,' said the little portrait painter. 'Nothing at all, unless it was the behaviour of that old bear. Cross to her, I suppose? Unpleasant brute!'

Relieved by this expression of opinion, albeit it was vented upon empty air, Miss La Creevy hurried on to Madame Mantalini's; and being informed that the governing power was not yet out of bed, requested an interview with the second in command, whereupon Miss Knag appeared.

'So far as I am concerned,' said Miss Knag, when the message had been delivered, with many ornaments of speech; 'I could spare Miss Nickleby for evermore.'

'Oh, indeed, ma'am!' rejoined Miss La Creevy, highly offended. 'But you see you are not mistress of the business, and therefore it's of no great consequence.'

'Very good, ma'am,' said Miss Knag. 'Have you any further commands for me?'

'No, I have not ma'am,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

'Then good morning, ma'am,' said Miss Knag.

'Good morning to you, ma'am; and many obligations for your extreme politeness and good-breeding,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

Thus terminating the interview, during which both ladies had trembled very much, and been marvellously polite—certain indications that they were within an inch of a very desperate quarrel—Miss La Creevy bounced out of the room, and into the street.

'I wonder who that is,' said the queer little soul. 'A nice person to know, I should think! I wish I had the painting of her: I'd do her justice.' So, feeling quite satisfied that she had said a very cutting thing at Miss Knag's expense, Miss La Creevy had a hearty laugh, and went home to breakfast, in great good humour.

Here was one of the advantages of having lived alone so long. The little bustling, active, cheerful creature, existed entirely within herself, talked to herself, made a confidant of herself, was as sarcastic as she could be, on people who offended her, by herself; pleased herself, and did no harm. If she indulged in scandal, nobody's reputation suffered; and if she enjoyed a little bit of revenge, no living soul was one atom the worse. One of the many to whom, from straitened circumstances, a consequent inability to form the associations, they would wish, and a disinclination to mix with the society they could obtain, London is as complete a solitude as the plains of Syria, the humble artist had pursued her lonely, but contented way for many years; and, until the peculiar misfortunes of the Nickleby family attracted her attention, had made no friends, though brimful of the friendliest feelings to all mankind. There are many warm hearts in the same solitary guise as poor Miss La Creevy's.

However, that's neither here nor there, just now. She went home to breakfast, and had scarcely caught the full flavour of her first sip of tea, when the servant announced a gentleman, whereat Miss La Creevy, at once imagining a new sitter, transfixed by admiration at the street-door case, was in unspeakable consternation at the presence of the tea-things.

'Here, take 'em away; run with 'em into the bedroom; anywhere,' said Miss La Creevy. 'Dear, dear; to think that I should be late on this particular morning, of all others, after being ready for three weeks by half-past eight o'clock, and not a soul coming near the place!'

'Don't let me put you out of the way,' said a voice Miss La Creevy knew. 'I told the servant not to mention my name, because I wished to surprise you.'

'Mr. Nicholas!' cried Miss La Creevy, starting in great astonishment.

'You have not forgotten me, I see,' replied Nicholas, extending his hand.

'Why I think I should even have known you if I had met you in the street,' said Miss La Creevy, with a smile. 'Hannah, another cup and saucer! Now I'll tell you what, young man; I'll trouble you not to repeat the impertinence you were guilty of on the morning you went away.'

'You would not be very angry, would you?' asked Nicholas.

'Wouldn't I!' said Miss La Creevy. 'You had better try; that's all.'

Nicholas, with becoming gallantry, immediately took Miss La Creevy at her word, who uttered a faint scream and slapped his face; but it was not a very hard slap, and that's the truth.

'I never saw such a rude creature!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy.

'You told me to try,' said Nicholas.

'Well, but I was speaking ironically,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

'Oh! that's another thing,' said Nicholas; 'you should have told me that, too.'

'I dare say you didn't know, indeed?' retorted Miss La Creevy. 'But now I look at you again, you seem thinner than when I saw you last, and your face is haggard and pale. And how come you to have left Yorkshire?'

She stopped here; for there was so much heart in her altered tone and manner, that Nicholas was quite moved.

'I need look somewhat changed,' he said, after a short silence; 'for I have undergone some suffering, both of mind and body, since I left London. I have been very poor, too, and have even suffered from want.'

'Good Heaven, Mr. Nicholas!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, 'what are you telling me!'

'Nothing which need distress you quite so much,' answered Nicholas, with a more sprightly air; 'neither did I come here to bewail my lot, but on matter more to the purpose. I wish to meet my uncle face to face. I should tell you that first.'

'Then all I have to say about that is,' interposed Miss La Creevy, 'that I don't envy you your taste; and that sitting in the same room with his very boots, would put me out of humour for a fortnight.'

'In the main,' said Nicholas, 'there may be no great difference of opinion between you and me, so far; but you will understand, that I desire to confront him; to justify myself, and to cast his duplicity and malice in his throat.'

'That's quite another matter,' rejoined Miss La Creevy. 'God forgive me; but I shouldn't cry my eyes quite out of my head, if they choked him. Well.'

'To this end I called upon him this morning,' said Nicholas. 'He only returned to town on Saturday, and I knew nothing of his arrival until late last night.'

'And did you see him?' asked Miss La Creevy.

'No,' replied Nicholas. 'He had gone out.'

'Hah!' said Miss La Creevy; 'on some kind, charitable business, I dare say.'

'I have reason to believe,' pursued Nicholas, 'from what has been told me by a friend of mine, who is acquainted with his movements, that he intends seeing my mother and sister to-day, and giving them his version of the occurrences that have befallen me. I will meet him there.'

'That's right,' said Miss La Creevy, rubbing her hands. 'And yet, I don't know—' she added, 'there is much to be thought of—others to be considered.'

'I have considered others,' rejoined Nicholas; 'but as honesty and honour are both at issue, nothing shall deter me.'

'You should know best,' said Miss La Creevy.

'In this case I hope so,' answered Nicholas. 'And all I want you to do for me, is, to prepare them for my coming. They think me a long way off, and if I went wholly unexpected, I should frighten them. If you can spare time to tell them you have seen me, and that I shall be with them a quarter of an hour afterwards, you will do me a great service.'

'I wish I could do you, or any of you, a greater,' said Miss La Creevy; 'but the power to serve is as seldom joined with the will, as the will with the power.'

Talking on very fast and very much, Miss La Creevy finished her breakfast with great expedition; put away the tea-caddy and hid the key under the fender, resumed her bonnet, and, taking Nicholas's arm, sallied forth at once to the city. Nicholas left her near the door of his mother's house, and promised to return within a quarter of an hour at furthest.

It so chanced that Ralph Nickleby, at length seeing fit, for his own purposes, to communicate the atrocities of which Nicholas had been guilty, had (instead of first proceeding to another quarter of the town on business, as Newman Noggs supposed he would), gone straight to his sister-in-law. Hence when Miss La Creevy, admitted by a girl who was cleaning the house, made her way to the sitting-room, she found Mrs. Nickleby and Kate in tears, and Ralph just concluding his statement of his nephew's misdemeanours. Kate beckoned her not to retire, and Miss La Creevy took a seat in silence.

'You are here already, are you, my gentleman?' thought the little woman. 'Then he shall announce this, and see what effect that has on you.'

'This is pretty,' said Ralph, folding up Miss Squeer's note; 'very pretty. I recommended him—against all my previous conviction, for I knew he would never do any good—to a man with whom, behaving himself properly, he might have remained in comfort for years. What is the result? Conduct, for which he might hold up his hand at the Old Bailey.'

'I never will believe it,' said Kate, indignantly; 'never. It is some base conspiracy, which carries its own falsehood with it.'

'My dear,' said Ralph, 'you wrong the worthy man. These are not inventions. The man is assaulted, your brother is not to be found; this boy, of whom they speak, goes with him—remember, remember.'

'It is impossible,' said Kate. 'Nicholas!—and a thief, too! Mama, how can you sit and hear such statements?'

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, and who had been reduced by the late changes in her affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity, made no other reply to this earnest remonstrance than exclaiming from behind a mass of pocket-handkerchief, that she never could have believed it—thereby most

ingeniously leaving her hearers to suppose that she did believe it.

'It would be my duty, if he came in my way, to deliver him up to justice, said Ralph, 'my bounden duty; I should have no other course, as a man of the world and a man of business, to pursue. And yet,' said Ralph, speaking in a very marked manner, and looking furtively, but fixedly, at Kate, 'and yet I would not, I would spare the feelings of his—of his sister. And his mother of course,' added Ralph, as though by an afterthought, and with far less emphasis.

Kate very well understood that this was held out as an additional inducement to her, to preserve the strictest silence regarding the events of the preceding night. She looked involuntarily towards Ralph as he ceased to speak, but he had turned his eyes another way, and seemed for the moment quite unconscious of her presence.

'Everything,' said Ralph, after a long silence, broken only by Mrs. Nickleby's sobs, 'every thing combines to prove the truth of this letter, if indeed there were any possibility of disputing it. Do innocent men steal away from the sight of honest folks, and skulk in hiding-places like outlaws? Do innocent men inveigle nameless vagabonds, and prowl with them about the country as idle robbers do? Assault, riot, theft, what do you call these?'

'A lie!' cried a furious voice, as the door was dashed open, and Nicholas burst into the centre of the room.

In the first moment of surprise, and possibly of alarm, Ralph rose from his seat, and fell back a few paces, quite taken off his guard by this unexpected apparition. In another moment, he stood fixed and immoveable with folded arms, regarding his nephew with a scowl of deadly hatred, while Kate and Miss La Creevy threw themselves between the two to prevent the personal violence which the fierce excitement of Nicholas appeared to threaten.

'Dear Nicholas,' cried his sister, clinging to him. 'Be calm, consider—'

'Consider, Kate!' cried Nicholas, clasping her hand so tight in the tumult of his anger, that she could scarcely bear the pain. 'When I consider all, and think of what has passed, I need be made of iron to stand before him.'

'Or bronze,' said Ralph, quietly; 'there is not hardihood enough in flesh and blood to face it out.'

'Oh dear, dear!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'that things should have come to such a pass as this!'

'Who speaks in a tone, as if I had done wrong, and brought disgrace on them?' said Nicholas, looking round.

'Your mother, Sir,' replied Ralph, motioning towards her.

'Whose ears have been poisoned by you,' said

Nicholas; 'by you—you, who under pretence of deserving the thanks she poured upon you, heaped every insult, wrong, and indignity, upon my head. You, who sent me to a den where sordid cruelty, worthy of yourself, runs wanton, and youthful misery stalks precocious; where the lightness of childhood shrinks into the heaviness of age, and its every promise blights, and withers as it grows. I call Heaven to witness,' said Nicholas, looking eagerly round, 'that I have seen all this, and that *that* man knows it.'

'Refute these calumnies,' said Kate, 'and be more patient, so that you may give them no advantage. Tell us what you really did, and show that they are untrue.'

'Of what do they—or of what does he accuse me?' said Nicholas.

'First of attacking your master, and being within an ace of qualifying yourself to be tried for murder,' interposed Ralph. 'I speak plainly, young man, bluster as you will.'

'I interfered,' said Nicholas, 'to save a miserable wretched creature from the vilest and most degrading cruelty. In so doing I inflicted such punishment upon a wretch as he will not readily forget, though far less than he deserved from me. If the same scene were renewed before me now, I would take the same part; but I would strike harder and heavier, and brand him with such marks as he should carry to his grave, go to it when he would.'

'You hear?' said Ralph, turning to Mrs. Nickleby. 'Penitence, this!'

'Oh dear me!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'I don't know what to think, I really don't.'

'Do not speak just now, mama, I entreat you,' said Kate. 'Dear Nicholas, I only tell you, that you may know what wickedness can prompt, but they accuse you of—a ring is missing, and they dare to say that —'

'The woman,' said Nicholas, haughtily, 'the wife of the fellow from whom these charges come, dropped—as I suppose—a worthless ring among some clothes of mine, early in the morning on which I left the house. At least, I know that she was in the bed-room where they lay, struggling with an unhappy child, and that I found it when I opened my bundle on the road. I returned it at once by coach, and they have it now.'

'I knew, I knew,' said Kate, looking towards her uncle. 'About this boy, love, in whose company they say you left?'

'That boy, a silly, helpless creature, from brutality and hard usage, is with me now,' rejoined Nicholas.

'You hear?' said Ralph, appealing to the mother again, 'everything proved, even upon his own confession. Do you choose to restore that boy, Sir?'

'No, I do not,' replied Nicholas.

'You do not?' sneered Ralph.

'No,' repeated Nicholas, 'not to the man with whom I found him. I would that I knew on whom he has the claim of birth: I might wring something from his sense of shame, if he were dead to every tie of nature.'

'Indeed!' said Ralph. 'Now, Sir, will you hear a word or two from me?'

'You can speak when and what you please,' replied Nicholas, embracing his sister. 'I take little heed of what you say or threaten.'

'Mighty well, Sir,' retorted Ralph; 'but perhaps it may concern others, who may think it worth their while to listen, and consider what I tell them. I will address your mother, Sir, who knows the world.'

'Ah! and I only too dearly wish I didn't,' sobbed Mrs. Nickleby.

'There really was no necessity for the good lady to be much distressed upon this particular head, the extent of her worldly knowledge being, to say the least, very questionable; and so Ralph seemed to think, for he smiled as she spoke. He then glanced steadily at her and Nicholas by turns, as he delivered himself in these words:—

'Of what I have done, or what I meant to do, for you ma'am, and my niece, I say not one syllable. I held out no promise, and leave you to judge for yourself. I hold out no threat now, but I say that this boy, headstrong, wilful, and disorderly as he is, should not have one penny of my money, or one crust of my bread, or one grasp of my hand, to save him from the loftiest gallows in all Europe. I will not meet him, come where he comes, or hear his name. I will not help him, or those who help him. With a full knowledge of what he brought upon you by so doing, he has come back in his selfish sloth, to be an aggravation of your wants, and a burden upon his sister's scanty wages. I regret to leave you, and more to leave her, now, but I will not encourage this compound of meanness and cruelty, and as I will not ask you to renounce him, I see you no more.'

If Ralph had not known and felt his power in wounding those he hated, his glances at Nicholas would have shown it him in all its force, as he proceeded in the above address. Innocent as the young man was of all wrong, every artful insinuation stung, every well-considered sarcasm cut him to the quick, and when Ralph noted his pale face and quivering lip, he hugged himself to mark how well he had chosen the taunts best calculated to strike deep into a young and ardent spirit.

'I can't help it,' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'I know you have been very good to us, and meant to do a good deal for my dear daughter. I am quite sure of that: I know you did, and it was very kind of you, having her at your house and all—and of course it would have been a great thing for her, and for me too. But I can't, you know, brother-in-law, I can't renounce my own son, even if he has done all you say he has—it's not possi-

ble, I couldn't do it; so we must go to rack and ruin, Kate my dear. I can bear it, I dare say.' Pouring forth these, and a perfectly wonderful train of other disjointed expressions of regret, which no mortal power but Mrs. Nickleby's could ever have strung together, that lady wrung her hands, and her tears fell faster.

'Why do you say "if" Nicholas has done what they say he has," mama?' asked Kate, with honest anger. 'You know he has not.'

'I don't know what to think, one way or other, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby; 'Nicholas is so violent, and your uncle has so much honest composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what Nicholas does. Never mind, don't let us talk any more about it. We can go to the Workhouse, or the Refuge for the Destitute, or the Magdalen Hospital, I dare say; and the sooner we go the better.' With this extraordinary jumble of charitable institutions, Mrs. Nickleby again gave way to her tears.

'Stay,' said Nicholas, as Ralph turned to go. 'You need not leave this place, Sir, for it will be relieved of my presence in one minute, and it will be long, very long, before I darken these doors again.'

'Nicholas,' cried Kate, throwing herself on her brother's shoulder, and clasping him in her arms, 'do not say so. My dear brother, you will break my heart. Mama, speak to him. Do not mind her, Nicholas; she does not mean it, you should know her better. Uncle, somebody, for God's sake speak to him.'

'I never meant, Kate,' said Nicholas, tenderly, 'I never meant to stay among you; think better of me than to suppose it possible. I may turn my back on this town a few hours sooner than I intended, but what of that? We shall not forget each other apart, and better days will come when we shall part no more. Be a woman, Kate,' he whispered, proudly, 'and do not make me one while he looks on.'

'No, no, I will not,' said Kate, eagerly, 'but you will not leave us. Oh! think of all the happy days we have had together, before these terrible misfortunes came upon us; of all the comfort and happiness of home, and the trials we have to bear now; of our having no protector under all the slights and wrongs that poverty so much favours, and you cannot leave us to bear them alone, without one hand to help us.'

'You will be helped when I am away,' replied Nicholas, hurriedly. 'I am no help to you, no protector; I should bring you nothing but sorrow, and want, and suffering. My own mother sees it, and her fondness and fears for you point to the course that I should take. And so all good angels bless you, Kate, till I can carry you to some home of mine, where we may revive the happiness denied to us now, and talk of these trials as of things gone by. Do not keep me

here, but let me go at once. There. Dear girl—dear girl.'

The grasp which had detained him, relaxed, and Kate fainted in his arms. Nicholas stooped over her for a few seconds, and placing her gently in a chair, confided her to their honest friend.

'I need not entreat your sympathy,' he said, wringing her hand, 'for I know your nature. You will never forget them.'

He stepped up to Ralph, who remained in the same attitude which he had preserved throughout the interview, and moved not a finger.

'Whatever step you take, Sir,' he said, in a voice inaudible beyond themselves, 'I will keep a strict account of. I leave them to you, at your desire. There will be a day of reckoning sooner or later, and it will be a heavy one for you if they are wronged.'

Ralph did not allow a muscle of his face to indicate that he heard one word of this parting address. He hardly knew that it was concluded, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely made up her mind to detain her son by force if necessary, when Nicholas was gone.

As he hurried through the streets to his obscure lodging, seeking to keep pace, as it were, with the rapidity of the thoughts which crowded upon him, many doubts and hesitations arose in his mind and almost tempted him to return. But what would they gain by this? Supposing he were to put Ralph Nickleby at defiance, and were even fortunate enough to obtain some small employment, his being with them could only render their present condition worse, and might greatly impair their future prospects, for his mother had spoken of some new kindnesses towards Kate which she had not denied. 'No,' thought Nicholas, 'I have acted for the best.'

But before he had gone five hundred yards, some other and different feeling would come upon him, and then he would lag again, and pulling his hat over his eyes, give way to the melancholy reflections which pressed thickly upon him. To have committed no fault, and yet to be so entirely alone in the world; to be separated from the only persons he loved, and to be proscribed like a criminal, when six months ago he had been surrounded by every comfort, and looked up to as the chief hope of his family—this was hard to bear. He had not deserved it either. Well, there was comfort in that; and poor Nicholas would brighten up again, to be again depressed, as his quickly-shifting thoughts presented every variety of light and shade before him.

Undergoing these alternations of hope and misgiving, which no one, placed in a situation of even ordinary trial, can fail to have experienced, Nicholas at length reached his poor room, where, no longer borne up by the excitement which had hitherto sustained

him, but depressed by the revulsion of feeling it left behind, he threw himself on the bed, and turning his face to the wall, gave free vent to the emotions he had so long stifled.

He had not heard anybody enter, and was unconscious of the presence of Smike, until, happening to raise his head, he saw him standing at the upper end of the room, looking wistfully towards him. He withdrew his eyes when he saw that he was observed, and affected to be busied with some scanty preparations for dinner.

'Well, Smike,' said Nicholas, as cheerfully as he could speak, 'let me hear what new acquaintances you have made this morning, or what new wonder you have found out in the compass of this street and the next one.'

'No,' said Smike, shaking his head mournfully; 'I must talk of something else to-day.'

'Of what you like,' replied Nicholas, good-humouredly.

'Of this,' said Smike. 'I know you are unhappy, and have got into great trouble by bringing me away. I ought to have known that, and stopped behind—I would, indeed, if I had thought it then. You—you—are not rich: you have not enough for yourself, and I should not be here. You grow,' said the lad, laying his hand timidly on that of Nicholas, 'you grow thinner every day; your cheek is paler, and your eye more sunk. Indeed I cannot bear to see you so, and think how I am burdening you. I tried to go away to-day, but the thought of your kind face drew me back. I could not leave you without a word.' The poor fellow could get no further, for his eyes filled with tears, and his voice was gone.

'The word which separates us,' said Nicholas, grasping him heartily by the shoulder, 'shall never be said by me, for you are my only comfort and stay. I would not lose you now, for all the world could give. The thought of you has upheld me through all I have endured to-day, and shall, through fifty times such trouble. Give me your hand. My heart is linked to yours. We will journey from this place together, before the week is out. What, if I am steeped in poverty? You lighten it, and we will be poor together.'

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. From the French of M. Guizot. Translated and Edited, with additional Notes and Illustrations, by the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley. Richard Bently.

George Monk, the first Duke of Albemarle, is the solitary instance of a soldier, or, as he has been more

appropriately called, a scoundrel, of fortune, who by a singular combination of lucky chances has achieved an immortal (if an infamous) name in English history. By his own confession, when he consented to that bloody proscription of his old associates which he had before so solemnly abjured, he was the "arrantest rogue that ever lived"—and we are free to confess that we think the expression exquisitely borne out by every incident of his life, from the day he deserted the king to the day he restored him—from the hour of his first services to the parliament, to that of his last and most disgraceful treason to its cause. Into the circumstances which so completely laid the power of the army at the feet of a man so mean and so contemptible, it is unnecessary for us to enter; since they were in no manner controlled by Monk himself, and can have therefore no share in the determination of his character. They were the work of one whose vices command more respect than Monk's single virtue. It is enough to say that the good luck of his life threw a certain power in his way which required only an enormous stock of rascality to render available to the last and most fatal extent, and this he had no difficulty in supplying. It required nothing more. At no stage of the events which ensued does Monk appear in the character of a powerful or independent agent—of a man who might have used his influence for good as well as evil. It is only by tracking the tortuous course of low, of base, of filthiest intrigue, that we can follow out the sole means he acted with, or discern the only objects he could ever have attained. A baser than he, the great Fox truly said, could not have been scraped out of the lowest ranks of the army he controlled—his only virtue was personal courage—his whole stock of wisdom was reserve and dissimulation—he had not even that common fidelity which distinguishes the most mercenary soldiers to the standard under which they happen for the time to be enrolled—and, for the sake of the darling gold which was his idol, he crowned a life of falsehood and intrigue by laying a nation prostrate at the feet of a vicious monarch, without, as Fox has truly remarked, a single provision in favour of the Cause from which he had derived whatever worldly rank, reputation, or station he enjoyed.

The contemplation of such a character, in our opinion, furnishes few points of instructiveness, and therefore we have looked through M. Guizot's work with little interest. Yet it deserves the praise of a very graceful style, and of much ingenuity of construction—being, as M. Guizot himself calls it, rather an historical study than a book of memoirs—and Mr. Stuart Wortley has appended a vast number of well-informed and interesting historical notes to it, which will certainly give the volume considerable value in the eyes of historical readers.

M. Guizot's political opinions are emphatically those of the *juste milieu*, and therefore we do not wonder to find him characterize the Restoration—where everything was restored save liberty, genius, and virtue—in these words, as—

"A prompt and compendious solution of difficulties,—a refuge from everlasting contentions,—and an inevitable effort for relief from that hopeless flood of folly, knavery, and tyranny, which had imperilled and well nigh overwhelmed the entire fabric of national freedom, whereon the country had expended so much of its peace, and its people of their blood."

In the same kind of *juste milieu* spirit we have these fantastic antitheses attributed to Monk—

"At once both celebrated and obscure, he has linked his name with the restoration of the Stuarts, but has left us no other memorial of his life. One day he disposed, singly, and with renown, of a throne and a people: on those which either precede or follow it he is scarcely to be distinguished from the crowd with which he mingles. He is one of those whose talents and even vices have but a day or hour for the development of their full energy and dominion; yet they are men whom it is most important to study; for the rapid drama wherein they took the leading part, and the event which it was in their sole power to accomplish, can be through them alone made thoroughly intelligible."

The style is equally observable in M. Guizot's remarks on the last remnant of the republican party, where, we may add, his mild zeal for moderate liberty has led him to confuse one of the clearest and most sagacious of the republicans—Scott—with a man whose headstrong obstinacy invariably damaged the republican cause. The government of the "restoration" could discriminate with a more fatal precision. Scott suffered on a scaffold, while Hazelrig was thrust with contempt into a corner.

"The leaders and true representatives of the party were Sir Arthur Haslerig, a rapacious, headstrong, and vainglorious agitator; Scott, almost as vain, and still more blind and obstinate; and some others, dupes as much of their interest as of their faith; ready to domineer whenever they were permitted; and uniting to the love of power and to fanatical opinions, all the ridicule of helplessness, and all the infatuation of legitimacy."

Monk had all the private vices of a soldier of fortune, but M. Guizot uses strange words in describing his irregularities—

"Unrefined tastes, and that *need of repose in his private life*, which usually accompanies activity in public affairs, had consigned him to the dominion of a woman of low character, *destitute even of the charms which seduce*, and whose manners did not belie the rumour which gave for her extraction a market-stall, or even, according to some, a much less respectable profession. She had lived for some time past with Monk, and united to the influence of habit *an impetuosity of will and words* difficult to be resisted by the tranquil apathy of her lover. It is asserted that she had managed, as long since as the year 1649, to force him to a marriage; but this marriage was most certainly not declared till 1653; for a letter from London, the 19th of September in that year, thus announces the news:—'Our Admiral Monk

bath lately declared an ugly common — his wife, and legitimated three or four bastards he hath had by her during his growth in grace and saintship.' The newsmonger had, apparently amused himself with adding to the scandal, for Monk is not known to have had a child older than his son Christopher, Duke of Albemarle after him, and born in the course of this same year, 1653. There is, therefore, reason to believe, that the birth of this son was the motive for the marriage. Monk, besides, had endeavoured to put on that religious appearance which was then indispensable to success; and though little fitted for the hypocritical jargon of the times, thought it at least right to discard from his conduct all irregularities likely to shock the eyes of the saints. It appears certain, in fact, that his wife, in order to persuade him to it, employed, if not the influence of religion, at least the exhortations of its ministers: 'Taking no care for any other part of herself,' says Clarendon, 'she had deposited her soul with some presbyterian ministers.' They asserted the necessity of the marriage; and perhaps employed, to bring Monk to a decision, some of those sermons, whereof his wife, during their union, took care to make use, when she wanted to tire out his resistance. She was one of those somewhat ignoble causes which determined him to the exertion of his superior faculties in a great crisis; and became afterwards, in his elevation, a conspicuous proof of the vulgarity of his tastes and habits."

One of Mr. Wortley's notes gives us a better insight into Monk's domesticities and the sources of the woman's influence over him—

"Her custom was," says Price (Mas. Sel.; Tr. 712), "when the general's and her own work and the day were ended, to come into the dining-room to him (at Dalkeith) in her *treason* gown (as I called it), I telling him that when she had that gown on, he would allow her to say anything. And, indeed, her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it; inasmuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours (the general being alone), have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called. 'Tis easy to conceive what her discourses were, when a woman that had wit enough, and always influence, and sometimes (as it was thought) too much, upon her husband (the theme being so copious too), might safely talk extravagances, in confidence that they would go no farther. Sometimes the general would make bad faces, and seem to be uneasy in hearing her, and oft address himself to me, as if I were to moderate at the act: to whom I have as oft returned, 'Sir, what shall I say? She speaks such unhappy truths, that neither you nor I can gainsay them.' I cannot forget his usual answer. 'True, Mr. Price,' (would he say), 'but I have learned a proverb, that he who follows truth too close upon the heels, will one time or other have his brains kicked out.' His lady usually withdrew before the family was called to prayers, and then I had an opportunity to talk over the same things in softer language (as became me)."

His other vice of miserly money-loving, wherein Mrs. Monk had a taste not less decisive, is alluded to in subsequent notes—

"Monk's love of money has been already noticed (note, p. 37), and these scandalous proceedings on the part of the duchess seem to have been the common talk of the day. Pepys (Diary i. 110) tells us that one

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We regard it as a sacred and sublime truth, that among the various forms in which human energy can influence the minds of others, the poetical faculty contains in itself the best security that it will be nobly and beneficently employed. Bestowed, doubtless, like every similar gift, not as a plaything or ornament, not as a snare or seduction, but as an instrument for purifying and exalting our spiritual being, it seems distinguished from other powers by a peculiar incapability of being diverted from its proper end, or degraded to an unworthy use. Genius or talent in other shapes may but imperfectly reach the deeper-seated sensibilities of the heart and conscience, or may, with comparative indifference, be exerted for good or evil, for happiness or misery. Music, sculpture, painting—powerful always to confer exterior polish—may fail to affect the internal structure of the mind, and even though not terminating in the outward senses, may yet linger in a superficial region of taste and enjoyment, not directly leading to the inner sanctuaries of the soul. Courage and conduct, whether military or political, oral or written eloquence, philosophical subtilty, all of them agents of mighty force to control the destinies and change the character of mankind, have been severally displayed in their brightest excellence, in subserviency to designs of cruelty, corruption, or falsehood. But the power of poetry in its essence implies a combination of moral and intellectual qualities that cannot co-exist in perfection with depravity of heart or perversity of purpose. A facility for uniting melodious numbers to pointed diction or dazzling fancies may be compatible with insensibility to virtue or enslavement to vice: and poets, even of a high order, may be allured to dally too fondly with those affections which, though

laudable within their limits, are vicious in excess. But the higher a poet rises in the scale of his art, the more closely must his tendencies and conceptions conform to that standard of human excellence in which the purer and more heavenly faculties attain a rightful ascendancy. Virtue and poetry are in this indeed identified, that they both involve the predominance of spirit over sense, of the sympathetic over the selfish emotions. It will not follow that the life of the poet is as moral as his lay, or that his works are unstained by error or blemish: for the man and the writer will still be subject to the law of humanity. But the poet, so far as he is a poet, and in those creations in which he chiefly appears a poet, will, in direct proportion to his genius, display the truest susceptibility for those feelings and convictions by which the soul of man is distinguished as a moral spirit.

In obeying the high vocation to which the poet is impelled, it is not necessary that he should prominently put forward the moral purposes which inseparably attend him. In seeking, no doubt, to excite devout or religious feelings, the very nature of his task, the noblest and most arduous that poetry can attempt, implies that its object should openly appear. But it is otherwise in the general prosecution of that scheme of moral amelioration which is next in importance. The poet here has leave to deal with all the feelings of our frame, provided he can so move them as to advance his great design of rendering the hearts of his hearers more obedient to the sway of sympathy and imagination. It is his duty to enlarge and strengthen his influence by choosing a field of interest the most wide and attractive that will permit him to labour for the final objects of his art. The largest combination of literary pleasure and moral culture seems an unailing characteristic of poetry in its most influential form, and therefore, in its highest perfection, as a means of human improvement. The poet, as a pleasing and potent teacher of truth and goodness, will not in this view convey his lessons best by assuming the rod of

Brigham, the king's coachmaker, complained to him that 'Lady Monk' asked him 500*l.* for that place; and she is scarcely ever mentioned either in that Diary or Evelyn's, or by Clarendon or Burnet, without some opprobrious epithet implying avarice and parsimony. To both of these qualities he appears to have given more than a mere negative countenance. Pepys, in the very curious record of times which we have so often quoted, gives us a picture of his way of living a little later, in 1667, when he (Pepys) one day came to dinner, and found the Duke of Albemarle 'with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, (iii. 185). In 1666, he says he hears that the general 'is grown a drunken sot' (iii. 75); but this rumour is indignantly denied by Gumble (p. 469), and wants confirmation. There never certainly were two people less fitted for their sphere than these were for this

'ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.'

In Mr. Leigh Hunt's delightful story of Sir Ralph Esher these characteristics are brought into play with equal force and truth.

It is just to add what little Mr. Wortley can suggest of the favourable, in his inferences from Monk's domestic life and habits—

"Monk himself, whatever might be his more solid qualities, seems to have been endowed with few of those which tell in society. He strikes Pepys, who was apparently no conjuror, as 'a heavy dull man,'—'a quiet heavy man.' (Diary, ii. 136, 259). His wife was 'a plain, homely dowdy.' (Ibid. i. 150). One Troutbeck, conversing with the duke himself on the wonder that Nan Hyde should have become Duchess of York, said there was a greater wonder still, 'that our dirty Besse (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle (iii. 75). Notwithstanding the doubts expressed elsewhere, I must acknowledge that certain legal proceedings in the year 1700 (quoted by Colonel Mackinnon, History of Coldstream Guards, i. 130) seem to prove beyond dispute that her origin and early life were as vulgar as her manners;—that she was really daughter of a farrier in the Savoy,—lived with one Ratford, her first husband, at the three Spanish Gipsies in the Exchange, where she 'sold wash balls, powder, gloves, and such things, and taught girls plain work,'—was sempstress to Monk in 1647,—and married him in that character in 1652. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that his mere practical merits should have failed to bear him up in spite of such disqualifications, and that the court should be said to have been 'weary of my Lord Albemarle' in Dec. 1662 (Pepys, i. 353); or that, when even his public conduct had given rise to much question after the war, it should be reported that he was 'under a cloud,' (iii. 61). It is rather to be taken as an involuntary tribute to his real powers, that in this state of isolation, and thus exposed to incessant ridicule in so many vulnerable points, he should still have been considered a refuge and resource in the moment of danger, almost to the close of his life."

The following, from M. Guizot's text, does not give us an exalted notion of subtle policy or accomplished management on the part of the great Restorer—

"Mrs. Monk, in her reckless mirth, had asked Hugh Peters, who was rich in confiscated wealth, if he was not for a *restitution*; and Little Kit, her son, tormented

with questions and presents, had confessed that one day his father and mother had talked in bed of the king's return. The republicans could shut their eyes no longer. Harry Martin, with whom Monk had considerable intimacy, asked him one day what he meant at last to establish. 'A commonwealth,' said Monk; 'I have always desired it, and desire it still.'—'I ought to believe your excellency,' answered Martin, 'but will you give me leave to tell you a story? It was this: A city tailor was met one evening in the country with instruments of husbandry, and was asked what he was going to do. 'To take measure for a new suit,' he answered. —'What with a spade and pick-axe?'—'Yes, these are the measures now in fashion.' "

M. Guizot concludes thus—

"On the 3d of January, about nine o'clock in the morning, while sitting silently in his chair, he sighed, turned his head aside, and expired. He was a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul; and who deserved a better name than he has left in history, although it has been reproached not wholly without justice.

"He was buried at Westminster, among the tombs of the kings, in the chapel of Henry VII. Charles II. in person, followed the procession. But no monument was raised to his memory, and all that remains is the effigy which was used at his funeral, preserved in a wooden case. His son, Christopher, died childless in 1688."

—and we conclude by thanking Mr. Wortley for the elegance with which he has translated M. Guizot's language, and the spirit of care and correctness with which he has followed up the researches of the illustrious French minister.

RAPP'S EPITAPH.

Here lies my staunchest dog: for seventeen years
He fixed on me to love; his hopes and fears,
Sorrow and joys, were gather'd from my look,
My least of gestures; in a word, he took
My life, and made it his. No little whim
His master had, but grew a law to him
Like one of his own instincts, which, no doubt,
Had amply borne the matchless creature out,
Had he refused a straiter hunting-ground
Than the great hills, and chose, a tameless hound,
Rather to die, indignant, than subdue
His nature to another's will: so true
Of sight, so sure of scent, so swift
Of foot! Yet all this nature, like a gift,
He bore to me entire,—a thing to spurn
Or to accept. Dear servant, what return
Made I for this? Or didst thou really find
No form pleasant as mine, no voice so kind
In the wide world? and when slow age made dull
The glossy hide, and dim the beautiful
Bold eye,—no long, long roving, as before,
Among the moors, no mountain rambles more,—
Lay thy blind head the better for my foot,
And crept my voice, when all beside was mute,
A little in thine ear? My hand felt soft,
And stroked thee soothingly, and brought thee oft
Old Autumn-feelings? What? The heather black.
The fine old broad September suns came back?
My old Rapp, with his feeble paws unstrung
On the warm hearth-rug, dreamed that he was young;
Oh, such a thought would make me laugh for joy
Even while I lay thee here! No cares annoy
The worn-out hunter: in thy narrow cell
Sleep! Famourest of foresters, farewell!

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laudable within their limits, are vicious in excess. But the higher a poet rises in the scale of his art, the more closely must his tendencies and conceptions conform to that standard of human excellence in which the purer and more heavenly faculties attain a rightful ascendancy. Virtue and poetry are in this indeed identified, that they both involve the predominance of spirit over sense, of the sympathetic over the selfish emotions. It will not follow that the life of the poet is as moral as his lay, or that his works are unstained by error or blemish: for the man and the writer will still be subject to the law of humanity. But the poet, so far as he is a poet, and in those creations in which he chiefly appears a poet, will, in direct proportion to his genius, display the truest susceptibility for those feelings and convictions by which the soul of man is distinguished as a moral spirit.

In obeying the high vocation to which the poet is impelled, it is not necessary that he should prominently put forward the moral purposes which inseparably attend him. In seeking, no doubt, to excite devout or religious feelings, the very nature of his task, the noblest and most arduous that poetry can attempt, implies that its object should openly appear. But it is otherwise in the general prosecution of that scheme of moral amelioration which is next in importance. The poet here has leave to deal with all the feelings of our frame, provided he can so move them as to advance his great design of rendering the hearts of his hearers more obedient to the sway of sympathy and imagination. It is his duty to enlarge and strengthen his influence by choosing a field of interest the most wide and attractive that will permit him to labour for the final objects of his art. The largest combination of literary pleasure and moral culture seems an unfailing characteristic of poetry in its most influential form, and therefore, in its highest perfection, as a means of human improvement. The poet, as a pleasing and potent teacher of truth and goodness, will not in this view convey his lessons best by assuming the rod of

the schoolmaster, or the gown of the sage. His secret will be to preserve a seeming community of thoughts and passions with the rest of his race: to borrow his themes and topics from objects and events the most alluring to their minds: and in so doing to lead them insensibly to new perceptions and higher emotions, the result of that wonder-working skill which, by an endless variety and succession of golden links, can connect the meanest things of earth and human life with the sublimest essences of heaven and immortality. The Father of poetry was justly described by a poet and moralist as one,

"Qui, quid sit rectum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit."

"Whose pictured page, with living forms impressed,
In warm imagination's colours dressed,
The right, and fair, and good, will better teach
Than all that Crantor and Chrysippus preach."

The great narrative and dramatic poems which genius has produced, seem to tell the world of nothing but its own business and interests, and yet under every image and incident there lurks an unsuspected lesson in moral advancement more clear and cogent than any that the porch or the cloister could inculcate.

The Muse is permitted even to assume a garb the most dissimilar to that of the professed instructress, and in the disguise of gaiety and merriment, may still discharge her appointed duties. Not inconsiderable is her praise, when, in exercising a mastery over the light and sportive emotions, she moulds them imperceptibly into forms of purity and loveliness. As a religious messenger, intent on conveying peace and truth to a rude people, may outwardly conform to their language and customs, the better to win and change them to his wishes, so may moral wisdom adopt the mask of mirth, and teach the gay to diversify their levities within permitted bounds, and to temper in all things their hilarity with innocence.

Yet an honourable and appropriate purpose is also served by poetry of a cast more directly moral and reflective. The danger is, that a formally didactic poem may repel the disciple by continued calls on his attention, and in general it seems true that poems, avowedly moral, must, in order to please, be either confined within a short compass, or bleuded with a large mixture of incident or description.

In no country, better than in England, has poetry performed her allotted function as a teacher of virtue and wisdom. The names of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Goldsmith, Thomson and Cowper, Crabbe and Wordsworth, afford a proud and instantaneous proof of the assertion. In different forms and degrees, and with reference to various modes of society and character, these mighty masters have delivered the precepts of moral government with a truth and energy expressive of that na-

tional spirit which they have helped to form, and their noble poems, as the faithful record of what nature is and ought to be, will for ever exert a beneficial sway over the minds of men, even when the language in which they sung may have been numbered with the dead.

It were an infinite task to traverse the wide range of usefulness and beauty which would be opened up by a consideration of our great poets in this aspect of their character. But we propose at present to gather from the field of English poetry, and to weave into a very humble wreath, some flowerets of a lowlier kind, which may delight by their hues and fragrance, while they help to reveal the virtues of the generous soil and kindly sky to which they owe their birth.

Scattered through our miscellaneous English poetry, especially of an earlier date, there are a number of smaller and chiefly irregular moral poems, of varying merit and popularity, which deserve consideration as a distinct class. We rather think that they have no precise parallel in the literature of other countries, and they eminently reflect some peculiarities of the English mind. They spring from that serious and sober character, that self-dependent and contemplative disposition, which turns the eye inwards as often as without, and which claims kindred with noble qualities, the love of rural nature and of domestic quiet. The compositions we refer to are often bedewed with sweet sprinklings of fancy, and have almost always a purity of diction which time and change have failed to render obsolete. They are not always distinguished by poetical merit, but they generally present some characteristic feature that gives them an interest. Sometimes they are the effusions of simple minds, grateful for the slender talent of poetry which has been lent them, and pleased to dedicate it to the expression of those earnest thoughts in which they find their sweetest employment. Sometimes they have afforded an occasional refuge to men, who, flying from the weariness of business and publicity, prove the purity of their heart and taste by the retired worship of those ideal graces for which in practical life they have longed in vain. Sometimes they speak the language of those who, having wandered from the path of duty, have forgot the practice though not the love of virtue, but who now in the intervals of passion, or in the returning of the prodigal to his father's house, lift up an humble and mournful hymn to proclaim from sad experience the blessings of that rectitude from which they have too easily departed.

The topics on which these compositions chiefly touch are confined within a limited and uniform sphere. Life and its vanities, death and its certainty; affliction and its uses, prosperity and its dangers; the emptiness of outward advantages, the felicity of a calm and contemplative spirit; the cares of the court and city, the

pleasures of solitude and the country. There is much sameness in these subjects, and when feebly handled they are senseless and insipid. But when they flow sincerely from a sensitive heart, they affect us readily as their authors would have wished, and they tend to preserve in literature a sound and solemn spirit. When tainted by affectation, or defaced by the tame diction and obscure imagery of a more modern mediocrity, they entirely cease to please.

We exclude from this examination poems of more considerable dimensions, and those belonging to a more formal class, such as that of the regular sonnet, otherwise so near akin to the moral compositions we have in view. We shall likewise abstain from referring to those lyrics of a mixed character in which moral reflections are engrafted on the theme of love, or revelry, or some other predominating subject. We shall also pass over those poems which are properly of a sacred and devotional tone, and of which we may hereafter attempt a separate examination. But in drawing these distinctions, we feel that it is neither easy nor necessary to observe the line of division with scrupulous accuracy.

In the task which we now undertake we beg leave to disclaim in ourselves, though by no means to depreciate in others, any pretensions to black-letter precision or minute literary information. We propose to stand in a middle and connecting position between the antiquary and the popular reader, divested if possible of the natural prepossessions and prejudices of both, and endeavouring to promote what is surely an important object, a friendly but discriminating acquaintance with the less familiar literature of our country.

We give, as our earliest example of this kind of composition, two stanzas of "a ditty upon the uncertainty of this life," preserved in a manuscript of the British Museum, and published in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. It appears to have been written about the middle or rather the end of the thirteenth century, and is worth something as a curiosity, if not as a poem.

"Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leavis waxeth bare:
Oft I sigh and mourne sare,
When it cometh in my thought,
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

"Now it is, and now it n' is,
All so it ne'er n' were, I wis:
That many man saith, sooth it is,
All goeth, but Godis will:
All we shall die, tho' us like ill.*

Passing over a century, we notice two little pieces, which have been ascribed, though perhaps groundlessly, to the father of English poetry, to whose great work we owe a debt both of delight and instruction too large in amount to be sensibly affected by the addition or deduction of such trifles. Of the "Good Counsel of

* Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 65.

Chaucer," which contains some germs of beauty imperfectly expanded, the first and last stanza may be inserted.

"Fly from the press,* and dwell with soothfastness:
Suffice unto thy good, tho' it be small:
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Praise hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.
Savourt no more than thee bebove shall.
Readt well thyself that other folk canst read,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

"That thee is sent receive in buxomness:‡
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
Forth, pilgrim, forth, beast, out of thy stall;
Look up on high and thanke God for all.
Wavt thy lusts, and let thy ghost¶ thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread."

The other verses attributed to Chaucer contain a simple and wholesome list of advices for all conditions.

"Go forth, king, rule thee by sapience;
Bishop, be able to minister doctrine;
Lord, to true counsel give audience;
Womanhood, to chastity ever incline;
Knight, let thy deeds worship** determine;
Be righteous, judge, in saying thy name;
Rich, do almous, lest thou lose bliss with shame.

"People, obey your king and the law;
Age, be ruled by good religion;
True servant, be dreadfull† and keep thee under awe;
And thou, poor, lie on presumption.
Inobedience to youth is utter destruction.
Remember you, how God hath set you low,
And do your part as ye be ordained to."

No comparison could be more illustrative and more pleasing than that which has been drawn by Warton, himself a poet as well as the historian of poets, between the premature and solitary rise of Chaucer's genius and the bright and brittle promises of a genial day in an English spring! The truth of the picture cannot be apparent in the limited enquiry which we are now pursuing: but even here we are struck by the dreary barrenness that ensues. Our respect for royalty cannot constrain us to admit as an exception the dull verses attributed to Henry VI., of which the following stanza is much the most tolerable, and, if genuine, is at least remarkable for being perfectly modern in its language and cadence.

"Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay."

Towards the middle of the 16th century there was a rapid and profitable advance in poetical composition. There then sprung up, as Puttenham tells us,†† "a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas

* The crowd.

† Counsel.

‡ Soul.

¶ Respectful.

‡‡ Art of English poetry. Hazlewood's edition. P. 48.

† Indulge thy taste.

‡ Yieldingness.

** Honour.

Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains.' With these eminent names may be associated that of Thomas Lord Vaux, who, at the same period, and probably earlier than Surrey, though in a more simple and vernacular style, contributed something to the refinement of taste and versification in England. The works of this cluster of poets were first published in 1557 in Tottel's Collection, the earliest printed miscellany of poetry in the language, where the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are followed by a number of others of "Uncertain authors," among which are at least two by Lord Vaux. Those poems in this collection, of which the parentage is unknown, seem to extend back somewhat indefinitely in date, for among them is included the "Good Counsel of Chaucer," though under this new title, "To lead a virtuous and honest life."

Wyat's strength seems to lie in his ethical or satirical epistles, which exceed the compass of our present plan. We borrow from him, however, the following irregular sonnet:

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

"Venomous thorns, that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things else consumeth clean
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every wo is joined with some wealth."

To Surrey our poetry owes much, independently of his having first used in England, in his translation of Virgil, that noble form of versification in which Shakespeare and Milton found free and fit scope for their genius, and which at once stimulates and tests the true poet by the high standard of thought and language, which its simple grandeur requires to sustain it. Love, though it may be doubted if it had much share in Surrey's life, is the prevailing theme of his original compositions. But we extract from them the beginning of a little moral poem which suits our purpose. It is written in a pleasing and favourite metre of that day. The title, as in the other cases likewise, seems to be Mr. Tottel's.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

"Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did show so lovely in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled as cause of thoughts did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains oppress'd,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again to live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus, I think the case is very strange,
That man from wealth to live in wo doth ever seek to change."

The compositions attributed to Lord Vaux are of unequal character, but he aimed often at a right mark, though not a high one, and he sometimes hit it. His songs are not unfrequently fortunate in their ideas, neat and natural in their expression, and smooth in their numbers. He seems to have excited the simple wonder of his time by the art of counterfeiting imaginary situations and feelings. His best and most popular piece is entitled by Tottel, "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," a name too limited for its subject, which embraces the more general contemplation of declining years and approaching death. Its dismal imagery supplied Shakespeare with some appropriate fragments of melancholy mirth for his sexton in Hamlet, while engaged in labouring for the dead. The poem has considerable merit. The following verses contain a not unexpressive picture of the encroaching torpor of old age.

"My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

* * * *

"My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

"For reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave off these toys in time.

"The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place."

In what immediately follows, a more striking figure is somewhat roughly delineated. We add, also, some of the concluding verses as best deserve quotation.

"The harbinger of death
To me I see him ride;
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

"A pick-axe and a spade,
Eke and a winding sheet,
A house of clay, for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

"Methinks I hear the clerk
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woful work
Ere nature me compel.

* * * *

"Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

"And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust;
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust."

Without further comment we insert some other extracts from Lord Vaux's moral compositions, taken from the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a Miscellany of which we shall afterwards more particularly speak.

BEING ASKED THE OCCASION OF HIS WHITE HEAD, HE ANSWERETH THUS.

"These hairs, of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast repent, and pray:
They be of death the harbingers
That do prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be."

OF THE MEAN ESTATE.

"The higher that the cedar tree under the heavens does grow,
The more in danger is the top when sturdy winds 'gin blow:
Who judges then the princely throne to be devoid of hate,
Doth not yet know what heaps of ill ye hid in such estate.
Such dangers great, such gripes of mind, such toil do they sustain,
That oftentimes of God they wish to be unkinged again."

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

"When all is done and said, in the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss, that hath a quiet mind:
And clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life in thinking to be spent.

"The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour:
And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay,
Whenas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

"Companion none is like unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech, through thinking few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace.

"Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have,
Wherefore for virtue's sake I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent."

RETHINKING HIMSELF OF HIS END, WRITETH THUS.

"When I behold my bier, my last and posting horse,
That bear shall to the grave my vile and carrion corse,
Then say I, silly wretch, why dost thou put thy trust
In things each made of clay, that soon will turn to dust.

"Dost thou not see the young, the hardy, and the fair,
That now are past and gone as tho' they never were?
Dost thou not see thyself draw hourly to thy last,
As shaft which that is shot at bird that flyeth fast?

"Dost thou not see how death through-smitheth with his lance,
Some by war, some by plague, and some by worldly chance?
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But go'th more swift away than doth the summer shade?

"Lo! here the summer flower, that sprung this other day,
But winter weareth it as fast, and bloweth clean away:
Even so shalt thou consume, from youth to loathsome age,
For death he doth not spare the prince more than the page.

"Thy honse shall be of clay, a clod under thy head;
Until the latter day, the grave shall be thy bed:
Until the blowing trump doth say to all and some,
'Rise up out of your grave, for now the Judge is come.'"

If Lord Vaux's life was a gay one, it must be owned that his lines have, with wonderful success, shown "the counterfeit action" of the lugubrious, though we should hardly say with Puttenham, that he has done it "very lively and pleasantly." If his conversation was like his poetry, he must have played at Court the part of the Consul's Companion in the Roman triumph, and both Henry and his courtiers might have better profited by such lessons.

We return to Tottel's Collection, from which we shall take a few further specimens, believing that the importance of this period, in giving a direction to the sentiments and a shape to the language of poetry among us, may excite interest even where it is difficult to bestow much praise.

THEY OF THE MEAN ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

"Among good things I prove and find
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to* the contented mind
There is no riches to be found.

"I heard a herdsman once compare
That quiet nights he had mo slept,
And had mo merry days to spare
Than he which ought the beasts he kept."

COMPARISON OF LIFE AND DEATH.

"The pleasant years that seem so swift to run,
The merry days to end so fast that fleet,
The joyful nights on which it daw'th so soon,
The happy hours which mo do miss than meet,
Do all consume as snow against the sun,
And death makes end of all that life begun.

"If man would mind what burdens life doth bring,
What grievous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what pangs, what perils thereby spring,

* Compared to.

† Owned.

With no sure hour in all his days to sit:
He would sure think, as with great cause I do,
The day of death were better of the two."

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF.

"Why fearest thou the outward foe,
Where thou thyself thy harm doth feed?
Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,
Within each thing is sown the seed.

"So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron beat;
But th' one consumed was with moth,
T'other with canker all to-fret.

"The knotty oak and wainscot old
Within doth eat the silly worm;
Even so a mind in envy rolled,
Always within itself doth burn.

"Thus every thing that nature wrought,
Within itself his hurt doth bear;
No outward harm need to be sought
Where enemies be within so near."

ON THE VANITY OF MAN'S LIFE.

"Vain is the fleeting wealth
Whereon the world stays,
Since stalking time by privy stealth,
Encroacheth on our days.

"And eld which creepeth fast
To taint us with her wound,
Will turn each bliss into a blast
Which lasteth but a stound.*

"Of youth the lusty flower,
Which whilom stood in price,
Shall vanish quite within an hour,
As fire consumes the ice.

"Where is become that wight,
For whose sake Troy town
Withstood the Greeks, till ten years fight
Had rased their walls adown?

"Did not the worms consume
Her carrion to the dust?
Did dreadful death forbear his fume
For beauty, pride, or lust?"

We find ourselves here again in the death's-head school of poetry, of which the last verse may have too rank an odour for the polite nostrils of modern days. We learn that among Tottel's contributors we should include the poet *Churchyard*, to whom, as far as the name goes, the most doleful of these ditties might be fittingly ascribed. Their funereal solemnity comes oddly from that courtly company to whom they are attributed. What a different collection would have proceeded from the courtly makers of other reigns!

In compliment to the second writer of English blank verse we shall include among our extracts from Tottel, before closing them, some lines of Nicholas Grimoald, in commendation of Friendship.

"Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend;

* An hour.

Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain.

When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when friends owe thee good-will.

What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to find,
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the secrets of thy mind?

He waileth at thy wo; his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth all he joys enjoy, so lief a life is led.
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to be:
In absence, present; rich in want; in sickness sound:
Yea, after death, alive mayst thou by thy sure friend be found."

It seems to have been quite gratuitous in Grimoald, who was an ecclesiastic, and could scarcely be a married man, to insert in another of his couplets on this subject an unhandsome reflection on the matrons of the age, which might be used, however, to raise a laugh against the husbands.

"Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find;
O that the wives in these our days were to their mates so kind."

The *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, "aptly furnished with sundry pithy and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometime of Her Majesty's Chapel; the rest by sundry learned gentlemen both of honour and worship," was published in 1576. It contains, as may already have been inferred, rather too much of the cypress and yew to be a very delicious Eden; and its ivies and myrtles are not of a much livelier cast. We should say, indeed, that the love-songs in it are rather duller than the dirges. We select a part of one piece, already printed by Percy and by Ellis, which seems to us to be well versified, and in the last verse to possess considerable stateliness both of style and sentiment. The author, whose initials are M. T., is not certainly known.

*"Man's fitting life finds surest stay
Where sacred virtue beareth sway.*

"The sturdy rock for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain.
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke.

* * *

"Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste:
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

"But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides."

It deserves our approving notice that the poetical collections, of which we have now spoken, contain scarcely a word or thought which could bring a blush into the purest cheek either of these times or of our own.

It would be difficult to find two compositions with any similarity of name and purpose, so amazingly contrasted with each other as the *Georgics* of Virgil and the *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* of Thomas Tusser, Gentleman. In the one we see poetry in all its power and beauty employed to adorn and elevate the art which it professes to teach; harmony of numbers, dignity of diction, fertility of invention, tenderness of sentiment, sublimity of thought. In the other we see nothing of the Poet's skill except the simple device of easy rhythm and homely rhyme, intended rather to aid the memory than to delight the ear, every thing else being left on the level of the most pedestrian prose. Yet Tusser's verses were not without use in the formation of the English mind; and it may be said in his praise, that "sure the Eternal Master found the single talent well employed." The qualities of good sense, good morals, simplicity and sincerity, should never be without their reward. The mixed lessons which he inculcates of hospitality and thrift, sobriety and cheerfulness, attention to this world and care for the next, were well calculated to please the taste and confirm the virtues of the honest yeoman for whom they were designed, and might help, in humble minds, to prepare the way for higher sentiments and better poetry on similar themes. We shall venture to extract a few moral verses from one of the unconnected chapters of which his work is composed. We may remark in passing that, in the scansion of his lines, Tusser is considered to be remarkably correct according to the pronunciation of his day. His poem was originally published in 1557, but was considerably expanded in subsequent editions. He died a very old man in 1580.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

"The lands and the riches that here we possess
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;
But lent us of him as his talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold?

"God maketh no writing that justly doth say
How long we shall have it—a year or a day;
But leave it we must, (howsoever we leave),
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve.

"To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how and how suddenly few be that know;
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,
To cover this carcass of all that we have?"

From George Gascoigne, once so warmly admired, and then so thoroughly forgotten, whose *usurp'd youth* was redeemed by a sober manhood, and, as an *eyewitness* tells us, by "a godly and charitable end,"

we could borrow several things which deserve praise, and might afford pleasure. His minor poems, all smoothly and easily written, have something of fancy, and much of good feeling. They show a gradual advance in taste and polish, as applied to popular poetry, on which those qualities seem better bestowed than on the cold raptures and forced fictions of Petrarchan love. Gascoigne's lullaby to his youthful passions is ingeniously conceived, though unequally executed. It flows with a somewhat sweet and slumberous melody. Take, for example, the first verse:—

"Sing lullaby, as women do,
(Wherewith they bring their babies to rest;)
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best,
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be stilled with lullaby."

His *Good-Morrow* and *Good-Night* are both of them meritorious compositions, infected, indeed, with the vulgar disease of running an analogy for ever on all fours, whether it will or no; but probably not on that account the less popular with the million. Though averse to separate what their author intended for companions, we must, from considerations of space, confine ourselves to the quotation of one of these pieces, and shall give the preference to the "*Good-Night*," as encroaching least on the department of psalmody. Gascoigne, we may observe, died in the prime of life, in 1577.

GASCOIGNE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

"When thou hast spent the lingering day
In pleasure and delight;
Or after toil and weary way
Dost seek to rest at night;
Unto thy pains or pleasures past
Add this one labour yet;
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast,
Do not thy God forget.

"But search within thy secret thought
What deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find amiss in aught,
To God for mercy call.
Yea, tho' thou find no thing amiss
Which thou canst call to mind,
Yet ever more remember this,
There is the more behind.

And think how well soe'er it be
That thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee,
So to direct thy way.
Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds,
And pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,
And thine shall be the gain.

"But if thy sinful sluggish eye
Will venture for to wink
Before thy wading will may try
How far thy soul may sink:
Beware and wake, for else thy bed,
Which soft and smooth is made,

May heap more harm upon thy head
 Than blows of enemies' blade.
 Thus if this pain procure thine ease
 In bed as thou dost lie,
 Perhaps it shall not God displease
 To sing thus soberly.

I see that sleep is lent me here
 To ease my weary bones,
 As death at last shall eke appear
 To ease my grievous groans.
 My daily sports, my paunch full fed,
 Have caused my drowsy eye;
 As careless life, in quiet bed,
 Might cause my soul to die.

"The stretching arms, the yawning breath
 Which I to bedward use,
 Are patterns of the pangs of death
 When life will me refuse.
 And of my bed each sundry part
 In shadows doth resemble
 The sundry shapes of death whose dart
 Shall make my flesh to tremble.

"My bed itself is like the grave,
 My sheets the winding-sheet,
 My clothes the mould which I must have
 To cover me most meet.
The hungry fleas which frisk so fresh,
 To worms I can compare,
 Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh,
 And leave the bones full bare.

"The waking cock that early crows
 To wear the night away,
 Puts in my mind the trump that blows
 Before the latter day.
 And as I rise up lustily
 When sluggish sleep is past,
 So hope I to rise joyfully
 To judgment at the last.

"Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,
 Thus will I hope to rise,
 Thus will I neither wail nor weep,
 But sing in goodly wise.
 My bones shall in this bed remain,
 My soul in God shall trust,
 By whom I hope to rise again
 From death and earthly dust."

We may be excused for here adding, as another specimen of Gascoigne's poetry, a part of a dramatic chorus, in his *Glass of Government*, a "Tragical Comedy," intended, it is said, to expose the prevailing errors of education. These lines are probably the first example in the language of this species of composition.

"When God ordain'd the restless state of man,
 And made him thrall to sundry grievous cares,
 The first-born grief or sorrow that began
 To show itself was this: to save from snares
 The pleasant pledge which God for us prepares:
 I mean the seed and offspring that he gives
 To any wight which in the world here lives.

"Few see themselves, but each man seeth his child,
 Such care for them, as care not for themselves;
 We care for them in youth when wit is wild;
 We care for them in age to gather pelf.
 We care for them to keep them from the shelf
 Of such quick-sands, as we ourselves first found
 When heady will did set our ships on ground."

Our next quotation shall be from Robert Green, best known as a dramatic writer, who was born about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been the first English poet that wrote for bread, and it has been observed, that his life thus forms "a melancholy epocha in the history of our literature." But is this justly said? Is that a melancholy era at which poetical talent came to be employed as the means of supporting its possessor? Such a change seems rather to cast a gloomy hue upon the times that preceded it; as implying either that the public had previously been unwilling to give bread for poetry, or that poetry had never arisen where there was a want of bread. On either supposition, when properly followed out, we must infer a striking deficiency in social culture. Who would desire to see in this respect a retrograde movement, or to confine poetical composition to "courtly makers" or men of fortune? Who is it that longs for the time when poets shall cease to write, and to write better than they would otherwise do, either simply for bread, or for better bread than they would otherwise eat? Poor Green, however, diminished by his vices and follies both the honour and advantage of his laudable exertions for a livelihood. Yet he seems, in the midst of dissipation, to have preserved some purity of taste, and tenderness of feeling. The following lines are not without smoothness and elegance.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

"The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare.
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

The last line of these verses suggests a well known popular poem, of which the composition seems referable to this or to an earlier period. "My mind to me a kingdom is," the song to which we now refer, appears to have been printed and familiarly known some years prior to 1590. Its author is undiscovered, and is apparently beyond the reach of conjecture. It was a favourite subject of imitation in its own day, and has been often since inserted in poetical collections with a high degree of praise. It is certainly in its own department a remarkable composition, and reflects credit on the infancy or adolescence of English popular poetry. The commencement, if now deprived of the charm of novelty, is strong and impressive; and several of the lines or stanzas throughout are neatly expressed: smoothly constructed, and diversified by some variety of point and metaphor. Yet the leading idea of the poem, such as it is, is not expanded with much fertility.

of thought, or skilfulness of management. The same things are repeated with needless iteration, and the brief and sententious phrases employed, while they interrupt the flow of melody and feeling, are often strung together without any natural tie of connexion or congruity. The prevalence of this fault may be apparent from the circumstance that different editors have differently arranged a good number of the stanzas, without its being easy to tell that the true order has been materially violated. We insert such verses of it as we think best deserving of attention.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Tho' much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look, what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

"I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

"Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, tho' much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

"I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

"I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

"My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I."

If it were fair to subject a composition of this popular kind to very serious criticism, or if it deserved such a tribute to its importance, a graver objection to this piece, as to others of a similar character, might be found in the general coldness of its temperature, connected with the fallaciousness of the sentiments involved in it.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,"

has a lofty and imposing sound, and seems the prelude to a proud display of the noblest enjoyments and richest resources of mental perfection, scarcely agreeable, indeed, to that humility which best becomes a human creature. But the progress of the poem is not suitable to its outset. The regal entrance, by which we at first approach, proves, after all, to be the porch to a cottage. It is found that the only particulars in which the mind resembles a kingdom, or is enabled to afford its possessor such perfect joy, are the subjugation of troublesome appetites, and the absence of external objects of interest to ruffle its serenity. No reference is made to the enjoyment of any positive pleasure, to the indulgence of any social emotion, or the discharge of any active duty. This is surely a poor view of that noble domain, the mind of man, and it is not a poetical one. Indifference to human affections implies a low tone, both of poetry and morality, as there can be neither praise nor sympathy without virtuous exertion or strong emotion. It must be confessed that several poems of the class we are now considering are pitched upon this under key, and seem merely to represent virtue as implying the negation of vice, and to place the only security from criminal indulgence in the retrenchment of natural passion. Some minds may find their best refuge in this retreat from active life, but they ought to announce their preference with the humility of those who have been forced to fly where it was their duty to fight. In a world of creatures of kindred origin and constitution with ourselves, a proud exultation in a state of mere quiescence, unaffected by the innumerable variations of fortune and feeling occurring around us to demand our sympathy, is nothing else than a refined selfishness, unattainable, indeed, in our actual condition, and not desirable if it could be attained. Such voluntary separatists from the natural union of the human family might be addressed in lines, somewhat resembling, in homely plainness, the productions of the school which we are now considering:—

" 'My mind to me a kingdom is'—
No longer urge that swelling strain,
For who can hope the praise is his,
A monarch o'er himself to reign?

"Nor boast that thus in cold content
Thou bear'st a calm and careless mind;
Nor deign'st to laugh or to lament
For joys or sorrows of thy kind.

"Such lonely life may lurk apart,
Unreached by tainting passion's stain;
And what was once a human heart
May lose the touch of human pain.

"But heavy is the blame he bears
Who, flying vice, flies virtue too:
Whose fields, devoid of corn or tares,
Lie barren in his Maker's view.

"And greater bliss it were to groan,
With all whose sufferings ask a sigh,
Than, thus congealed to conscious stone,
Unwept, unweeping, live and die."

Our next object of selection, "The Soul's Errand, or the Lie," has had its due share of controversy and perhaps of commendation. It has often been ascribed to Raleigh, and was at one time supposed to have been written by him the night before his execution. What authentic instances there are of poetical composition in so awful a situation we shall not pause to enquire; but we should be in general disposed to ascribe them less to magnanimity than to desperation, or the love of effect. Certain we are that, in such moments, a man should be more intent on examining himself than on condemning his fellow-creatures, and should be too much occupied with the mysterious scene on which he is entering, to rail at the world from which he is taking his departure. But all speculation as to the probability or propriety of such a poem being composed by this great man, in such circumstances, is here excluded by the facts. Raleigh perished in 1618, and Mr. Ellis observed that the poem appeared in "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody" ten years before. Recent critics, however, have somewhat pertinaciously clung to a similar idea, with the modified suggestion, that the poem might possibly have been written by Raleigh "the night before he *expected* to have been executed" in 1603. But it appears that the poem can be traced, if not to print, at least to paper, ten years even before that date, so that this new possibility becomes again impossible. We must, therefore, be content to abandon entirely this romantic account of its origin, and either betake ourselves to some other theory, or submit to leave the matter in obscurity. Mr. Ellis has rather rashly assigned the composition to the silver-tongued Sylvester, on no better ground than that his editor has kidnapped and disfigured it by including it with some wretched additional stanzas in the collection of his poems in 1641. Ritson attributes it to Francis Davison, in whose "Rhapsody" the earliest printed copy of it is found. But in the "Rhapsody" are collected the compositions of various authors, some by name and some anonymously, and there is no special reason for ascribing this poem to Davison, whose signature is not affixed to it as it is to other pieces of his acknowledged composition. Mr. Campbell enquires whether the "Soul's Errand" is not the same poem with the Soul's Knell or "Soul Knil" of Richard Edwards, which Gascoigne mentions in one of his prefaces, and which he ridicules simple readers for supposing to have been written "in extremity of sickness." This theory would remove its date to a period prior to 1567, the year of Edwards's death, which seems scarcely admissible. If it were so, it is singular that so remarkable a poem should not be found in print long before the publication of the Rhapsody in 1601, while, on the other hand, it is equally singular if the "Soul Knell," which is mentioned by more than one early writer as well known and as having been "commended

for a good piece," should not now be at all extant. Were we to indulge in a very diffident conjecture as to this last question, we should suggest that Edwards's "Soul Knell" might be found in the pleasing little piece beginning

"Oh death, rock me on sleep,
Bring me on quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast."

The burden of this song is certainly favourable to the supposition.

"Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful *knell*,
Let the sound my death tell,
For I must die.
There is no remedy,
For now I die."

The manuscript of this dirge is said to bear the appearance of having been written about the time of Henry VIII., and it has been thought to have been composed either by, or in the person of, Anne Boleyn; while Mr. Ritson, with little apparent reason, has ascribed it to George, Lord Rochford, the brother of that unhappy princess. It seems possible that it may have been composed by Edwards, who, in 1561, was appointed master of the singing-boys in Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, and may, in compliment to his mistress, have written it in the person of her mother. Its composition has eminently the appearance of having proceeded from a practical vocalist, while it corresponds, more nearly than any other piece we remember, with the now unattached title of Edwards's once celebrated "Soul Knell." The "Soul's Errand" appears to us to indicate a considerably later date as well as a different style.

Dismissing these unsatisfactory speculations, let us return to an examination of the poetical merits of the composition which has given rise to them. The "Soul's Errand" has received a very high commendation from a very high authority. "The 'Soul's Errand,'" Mr. Campbell has said, "by whosoever it was written, is a burst of genuine poetry. I know not how that short production has ever affected other readers, but it carries to my imagination an appeal which I cannot easily account for from a few simple rhymes. It places the last and inexpressibly awful hour of existence before my view, and sounds like a sentence of vanity on the things of this world, pronounced by a dying man, whose eye glares upon eternity, and whose voice is raised by strength from another world."

This is noble criticism if it were justly bestowed. But we confess that we greatly question its soundness. The critic seems to have been duped by his own poetical genius conspiring with an indulgent taste, and to have discovered in this composition that sublime and those solemn features which are the appropriate

characters of the subject, but which, we fear, are but feebly and defectively expressed in the attempted representation of them. Here it is, perhaps, that a poet is found to be most fallible as a judge, if, at any time, by accidental associations or relaxed attention, the spirit of sound and searching criticism is biassed in its decisions, or its vigilance laid asleep. The suggestion to a poet's mind of a poetical situation or sentiment has in itself the effect of poetry, and gross deficiencies in taste and execution may escape his observation, if his excited feelings and conceptions overpower his faculties of judgment and comparison. He sees, then, in the subject of his criticism, not what the work truly is, but what it might be. He clothes the dead and dull skeleton that is presented to him with the vigour and warmth of life, and mistakes the images of his own fancy for the creations of the performance before him, which has merely roused them from their sleeping-places in his soul. This result is most likely to occur in the case of unpretending and sketch-like productions, which disarm the severities of censure by not appearing to challenge a high place in poetical reputation. It will be further facilitated as to those compositions which have the charm of antiquity on their side, and are likely to have been first presented to the mind while its susceptibilities of pleasure were greater than its experience or penetration. We readily admit that the first stanza of the "Soul's Errand" is elevated and striking; whether we conceive it to be the poet's idea that he was then infusing his spirit into this dying address to the world, or adopt the bolder view that he was delivering a command to his soul itself to visit men after its separation from the body, and denounce their deceptions. The last verse also, or at least the last couplet, has some vigour and dignity, but these are associated with mean expressions, and a feeble conceit. The intermediate verses, might, some of them, make tolerable prose, but can scarcely be said to contain much poetry, while many of them are not merely commonplace, but stupid. No calm or unprejudiced critic, we think, would be startled either by the glaring eye, or by the supernatural voice of a dying man, in reading the following very middling stanzas.

"Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

"Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

"Tell them that brave it most.
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;

And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

* * * * *

"Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

"Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth:
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie."

It seems to need no ghost, nor any man about to become one, to tell us most of these things; and they are often so tamely expressed, that we might suspect they were not all the production of the same author who conceived the idea, and composed the first stanza of the poem. But, in truth, the writers of that time seem to have been incapable of retrenching the weak and unequal things which most poets must sometimes write. They had not learned "the last great art of all, the art to blot." They had no idea, that in the poetical litter, it was generally best to destroy a large proportion of the progeny; but seem to have looked with a parent's partiality on even the most rickety of the productions to which they had once given birth. The poem now before us, like many others, would be greatly improved by abridgement; and, familiar as it must be to our readers, we take the liberty of inserting it in the curtailed shape in which a maturer judgment might perhaps have originally presented it to the public.

"Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

"Go, tell the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

* * * * *

"Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love, it is but lust,
Tell time, it is but motion,
Tell flesh, it is but dust,
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

* * * * *

"Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom, she entangles
Herself, in overwiseness.
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

* * * * *

"Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay;
 Tell friendship of unkindness;
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

* * *

"So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Altho' to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill."

We believe that we have now reached the point at which, for the present, we should pause. The extracts we have given exhaust, according to the objects of our plan, the period previous to 1590, the most important era in the history of English poetry. In that year appeared the "Fairy Queen," the brightest effulgence of moral poetry that ever rose on the world, and at whose light the meaner beauties of the sky must have paled their ineffectual fires. The "Fairy Queen" will be for ever felt and admired by all who can feel or admire poetical truth and beauty; but the genius of its author cannot be fully appreciated except by comparing his work with those of his predecessors, and ascertaining its immeasurable superiority over every thing that his country had yet produced. The only type of Spencer's spirit is to be found in "Sackville's Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates;" but highly as we must estimate that composition, it yet detracts little from the infinite praise of Spencer's varied and sustained powers. Whether as a repository of the richest poetical language, or as a monument of the noblest faculties of intellect and imagination, the Fairy Queen equally demands our wonder and our love, in a degree which can only be surpassed by our reverence for the solemn and sublime purposes which were to its author as the muse of his inspiration. Let us be forgiven, however, if we intercede for the poets who preceded Spencer to obtain a milder judgment than if Spencer had already written; and let us not be thought too bold in behalf of the humbler class of whom we have now been treating, if we claim for them the praise of being the harbingers of the great moral poet, to announce his possible approach, and to prepare for him in the breasts of his countrymen a wider and a warmer welcome. We can scarcely regard it here as an indifferent consideration, that for nearly half a century the popular poetry of England had shown a character so earnest and serious, and so faithful to the laws of our spiritual nature. We shall not ask whether, in any circumstances, Spencer could have descended to the levities of Ariosto; but we may be allowed to doubt whether he would have been encouraged to string his pure and virtuous lyre at all, except in a country where the hearts of men were already attuned to better strains than those of luxury or love. The importance of po-

pular poetry in connexion with political feeling has often been noticed: its influence in fostering and diffusing poetical compositions of a higher class than itself is at least equally conspicuous. The floating songs and simple stanzas that are in the mouths of children and uneducated persons, are as the elements of poetical thought and feeling that lead them gradually on to higher attainments than they could otherwise reach. They are often the seeds from which the poetical faculty itself springs up, in lonely and neglected minds, with as much luxuriance, and nearly as much beauty, as in those which have been visited by regular cultivation. The remarks we have now made apply with the same force to the appearance of Shakspeare's poetry as to that of Spencer's. He, too, perhaps, needed the assurance of being extensively loved and understood before he could be excited to pour forth with such boundless profusion those maxims and sentiments of moral wisdom and beauty which exalt his dramas above even the sublime oracles of the Greek Chorus. The appearance of Spencer and Shakspeare within a year or two of each other bears the strongest testimony to the advance that had been made in the materials of literary taste, and to the solid character, and lofty spirit of that country which produced them with such powers, and inspired them to use those powers with so true a reference to the duties and destinies of mankind.

We shall take another opportunity of following out the subject of this essay, by collecting some of the most pleasing compositions of the minor moralists who appeared subsequently to the era with which we have now concluded.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE CABINET AND THE COUNTRY.

Three years ago Lord Brougham sent the Melbourne Cabinet into the world with the brand of "The Incapables" on its forehead. Among all changes of principle and practice, they have been true to their title. They intended nothing; they were capable of nothing; and they have fulfilled both their intention and their capacity. The country has gone on without them. They are no more responsible for its movements than the barnacles on the ship's bottom are responsible for the ship's course. The business of the barnacles is to cling where they have been once stuck on, and their instinct is to repel any force that would scrape them off. The Cabinet have the same business, and the same instinct, and no more. They would perhaps, like the barnacles, have some sense of inconvenience, if the ship were to be bulged against the rocks, or broken up by utter rottenness; but, like them, they will only follow their

natural impulse in clinging to it, while there is a plank together, and in sucking that plank while they live.

That this is wholly a new condition of a British Government we perfectly acknowledge; that the individuals composing this Government are utterly helpless, trifling and ridiculous, we suppose no man of any kind of observation in the country doubts in the slightest degree; and that this state of public matters has been suffered to go on merely through the patience of the public, and the singular leniency of the national protectors in Parliament, is, we take it for granted, wholly undeniable by any man who knows his right hand from his left. Another point is equally to be taken into consideration. The Cabinet is not more frivolous as a body, than impotent in its members. The broadest glance cast over British history can absolutely find nothing so destitute of all the qualifications for the government of empire. A brilliant and bold ambition has sometimes dazzled the nation into the endurance of bad men and bad measures; superior eloquence, and the art of persuading great assemblies, has often bewildered the nation; a character for honest public intentions, sanctioned by private decency of life, has raised and kept many a man of mediocrity in high station; even the habit of being known as the client of a popular and generous line of politics has had its effect. Thus the Walpoles, Chathams, Foxes, hazardous as they were, and even the Liverpools, simple and stagnant as they showed themselves in the midst of the most glowing impulses of the most glowing times, and, last and not least, the slipperiness of Canning, were more than tolerated; nay, in some instances, exact the same retrospective homage from the national memory, with which we look upon the sword and armour of some great champion, hung above his tomb; or fix our eyes on the fiery line in the horizon, which tells us that there the sun has set. But the Melbourne Cabinet have discovered another source of distinction which, if few may desire to rival, none can hope to exceed. *They are contemptible.* Their feebleness is so completely beyond all controversy, that they have the double advantage of being supposed incapable of mischief, and of exciting commiseration, in every instance where they are attacked. Sir Robert Peel against Lord John Russell! Why every sense of common humanity enlists itself on the side of the little victim querulously writhing in the grasp of the powerful Opposition leader. Lord Melbourne against Lord Lyndhurst! Was there ever such painful inequality. When the great Law Lord rises to inflict the lash upon his nerveless and frightened opponent, however justice may command severity, every feeling of compassion longs to save the startled culprit from the scourge, which, like the knout, may extinguish his public existence at a blow. We have, of course,

no wish to touch upon the mysteries of high men and things. But if those scenes occurred in China, caricature might amuse itself richly with the burlesque of the Chief Mandarin. Not the possession of the "blue button, and the peacock's feather,"—not bowing Mandarins, and Tartars kissing his feet—not even the exclusive ear of the sitter on the imperial cushion could save him from being consummately laughed at. Of the multitude of trifling, unpurposed, and shallow speakers who figure so disastrously before the people of England, the Premier with all his accomplishments, probably ranks among the worst; he is certainly the worst who ever attempted the part of a leader of the Cabinet. After his first half-dozen sentences, he becomes wholly confused, evidently loses all sequence of thought, blunders from one folly to another, and after a helpless discharge of the most unhappy verbiage, either drops into silence, from mere powerlessness of saying any thing, or attempts to cover his retreat by falling into a ridiculous passion. On the other hand, Lord Lyndhurst's force, combined with his calmness, his full and palpable knowledge of every subject on which he treats, his easy mastery of language, and that language often enriched by allusions of classic elegance, render him one of the most accomplished of living speakers. But he can cut deep. His castigation of O'Connell, when that truculent bully ventured to come into the House of Peers, probably with the hope of overawing him, the resistless contempt with which he lashed the fellow, and the summary justice with which he actually forced him to take flight, are still remembered by the House as among the public services of the noble Lord, and have sunk into the memory of O'Connell as among the bitterest debts of that sweeping vengeance which cankers his heart. In the hands of such a man imbecility can only fret and foam. But it is when Lord Brougham makes the assault that the condition of the Premier becomes utterly pitiable. Brougham pays no attention to those etiquettes which restrain execution in the hands of Lord Lyndhurst. His style is trenchant, fierce, and desperate. He darts upon his prey like a vulture, and is not content with striking it down; he tears and gnaws; he turns it over in every direction, and strikes again wherever a vestige of life or vulnerability remains. Even the noble Lord's eccentricity gives him additional power in this species of conflict; like the bird of the churchyard, he fights better on his back than on foot or wing, and plies the beak and the claw to the last with remorseless fury, and never finishes while there is a wound to be given, or a feather to be torn away.

But leaving the Cabinet *en masse* to the scorn which its impotence deserves; if we enquire what has been done by its individual members, we only descend from its general usefulness to personal inanity. If we ask what has that man of the red ribbon and "all the loves,"

the Foreign Secretary, done, since his unhappy fixture on the public purse, we can find nothing but a list of public failures, resulting from a policy in direct contradiction to all the old established maxims of England, and that contradiction resulting from the new-fangled deference of an English ministry for the power of the rabble leaders at home. We thus have as the *memorabilia* of the noble lord the blockade of Holland; the Anglo-Spanish expedition; the Turkish diplomacy; the Greek instalments; the American boundary negotiation; the negotiation with France on the infamous seizure of Algiers; the negotiation with Spain and Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade. If all these were not failures, we demand the evidence of success in any one of them.

From the Foreign Secretary we turn to the Colonial. There the single word "Canada" is more than enough. The infinite dulness that could not see rebellion preparing year after year; the infinite tardiness that so long pondered about sending out the force which was so imperiously necessary; the infinite foolery which suffered such a personage as Lord Durham to go out as "the *peacemaker*," attended with such guardians of public interests, and such examples of personal conduct, as the Turtens, Wakefields, and Duncombes. Such are a few features of the Secretary's achievements in a single branch of his office. But we leave the Morpheus of the Cabinet to his poppies.

What exhibition has the Home Secretary made of his fitness for power? Has there been a single bill of the session which has not been either given over to the Opposition to correct into the capability of public use, or been trampled under foot by them? Has he had a will of his own for an hour together? Has he been able to bring a single measure of Government into action but by the sufferance of Sir Robert Peel; and is he not at this moment a puppet, pulled alternately by the strings of the Irish faction at his back, and the Opposition in his front. As for the remainder of his coadjutors they are fit to draw on the Treasury once a quarter, and that is the sum total of their capacities.

But how long is this system of *negations* to go on? How long can England endure to see eleven five thousands a-year given to the necessities of eleven luminaries of this order? How long are those men to be suffered to sow the seed of their Whig-Radicalism in every spot of office at home, in every colony, in every regiment, in every ship; to turn all public employment into a Whig retaining fee, and fasten upon the nation, in the form of well paid pauperism, the dregs of worthless partisanship? Will Europe give us time for the quiet process of this experiment? Will America give us time? No. What says Russia? Follow your worthless policy, for it is my profit; but interfere with my projects in the east or the west, and

then look to the consequences if you dare. Is it not notorious, that while our Ministry are thus doing nothing at home, and England is looking on with a mixture of contempt and amazement, Russia is arming on every frontier, building vast fleets, and in the midst of the most profound peace, and without a rival to fear, is calculating on the conquest of countries, of which fifty years ago she had scarcely heard the name? Is it not notorious that France is openly calculating on the possession of the whole northern coast of Africa before our face, a possession which would seal up the Mediterranean from us, as Russia has sealed up the Euxine? Is it not notorious that America is making an iniquitous demand for the surrender of that vast territory which, lying between New Brunswick and the St. Lawrence, seals up the mouth of that great communication between our Canadian empire and the ocean?

But all this is done because the attention of the Cabinet is employed on Ireland. So say the defenders of the Premier and his colleagues. Ireland must first be pacified; you must first let us soothe the Agitator, and satisfy the Irish Papist, and then—The Greek Calends will be an early date for the arrival of that day. We say unhesitatingly that this hope of settlement is an absurdity. Or, that if the Cabinet believe that any arrangement for the peace of Ireland will be valid with Popery for a moment beyond its own convenience in breaking through that arrangement, we must hold the Ministerial intellect in still more condign scorn.

We ask, what have the Ministry ever been able to fix, or the nation to gain, in the negotiations with the Agitator and his tribe? To talk of the utter vileness of Papist politics is wholly superfluous. But while he remains the acknowledged regulator of our public measures, the master of our public men, the lord of British council, those things invest his opinions with an importance which makes their perfidy an object of public peril. It will be found that, in all the great points in dispute between Irish faction and national safety, the Papist has contradicted himself in the most unhesitating manner; that the most solemn pledge of to-day has not prevented the most contemptuous denial to-morrow; that to-day, on his knees, swearing to one opinion before the legislature, he feels himself fully at liberty to harangue a mob against that opinion within the next twenty-four hours, and that, for the pledge and for the denial, he has but "one discoverable motive."

We shall give only a few examples, but they are wholly unanswerable. The Agitator is now furious against the Irish Poor-Law. He was once its equally furious advocate. In 1831 he thus addressed Dr. Doyle, the Popish Bishop. "My lord, you have convinced me. Your pamphlet on the necessity of making a legal provision for the poor of Ireland has con-

pletely convinced me. * * * I readily acknowledge that you have done more. You have alarmed me, lest in the indulgence of my own selfishness as a landholder, I should continue the opponent of him who would feed the hungry and enable the naked to clothe themselves." The approach of a Poor-Law subsequently startled the Irish Papists, and O'Connell backed out for two years. Another convenient turn comes; his Cabinet think proper to throw out a tub to the whale, and he shifts about again; assembles his Trades' Union, and moves "for the appointment of a committee to wait on Lord Morpeth, in order to ascertain the views of Government on the subject of the Poor-Laws, and to aid in the arrangement of that question in a manner most likely to avoid all mischief," &c. &c.

Against the provision for the Romish Clergy Mr. O'Connell is now as furious as he is against the Poor Law. In 1837, at the meeting of his Dublin Association, he thus declared his *sic volo, sic jubeo*. "I speak here in the presence of many revered Catholic Clergymen, and I think I only speak their sentiments when I say that we will never consent to the payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy by the State." A Popish priest, here echoing the cry, and declaring that he and his brethren would rather beg than be pensioners of the State, Mr. O'Connell proceeded to say, "that he felt he was not mistaken in the sentiments of the Romish Clergy," and pointing to a Romish Bishop, declared that "his venerable friend, the Bishop, would rather lay down his head on the scaffold than consent to the Catholic Clergy receiving a salary out of the taxes of the country." The Bishop nodded assent. Mr. O'Connell proceeded, "the whole Catholic priesthood are against the measure, and what is more, if they were for it, the Catholic body would not allow them to accept it." (Cheers.)

Yet what was this man's language in 1825?—"Daniel O'Connell, called in and examined before the Committee of the House of Commons—(March 1.) "I think it would be unwise in Government, if emancipation were carried, and until it was carried they would not accept of a provision, to leave them unprovided. And I think it would be extremely wrong to give them any part of the revenues of the present Church Establishment, and that they would not accept of it. But I think a wise Government would preserve the fidelity and attachment of the Catholic Clergy by what I call the golden link, the pecuniary provision."

In the Committee of the Lords, March 11, in answer to the question, "Would the Popish Clergy accept of the provision?" Mr. Daniel O'Connell's answer was distinctly, "I have no doubt whatever that they would accept the provision as accompanying emancipation."

It is only to be remarked that his pledges were given before emancipation, and that the denials came after it! But this is the case with the whole of the pledges and

denials of Popery. Promises cost it nothing to make, because they cost it nothing to break. All is for "the good of the church," and the more solemn the pledge the more merit in the infraction!

But the grand object is spoil. The language of insulted rights and injured sensibilities is merely for the multitude, whose ears require to be tickled by metaphors. The tithes, the acres, the easy transmission of the clerical property into the pockets of indigent patriotism, are the true prize, the grievance that presses into their Hibernian recollections, the fond tribute which robbery and rebellion in all lands long to collect, in honour of liberty, and for the comfort of their own empty purses. To a call of this order what highway will not return a congenial echo? What hovel, where villany festers and riots throughout the day, to burn and murder through the night, will refuse the soft vibration? What most brutish and criminal portion of a savage populace will not give its sacred pledge, knife in hand? The system is now in the act of being propagated round the whole wild circumference of Ireland. The cliffs and caverns of Innishowen, well known as the most lawless district of the country, the virtuous and enlightened district of Innishowen, notorious for the haunt of smugglers and the manufactory of contraband whiskey, is the spot from which the latest martyr has raised his voice in the great cause. A meeting of the whiskey distilling rabble was held in the beginning of the month, to proclaim "the national horror of the new Tithe Bill." That bill is now law. But the enlightened patriots of Innishowen are not to be dictated to on such subjects, and they have been too long accustomed to settling the law in their own way, to be taught it now by the legislature. The immediate object of rabble sympathy was an individual who, having been a soldier, and from a soldier having become a Popish priest, is now desirous of figuring as an agitator. At a dinner, held after the meeting, this man's grievances were made the theme, in a health "to the soldier, the patriot, the scholar, the gentleman, and now the *Tithe Victim*," followed by the tune of the "Minstrel Boy." The Minstrel Boy accordingly rose, overflowing with sensibility, indignant for his injured country, proud of his incarcerated self, and avowing his "determination" against tithes, with his advice to the landlords to follow his example. All men can perfectly comprehend the advantage of keeping money in their pockets, which they have promised to pay to others, and we have no doubt that the whole body of the Popish peasantry will fully coincide in the conscientious propriety of refusing to pay any body, including the landlords as well as the church.

But a graver example remains; the soldier and priest may be left to the confusion of ideas generated by his double profession and his dinner, but what are we to say of the formal and voluntary declaration of his ec-

clesiastical superior? This person, whom the journal in question calls the Right Reverend Dr. M'Laughlin, Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese (Donegal), after the usual tirade,—“congratulated the meeting on uniting to proclaim their *eternal hatred to tithes*, and their fixed determination *never* to desist from legal and constitutional agitation, until in name and substance they *have done away with that bloodstained impost!*” (Cheers.) “He rose,” he said, “for the purpose of proposing as a toast the sentiment given by that *immortal* Prelate, Dr. Doyle, *now no more*. ‘May their hatred of tithes be as lasting as their love of justice.’”

What can be more abominable than all this? The whole body of the Romish clergy have, a dozen times over, declared, in the most solemn, public, and spontaneous manner, that they would conscientiously obey the law for the protection of the Establishment; their bishops especially had pledged themselves to avoid all public excitement on the subject; and this was the bargain made at the time of the emancipation. The oath of every Papist in Parliament, whether Peer or Commoner, since 1829, is,—“I do swear that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by law; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly *abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment*, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear that I *never will exercise any privilege* to which I am, or may become entitled, to *disturb or weaken the Protestant religion*, or Protestant Government in this kingdom; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any *evasion*, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever.

‘Now, after this oath, and the speeches of such men as we have just given, what can be done with the Papist? Prelate, priest, and layman have bound themselves by the oath of their parliamentary representatives; for it was on that condition only that emancipation was given. No remonstrance was made against the oath on the Papist part at the time, and it was, in fact, the chief “security” which they themselves had offered some years before. If there is meaning in words, the Papists are bound, both in and out of Parliament, *never* to disturb or weaken, much less to rob the Establishment. The refusal to pay their tithes is palpably the intent to destroy the Church, for unless its ministers can live by it, the Establishment can never see another generation. What is the necessary conclusion, but that such men are not to be bound by oaths. And what is the next conclusion, but that they must be stripped of all means of doing public mischief by exclusion from all public power.

On these points all disguise is at an end. In the de-

bate on Mr. Ward’s radical motion, for “appropriation (July 2,) Mr. O’Connell spoke out, and gave the answer which we have been giving for him since the first mention of the subject. He daringly declared that the total abolition of tithes in Ireland, was the *only* measure which Popery would accept; that the “appropriation” of a surplus to induce an acquiescence in the payment of tithe was a price which the Irish people would no longer suffer. “For his part he never knew Ireland *in such danger*. If something were not done to satisfy the people, collision, he *feared* (!), would take place. The insurgents might indeed be defeated, but blood and misery would follow still.” He further declared that the people were *now* meeting in tens and twenties of thousands, going straight to the point, demanding the entire abolition of tithes. “I vote against the motion,” said the Agitator, “that I may carry out its principle of appropriation, not partially, but fully. In England and in Scotland the tithe is paid to the clergy by the people; in Ireland by a small part of the people. The Catholics outnumber the Protestants by more than five millions and a half.

And this is the man who solemnly swore at the table of Parliament that he would not in any way whatever injure or disturb the Established Church. Yet here we have him the unblushing advocate of its utter robbery, and, by consequence, of its inevitable ruin. And those Roman Catholics who meet to threaten England by the suggestion of their factious priests and other villains, are the men who have pledged themselves a hundred times to abstain religiously from the slightest injury to the Protestant Church. As to their feeling the tithe a grievance, this is but another of the lies that faction and Popery perpetually spread. It is not known to every Papist in Ireland that *he is not* the payer of the tithe? Is it not notorious, that even so late as the beginning of the present century, nineteenth-tieths of the land of Ireland were Protestant property; that there was scarcely an instance of a Roman Catholic in possession of land, almost the whole gentry of Ireland being Protestant, while the peasantry alone were Papist? Who of them virtually pays the tithe? not the Papist peasant who has no land, but the Protestant gentleman who has. If, since the last twenty years, Roman Catholics have begun to purchase land, they have purchased it liable to tithe, and have got it so much the cheaper for the liability. The Papist peasant rents his acres so much the cheaper for the tithe. He perfectly well knows that he has to pay it when he takes these acres, and he is even so far from feeling any reluctance to taking them thus, on the score of his religion, that he notoriously prefers them to land tithe-free, and this from the equally notorious fact, that *while* he must pay the landlord more for the latter, and the landlord will make him pay to the last shilling, he *can* in most instances harass the clergyman or excite his

compassion into remitting a large part of his just demand. Yet we hear continually the same fraudulent fallacy repeated, that the Papist is the payer of what not one Papist in ten thousand ever has paid, and "that his conscience is hurt by supporting a Church which he does not support." When do we find him shrinking with a righteous sensibility from the taking of tithe lands? Never; he actually takes them in preference to all others. And this gross falsehood and virulent folly is poured into the national ear, night by night, and it is upon the testimonies of men capable of using statements at once so mischievous and so shallow, that the nation is called on to abolish Protestantism in Ireland.

We next have Mr. Shiel proclaiming the "peril of Ireland." How long is it since this man and his abettors proclaimed its tranquillity? "Lord Mulgrave had conciliated, smoothed down, and softened every thing." Never had the wheels of the state machine run on such level ground before. The magnanimous mercy of the noble Lord, guided by the legislative wisdom of the general "pacificator," had gone forth establishing a new era in the land.

"Major sæculorum volvitur ordo."

The hills and valleys of Irish turbulence had been taught to smile, the voice of discord had subsided into a whisper, and all was the promise of one great political jubilee; and, upon the strength of those tidings, Lord Mulgrave comes over and is made a Marquis! Mr. O'Connell takes the draft of the Queen's speech from the hand of his Cabinet of menials and indorses it with "tranquillity," and the whole tribe, in the new livery of loyalty, bring the offering of "a people's heart" to the coronation!

And what now is declared to be the truth? Why, that every syllable of this paradisaic description was false—that, while they pronounced Ireland to be calmness itself, it was boiling with rage—that, when the word "tranquillity" was written, it ought to have been written, not with ink, but with blood—and that, instead of the subsidence of the troubled waters in that soil of insurrection, a catastrophe more sweeping than any of its old inflections was hurrying on by the hour—that, not merely the horizon was clouded, or the tide swollen, but that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the land on the point of being submerged. Let us hear Mr. Shiel, one of those orators at whose lips the silver trumpet was once most silvery. "I think," he exclaims, "that you are now speaking of Ireland as in a state of perfect tranquillity. You should remember that, for the last six years, Ireland has been agitated." (Loud ironical cheers from the Opposition.) . . . "Ireland is in a state of extreme confusion! And, if the Right Honourable

Baronet (Peel) in 1835 admitted that it would be impossible to collect the arrears of tithe, and offered a million of English money to pay the arrears, has the evil since sunk into such insignificant dimensions? No. I call on you to legislate with a view to the actual state of the country. You have said you are giving a great bonus to the landlords. I contend that you are charging them 75 per cent, for *not one fraction* will they be able to recover from their tenants in various parts of Ireland."

And this rabble disdain of the legislature, this insult to the law, and this rebellious determination to pay neither clergyman nor landlord, is the work of conciliation on the holy five millions and a half of the sons of Papistry! And these are the men whose representatives we are to receive as our law-makers—whose pledges we are to admit whenever it suits their purposes to give them—and whose promises we are to see broken on the most essential points of national existence—and have no other remedy than in shrugging up our shoulders and begging of them to make more.

And is England come to this? Proud, powerful, honest England!

But the malignity of the faction is not left to surmises. In the late meeting at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell pronounced that Lord Howick, "whose name, he further declared, ought to be written in letters of gold, had declared the most liberal and comprehensive views on the question of the Irish Church." He further pronounced that "the Tithe bill had passed with no good feature but the 25 per cent—a mere bite out of the cherry, and the buying off of the arrears. The bill was most unsatisfactory, and he took it as a mere instalment." He then came to language which we are persuaded that no man but Mr. O'Connell would use, or could use with impunity:—

"The minority in the Commons was too large against us, and the House of Lords was too *dishonest* to afford us any *hope* of justice. The course against Ireland was decided at Apsley House, with the *odious Duke of Wellington* in the chair—that man without a single virtue—that *most ludicrous of mankind*."

Having thus bemired the man who made such sacrifices to bring him and his fellows into parliament; that fatal concession, without which we should have seen those abominable ruffians either sunk in the obscurity suited to their talents, or suffering the punishment due to their crimes; this man pours out his whole gall in an appeal to the rabble:—

"There is now," says he, "*no chance of amelioration for Ireland*. The Ministry are unable to obtain reform; and the Tories are determined to go backwards, and *take from the Irish much of what they possessed*. Under such circumstances, *to whom should they appeal?* What could the Throne, the Ministry,

and the Lord-Lieutenant do to right them? No! they had no extrinsic aid. *They should rely on themselves!*" Concluding with the old watchword:—

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves *must strike the blow!*"

It happens, by a curious coincidence, that we are furnished with a running commentary on the Agitator's style, by a brother agitator. On the principle of the old proverb, Mr. Roebuck is precisely the man "to catch" Mr. O'Connell. We thus leave the hired agent of the *Liberals* of Canada to translate for the British public the true meaning of the hired agent of the Irish priests. Mr. O'Connell, especially sensitive to the charge of poltroonery, having attempted, in one of his speeches, to throw the failure of the Canadian rebels on their embarking in open hostilities, the little Canadian Agent thus tears the disguise off the Man of the Rent. "Papineau and the rest were guilty of holding seditious meetings, and forming military companies, spite of the executive." So says the instrument of Father McHale. "Now pray," replies Roebuck, "who set them the example of holding meetings in spite of the executive? 'Ah but,' you answer, 'I never called together military companies!' This, Sir, allow me to say, is *miserable skulking*. Have not the meetings held by you been deemed so dangerous that they were put down by act of Parliament? Why were they dangerous? Do you suppose that it was the mere Irish rhetoric that overflowed at these meetings that created alarm? You and your brother orators might have harangued till doomsday had you not got together multitudes, and excited passions that portended actual outbreak—*rebellion*, or, if it please you more—*revolution*! Have I not heard you, times beyond number, say, 'We are seven millions?' Have I not heard significant allusions made to those Scottish broadsword 'which won a national church for Scotland?' Did all those sayings mean nothing but peace? Was there no threat lurking beneath? Did not every man who heard you know that you threatened violence? Again, your ready answer is—'Ay, but I never was guilty of it!' But if actual outbreak be a crime the threat is a crime also; and although you may fortunately have eluded the fulfilment of your threat you are *no less a criminal*."

Mr. Roebuck then quotes one of the debates on the Coercion Bill. The cry of 'Order, order,' having risen on some outrageous expressions from O'Connell, he exclaims, 'We are seven millions,' &c., 'are we tamely to submit? No, sir. We will not submit—we will resist this atrocious, this Algerine enactment. (Cries of order, order.) Sir, I am not out of order. I am speaking on behalf of my country—of Ireland, upon which you have trampled for seven centuries, but upon which you shall trample no longer.' Here a member rose to order: 'The hon. and learned Member for Dublin is threatening the House, and is, I submit,

out of order, and violating the rules of this House.' Mr. O'Connell (with a sudden lowering of his voice and affected humility of manner), *'threats I have used none. I should never dream of using threats to Englishmen.'* (Roars of laughter from all parts of the House, and cries of oh! oh!) "Is not this a faithful picture of what has often occurred in the House of Commons, to say nothing of your Irish effusions?"

The conclusion of the letter settles the question at once of the Irish Agitator and the English Cabinet. "In 1833 your language to the Canadians would have been different. At that period you did not rule over Ireland; *an obsequious Cabinet did not gratify your personal vanity at the expense of your country and ours.* * * * But now times are changed. Ireland, indeed, has not better laws now than then; but Mr. O'Connell and Mr. O'Connell's friends are favoured by the existing Ministry. The burning patriots have tasted of the good things which patronage offers, and the fever of their indignation has cooled. Their country still suffers, but they are prosperous gentlemen. England complains, but Mr. O'Connell and his friends are *comfortable*. * * * In short, *the price* of your support has been discovered; it is being duly paid by the Government, and you are daily earning your *very honourable Ministerial wages*. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"J. A. ROEBUCK.

"August 4."

If we wanted fuller evidence of the fallacy of the Mulgrave tranquilizers, we have the evidence of irresistible facts. Thus we have Lord Brougham, in his speech on the Irish Poor-Law Bill (July 9), stating, that it is wholly impossible to believe those protestations. "He had been led to believe," said he, "that there never had been a condition of the country so complete, prosperity so unbroken—such undisturbed peacefulness as reigned over the kingdom of Ireland under the Government of my noble friend (Mulgrave.) But what was his astonishment to receive such letters as those which he would read to their Lordships, and which came from a strong supporter of the Government. In one of these the writer said, 'I am quite disheartened and disgusted with the state of the people of Ireland. I am astonished at the change which has taken place among them during the few years that I have been absent; for now the whole country is disturbed by dangerous and desperate assassins, against whose outrages the law is completely powerless.' (Hear, hear.) What hope, then, had the Government of pacifying them by a Poor-Law Bill? Why, if they gave them in addition a *Municipal Bill*, and another for the *total abolition of tithes*, it would not have the smallest effect upon them. I have had also another letter," said Lord Brougham, "in which it is stated

'You can scarcely conceive the desperate state of this country. The fact is, that no man's life is worth an hour's purchase, and a reign of terror is established which every one feels, and is alarmed at.' And yet if rewards of L.1000 were offered," observed his Lordship, "they would be of no avail, for the parties were afraid to prosecute. Within the last ten days, contrary to the general testimony presented to their Lordships about the tranquillity of Ireland, Mr. O'Connell, who had extraordinary influence in that country, and who would not admit the fact—who would not feel inclined, from his political and personal feelings, to express it, were it not wrung from him by truths too palpable not to be generally admitted—Mr. O'Connell declared Ireland to be in a state of the greatest excitement, nearly bordering on insurrection. He said that Ireland was in a most dangerous state, and that he was not sure but that the holding up of a finger would cause a revolt, in which 10,000 men would join. We believe that the 10,000 was a mere mistake of the reporter; for ten times the number would be the more probable amount, and it will be ten times that too if we leave Ireland in the hands of Popish faction for a twelvemonth longer." So much for his Lordship's facts. But we must beg leave to decline adopting his remedy. What is that remedy? Having gained nothing but disturbance by concession, let us go on conceding. Having only inflamed the insolence of faction by submitting to its demands, we must now try to subdue it by submitting still more abjectly to still more exorbitant demands. Having given Popery the power of attacking the Church, let us lower its hostility by giving it the power of trampling on that Church. But this eccentric peace-maker pushes his discovery still farther, and exhibits his grand politico-theologico-statistico panacea, in the shape of—what? A salary, from the public purse, for the Romish priesthood. "Let your Lordships," said the noble and learned Lord, "pass the Tithe Bill, the Irish Corporation Bill. But there is one thing more, without which all will be fruitless. There must be a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. I would say to them, 'One priest shall have L.100 a-year, another L.150, a bishop L.300, an archbishop L.450, or some such amounts! I would say, here is the money. Will you take it? You have opposed this provision, you have not forfeited your *consistency*, you still retain the confidence of your flocks, but here is the money, a grant from Parliament, and after this, though not in the habit of indulging in predictions, he felt satisfied that all the priesthood would immediately come into terms." We are rather less than his lordship in the habit of indulging in predictions, but we are perfectly safe in predicting to him that his panacea would be received by the whole Popish clergy as a direct insult; that it would be thrown in the noble

legislator's teeth without delay, and that he would have reason to rejoice that the Pope was not paramount, nor the priest the minister of the scaffold. He himself seems to have some qualms as to the reception of his offer. "Such a step," says he, "might at first be disagreeable to the priests; they might be annoyed at it; agitate, address their lordships, by petition, deprecate any provision from the Government, and declare that they would not receive a penny; but he would not mind that."

Happy as this conception of their sincerity is, his lordship would find himself totally mistaken in the results. That neither he nor any man of common experience could rely on the most solemn protestations of the Papists is perfectly allowed. That every preacher and teacher among themselves would feel the due appreciation of their character in the careless contempt which his lordship's words convey is equally plain; but that any conceivable concession could mitigate the native venom of Popery against Protestantism is only to be regarded as one of those fancies which have so long marked Lord Brougham as one of the most fanciful politicians under the moon. Supposing for the moment that it were justifiable in a Protestant nation to contribute to the support of a religion which it distinctly believes to be a gross error, that it were meritorious in a nation believing the Scriptures as the sole law of Christianity to assist the progress of a creed which absolutely shuts up the Scriptures from the people, what man but a visionary could persuade himself that the Popish priest would be content with an offer whose declared object was to take popular power out of his hands, and to do this by giving him but a fraction of his present income. The artifice with which Popery manages all her concerns renders it difficult to know her finance. But it seems certain that very few, if any, of her parish priesthood have less than L.300 a-year, and very many much more; and this paid, not in the bitter, fraudulent, and evasive style of the tithe, but solidly, promptly, and to the uttermost farthing; for we be to the man who hesitates about paying his Reverence for each and any of the numerous frivolities that make up the ceremonials of the religion and the revenue of the priesthood. Yet this man is to be content to give up his L.300 a-year paid duly and truly, and take in its place L.100 a-year from the Treasury, liable to an act of Parliament, liable to the fluctuations of party, and, after all, turning him into a pensioner on his good behaviour! What are our comic writers doing? They complain of the dearth of subjects. But what more capital material could they ask, than Lord Merpeth going to Dr. M'Hale, with those preliminaries of peace in his hand? "I know that you are an agitator by trade, that your power is in agitation, that your prospect of more power is in more agitation; yet I come to propose that you

shall give up your trade;" and well might the titular archbishop stare at such a request, and from such a quarter. But the Irish Secretary has still to state his terms. "I know, my dear archbishop, that the sacrifice of power is painful to any man, and you know that your Church looks upon popular combustion as her sure path to supremacy. But I am commissioned to compensate you for any injuries to your ambition. I shall plead to your avarice. You now receive from L.1000 to L.1500 a-year. I have authority to offer you in lieu of that sum an order on the Treasury for exactly L.450 per annum." Whether the soi-disant Archbishop would turn on his heel, or use that heel in a different application to the proposer; whether he would laugh in his official face, or anathematize him with bell book and candle, *more solito*; whether he would recommend the shrinking Secretary to a strait waistcoat and the care of Dr. Haslam, or plunge him into that purgatorial flame where sinners bleach like linen; nothing can be more certain than that Lord Morpeth would meet with a reception quite sufficient to disqualify him from ever performing the part of peacemaker again.

Such is the state of the Empire, abortive, feeble, and perplexed. Such is the result of twelve months of anxious deliberation, and such is the conduct of the most worthless Cabinet in the annals of England.

From the Edinburgh Review.

REIGNS OF GEORGE THE THIRD AND FOURTH.

Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh Review, No. 135, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth. By Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Taylor, G. C. B. 8vo. London: 1938.

The author of this well-meant and interesting pamphlet is one of the most able as well as the most respectable persons who have ever appeared at the Court of this country. Although we may differ in opinion with him upon general subjects, and although we cannot at all agree in the estimate which he has formed of those characters whom it is the object of his publication to defend against our strictures, we yet are bound to admit his claims to a respectful and even a favourable hearing, in defence of persons whom he enjoyed singular opportunities of knowing, and to whose merits, after their death, he bears his disinterested testimony.

We must begin by admitting to a certain extent the truth of an observation which closes his Tract, that the person who holds an office at Court, or the confidential servant of a King or a Prince, is not necessarily, as the common opinion goes, 'a sycophant, and habitually a flatterer, or ready to do dirty work.' If any proof were wanting that the general impression on

this point is far too sweeping, it would only be necessary to name Sir Herbert Taylor, who for above thirty years held the most important and confidential situation about Court that any subject could fill; and whose nature is as utterly incapable of sycophancy as it is of dishonesty—as far above deceiving a master as above maltreating an inferior; and one whom no Prince would ever have seen again near his person had he dared propose to him the performance of any degrading office. We are very far from believing that all, or the greater number of men in those stations, resemble Sir Herbert in this particular. We are satisfied that the inferior characters which generally surround thrones seldom exhibit any independence of principle; and not unfrequently lend themselves to the performance of unworthy tasks by mean compliances. The whole history of Courts, the unvaried annals of Royal and of ordinary human nature, bear testimony to the truth of our opinion. But that the rule is not universal, and that there are sometimes found splendid exceptions, we admit. Nay, we will go farther in agreeing with our author, and allow that much more truth is spoken privately at Courts by dependents, even by the inferior order of dependents, than is generally supposed; probably much more than is pleasing to Royal ears, and certainly much more than Royal minds ever profit by. It has been our lot to know instances of this fact, which left no room for doubting that towards those exalted individuals the duty,—the painful and even perilous duty, of speaking the unpleasing truth, was discharged by persons who gained very little credit for so doing with the world at large. It is also to be considered that there oftentimes subsists a greater degree of familiarity between Princes, and their immediate attendants, than between private individuals and their friends. This naturally leads to advice and hints and warnings rarely given by the most intimate of other men's associates; not to mention that the Prince's friend has a direct interest in his master's welfare, which a private gentleman's comrade really cannot have. But then we must add, that the practice, if often repeated, has never failed, according to our observation, to beget an impatience and even dislike in the illustrious bosom; consequently the connexion either ceased in a short time, or was continued upon a 'reformed footing'—that is, upon greater caution and abstinence in tendering warning or advice. But we must repeat, that we firmly believe the whole course of Sir Herbert Taylor's exercise of such a delicate office, and such an important one as never before fell into the hands of any courtier, was throughout marked by the most unsullied honour towards all parties with whom he came in contact—whether Monarchs or their families, or their Ministers, or private individuals. Nor have we any doubt whatever, that upon all occasions his best advice

was offered according to the dictates of a scrupulous conscience, and a judgment hardly to be surpassed in clearness and calmness, although certainly biased by what we should call some very erroneous opinions—the result of early prejudices not yet thrown off. It is a very inferior praise to add, that in the exercise of a most difficult and laborious duty he was one of the ablest, indeed the most masterly men of business who ever filled any public employment. In stating these things we give the result of a testimony, uniform and concurrent, borne to the merits of this distinguished individual by all parties with whom he ever was brought in contact.

We now proceed to this pamphlet, and we shall shortly state why we still differ with Sir Herbert Taylor on most of his points; but where we think he has proved anything favourable to the personages in question we shall give him and them the full benefit of the proofs by recording the facts in our own pages. The interests of truth and justice require this, and we cannot possibly have any other to serve.

It is highly characteristic of his manly and honest nature that he begins with expressing those feelings of scorn and disgust with which he, as well as all other right thinking persons, were filled by a perusal of the book that called forth our observations, and gave occasion to our Sketches of Character. But enough of a work now, it is to be hoped, consigned to oblivion as well as contempt. Let us, before we proceed further, only protest against Sir Herbert Taylor's assumption that our portraits were influenced by either 'rancorous' feelings of a personal kind, or motives of 'party hostility' towards any of the Royal persons of whom we were called to treat. There really was not, nor could there be, the least intermixture of such sentiments. Party had nothing at all to do with the matter; the connexion of either George the father or George the son with party is now only matter of history; and they who support the present Ministry are supporting some of those who were the Ministers of both Princes, and others who were, at least, the son's most cherished personal friends. We sought the truth, and the truth only; if we coloured highly, it was because the facts appeared to be darkened by deep shades; if we spoke strongly, it was because our indignation was roused; if we still refuse to lower our tone of reprobation, it is because we think—calmly and deliberately think—that Sir Herbert Taylor has, after his well meant attempt, left the case against them where he found it; and that he himself, if natural feelings of personal friendship did not blind him, would grieve with us in viewing their misdeeds as we formerly did, and as, at this hour, we still regard them. The word 'libel,' is repeatedly employed by our author referring to our pages—and about a word we will not quarrel. But let him be pleased to observe that,

according to this phraseology, many pages in all histories must change their name; that some sound and zealous royalist historians, not excepting Lord Clarendon, must change their names; and that in future we must quote the 'libels,' and not the annals of Tacitus, or even the Decades of Livy. The pain which the historian may give to many friends was never yet reckoned any reason either for not recording recent events, or for suppressing discreditable truths; and our author has not quite shown his accustomed candour when he passes over those passages in our pages which betokened a disposition to commend, where the truth allowed of praise, and even to soften the harsher features of character, by casting the blame rather upon the station than the man. His most cherished friend in the Royal Family was the Duke of York. What writer on the liberal side of the question ever defended that amiable Prince before ourselves? Sir Herbert Taylor should have reflected on this, as well as other parts of our paper, before he pronounced the whole a libel, and ascribed its rancour to the violence of party animosity.

To begin with George the Third.—We stated that his understanding was narrow, and that no culture had enlarged it. Our author cannot deny the latter part of this proposition; and he says that the King admitted and regretted his want of education. But he says that his Majesty afterwards read the history of his own country, which we will venture to say every Prince knows almost by heart; just as the most ignorant country gentlemen are found to know the pedigrees of their own families and even of their neighbours: he added to this, according to our author, the study of the laws and constitution of England; but as it was not till 1805, on his blindness, that their intercourse began, we may be allowed to doubt whether George III. knew more of these subjects than every king must, who attends to the business of his high office; and there is no doubt that his attention to his own business was most unremitting. This ought to have been stated by us, if, indeed, we did not admit it by implication. Sir Herbert Taylor adds, which we believe to be in a sense true, that he possessed 'a knowledge of business in every department, and in all its details, such as perhaps no one man ever possessed.' Possibly he might, if by this is meant the common public departments. This knowledge is not so rare among sovereigns as to make it a great marvel. They come in contact with most departments; and they can always tell very accurately what particular matter belongs to each particular office. They are exceedingly nice in this knowledge; they are very peremptory in exacting attention to it; the kind of knowledge itself, like heraldry and etiquette, in which all Princes are adepts, suits their taste, and appertains to their station; besides, they find protection in requiring an observance

of all the rules that divide power, and keep their Ministers to their several departments.' That George III. had any enlarged knowledge of parliamentary learning—that he was at all versed in the constitution or jurisdiction of courts of justice—that he understood the details of banking or of commerce, much less their principles—that he knew any thing of Colonial, and still less of East Indian affairs—or that he had any but the most vague and personal knowledge of the interests of Foreign Courts—we will not believe, unless we see proofs far more exact than our author's general assertion; which, indeed, can only apply to the very limited branch of information first mentioned.

As for the extent of the King's understanding, our author deals in generals, and has really little to say. That he had strong prejudices, to which he obstinately adhered to 'the last,' is admitted; but these related, it seems, 'chiefly to matters of inferior importance, matters of taste and opinion.' There is much in this same word 'chiefly,' however; and, accordingly, it turns out, that our author appears to allow that his prejudices on the trifling subjects of America and Ireland, were unfortunately strong; though he unaccountably would cast some of the former errors upon his Ministers, when it is notorious to all mankind that they were his own. Then, as for his notions of prerogative, and his determination to support it, our author approves of this, as according to his principles he must: we, of course, disapprove.

But then comes the pinch of the question, as regards the amiable or unamiable nature of the man. We distinctly stated that where his prerogative did not interfere, he was amiable and exemplary,—as a husband, and a father, and a friend. We placed him above almost all Princes in this respect. But we added, that where his personal feelings about his prerogative were concerned, all was darkened, and became the reverse of kindly or humane. Among other instances, we gave his dislike of his eldest son. How is this charge met? A general defiance is first given to produce 'any circumstances which can justify our colouring.' We at once accept the challenge thus very fairly given; and as it will not be deemed enough if we refer only to the sanguinary feelings which he perseveringly displayed towards his American subjects, and the violence with which he repeatedly, in letters to his Ministers, which we have now under our eyes, threatened to leave this kingdom, and go to revel in absolute power upon the despotic and paltry throne of his German ancestors, we shall refer to more precise proofs drawn from individual cases. Mr. Fox, during the last year of his life, was this King's Minister, and was only too much disposed to humour his Hanoverian and warlike propensities. Nothing had he ever done to thwart his wishes. The delicate personal subject of the Duke of York's uncontrolled command of the army; the equally

tender point of the Catholic question, had been carefully avoided; and the King had admitted that no Minister, in his own department of foreign affairs, ever gave him more entire satisfaction, both by his capacity, his business-like habits, and the courtesy of his personal intercourse. Yet when he learnt the much-wished for news that this great man had a dropsy, and was incurably stricken with the malady, his exultation was couched in language grounded upon his own personal observation, and such language as we do not care to repeat. But if it be said that hearsay might exaggerate all this, we assert that his own handwriting respecting Lord Chatham remains to convict him of feelings not other than inhuman, where his prejudices, and, above all, his tyrannical propensities, were thwarted. We allude to his contemplating the death, and still more the 'decrepitude' of that illustrious person with manifest satisfaction;—himself having once suffered in early life, under the visitation of Divine Providence, which laid his own faculties, such as they were, prostrate. Let us add, that some friends of the family, and of the monarchy, quite as firmly attached to both as Sir Herbert Taylor, have pronounced the opinion, that a publication of the private correspondence of this revered Monarch, with his Ministers, during the American war, would put the very existence of the Constitution in jeopardy;—so full is it of proofs of a fierce, tyrannical disposition. That correspondence now lies before us.

But as to his hatred of his eldest son, who ever doubted it? Does Sir Herbert Taylor not know the thousand and one anecdotes of this inexhaustible subject, which every one of his courtiers knew by rote? He has defied us to cite these. The defiance is injudicious. What said his Majesty to the lord in waiting, when his Royal Highness made some frivolous excuse for some trivial omission—but which in a tyrannical parent's eye was of course inexpiable? Again we say the defiance is more frank than wise. Our author truly says that we had less access to George III. than himself and many others. Is he quite sure that we have not had access, all but direct, to George IV., and that we could not, without the slightest breach of confidence, give samples, which were indeed meant to be made known, of the treatment received by him from his tender parents? We use the plural, in order to answer by anticipation some also of the remarks upon Queen Charlotte's treatment of her son, whilst he was yet unendowed with power. With that illustrious Princess too, our author may truly say our intercourse was like his own. But is he quite sure that we never had access to another Queen's society, the niece daughter-in-law of that royal pair whom he so well knew, and whom he not always judiciously, though he ways honestly defends? Is it quite safe in him fling out his general defiance, without being well-

sured that we have never seen the letters of both to the late Queen—and that those of George III. betoken, at the least, all we have ever recorded of his affectionate nature towards the heir-apparent of his crown? Here we pause; for he has himself coupled his indiscreet defiance with a very prudent admission, which, in truth, seems to render our further defence superfluous. 'His disapprobation of the Prince's politics, and of many things in the course pursued by his Royal Highness, amounted to dislike.' This is a large admission, regard being had to the party making it; but far ampler if connected with the subject-matter. What signifies the denial which faintly and feebly follows. 'I do not admit that it ever amounted to implacable aversion,' &c. Does Sir Herbert Taylor really know so little of human nature as to believe that a father can dislike a son by halves? Why, the nearer the relation, the more natural the tie, violated or torn asunder, the more impossible is it that either the disruption can be partial, or the pain gentle, or the rankling wound which it leaves only skin deep. So it would be in any case of parent and child. Who ever saw a mother gently hate a daughter, or a father hold in moderate aversion his son? But a king and his son—and his eldest son—his heir-apparent, who treads on his heels living, and must replace him dead—and that son in the hands of the Foxes and Sheridans, set up in opposition to his father King—and that father and King George III.! Really we waste words in showing that, after our author's admitting the existence of marked dislike, all the rest followed of course; unless human nature, and kingly nature, and the nature of King George III. had suffered a change in the one individual passage of his life which related to his son.

Our author takes some pains to refute—what he is wrong if he supposes we meant to assert as a fact—that George III.'s mind was never at any time sound. We only meant to state our very decided opinion, that ever since his first illness in 1788, possibly earlier, there was some mental imperfection, not unconnected with the obscuration of reason, and displayed in an extraordinarily astute and suspicious nature, very unreasonable prejudices, very strong dislikes.

He gives a curious anecdote of the change of Ministry in 1807, which we here quote:—

'When the change of Administration took place in 1807, his Majesty took counsel from himself only in the communications with those with whom he differed; and I am warranted in saying, that there existed not the slightest foundation for the reports which were then spread of advice secretly conveyed, or of influence behind the throne, or of communication, direct or indirect, with his previous Ministers, pending the discussion with "the Talents," or before their removal from the Administration had been established. Nay, on that occasion, he placed in my hands, unopened, a letter addressed to him, before that event was positively fixed,

by one of the leaders of the opposite party, and I have it to this day, with a minute to that effect.

'The loss of sight was borne with exemplary patience and resignation; and neither this nor other trials produced, while his Majesty continued in a sound state of mind, any ebullition of temper or harshness of manner or expression, which could occasion pain or uneasiness to his family and attendants. I declare, that during the whole period of my attendance upon King George III., not one sharp word, not one expression of unkindness or impatience escaped his Majesty; and the change of deportment in this respect conveyed to me, at least, the first intimations of the approach of that calamity, of which I had the misfortune to witness the distressing progress and the melancholy effects.'

We have cheerfully extended this quotation to the part which adds amiable and respectable proof of his good qualities. Let not Sir Herbert Taylor be offended if we remark that he bears no such testimony to the patient, or manly and kindly demeanour of his immediate successor under far lesser calamities. All who attended both him and the good King William, indulged in comparisons very unfavourable to the former, and nothing in these pages negatives this.

Our author is chivalrous in defence of Queen Charlotte. First, as to her understanding, which we had only described as 'of the most ordinary kind:' he says she had 'excellent sense, but not improved by any education.' We are not aware that the two accounts are at all incompatible. 'Her intercourse with many persons of information and talents enabled her to take a fair share in general conversation.' This is very possible, and it is very moderate praise. The 'persons of talents and information' who frequented her or her husband's society are not named, and we believe were not much known to the world. 'Nor did she ever commit herself by what she said. She came to England with many German prejudices, which she does not appear to have entirely shaken off.' In all this we can discover no kind of contradiction to our description of her Majesty, as a person whose society was dull, whose demeanour was stiff, and whose soul was narrow. The rather we seem to stand confirmed by the defence. But he denies her to have been unamiable; first because she was courteous, and obliging to those who attended her, and 'who often expressed surprise that her manners were so good as to cause one to forget that her figure was otherwise than graceful.' We said nothing against her being courteous in demeanour; but a person may be very courteous, and very disagreeable, and very unamiable. He denies the stiffness of her demeanour, but says she adhered strictly to etiquette, and 'checked the approach to any thing like familiarity of manners, or too great freedom of conversation.' She was kind and considerate to her attendants and her servants; and in this excellent quality we venture to say she resembled the whole of the Royal Family. They are all exemplary in this particular, without any

exception. That the Court was quite as dull as we had painted it, our author seems very frankly to admit; and he adds, that though some relaxation of the uniform routine would 'have been agreeable and reasonable, this uniformity had become habitually imperative, a sort of second nature.'

He now comes to more essential matter; and he peremptorily denies that she was spiteful, or unforgiving, or designing, or prone to mingle in intrigue, or of boundless pride; and will only allow her to have been 'of a suspicious nature, not readily giving her confidence, or recalling it when once, after due experience, she had conferred it.' Now this is not sufficiently specific by a very great deal. When we alluded to her conduct, it was with reference to well-known passages of her own, and her son's history. She took his father's part against him till he became Regent; and then she took his part against his wife. That she was a person 'who abstained from all political intrigue and from all interference with the public measures,' our author mentions as 'a circumstance to her Majesty's credit, and which on that account we omitted.' Now, will he permit us to give one other reason? We omitted it as we did the statement that she never ordered her carriage and went down to command the troops, or to make royal speeches to both Houses of Parliament. What! The wife of George III., who being in love with a most beautiful woman, was, against his will, hustled into doing the only act of his life he ever did against that will,—namely, marrying her at an hour's notice,—this wife, or any wife of George III., intrigue and interfere with public measures or in any official arrangements! Why George III. took good care of that. Had he caught her at any such tricks, he would probably have sent her off to Hanover, if he did not treat her as his great-grandfather had done his Queen, for intrigues of another description.* But there was, it seems, one exception. When? As might be expected, when George III. could not interfere. Our author admits that in 1789 'she departed from her rule'—of not intriguing and meddling with official arrangements. Why to be sure she did; and it was precisely that very departure, or rather that act of intriguing, on the only occasion when she had the power to intrigue, which we had in our eye. Mark the expression we cautiously used. 'She *could* mingle in the intrigues of a Court as well as feel its malignities.' Our author's defence of her conduct in 1788-9 is, that she had a personal interest in the matter: 'but,' says he, 'she may be said to have been personally concerned and deeply interested in the issue.' Who ever does 'mingle in the intrigues of a Court' for any other reason?

* That is, he built her into the wall, where her body was afterwards found in the form of a skeleton; but probably she was put to death before being immured.

Nothing, however, can be more unsatisfactory than the defence made against our principal charge,—that of joining her son in the disgraceful persecution of his wife, her niece and daughter-in-law, whom her husband had ever as fondly cherished as he had sternly frowned upon her oppressor. When the facts are notorious, and when they were plainly and precisely stated by us, what is the use of such vague defences as this? 'The Queen never was the tool or the slave of the Prince, nor was it in her nature to become that of any one, under any circumstances.' He had in the very same paragraph told us, that on the King's account she had 'been led to cling to him in the differences between his Majesty and the Prince, though she was partial to His Royal Highness;' and that 'his visits to her at Windsor Castle were embarrassing to her on account of the King's disinclination to encourage them.' Here, by the way, we have, perhaps inadvertently, certainly candidly, a distinct enough admission of the King's hatred of his son,—for this is the very picture of a tyrannical husband and unnatural father, refusing a fond mother the solace of her son's company even for an occasional visit. But at least it negatives the notion of the Queen's nature precluding all subserviency 'to any one.' That, however, is not all. We again refer our author back to the fact as we stated it in plain terms, in the Paper* which he has undertaken to answer; and we ask, has he the means of contradicting what every man who was alive in 1814 knows to be true? If true, all we said against this Queen, and more, is proved. She knew the tender love of her husband for their daughter-in-law; and further, she knew that were he in his senses, she durst no more have held a Court and excluded the Princess of Wales, than she durst have ordered the Channel Fleet to sail into Brest harbour; she knew that the King, her husband, who had ever treated her with the fondest affection, and whose whole married life was a pattern of conjugal fidelity, abhorred nothing in his son's private conduct so much as his maltreatment of the Princess; she knew that this aged monarch was suffering under a severe visitation of Providence, likely to terminate only with his days; and she therefore takes the opportunity of joining the son against father, husband, and wife; having always before joined the King against the son, when the son was weak and the King strong; and she gratified this son's unnatural hatred of the wife whom he had so scandalously ill-used, by refusing to receive her at a Court which she held upon a great public occasion, that rendered the outrage a thousand times the more galling.† We think the mob itself, of whose intellectual qualities our author has so poor an opinion, formed a far more

* See Museum, Page 323, Vol. V. new series.

† The foreign sovereigns, being in London after termination of the war.

curate estimate of her Majesty than he has himself done. Their indignation broke through all bounds of decorum; and in this, especially towards an elderly lady, we are as far from vindicating them as our author; but we heartily partake in the feelings which prompted them, although we reprobate the outrage in which those feelings ended.

One charge adverted to by us, but very commonly brought against this Princess, is positively denied by our author; and much more specifically, and therefore more successfully than any of the other matters of which he treats;—we allude to parsimony and avarice. We had supposed the universally circulated statements of presents and contributions, diamonds and ornaments, and refusals to pay writing-masters' accounts, and defending actions and pleading the statute of limitations, till the matter was referred to arbitration, had been substantially well founded. It is very possible that they may not; and in that case injustice has been done to Queen Charlotte's memory; but it has been done by the world at large full as much as by us. He positively states that no charge can be more groundless; admitting candidly that it does not originate with us. 'I speak,' he says, 'from knowledge of fact, her Majesty's receipts and disbursements having, for some years, passed through my hands. Avarice and parsimony, combined with a large income enjoyed during many years, would naturally produce hoards of treasure and accumulation of property; but it was shown by her Majesty's executors, Lord Arden and myself, that there had been scarcely any saving. It was also stated that her Majesty's private bounties and charities had been extensive; care was taken by us that justice should be done to her Majesty's memory in this respect, and that the public should be undeceived.' We never had heard of the vindication; and of the charities, here affirmed to be so numerous, we also never had heard. But it is just that the important testimony of our author should be here recorded in refutation of the charge. It is to be observed that the existence of the charities is matter of supposition only. But the fact of no money having been accumulated is very material. We assume also, though it is not stated, that none was ever sent over to Germany.

We now have little more to do; for the main attack in our Paper was directed against George IV., all the remarks on his parents being compressed within the limits of less than two pages out of eighty. Our author finds an extenuation of the son's conduct somewhat harder work than the defence of the parents. Accordingly, there is not even an attempt at denial,—even the most faint denial,—of the charges which we had preferred, and which, indeed, stand recorded in the recent pages of our history.

We must remark, however, that our author is not justified in saying that we did not allow 'him so much

as the shade of one redeeming feature.'* Now, on the contrary, we deliberately think that our defence, or rather palliation, is far more effectual than Sir Herbert Taylor's. We said in terms that George IV. was originally not deficient in any of the good, nor in almost any of the great qualities of human character,—that his 'temper was naturally neither sour nor revengeful,'—that his abilities were far above mediocrity,'—that he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even a ready wit.' Why, how much allowance would our author have of 'redeeming qualities' for any prince? Yet that was not all: 'he was endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts; possessed of a nice sense of the ludicrous,' and much more, ending in a fine person, and manners suited to his exalted station—two praises which we knew him well enough to be quite sure he would himself have most highly valued. Then all, or nearly all, his faults are ascribed to his station, and the corrupting influence which it exerts upon its royal victims. We must cite the passage, because it at once relieves us from all suspicion of partiality, and is in fact a much better defence than Sir H. Taylor has made for his client.

'Let it not be supposed, that in sketching the characters of George IV. and his Queen, we have yielded to the feelings of party violence, and while we excused the errors of the injured party, exaggerated the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation, we have ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the reprehension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while he incurs our censure.'

We do not of course repeat our catalogue in detail of the defects which blacken this character. But what has our author, who vainly complains of our severity, to urge against our statement? He enters into a long and really unnecessary vindication of the Prince for his alarm at the dangers to which the French Revolution exposed his order; and gives his own opinion that

* So he says, in p. 27, though he afterwards refers to us as allowing a good many of the things we here cite. How does he get rid of this? By saying that we seem to concede them in order to add to the deformity of the character! Be it so; still it is a complete refutation of his former assertion, that *no redeeming quality* was allowed by us. Sir H. Taylor mentions a circumstance wholly new to us, and which we think must be erroneously given. He says, [p. 30.] that George IV.'s 'mind was usefully applied to the cultivation of literature and science at late periods of his life.' Really he should have fortified this somewhat novel statement by mentioning what branches of either he cultivated. Why not state the books of science which he read?

France has gained but little by that great event—an opinion which no man can hold for a moment, who reads such works as Paul Courier's, or Mirabeau's *Memoirs*,—the one showing the manners of the peasantry, the other the manners and slavery of the upper ranks under the old régime. All this, however, is really beside the question. Our author admits 'much useless and extravagant expenditure;' but it was coupled, he says, with 'munificent patronage of literature, science, and the arts.' If so, he has only to show what order the Prince of Wales ever gave for a marble, or a picture, or for the aid of a man of science or letters, during the whole period of his extravagance, and while his debts were accumulating for the people to pay. That he gave many sums in relief of persons applying to him, our author asserts from his own knowledge; and that his charities had no reference to party connexion, is an addition which does the Prince credit. We presume this statement refers to his Regency. 'With all his failings, he was,' it seems, 'kind-hearted; disposed to do justice to faithful servants, and had the gift beyond most men of attaching them to his person.' Now, this is literally all. No other defence or palliation whatever is urged for a prince against whom such heavy charges had been brought. All that we alleged respecting his seduction of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the false semblance of a marriage which he knew to be illegal and void—of his running the imminent risk of forfeiting his crown by that act; nay, of his having actually incurred the forfeiture, according to some of the soundest lawyers in the country—all that we stated of his denying, through his political friends in Parliament, the existence of any marriage—of his afterwards marrying his cousin in order to have his debts paid and his income increased—of his living in open adultery with others in the same house in which his bride lived—of his joining with those persons in every insult that could be put upon a woman—of his turning her soon after out of doors—of his keeping spies on her conduct—of his tormenting her with a secret trial behind her back—of his depriving her of her only child's society, and so treating her as to drive her abroad—of his then again hiring spies to blast her character—forcing his Ministers to bring forward a bill of Pains and Penalties—compelling them to persist in it till the foul mass of perjured evidence fermented and exploded, and the conspiracy perished in the rankness of the soil it was hatched in—of his afterwards refusing the common benefits of acquittal to her whom he had vainly tried to destroy by a trial—of his unmanly treatment of this persecuted woman, continued till it terminated her days—and of his finally holding his rejoicings in Ireland whilst her insulted corpse was hurried, at the speed of four horses, through England, towards the grave of her native country, where alone she was fated ever to

know rest since she had been drawn from thence, a victim to the conspiracy of princely avarice and profligacy—all this we stated distinctly, and all this our author, in his capacity of Defender of the Royal Family, passes over without one word of remark, or denial, or extenuation. Then, we have a right to ask why he thinks himself entitled to charge us with having shown 'party hostility and soreness' in our description of a character which he must himself be taken to admit was marked by such shades as these? When such outrages upon all honourable principle, all manly feeling, all the maxims of common fairness and justice, are to be recorded by the historian, surely it is strange to suppose that party or personal feeling can be the cause of any degree of indignant reprobation which he may express. It is the eternal and immutable principles of truth and right which alone are required to stigmatize such detestable and such despicable conduct as it deserves. We have recurred to the charges here, and not unnecessarily. We do so to remind our author, and our readers, that they are all unanswered, nay, all undenied. We hold them up once more in the face of the country, that no courtly parasite may presume to go about whispering that Sir Herbert Taylor has refuted the Edinburgh Review; and to prove, that he has only attempted to answer some of the things said by us of the two Parents; without even a formal denial, or mere plea of not guilty, to any one of the far heavier accusations explicitly brought against the Son. We also hold up this deformed portrait as a warning to Princes and Princesses how they venture either to violate the public duty of their station, or those private duties which the pre-eminence of their rank, far from dispensing them from discharging, only imposes tenfold obligations to perform—and in order to remind them that the day must come to them all when the tongue of the flatterer is still, and the ear of the world can no longer be abused by courtly defences, and the voice of the people in scorn of princely baseness can no more be stifled—the day of stern justice to all who betray the imperative duties of their exalted station.

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We shall now continue our sketches of the Statesmen and Orators that flourished in the times of the last two Georges, upon whose characters we have been commenting.

Of Mr. Burke's genius as a writer and an orator we have on a former occasion spoken at great though not needless length;* and it would not have been necessary again to take up the subject, but for a sketch of a very different kind lately drawn by another hand, from which a more accurate resemblance

* See No. XCII for October, 1827. [Museum February, 1828.]

might have been expected. That Mr. Burke, with extraordinary powers of mind, cultivated to a wonderful degree, was a person of eccentric nature; that he was one mixture of incongruous extremes; that his opinions were always found to be on the outermost verge of those which could be held upon any question; that he was wholly wild and impracticable in his views; that he knew not what moderation or modification was in any doctrine which he advanced; but was utterly extravagant in whatever judgment he formed, and whatever sentiment he expressed;—such was the representation to which we have alluded, and which, considering the distinguished quarter from which it proceeded, seems to justify some farther remark. We are no followers of Mr. Burke's political principles, and are no indiscriminate admirers of his course as a statesman;—the capacity in which he the least shone, especially during the few latter and broken years of his illustrious, checkered, and care-worn life. But with the exception of his writings upon the French Revolution—an exception itself to be qualified and restricted—it would be difficult to find any statesman of any age, whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the results of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those towards which the general complexion of his political principles tending, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction. This was the distinguishing feature of his policy through life. A brilliant fancy and rich learning did not more characterize his discourse, than this moderation did his counsels. Imagination did not more inspire, or deep reflection inform his eloquence, than a wise spirit of compromise between theory and practice,—between all opposing extremes,—governed his choice of measures. This was by the extremes of both parties, but more especially of his own, greatly complained of; they could not always comprehend it, and they could never relish it; because their own understanding and information reached it not; and the selfish views of their meaner nature were thwarted by it. In his speeches, by the length at which he dwelt on topics, and the vehemence of his expressions, he was often deficient in judgment. But in the formation of his opinions, no such defect could be perceived; he well and warily propounded all practical considerations; and although he viewed many subjects in different lights at the earlier and the latter periods of his time, and is thus often quoted for opposite purposes by reasoners on different sides of the great political controversy, he himself never indulged in wild or thoughtless extremes. He brought this spirit of moderation into public affairs with him; and if

we except the very end of his life, when he had ceased to live much in public, it stuck by him to the last. 'I pitched my Whiggism low,' said he, 'that I might keep by it.' With his own followers his influence was supreme; and over such men as Dr. Lawrence, Mr. W. Elliott, and the late Lord Minto, to say nothing of the Ellises, the Freres, and the Cannings, no man of immoderate and extreme opinions ever could have retained this sway. Mr. Wilberforce compares their deference for him with the treatment of Ahithophel. 'It was as if one meant to enquire of the oracle of the Lord.'* Hear again the words of one who knew him well, for he had studied him much, and had been engaged in strenuous controversy against him. Speaking of the effects produced by his strong opinions respecting French affairs, Sir James Mackintosh, as justly as profoundly observed to Mr. Horner—'So great is the effect of a single inconsistency with the whole course of a long and wise political life, that the *greatest philosopher in practice* whom the world ever saw, passes with the superficial vulgar for a hot 'brained enthusiast.' Sir James Mackintosh never dreamt that all the temperate wisdom of the orations upon American affairs—all the profound and practical discretion which breathes over each page of the discussion upon 'Public Discontents'—all the truly enlarged principles of retrenchment, but tempered with the soundest and most rational views of each proposition's bearing upon the whole frame of our complicated constitution, which has made the celebrated speech upon 'Economical Reform' the manual of every moderate and constitutional reformer—all the careful regard for facts, as well as abstract principles, the nice weighing of opposite arguments, the acute perception of practical consequences, which presided over his whole opinions upon commercial policy, especially on the questions connected with Scarcity and the Corn Laws—all the mingled firmness, humanity, soundness of practical judgment, and enlargement of speculative views, which governed his opinions upon the execution of the Criminal Law—all the spirit of reform and toleration, tempered with cautious circumspection of surrounding connexions, and provident foresight of possible consequences which marked and moved his wise and liberal advice upon the affairs of the Irish Hierarchy—that all would have been forgotten in the perusal of a few violent invectives, or exaggerated sentiments, called forth by the horrors of the French Revolution;—which as his unrivalled sagacity had foreseen them, when the rest of his party, intoxicated with the victory over despotism, could not even look towards any consequences at all; so he not very unnaturally regarded as the end and consummation of that mighty event,—mistaking the turbulence by which the tem-

* Life of Wilberforce, vol. ii. p. 211.

pest and the flood were to clear the stream, for the perennial defilement of its waters.

Nor must it after all be set down to the account of a heated imagination, and an unsound judgment, that even upon the French Revolution he betrayed so much violence in his language, and carried his opinions to a length which all men now deem extravagant; or that he at one time was so misled by the appearances of the hour as to dread the effacing of France from the map of Europe. We are now filling the safe and easy chair of him who judges after the event, and appeals to things as certainly known, which the veil of futurity concealed from them that went before. Every one must allow that the change which shook France to her centre, and fixed the gaze of mankind, was an event of prodigious magnitude; and that he who was called to form an opinion upon its import, and to foretell its consequences, and to shape his councils upon the conduct to be pursued regarding it, was placed in circumstances wholly new; and had to grope his way without any light whatever from the experience of past times. Mr. Burke could only see mischief in it, view it on whatever side, or from whatever point he would; and he regarded the consequences as pregnant with danger to all other countries, as well as to the one which he saw laid waste, or about to be devastated by its progress. That for a time he saw right, no one now can affect to deny. When all else in this country could foresee nothing but good to France, from the great improvement so suddenly wrought in her institutions, he plainly told them that what they were pleased with viewing as the lambent flame of a firework, was the glare of a volcanic explosion which would cover France and Europe with the ruins of all their institutions; and fill the air with Cimmerian darkness, through the confusion of which neither the useful light of day, nor the cheering prospect of Heaven could be descried. The suddenness of the improvement which delighted all else, to his sagacious and far-sighted eye, aided, doubtless, by the reflecting glass of past experience, and strengthened by the wisdom of other days in which it had been steeped, presented the very cause of distrust, and foreboding, and alarm. It was *because* his habit of mind was cautious and calculating,—not easily led away by a fair outside, not apt to run into extremes, given to sober reflection, and fond of correcting, by practical views, and by the lessons of actual observation, the plausible suggestions of theory,—that he beheld, with doubt and apprehension, Governments pulled down and set up in a day—Constitutions, the slow work of centuries, taken to pieces and re-constructed like an eight-day clock. He is not without materials, were he to retort the charge of easily running into extremes, and knowing not where to stop, upon those who were instantly fascinated with the work of 1789, and could not look

forward to the consequences of letting loose four-and-twenty millions of people, from the control under which ages of submission to arbitrary rule, and total disuse of civil rights had kept them. *They* are assuredly without the means of demonstrating *his* want of reflection and foresight. For nearly the whole period during which he survived the commencement of the Revolution,—for five of those seven years,—all his predictions, save one momentary expression, had been more than fulfilled: anarchy and bloodshed had borne sway in France; conquest and convulsion had desolated Europe; and even when he closed his eyes upon earthly prospects, he left this portentous matter 'with fear of change perplexing monarchs.' The providence of mortals is not often able to penetrate so far as this into futurity. Nor can he whose mind was filled with such well-grounded alarms be justly impeached of violence, and held up as unsoundly given to extremes of opinion, if he should betray an invincible repugnance to sudden revolutions in the system of policy by which nations are governed, and an earnest desire to see the restoration of the old state of things in France, as the harbinger of repose for the rest of the world.

That Mr. Burke did, however, err, and err widely in the estimate which he formed of the merits of a Restored Government, no one can now doubt. His mistake was in comparing the old *régime* with the anarchy of the Revolution; to which not only the monarchy of France but the despotism of Turkey was preferable. He never could get rid of the belief that because the change had been effected with a violence which produced, and inevitably produced the consequences foreseen by himself, and by him alone, therefore the tree so planted must for ever prove incapable of bearing good fruit. He forgot that after the violence, in its nature temporary, should subside, it might be both quite impossible to restore the old monarchy, and very possible to form a new, and orderly, and profitable government upon the ruins of the Republic. Above all, he had seen so much present mischief wrought to France during the convulsive struggle which was not over before his death, that he could not persuade himself of any possible good arising to her from the mighty change she had undergone. All this we now see clearly enough; having survived Mr. Burke forty years, and witnessed events which the hardiest dealers in prophecies assuredly could never have ventured to foretell. But we who were so blind to the early consequences of the Revolution, and who really did suffer ourselves to be carried away by extreme opinions, deaf to all Mr. Burke's warnings,—we surely have little right to charge him with blind violence, unreflecting devotion to his fancy, and a disposition to run into extremes. At one time they who opposed his views were by many, perhaps by the majority of men, accus-

of this propensity. After the events in France had begun to affright the people in this country—when Mr. Burke's opinions were found to have been well-grounded, the friends of liberty would not give up their fond belief that all must soon come right. At that time we find Dean Milner writing to Mr. Wilberforce from Cambridge, that 'Mr Fox's old friends there all gave him up, and most of them said he was mad.'*

The glory of this great man's career, however, was the American war, during which he led the Opposition in the House of Commons; until, having formed a successor still more renowned than himself, he was succeeded rather than superseded in the command of that illustrious and victorious band of the champions of freedom. This disciple, as he was proud to acknowledge himself, was Charles James Fox, one of the greatest statesmen, and if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs in any age of the world. To the profuse, the various learning of his master,—to his exuberant fancy, to his profound and mature philosophy, he had no pretensions. His knowledge was confined to the ordinary accomplishments of an English education;—intimate acquaintance with the classics; the exquisite taste which that familiarity bestows; and a sufficient knowledge of history. These stores he afterwards increased rather than diminished; for he continued to delight in classical reading; and added a minute and profound knowledge of modern languages, with a deep and accurate study of our own history, and the history of other modern States; insomuch, that it may be questioned, if any politician in any age ever knew so thoroughly the various interests, and the exact position of all the countries with which his own had dealings to conduct, or relations to maintain. Beyond these solid foundations of oratory, and ample stores of political information, his range did not extend. Of natural science, of metaphysical philosophy, of political economy, he had not even the rudiments; and he was apt to treat those matters with the neglect, if not the contempt, which ignorance can rather account for than excuse. He had come far too early into public life to be well-grounded in a statesman's philosophy—like his great rival, and indeed like most aristocratic politicians, who were described as 'rocked and dandled into legislators' by one,† himself exempt from this defective education—

* *Life of Wilberforce*, II. p. 3.—This was written early in the year 1793, when almost all men thought Mr. Burke both moderate and right. There is scarce one of his (Mr. Fox's) old friends here at Cambridge who is not disposed to give him up, and most say he is mad. I think of him much as I always did; I still doubt whether he has bad principles, but I think it pretty plain he has none; and I suppose he is ready for whatever turns up. See, too, Lord Wellesley's justly celebrated speech, two years later, on French affairs. It is republished in Mr. Martin's edition of that great statesman's Despatches.

† Namely, Mr. Burke.

and his becoming a warm partisan at the same early age, also laid the foundation of another defect, the making party principle the only rule of conduct, and viewing every truth of political science through this distorting and discolouring medium. But if such were the defects of his education, the mighty powers of his nature often overcame them,—always threw them into the shade. A preternatural quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to see at a glance what cost other minds the labour of an investigation, made all attainments of an ordinary kind so easy, that it perhaps disinclined him to those which, not even his acuteness and strength of mind, could master without the pain of study. But he was sure as well as quick; and where the heat of passion or the prejudice of party, or certain little peculiarities of a personal kind,—certain mental idiosyncracies in which he indulged, and which produced capricious fancies or crotchets,—left his faculties unclouded and unstunted, no man's judgment was more sound, or could more safely be trusted. Then, his feelings were warm and kindly; his temper was sweet though vehement;—like that of all the Fox family, his nature was generous, open, manly; above every thing like dissimulation or duplicity; governed by the impulses of a great and benevolent soul. This virtue, so much beyond all intellectual graces, yet bestowed its accustomed influence upon the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach of enlargement to which meaner natures are ever strangers. It was not more certain that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, the uncompromising enemy of craft and cruelty in all their forms,—from the corruption of the Treasury and the severity of the penal code, up to the oppression of American colonies and the African slave traffic,—than that it should be enlarged and strengthened, made powerful in its grasp, and consistent in its purpose, by the same admirable and amiable qualities which bent it always towards the right pursuit.

The great intellectual gifts of Mr. Fox's mind, the robust structure of his faculties, naturally governed his oratory, made him singularly affect argument, and led him to a close grappling with every subject,—despising all flights of imagination, and shunning every thing collateral or discursive. This turn of mind, too, made him always careless of ornament, often negligent of accurate diction. There never was a greater mistake, as we lately had occasion to remark,* than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it, when he pronounced him 'the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.' That he resembled his immortal predecessor in de-

* See Article on Lord Chatham in last Number. [September number of Museum.]

spising all useless ornament, and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good, and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious,—carrying alongst with it the minds of the audience, nor suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole attention to the question, is equally certain; and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, nay to the same view of it, till he made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled alongst it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words on his topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than any lingering over it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving every thing off out of sight that obstructed his resistanceless course. In diction as well as in thought the contrast was as remarkable. It is singular that any one should have thought of likening Mr. Fox to the orator of whom the great Roman critic, comparing him with Cicero, has said so well and so judiciously—*In illo plus curæ, in hoc plus naturæ*. The Greek was, of all speakers, the one who most carefully prepared each sentence; showing himself as sedulous in the collocation of his words as in the selection. His composition, accordingly, is a model of the most artificial workmanship; yet of an art so happy in its results that itself is wholly concealed. The Englishman was negligent, careless, slovenly beyond most speakers; even his most brilliant passages were the inspirations of the moment; and he frequently spoke for half an hour at a time, sometimes delivered whole speeches, without being fluent for five minutes, or, excepting in a few sound and sensible remarks which were interspersed, rewarding the hearer with a single redeeming passage. Indeed, to the last, he never possessed, unless when much animated, any fluency; and probably despised it, as he well might, if he only regarded its effects in making men

neglect more essential qualities,—when the curse of being *fluent speakers*, and nothing else, has fallen on them and on their audience. Nevertheless, that fluency—the being able easily to express his thoughts in correct words—is as essential to a speaker as drawing to a painter. This we cannot doubt, any more than we can refuse our assent to the proposition, that though merely giving pleasure is no part of an orator's duty, yet he has no vocation to give his audience pain;—which any one must feel who listens to a speaker delivering himself with difficulty and hesitation. The practice of composition seems never to have been familiar to Mr. Fox. His speeches show this; perhaps his writings still more so; because there, the animation of the momentary excitement which often carried him on in speaking had little or no play. One of his worst speeches, if not his worst, is that upon Francis Duke of Bedford; and it is known to be almost the only one he ever much prepared, and the only one he ever corrected for the press. His 'History' too, shows the same want of expertness in composition. The style is pure and correct; but cold and lifeless; it is even somewhat abrupt and discontinuous; so little does it flow naturally or with ease. Yet, when writing letters without any effort, no one expressed himself more happily or with more graceful facility; and in conversation, of which he only partook when the society was small and intimate, he was a model of every excellence, whether solid or gay, plain or refined—full of information, witty and playful betimes, never ill-natured for a moment;—above all, never afraid of an argument, as so many eminent men are wont to be; but, on the contrary, courting discussion on all subjects, perhaps without much regard to their relative importance; as if reasoning were his natural element, in which his great faculties moved the more freely. An admirable judge, but himself addicted to reasoning upon general principles, the late Mr. Dumont, used to express his surprise at the love of minute discussion, of argumentation upon trifling subjects, which this great man often showed. But the cause was clear; argument he must have; and as his studies, except upon historical and classical points, had been extremely confined, when matters of a political or critical cast were not on the carpet, he took whatever ordinary matter came uppermost, and made it the subject of discussion. To this circumstance may be added his playful good-nature; which partook, as Mr. Gibbon observed, of the simplicity of a child;—making him little fastidious and easily interested and amused.

Having premised all these qualifications, we must now add, that Mr. Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power

reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive alongst with him whithersoever he pleased to rush. It is ridiculous to doubt that he was a far closer reasoner, a much more argumentative speaker than Demosthenes; as much more so as Demosthenes would perhaps have been than Fox had he lived in our times, and had to address an English House of Commons. For it is the kindred mistake of those who fancy that the two were like each other, to imagine that the Grecian's orations are long chains of ratiocination, like Sir William Grant's arguments, or Euclid's demonstrations. They are close to the point; they are full of impressive allusions; they abound in expositions of the adversary's inconsistency; they are loaded with bitter invective; they never lose sight of the subject; and they never quit hold of the hearer by the striking appeals they make to his strongest feelings and his favourite recollections: to the heart, or to the quick and immediate sense of inconsistency, they are always addressed, and find their way thither by the shortest and surest road; but to the head, to the calm and sober judgment, as pieces of argumentation, they assuredly are not addressed. But Mr. Fox, as he went along, and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling, or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppression, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

Ἐν δ' ὅτ' ἀκροῦντο μέγαν ἄκμονα, κτύπῃ δὲ δούρι
Ἀρρικτούς, ἀλυτούς, ὅρ' ἤμαρτον αὐτοὶ μνησιν.

(Od. Θ.)

There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit,—the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said of him, we believe by Mr. Frere,* that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and they were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr. Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr. Canning's light and galling railery, as the battering and piercing wit, with which Mr. Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

Nonne fuit satius, tristes Amarylloidis iras,
Atque superba pati fastidia? Nonne, Menalcan?

In debate, he had that ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantage to be taken of it, which is, in the war of words, what the *coup d'œil* of a practised general is in the field. He was ever best in reply; his opening speeches were almost always unsuccessful; the one in 1805 upon the Catho-

lic Question was a great exception; and the previous meditation upon it, after having heard Lord Grenville's able opening of the same question in the House of Lords, gave him much anxiety; he was exceedingly nervous, to use the common expression. It was a noble performance, instinct with sound principle; full of broad and striking views of policy; abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice; and bold assertions of right; in one passage touching and pathetic,—the description of a Catholic Soldier's feelings on reviewing some field where he had shared the dangers of the fight, yet repined to think he could never taste the glories of command. His greatest Speeches were those in 1791 on the Russian armament, on Parliamentary reform in 1797, and on the renewal of the war in 1803. The last he himself preferred to all the others; and it had the disadvantage, if it be not, however, in another sense, the advantage,* of coming after the finest speech, excepting that on the slave trade, ever delivered by his great antagonist. But there are passages in the earlier speeches—particularly the fierce attack upon Lord Auckland in the Russian speech,—and the instructive summary of our failings and our misgovernment in the Reform speech, which it would be hard to match even in the speech of 1803. But for the inferiority of the subject, the speech upon the Westminster Scrutiny in 1784 might perhaps be justly placed at the head of them all. The surpassing interest of the question to the speaker himself—the thorough knowledge of all its details by his audience, which made it sufficient to allude to matters and not to state them†—the undeniably strong grounds of attack which he had against his adversary—all conspire to make this great oration as animated and energetic throughout, as it is perfectly felicitous both in the choice of topics and the handling of them. A fortunate cry of 'order,' which he early raised in the very exordium, by affirming that 'far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for bare justice from the House,' gave him occasion for dwelling on this topic, and pressing it home with additional illustration; till the redoubled blows and repeated bursts of extemporaneous declamation almost overpowered the audience, while they wholly bore down all further interruption. A similar effect is said to have been produced by Mr. (now Lord) Plunkett, in the Irish House of Commons, upon some one calling out to take down his words.—'Stop,' said this consummate orator, 'and you shall have something more to take down;' and then followed in a torrent, the most vehement and indignant de-

* To a great speaker, it is always an advantage to follow a powerful adversary. The audience is prepared for attention, nay, even feels a craving for some answer.

† This is one main cause of the conciseness and rapidity of the Greek orations; they were all on a few simple topics thoroughly known to the whole audience. Much of their difficulty comes also from this source.

* See *Quarterly Review* for October, 1810.

scription of the wrongs which his country had sustained, and had still to endure.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under tones of his voice were peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years.

The historian of a character so attractive, the softer features of which present a rare contrast to the accustomed harshness of political men, is tempted to extend the same indulgence, and ascribe the errors of the statesman to the accidents of his position, or the less lofty tone of principle which distinguished the earlier period of his public life, while his principles of con-

duct were forming and ripening. The great party, too, which he so long led with matchless personal influence, would gladly catch at such a means of defence; but as the very same measure of justice or of mercy must be meted out to the public conduct of Mr. Pitt, his great rival, there would be little gain to party pride by that sacrifice of principle which could alone lead to such unworthy concessions. It is of most dangerous example, of most corruptive tendency, ever to let the faults of statesmen pass uncensured; or to treat the errors or the crimes which involve the interests of millions with the same indulgence towards human frailty which we may, in the exercise of charity, show towards the more venial transgressions that only hurt one individual; most commonly only the wrong-doer himself. Of Mr. Fox it must be said that whilst his political principles were formed upon the true model of the Whig School, and led him, when combined with his position as opposing the Government's warlike and oppressive policy, to defend the liberty of America, and the cause of peace, both in that and the French war, yet he constantly modified these principles, according to his own situation and circumstances as a party chief;—making the ambition of the man and the interest of his followers the governing rule of his conduct. The charge is a grave one; but unhappily the facts fully bear it out. Because Lord Shelburne had gained the King's ear (by an intrigue possibly, but then Lord Shelburne never had pretended to be a follower of Mr. Fox), the latter formed a coalition with Lord North, whose person and whose policy he had spent his whole life in decrying; whose misgovernment of America had been the cause of nearly destroying the empire; and whose whole principles were the very reverse of his own. The ground taken by this coalition on which to subvert the government of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, was, their having made a peace favourable to England beyond what could have been expected, after the state to which Lord North's maleadministration had reduced her; their having, among other things, given the new American States too large concessions; and their having made inadequate provision for the security and indemnity of the American Loyalists. On such grounds they, Mr. Fox and Lord North, succeeded in overturning the Ministry, and took their places; which they held for a few months, when the King dismissed them amidst the all but universal joy of the country; men of all ranks, and parties, and sects, joining in one feeling of disgust at the factious propensities in which the unnatural alliance was begotten; and apprehending from it, as Mr. Wilberforce remarked, 'a progeny stamped with the features of both parents, the violence of the one party and the corruption of the other.' This grand error raised the Tories and Mr. Pitt to the power which during their long and undisturbed reign, they enjoyed:

notwithstanding all the unparalleled difficulties of the times, and in spite of so many failures in all the military enterprises of themselves and of their foreign allies. The original quarrel with Mr. Pitt was an error proceeding from the same evil source. His early but mature talents had been amply displayed; he had already gained an influence in Parliament and the country, partly from hereditary, partly from personal qualities, second only to that of Mr. Fox; his private character was wholly untarnished; his principles were the same with those of the Whigs; he had nobly fought with them the battle which destroyed the North administration. Yet no first-rate place could be found to offer him; although Mr. Fox had once and again declared a boundless admiration of his genius, and an unlimited confidence in his character. Lord John Cavendish, of an illustrious Whig house by birth, but himself one of the most obscure of mankind, must needs be made Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Pitt was only the son of Lord Chatham, and a man of vast talents, as well as spotless reputation; and he was thus not permitted, without a sacrifice of personal honour, to be the ally of Mr. Fox, in serving their common country. How much misery and mischief might the world have been spared had the Rockingham Ministry preferred Mr. Pitt to Lord John Cavendish, and made the union between him and the Whigs perpetual! We shall presently see that an error almost as great in itself, though in its consequences far from being so disastrous, was afterwards committed by Mr. Pitt himself.

The interval between the American and the French wars was passed by Mr. Fox in opposing whatever was proposed by his antagonist; with the single exception of the measures for restoring the Stadtholder's authority in 1787. His hearty admiration of the French Revolution is well known; and it was wholly unqualified by any of the profound and sagacious forebodings of Mr. Burke, excited by the distrust of vast and sudden changes, among a people wholly unprepared; and which seems never afterwards to have been diminished by the undoubted fact of a minority having obtained the sway, and being compelled to make up, with the resources of terror, for their essential want of support among the people at large. The separation of his aristocratic supporters, and the unfortunate war to which it led, left him to struggle for peace, and the Constitution, with a small but steady band of noble-minded associates—and their warfare for the rights of the people during the dismal period of alarm which elapsed from 1793 to 1801, when the healing influence of the Addington Government was applied to our national wounds, cannot be too highly extolled. The Whigs thus regained the confidence of the nation, which their coalition ten years before seemed to have forfeited for ever. The new junction with the Gren-

ville party in 1804 was liable to none of the same objections; it was founded on common principles; and it both honoured its authors and served the State. But when, upon Mr. Pitt's death, Mr. Fox again became possessed of power, we find him widely different from the leader of a hopeless, though high-principled Opposition to the Court of George III. He consented to take office without making any stipulation with the King on behalf of the Catholics; a grave neglect which afterwards subverted the Whig Government; and if it be said that this sacrifice was made to obtain the greater object of peace with France, then it must be added that he was slack indeed in his pursuit of that greater object. He allowed the odious income tax to be nearly doubled, after being driven, one by one, from the taxes proposed; and proposed on the very worst principles ever dreamt of by financiers. He defended the unprincipled arrangement for making the Lord Chief-Justice of England a politician, by placing him in the Cabinet; he joined as heartily as any one in the fervour of loyal enthusiasm for the Hanoverian possessions of the Crown. On one great subject his sense of right, no less than his warm and humane feelings, kept him invariably true to the great principles of justice as well as policy. His attachment was unceasing, and his services invaluable to the Abolition of the Slave-trade, which his last accession to office certainly accelerated by several years. For this, and for his support of Lord Erskine in his amendment of the law of libel, the lasting gratitude of his country and of mankind is due; and to the memory of so great and so amiable a man it is a tribute which will for ever be cheerfully paid. But to appreciate the gratitude which his country owes him, we must look, not to his ministerial life; we must recur to his truly glorious career as leader of the patriot band which, during the almost hopeless struggle from 1793 to 1801, upheld the cause of afflicted freedom. If to the genius and the courage of Erskine we may justly be said to owe the escape from proscription, and from arbitrary power, Fox stands next to him as the preserver of that sacred fire of liberty which they saved to blaze forth in happier times. Nor could even Erskine have triumphed as he did, had not the party which Fox so nobly led, persevered in maintaining the sacred warfare, and in rallying around them whatever was left of the old English spirit to resist oppression.

The circumstances of his celebrated antagonist's situation were as different from his own as could well be imagined. It was not merely disparity of years by which they were distinguished; all the hereditary prejudices under which the one appeared before the country, were as unfavourable, as the prepossessions derived from his father's character and renown were auspicious, to the entrance of the other upon the theatre of public affairs. The grief, indeed, was yet recent

which the people had felt for the loss of Lord Chat-ham's genius, so proudly towering above all party views and personal ties, so entirely devoted to the cause of his principles and patriotism—when his son appeared to take his station, and contest the first rank in the popular affections with the son of him whose policy and parts had been sunk into obscurity by the superior lustre of his adversary's capacity and virtues. But the young statesman's own talents and conduct made good the claim which his birth announced. At an age when others are but entering upon the study of state affairs, and the practice of debating, he came forth a matured politician, a finished orator,—even as if by inspiration, an accomplished debater. His knowledge, too, was not confined to the study of the classics, though with these he was familiarly conversant; the more severe pursuits of Cambridge had imparted to him some acquaintance with the stricter sciences, which have had their home upon the banks of the Granta since Newton made them his abode; and with political philosophy he was more familiar than most Englishmen of his age. Having prepared himself, too, for being called to the bar, and both attended on Courts of Justice and frequented the Western Circuit, he had more knowledge and habits of business than can fall to the share of our young patricians;—the material out of which British statesmen are for the most part fashioned, by an attendance upon debates in Parliament, and a study of newspapers in the Clubs. Happy had he not too soon been removed into office from the prosecution of studies which his rapid success broke off never to be resumed! For the leading defect of his life, which is seen through all his measures, and which not even his great capacity and intense industry could supply, was an ignorance of the principles upon which large measures are to be framed, and nations to be at once guided and improved. As soon as he entered upon official duties, his time was at the mercy of every one who had a claim to prefer, a grievance to complain of, or a nostrum to propound; nor could the hours of which the day consists suffice at once to give all these their audience; to transact the routine business of his station; to direct or to counteract the intrigues of party; and, at the same time, to learn all that his sudden transplanting from the closet to the Cabinet, and from the Bar to the Senate, had of necessity left unlearned. From hence, and from the temptation always afforded in times of difficulty to avoid as much as possible all unnecessary embarrassments, and all risks not forced upon him, arose the peculiarity which marks his story, and marks it in a way not less hurtful to his own renown, through after ages, than unfortunate for his country. With more power than any Minister had ever possessed—with an Opposition which rather was a help than a hinderance to him during the greater part of his rule—with a

friendly Court, an obsequious Parliament, a confiding people—he held the supreme place in the public councils for twenty years; and, excepting the Union with Ireland, which was forced upon him by a rebellion, and which was both corruptly and imperfectly carried, so as to produce the smallest possible benefit to either country, he has left not a single measure behind him for which the community, whose destinies he so long swayed, has any reason to respect his memory; while, by want of firmness, he was the cause of an impolicy and extravagance, the effects of which are yet felt, and will oppress us beyond the life of the youngest person alive.

It is assuredly not to Mr. Pitt's sinking-fund that we now allude, as showing his defective political resources; that scheme, now exploded, after being gradually given up by all adepts in the science of finance, was for many years their favourite; nor can he in this particular be so justly charged, as he well may in all the rest of his measures, with never having gone before his age, and not always being upon a level with the wisdom of his own times. Yet may it be confessed that, his financial administration being the main feature in his official history, all his other plans are allowed to have been failures at the time; and this, the only exception, began to be questioned before his decease, and, has long been abandoned.* Neither would we visit harshly the entire change of his opinions upon the great question of Reform; albeit the question with which his claims to public favour commenced, and on his support of which his early popularity and power were almost wholly grounded. But we feel the force of the defence urged for his conversion, that the alarms raised in the most reflecting minds by the French Revolution, and its cognate excitement amongst ourselves, justified a reconsideration, and might induce an honest alteration of the opinions originally entertained upon our Parliamentary system. That any such considerations could ever justify him in lending himself to the persecution of his former associates in that cause, we wholly deny; and in aid of this denial, we ask, what would have been said of Messrs. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, Brougham, Smith, and the other abolitionists, had they, on account of some dreadful desolation of our colonies by negro insurrection, suddenly joined in proscribing and persecuting all who, after they themselves had left the cause, should continue to devote their efforts to its promotion? But the main charge against Mr. Pitt is having suffered himself to be led away by the alarms of the Court, and the zeal of his new allies, the Burke and Windham party, from the ardent love of peace which he professed, and undoubtedly felt, to the eager and

* It was Dr. Price's Plan; and he complained that the three Schemes propounded by him, Mr. Pitt had selected the worst.

port of the war against France, which might well have been avoided had he but stood firm. The deplorable consequences of this change in his conduct are too well known; they are still too sensibly felt. But are the motives of it wholly free from suspicion? *Cui bono?* was the question put by the Roman lawyer when the person really guilty of any act was sought for. A similar question may often be put, without any want of charity, when we are in quest of the motives which prompted a doubtful or suspicious cause of action; proved by experience to have been disastrous to the world. That, as the chief of a party, Mr. Pitt was incalculably a gainer by the event which, for a while, well nigh annihilated the Opposition to his Ministry, and left that Opposition crippled as long as the war lasted, no man can doubt. That independent of the breaking up of the Whigs, the war gave their powerful antagonist a constant lever wherewithal to move at will both Parliament and people, as long as the sinews of war could be obtained from the resources of the country, is at least as unquestionable a fact.

His conduct of the war betrayed no extent of views, no commanding notions of policy. Any thing more commonplace can hardly be imagined. To form one coalition after another in Germany, and subsidize them with millions of free gift, or aid with profuse loans, until all the powers in our pay were defeated in succession, and most of them either destroyed or converted into allies of the enemy—such were all the resources of his diplomatic policy. To shun any effectual conflict with the enemy, while he wasted our military force in petty expeditions—to occupy forts, and capture colonies, which, if France prevailed in Europe, were useless acquisitions, only increasing the amount of the slave trade, and carrying abroad our own capital, and which, if France were beaten in Europe, would all of themselves fall into our hands—such was the whole scheme of his warlike policy. The operations of our navy, which were undertaken as a matter of course, and would have been performed, and must have led to our brilliant maritime successes, whoever was the Minister, or whether there was any Minister at all, may be added to the account; but can have little or no influence upon the estimate to be formed of his belligerent administration. When, after a most culpable refusal to treat with Napoleon in 1800, grounded on the puerile hope of the newly gotten Consular power being soon overthrown, he found it impossible any longer to continue the ruinous expenditure of the war, he retired, placing his puppet in his office, with whom he quarrelled for refusing to retire when he was bidden. But the ostensible ground of his resignation was the King's bigoted refusal to emancipate the Irish Catholics. Nothing could have more redounded to his glory than this. But he resumed office in 1804, refused to make any stipulation for those same Catholics, and always

opposed those who urged their claims, on the utterly unconstitutional ground of the King's personal prejudices—a ground quite as solid for yielding to that Monarch in 1801, as for not urging him in 1804. It was quite as discreditable to him that, on the same occasion, after pressing Mr. Fox upon George III. as an accession of strength necessary for well carrying on the war, he agreed to take office without any such accession; rather than thwart the personal antipathy,—the capricious, the despicable antipathy of that narrow-minded and vindictive Prince against the most illustrious of his subjects.*

These are heavy charges; but we fear the worst remains to be urged against the conduct of this eminent person. No man felt more strongly on the subject of the African Slave Trade than he; and all who heard him are agreed that his speeches against it were the finest even of his noble orations. Yet did he continue for eighteen years of his life, suffering every one of his colleagues, nay, of his mere underlings in office, to vote against the question of Abolition, if they thought fit—men, the least inconsiderable of whom durst no more have thwarted him upon any of the more trifling measures of his Government, than they durst have thrust their heads into the fire. Even the Foreign Slave Trade, and the traffic which his war policy had trebled by the capture of the enemy's colonies, he suffered to grow and prosper under the fostering influence of British capital; and after letting years and years glide away, and hundreds of thousands be torn from their own country, and carried to perpetual misery in ours, while a stroke of his pen could, at any moment, have stopped it for ever, he only could be brought to issue, a few months before his death, the easy Order in Council which at length destroyed the pestilence. This is by far the gravest charge to which Mr. Pitt's memory is exposed.

If from the Statesman we turn to the Orator, the contrast is indeed marvellous. He is to be placed, without any doubt, in the highest class. With a sparing use of ornament, hardly indulging more in figures, or even in figurative expression, than the most severe examples of ancient chasteness allowed, with

* It is a singular instance of the great effects of trivial circumstances that we can relate the following anecdote. During the co-operation of all parties against Mr. Addington's Government in the spring of 1804, Mr. Pitt and Mr. C. Long were one night passing the door of Brooks's Club-house, on their way from the House of Commons, when Mr. Pitt, who had not been there since the coalition of 1784, said he had a great mind to go in and sup. His wary friend said, 'I think you had better not,' and turned aside the well-disposed intention. When we reflect on the high favour Mr. Pitt then was in with the Whigs, and consider the nature of Mr. Fox as well as his own, we can have little doubt of the cordial friendship which such a night would have cemented, and that the union of the two parties would have been complete.

These sketches as naturally begin with a notice of the means by which the great rhetorical combatants were brought up, and trained and armed for the conflict, as Homer's battles do with the buckling on of armour and other note of preparation, when he brings his warriors forward upon the scene. Of Mr. Sheridan, any more than of Mr. Burke, it cannot be lamented; as of almost all other English statesmen, that he came prematurely into public life, without time given for preparation by study.—Yet this time in his case had been far otherwise spent than in Mr. Burke's. Though his education had not been neglected, for he was bred at Harrow, and with Dr. Parr, yet he was an idle and a listless boy, learning as little as possible, and suffering as much wretchedness—an avowal which to the end of his life he never ceased to make, and to make in a very affecting manner. Accordingly, he brought away from school a very slender provision of classical learning; and his taste, never correct or chaste, was wholly formed by acquaintance with the English poets and dramatists, and perhaps a few of our more ordinary prose writers; for in no other language could he read with any thing approaching to ease. Of those poets, he most *professed* to admire and to have studied Dryden; he plainly *had* most studied Pope, whom he always vilified and always imitated. But of dramatists his passion evidently was Congreve, and after him Vanburgh, Farquhar, even Wycherly; all of whom served for the model, partly even for the magazine of his own dramatic writings, as Pope did of his verses. 'The Duenna,' however, is formed after the fashion of Gay; of whom it falls further short than the 'School for Scandal' does of Congreve. That his plays were great productions for any age, astonishing for a youth of twenty-three and twenty-five, is unquestionable. Johnson has accounted for the phenomenon of Congreve, at a still earlier period of life, showing so much knowledge of the world, by observing that, on a close examination, his dialogues and characters might have been gathered from books 'without much actual commerce with mankind.' The same can hardly be said of the 'School for Scandal;' but the author wrote it when he was five years older than Congreve had been at the date of the 'Old Batchelor.'

Thus with an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman—with a most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be useful in political affairs—with a position by birth and profession, little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theatre—he came into that Parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more choice literary fame of a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. His

first effort was unambitious, and it was unsuccessful. Aiming at but a low flight, he failed in that humble attempt. An experienced judge, Woodfall, told him. 'it would never do;' and counselled him to seek again the more congenial atmosphere of Drury Lane. But he was resolved that it should do; he had taken his part; and, as he felt the matter was in him, he vowed not to desist till 'he brought it out.' What he wanted in acquired learning, and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry; within given limits, towards a present object, no labour could daunt him; and no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private Committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares, from the chiefs of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of Parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking, absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that; and he acquired what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed, or his speeches ever betrayed. He rose by these steps to the rank of a first-rate speaker, and as great a debater as a want of readiness, and need for preparation would permit. He had some qualities which led him to this rank, and which only required the habit of speech to bring out into successful exhibition—a warm imagination, though more prone to repeat with variations the combinations of others, or to combine anew their creations, than to bring forth original productions—a fierce, dauntless spirit of attack—a familiarity, acquired from his dramatic studies, with the feelings of the heart and the ways to touch its chords—a facility of epigram and point, the yet more direct gift of the same theatrical apprenticeship—an excellent manner, not unconnected with that experience—and a depth of voice which perfectly suited the tone of his declamation, be it invective, or be it descriptive, or be it impassioned. His wit, derived from the same source, or sharpened by the same previous habits, was eminently brilliant, and almost always successful; it was like all his speaking, exceedingly prepared, but it was skilfully introduced and happily applied; and it was well mingled also with humour, occasionally descending to farce. How little it was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore when he came to write his life; for we there find given to the world the secret note-books of this famous wit; and can trace the jokes, in embryo, with which he had so often made the walls of St. Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden unprepared effusion.*

* Take an instance from this author, giving extra-

habit of command had given him more perfect quickness in perceiving an advantage and availing himself of an opening, as it were, in the adverse battle, with the skill and the rapidity wherewith our Wellington, in an instant perceiving the columns of Marmont somewhat too widely separated, executed the movement that gave him the victory of Salamanca. So did Mr. Pitt overthrow his great antagonist on the Regency, and some other conflicts. It may be further observed, that never was any kind of eloquence, or any cast of talents more perfectly suited to the position of leading the Government forces, keeping up the spirits of his followers under disaster, encouraging them to stand a galling adverse fire;—above all, presenting them and the friendly though neutral portion of the audience, with reasons or with plausible pretexts for giving the Government that support which the one class desired to give, and the other had no disposition to withhold. The effects which his calm and dignified yet earnest manner produced on these classes, and the impression which it left on their minds, have been admirably portrayed by one of the most able among them, and with his well-chosen words we close this imperfect sketch of so great a subject:—‘Every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore the stamp of his character. All communicated a definite and varied apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and severe greatness.’*

Nothing that we have yet said of this extraordinary person has touched upon his private character, unless so far as the graver faults of the politician must ever border upon the vices or the frailties of the man. But it must be admitted, what even his enemies were willing to confess, that in his failings, or in his delinquencies, there was nothing mean, paltry, or low. His failings were ascribed to love of power and of glory; and pride was the harshest feature that disfigured him to the public eye. We doubt if this can all be said with perfect justice; still more that if it could, any satisfactory defence would be made. The ambition cannot be pronounced very lofty which showed that place, mere high station, was so dear to it as to be sought without regard to its just concomitant—power, and clung by, after being stript of this, the only attribute that can recommend it to truly noble minds. Yet he well described his office as ‘the pride of his heart and the pleasure of his life,’ when, boasting that he had sacrificed it to his engagements with Ireland at the Union; and then, within a very short period, he proved that the pleasure and the pride were far too dearly loved to let him think of that tie when he again grasped them,—wholly crippled, and deprived of all

power to carry a single measure of importance. Nor can any thirst for power itself, any ambition, be it of the most exalted kind, ever justify the measures which he contrived for putting to death those former coadjutors of his own, whose leading object was Reform; even if they had overstepped the bounds of law, in the pursuit of their common purpose. His conduct on the Slave Trade falls within the same view; and leaves a dark shade resting upon his reputation as a man—a shade which, God be praised, few would take, to be the first of orators and greatest of ministers.

In private life he was singularly amiable; his spirits were naturally buoyant and even playful; his affections warm; his veracity scrupulously exact; his integrity wholly without a stain; and, although he was, from his situation, cut off from most of the relations of domestic life, as a son and a brother he was perfect, and no man was more fondly beloved or more sincerely mourned by his friends.*

It was a circumstance broadly distinguishing the Parliamentary position of the two great leaders whom we have been surveying, that while the one had to fight the whole battle of his Government for many years, the first and most arduous of his life, if not single handed, yet with but one coadjutor of any power, the other was surrounded by ‘troops of friends,’ any one of whom might well have borne the foremost part. Against such men as Burke, Windham, Sheridan, North, Erskine, Lee, Barré,—Mr. Pitt could only set Mr. Dundas; and it is certainly the most astonishing part of his history, that against such a phalanx, backed by the majority of the Commons, he could struggle all through the first Session of his administration. Indeed, had it not been for the support which he received both from the Court and the Lords, and from the People, who were justly offended with the unnatural coalition of his adversaries, this Session would not only have been marvellous but impossible.

Of Mr. Fox’s adherents whom we have named, the most remarkable certainly was Mr. Sheridan, and with all his faults, and all his failings, and all his defects, the first in genius and greatest in power. When the illustrious name of Erskine appears in the bright catalogue, it is unnecessary to add that we here speak of Parliamentary genius and political power.

* The story told of his refusing to marry *Mademoiselle Necker* (afterwards *Madame de Staël*), when the match was proposed by the father, rests upon a true foundation; but the form of the answer, ‘that he was already married to his country’ has, unless it was a jest which is very possible, no more foundation than the dramatic exit described by Mr. Rose in the House of Commons, when he stated ‘Oh my country’ to have been his last words—though it is certain that for many hours he only uttered incoherent sentences. Such things were too theatrical for so great a man, and of too vulgar a caste for so consummate a performer, had he stooped to play a part in such circumstances. He himself gave more than once a far more prosaic and very different reason for his never marrying.

* *Quarterly Review*, August 1810.—Supposed to be by Mr. J. H. Frere, but avowedly an intimate personal friend.

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Thus with an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman—with a most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be useful in political affairs—with a position by birth and profession, little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theatre—he came into that Parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more voice literary fame of a Burke, and which owned the

ay of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. His

first effort was unambitious, and it was unsuccessful. Aiming at but a low flight, he failed in that humble attempt. An experienced judge, Woodfall, told him, 'it would never do;' and counselled him to seek again the more congenial atmosphere of Drury Lane. But he was resolved that it should do; he had taken his part; and, as he felt the matter was in him, he vowed not to desist till 'he brought it out.' What he wanted in acquired learning, and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry; within given limits, towards a present object, no labour could daunt him; and no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private Committees, by diligent attendance upon all debates, by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares, from the chiefs of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of Parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking, absolutely essential to all but first-rate genius, and all but necessary even to that; and he acquired what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed, or his speeches ever betrayed. He rose by these steps to the rank of a first-rate speaker, and as great a debater as a want of readiness, and need for preparation would permit. He had some qualities which led him to this rank, and which only required the habit of speech to bring out into successful exhibition—a warm imagination, though more prone to repeat with variations the combinations of others, or to combine anew their creations, than to bring forth original productions—a fierce, dauntless spirit of attack—a familiarity, acquired from his dramatic studies, with the feelings of the heart and the ways to touch its chords—a facility of epigram and point, the yet more direct gift of the same theatrical apprenticeship—an excellent manner, not unconnected with that experience—and a depth of voice which perfectly suited the tone of his declamation, be it invective, or be it descriptive, or be it impassioned. His wit, derived from the same source, or sharpened by the same previous habits, was eminently brilliant, and almost always successful; it was like all his speaking, exceedingly prepared, but it was skilfully introduced and happily applied; and it was well mingled also with humour, occasionally descending to farce. How little it was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore when he came to write his life; for we there find given to the world the secret note-books of this famous wit; and can trace the jokes, in embryo, with which he had so often made the walls of St. Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden unpremeditated effusion.*

* Take an instance from this author, giving extract:

The adroitness with which he turned to account sudden occasions of popular excitement, and often at the expense of the Whig party, generally too indifferent to such advantages, and too insensible to the damage they thus sustained in public estimation, is well known. On the mutiny in the fleet, he was beyond all question right; on the French invasion, and on the attacks upon Napoleon, he was almost as certainly wrong; but these appeals to the people and to the national feelings of the House, tended to make the orator well received, if they added little to the statesman's reputation; and of the latter character he was not ambitious. His most celebrated speech was certainly the one upon the 'Begum Charge' in the proceedings against Hastings; and nothing can exceed the accounts left us of its unprecedented success. Not only the practice, then first began, which has gradually increased till it greets every good speech, of cheering, on the speaker resuming his seat, but the Minister besought the House to adjourn the decision of the question, as being incapacitated from forming a just judgment under the influence of such powerful eloquence; whilst all men on all sides vied with each other in extolling so wonderful a performance. Nevertheless, the opinion has now become greatly prevalent, that a portion of this success was owing to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker's former efforts; to the extreme interest of the topics which the subject naturally presented; and to the artist-like elaboration and beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. Certain it is, that the repetition of great part of it, presented in the short-hand notes of the speech on the same charge in Westminster Hall, disappoints every reader who has heard of the success which attended the earlier effort. In truth, Mr. Sheridan's taste was very far from being chaste, or even moderately correct; he delighted in gaudy figures; he was attracted by glare; and cared not whether the brilliancy came from tinsel or gold; from the broken glass or the pure diamond; he overlaid his thoughts with epigrammatic diction; he 'played to the galleries,' and indulged them, of course, with an endless succession of clap-traps.

from the Common-place book of the wit:—'He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit.' Again, the same idea is expanded into—'When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination.' But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a common-place book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who having been a composer of music, became a wine merchant. 'You will,' said the ready wit, 'import your music and compose your wine.' Nor was this service exacted from the old idea 'thought sufficient'—so in the House of Commons an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge ('who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts').

His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself;—full of imagery often far-fetched, oftener gorgeous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed, with his deep clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism; and in all this, his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing, and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage, and menace, and scorn. The few sentences with which he thrilled the House on the liberty of the press in 1810, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum Charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon; 'whose morning orisons and evening prayers are for the conquest of England, whether he bends to the God of Battles, or worships the Goddess of Reason;'—certainly far better than such pictures of his power, as his having 'thrones for his watch-towers, kings for his sentinels, and for the palisades of his castle, sceptres stuck with crowns.' 'Give them,' said he in 1810, and in a far higher strain of eloquence, 'a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a truckling Court,—and let me but have an unfettered press; I will defy them to encroach a hair's-breadth upon the liberties of England. Of all his speeches there can be little doubt that the most powerful, as the most chaste, was his reply in 1805 upon the motion which he had made for repealing the Defence Act. Mr. Pitt had unwarily thrown out a sneer at his support of Mr. Addington, as though it was insidious. Such a stone cast by a person whose house on that aspect was one pane of glass, could not fail to call down a shower of missiles; and they who witnessed the looks and gestures of the aggressor under the pitiless pelting of the tempest which he had provoked, represent it as certain that there were moments when he intended to fasten a personal quarrel upon the vehement and implacable declaimer.*

When the just tribute of extraordinary admiration has been bestowed upon this great orator, the whole of his praise has been exhausted. As a statesman, he is without a place in any class, or of any rank; it would be incorrect and flattering to call him a bad, or a hurtful, or a short-sighted, or a middling statesman;

* Mr. Sheridan wrote this speech during the debate at a Coffee-house near the Hall; and it is reported most accurately in the Parliamentary debates, apparently from his own notes.

he was no statesman at all. As a party man, his character stood lower than it deserved,—chiefly from certain personal dislikes; for with the perhaps doubtful exception of his courting popularity at his party's expense on the two occasions already mentioned, and the much more serious charge against him of betraying his party in the Carlton House negotiation of 1812, followed by his extraordinary denial of the facts when he last appeared in Parliament, there can nothing be laid to his charge as inconsistent with the rules of the strictest party duty and honour; although he made as large sacrifices as any unprofessional man ever did to the cause of a long and hopeless Opposition, and was often treated with unmerited coldness and disrespect by his coadjutors. But as a man, his character stood confessedly low; his intemperate habits, and his pecuniary embarrassments, did not merely tend to imprudent conduct, by which himself alone might be the sufferer; they involved his family in the same fate; and they also undermined those principles of honesty which are so seldom found to survive fallen fortunes; and hardly ever can continue the ornament and the stay of ruined circumstances, when the tastes and the propensities engendered in prosperous times survive through the ungenial season of adversity. Over the frailties and even the faults of genius, it is permitted to draw a veil, after marking them as much as the interests of virtue require, in order to warn against the evil example, and preserve the flame bright and pure from such unworthy and unseemly contamination.

Among the members of his party, to whom we have alluded as agreeing ill with Mr. Sheridan, and treating him with little deference, Mr. Windham was the most distinguished. The advantages of a refined classical education—a lively wit of the most pungent and yet abstruse description—a turn for subtle reasoning, drawing nice distinctions and pursuing remote analogies—great and early knowledge of the world—familiarity with men of letters and artists, as well as politicians, with Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds, as well as with Fox and North—much acquaintance with constitutional history and principle—a chivalrous spirit, a noble figure, a singularly expressive countenance—all fitted this remarkable person to shine in debate; but were all, when put together, unequal to the task of raising him to the first rank; and were, besides, mingled with defects which exceedingly impaired the impression of his oratory, while they diminished his usefulness and injured his reputation as a statesman. For he was too often the dupe of his own ingenuity; which made him doubt and balance, and gave an oscillancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell. His nature, too, perhaps owing to this hesitating disposition, was to be a follower, if not a worshipper, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if he felt

some relief under the doubts which harassed him from so many quarters, in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons, the task of trimming the scales, and forming his opinions for him. Accordingly, first Johnson in private, and afterwards Burke on political matters, were the deities whom he adored; and he adhered manfully to the strong opinions of the latter, though oftentimes painfully compelled to suppress his sentiments, all the time that he took counsel with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who would only consent to conduct the French war upon principles far lower and more compromising than those of the great anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican leader. But when untrammelled by official connexion, and having his lips sealed by no decorum or prudence, or other observance prescribed by station, it was a brave sight to see this gallant personage descend into the field of debate, panting for the fray, eager to confront any man or any number of men that might prove his match, scorning all the little suggestions of a paltry discretion, heedless of every risk of retort to which he might expose himself, as regardless of popular applause as of Court favour; nay, from his natural love of danger and disdain of every thing like fear, rushing into the most offensive expression of the most unpopular opinions with as much alacrity as he evinced in braving the power and daring the enmity of the Crown. Nor was the style of his speaking at all like that of other men's. It was in the easy tone of familiar conversation; but it was full of nice observation and profound remark; it was instinct with classical allusion; it was even over-informed with philosophic and with learned reflection; it sparkled with the finest wit—a wit which was as far superior to Sheridan's, as his to the gambols of the Clown, or the movements of Pantaloon; and his wit, how exuberant soever, still seemed to help on the argument, as well as to illustrate the meaning of the speaker. He was, however, in the main, a serious, a persuasive speaker, whose words plainly flowed from deep and vehement, and long considered, and well weighed, feelings of the heart. *“Erat summa gravitas; erat cum gravitate junctus, facetiarum et urbanitatis oratorius non scurrilis lepos. Latine loquendi accurata et sine molestia diligens elegantia.”*

The rock on which he so often made shipwreck in debate, and still oftener in council or action, was that love of paradox, on which the tide of his exuberant ingenuity naturally carried him, as it does many others, who, finding so much more may be said in behalf of an untenable position than at first sight appeared possible to themselves, or than ordinary minds can at any time apprehend, begin to bear with the erroneous dogma, and end by adopting it.*

* They who have been engaged in professional business with the late Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldon)

'They first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

So he was from the indomitable bravery of his disposition, and his loathing of every thing mean, or that savoured of truckling to mere power, not unfrequently led to prefer a course of conduct, or a line of argument, because of their running counter to public opinion or the general feeling; instead of confining his disregard to popularity within just bounds, and holding on his course in the pursuit of truth and right, in spite of its temporary disfavour with the people. With these errors there was generally much truth mingled, or at least much that was manifestly wrong tinged the tenets or the conduct he was opposing; yet he was not the less an unsafe counsellor, and in debate a dangerous ally. His conduct on the volunteer question, the interference of the City with military rewards, the amusements of the people, and cruelty to animals, afforded instances of this mixed description, where he was led into error by resisting almost equal error on the opposite hand; yet do these questions also afford proof of the latter part of the foregoing proposition; for what sound or rational view could justify his hostility to all voluntary defence, his reprobation of all expression of public gratitude to the services of our soldiers and sailors, his unqualified defence of bull-baiting, his resistance of all checks upon cruelty towards the brute creation? Upon other subjects of still graver import his paradoxes stood prominent and mischievous;—unredeemed by ingenuity, unpalliated by opposite exaggeration, and even unmitigated by any admixture of truth. He defended the slave trade, which he had at first opposed, only because the French Royalists, were injured by the revolt which their own follies had occasioned in St. Domingo; he resisted all mitigation of our criminal law, only because it formed a part of our antiquated jurisprudence, like trial by battle, nay by ordeal of fire and water; and he opposed every project for educating the people. It required all men's tenderness towards undoubted sincerity and clear disinterestedness to think charitably of such pernicious heresies in such a man. It demanded all this charity and all this faith in the spotless honour of his character, to believe that such opinions could really be the convictions of a mind like his. It was the greatest tribute which could be paid to his sterling merit, his fine parts, his rare accomplishments, that in spite of such wild aberrations, he was admired and beloved.

From what has been said of Mr. Windham's manner of speaking, as well as of his variously embellished mind, it will readily be supposed that in society he was destined to shine almost without a rival. His manners were the most polished, and noble, and courteous, without the least approach to pride, or affecta-

may recollect how often that great lawyer was carried away to entertain paradoxical opinions exactly by the process here described.

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tion, or condescension; his spirits were, in advanced life, so gay, that he was always younger than the youngest; his relish of conversation was such, that after lingering to the latest moment he joined whatever party a sultry evening (or morning, as it might chance to prove) tempted to haunt the streets before retiring to rest. How often have we accompanied him to the door of his own mansion, and then been attended by him to our own, while the streets rang with the peals of his hearty merriment, or echoed the accents of his refined and universal wit! But his conversation, or grave or gay, or argumentative or discursive, whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or lively to very drollery, or pensive and pathetic, or losing itself in the clouds of metaphysics, or vexed with paradox, or plain and homely and all but commonplace, was that which, to be understood, must have been listened to; and while over the whole was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance, through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment have found entrance!

'Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna profanat
Omnibus obscuras injicit ille manus—
Ossa quieta precor, turā requiescite in urnā;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!'

If we turn from those whom common principles and party connexion ranged against Mr. Pitt, to the only effectual supporter whom he could rely upon as a colleague on the Treasury Bench, we shall certainly find ourselves contemplating a personage of very inferior pretensions, although one whose powers were of the most useful description. Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had no claim whatever to those higher places among the orators of his age, which were naturally filled by the great men whom we have been describing; nor indeed could he be deemed *inter oratorum numerum* at all. He was a plain, business-like speaker; a man of every-day talents in the House; a clear, easy, fluent, and, from much practice, as well as strong natural sense, a skilful debater; successful in profiting by an adversary's mistakes; distinct in opening a plan and defending a Ministerial proposition; capable of producing even a great effect upon his not unwilling audience by his broad and coarse appeals to popular prejudices, and his confident statements of facts—those statements which Sir Francis Burdett once happily observed, 'men naturally fall into through an inveterate habit of official assertion.' In his various offices no one was more useful. He was an admirable man of business; and those professional habits which he had brought from the bar (where he practised long

* Relentless death each purer form profanes,
Round all that's fair his dismal arms he throws—
Light lie the earth that shrouds thy loved remains,
And softly slumbering may they taste repose!—

enough for a youth of his fortunate family to reach the highest official place) were not more serviceable to him in making his speeches perspicuous, and his reasoning logical, than they were in disciplining his mind to the drudgery of the desk, and helping him to systematize, as well as to direct the machinery of his department. After quitting the profession of the law, to which, indeed, he had for some of the later years of Lord North's Administration only nominally belonged, and leaving also the office of Lord Advocate, which he retained for several years after, he successively filled the place of Minister for India, for the Home and War Departments, and for Naval Affairs. But it was in the first of these capacities, while at the head of the India Board, and while Chairman of the Committee of the Commons upon India, that his great capacity for affairs shone chiefly forth; and that he gave solid and long-continued proof of an indefatigable official industry, which neither the distractions of debate in Parliament, nor the convivial habits of the man and of the times, ever could interrupt or relax. His celebrated Reports upon all the complicated questions of our Asiatic policy, although they may not stand a comparison with some of Mr. Burke's in the profundity and enlargement of general views any more than their style can be compared with his, are nevertheless performances of the greatest merit, and repositories of information upon that vast subject, unrivalled for clearness and extent. They, together with Lord Wellesley's Despatches, form the sources from which the bulk of all the knowledge possessed upon Indian matters is to be derived by the statesmen of the present day.

If in his official departments, and in the contests of Parliament, Mr. Dundas rendered able service, and possessed great weight, it was in Scotland, his native country, whose language he spoke, and whose whole affairs he directed, that his power and his authority chiefly prevailed. Before the Reform in our representation, and our municipal institutions, the undisturbed possession of patronage by a leading member of the Government, was very sure to carry along with it a paramount influence both over the representatives of this ancient kingdom and over their constituents. Why the submission to men in high place, and endowed with the power of conferring many favours, should have been so much more absolute amongst us than amongst our southern neighbours, it would be needless to enquire. Whether it arose from the old feudal habits of the nation, or from its poverty, joined with a laudable ambition to rise in the world above the pristine station, or from the wary and provident character of the people,—certain it is that they displayed a devotion for their political superiors, and a belief in their infallibility, which would have done no discredit to the clansmen of those chieftains who, whilom both

granted out the lands of the sept, retained the stipulated services of the vassal, and enjoyed the rights of jurisdiction and of punishment, whereby obedience was secured, and zealous attachment stimulated in its alliance with wholesome terror. That Mr. Dundas enjoyed this kind of Ministerial Sovereignty and homage in a more ample measure than any of his predecessors, was, no doubt, owing partly to the unhesitating and unqualified determination which regulated his conduct, of devoting his whole patronage to the support of his party, and to the extent of that patronage, from his being so long Minister for India, as well as having the whole Scottish preferment at his absolute disposal; but it was also in part owing to the engaging qualities of the man. A steady and determined friend, who only stood the faster by those that wanted him the more—nay, who even in their errors or their faults would not give up his adherents—an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners—void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension—a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life—and although not always sufficiently regardful of strict decorum in certain particulars, yet never putting on the Pharisee's garb, or affecting a more 'gracious state' than he had attained—friendly, self-denying to those inferiors in his department whose comforts so much depended on him—in his demeanour hearty and good-humoured to all—it is difficult to figure any one more calculated to win over those whom his mere power and station had failed to attach; or better fitted to retain the friends whose accident or influence might originally have attached to his person. That he should for so many years have disposed of the votes in Parliament of nearly the whole Scottish Commons, and the whole Peers, was, therefore, little to be wondered at; that his popularity and influence in the country at large should have been boundless during all this period, is as easily to be understood. There was then no doubt ever raised of the Ministry's stability, or of Mr. Dundas's ample share in the dispensation of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election, if he but kept by the true faith; and his path lay straight before him—the path of righteous devotion leading unto a blessed preferment. But our countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast—their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes—in vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be named. More than two parties were talked of. Instead of the old, convenient, and intelligible alternation of 'Pitt or Fox,'—'place or poverty,' which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight!—hateful and perturbing omen!—a Ministry without Pitt, nay, with-

Dundas, and an Opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval, may recollect how the public mind among us was subdued with awe, and how we awaited in trembling silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask any thing. It was hard to say, not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. Our countrymen were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said, that they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away; and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power amongst us, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight—the political second-sight—of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both Houses actually were found adhering to him against the existing Government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish Peers in open Opposition! Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Adington in such unheard-of troubles, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us.' When the very Scotch Peers wavered—and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about—it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and security, and patronage and Dundas, speedily ensued to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence, or her fidelity—her attachment at once to her patron—and to herself.

The subject of Lord Melville cannot be left complete without some mention of the event which finally deprived him of place and of power, though it hardly ever lowered him in the respect and affections of his countrymen. We allude, of course, to the Resolutions carried by Mr. Whitbread on the 8th of April, 1805, with the Speaker's casting voice, which led to the immediate resignation, and subsequent impeachment of this distinguished person. Mr. Pitt defended him strenuously, and only was compelled to abandon his friend and colleague, by the vote of the Commons, which gave him a 'bitter pang,' that as he pronounced the word made the hall resound, and seems yet to fill our ear. But after his death, while the Government was in his rival's hands, and all the offices of the State were filled with the enemies of the accused, Lord Melville was brought to trial before his Peers, and by a large majority acquitted, to the almost universal satisfaction of the country. Have we any right to regard

him as guilty after this proceeding? It is true that the spirit of party is charged with the event of this memorable trial; but did nothing of that spirit preside over the proceedings in the Commons,—the grand inquest of the nation—which made the presentment—and put the accused upon his trial? That Lord Melville was a careless man and wholly indifferent about money, his whole life had shown. That he had replaced the entire sum temporarily used, was part even of the statement which charged him with misemploying it. That Mr. Pitt, whom no one ever accused of corruption, had been a party to two of his supporters using four times as much of the public money for a time, and without paying interest, was soon after proved; though for the purpose of pressing more severely upon Lord Melville, a great alacrity was shown to acquit the Prime Minister, by way of contrast to the Treasurer of the Navy. In a word, the case proved against him was not by any means so clear as to give us the right to charge the great majority of his Peers with corrupt and dishonourable conduct in acquitting him; while it is a known fact that the Judges who attended the trial were, with the exception of the Lord Chief Justice, all clearly convinced of his innocence. Nor, let it be added, would the charge against him have been deemed, in the times of the Harleys and the Walpoles, of a nature to stain his character. Witness Walpole rising to supreme power after being expelled the House of Commons for corruption; and after having only urged in his own defence, that the thousand pounds paid to him by a contractor had been for the use of a friend, whom he desired to favour, and to whom he had paid it all over;—not to mention his having received above seventeen thousand pounds, under circumstances of the gravest suspicion, the day before he quitted office, and which he never seems to have accounted for except by saying he had the King's authority to take it.* We are sensible that these remarks will

* Mr. Coxe, in his life of Walpole, cannot, of course, put the defence on higher ground than Walpole himself took, as to the L.1000 received on the contract, in 1711, when he was Secretary at War. As to the sum reported by the House of Commons' Committee (L.17,461) to have been obtained by him in 1712, on the authority of two Treasury orders, the biographer's main argument is, that the money must have been immediately wanted for public purposes, though these never were particularized, and that the King must have approved of the draft, because he signed the warrants. A weaker defence cannot well be conceived; nor is it much aided by the assertion which follows, that Sir Robert began writing a vindication of himself, which he broke off 'on a conviction that his answer must either have been materially defective, or he must have related many things highly improper to be exposed to the public.' The fact of a man, with an estate of about L2000 a-year at first, and which never rose to much above L.4000, having lived extravagantly, and amassed above L.200,000, is not at all explained by Mr. Coxe; and it is mainly on this expensive living and accumulation of fortune, that the suspicions which hang over his memory rest. But it is needless to say more upon a topic which could form no justification of Lord

give little satisfaction to those whose political principles have always kept them apart from, and inimical to Lord Melville. But to what purpose have men lived for above thirty years after the trial, and survived the object of the charge more than a quarter of a century, if they cannot now, and upon a mere judicial question, permit their judgments to have a free scope,—deciding calmly upon events that belong to the history of the past, and involve the reputation of the dead?

The Ministry of Mr. Pitt did not derive more solid service from the Law in the person of Mr. Dundas, than the Opposition party did ornament and popularity in that of Mr. Erskine. His Parliamentary talents, although they certainly have been underrated, were as clearly not the prominent portion of his character. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, had he appeared in any other period than the age of the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Burkes, there is little chance that he would have been eclipsed even as a debater; and the singular eloquence and effect of his famous speech against the Jesuits' Bark Bill in the House of Lords, abundantly proves this position. He never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating; he had a very scanty provision of political information; his time was always occupied with the laborious pursuits of his profession; he came into the House of Commons, where he stood among several equals, and behind some superiors, from a stage where he shone alone, and without a rival; above all, he was accustomed to address a select and friendly audience, bound to lend him their patient attention, and to address them by the compulsion of his retainer, not as a volunteer coming forward in his own person;—a position from which the transition is violent and extreme, to that of having the whole effort of gaining and of keeping a promiscuous and, in great part, a hostile audience, not under any obligation to listen one instant beyond the time during which the speaker can flatter, or interest, or amuse them. Earlier practice and more devotion to the pursuit, would doubtless have vanquished all these disadvantages; but they sufficed to keep Mr. Erskine always in a station far beneath his talents, as long as he remained in the House of Commons.

It is to the Forum, and not the Senate, that we must hasten, if we would witness the *'coronam multiplicem—judicium erectum—crebras assensiones—multas admirationes—risum cum velit, cum velit fletum—in Scenâ Roscium:'*—in fine, if we would see this great man in his element and in his glory. Nor let it be Melville, if he were guilty. The subject is only alluded to in this place for the purpose of showing how much more pure our public men now are, and how much higher is our standard of official virtue. The acquittal of Lord Melville was deemed insufficient to sanction his restoration to office, although Sir Robert Walpole, without any attempt to rescind the vote of 1712, was afterwards advanced to the place of Prime Minister, and held it for twenty years.

deemed trivial, or beneath the historian's province, to mark that noble figure, every look of whose countenance is expressive, every motion of whose form graceful—an eye that sparkles and pierces, and almost assures victory, while it *'speaks audience ere the tongue.'* Juries have declared that they felt it impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and, as it were, fascinated them by his first glance; and it used to be a common remark of men who observed his motions, that they resembled those of a blood-horse;—as light, as limber, as much betokening strength and speed, as free from all gross superfluity or incumbrance. Then hear his voice of surpassing sweetness, clear, flexible, strong, exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, deficient in compass, indeed, and much less fitted to express indignation or even scorn than pathos, but wholly free from either harshness or monotony. All these, however, and even his chaste, dignified, and appropriate action, were very small parts of this wonderful advocate's excellence. He had a thorough knowledge of men,—of their passions and their feelings—he knew every avenue to the heart, and could at will make all its chords vibrate to his touch. His fancy, though never playful in public, where he had his whole faculties under the most severe control, was lively and brilliant; when he gave it vent and scope, it was eminently sportive; but while representing his client, it was wholly subservient to that in which his whole soul was wrapped up, and to which each faculty of body and of mind was subdued,—the success of the cause. His argumentative powers were of the highest order—clear in his statements, close in his applications, unwearied and never to be diverted in his deductions—with a quick and sure perception of his point, and undeviating in the pursuit of whatever established it—a nice discernment of the relative importance and weight of different arguments, and the faculty of assigning to each its proper place, so as to bring forward the main body of the reasoning in bold relief, and with its full breadth, and not weaken its effect by distracting and disturbing the attention of the audience among lesser particulars. His understanding was eminently legal; though he had never made himself a great lawyer, yet could he conduct a purely legal argument with the most perfect success; and his familiarity with all the ordinary matters of his profession was abundantly sufficient for the purposes of the forum. His memory was accurate and retentive in an extraordinary degree; nor did he ever, during the trial of a cause, forget any matter, how trifling soever, that belonged to it. His presence of mind was perfect in action—that is, before the jury—when a line is to be taken upon the instant, and a question risked to a witness, or a topic chosen with the tribunal, on which the whole fate of the cause may turn. No man made fewer mistakes; none left so few advantages unimpro-

ed; before none was it so dangerous for an adversary to slumber and be off his guard; for he was ever broad awake himself, and was as adventurous as he was skilful; and as apt to take advantage of any the least opening, as he was cautious to leave none in his own battle. But to all these great qualities he joined that fire, that spirit, that courage, which gave vigour and direction to the whole, and bore down all resistance. No man, with all his address and prudence, ever adventured upon more bold figures, and they were uniformly successful; for his imagination was vigorous enough to sustain any flight; his taste was correct, and even severe, and his execution felicitous in the highest degree. Without much familiar knowledge of even the Latin classics; with hardly any access to the beauties of the Attic eloquence, whether in prose or verse; with no knowledge of modern languages, his acquaintance with the English tongue was yet so perfect, and his taste so exquisite, that nothing could exceed the beauty of his diction, whatever subject he attempted;—whether discoursing on the most humble topics, of the most ordinary case in Court or in society, or defending men for their lives, under the persecution of tyrannical power, wrestling against the usurpations of Parliament, in favour of the liberty of the press, and upholding against the assaults of the infidel the fabric of revealed religion. Indeed the beauty, as well as chaste simplicity, of the language in which he would clothe the most lowly subjects, reminded the classical scholar of some narratives in the *Odyssey*, where there is not one idea that rises above the meanest level, and yet all is made graceful and elegant by the magic of the diction. Aware that his classical acquirements were so slender, men oftentimes marvelled at the phenomenon of his eloquence, above all, of his composition. The solution of the difficulty lay in the constant reading of the old English authors to which he devoted himself: Shakspeare, he was more familiar with than almost any man of his age; and Milton he nearly had by heart. Nor can it be denied that the study of the speeches in '*Paradise Lost*' is as good a substitute as can be found for the immortal originals in the Greek models, upon which those great productions have manifestly been formed.

Such was his oratory; but the oratory is only the half, and the lesser half of the *Nisi Prius* advocate; and Mr. Erskine never was known to fail in the more important moiety of the part he had to sustain. The entire devotion to his cause which made him reject every thing that did not help it forward, and indignantly scorn all temptation to sacrifice its smallest point for any rhetorical triumph, was not the only virtue of his advocacy. His judgment was quick, sound, and sure, upon each successive step to be taken; his decision bold, but cautious and enlightened, at each turn. His speaking was hardly more perfect than his exami-

nation of witnesses,—the art in which so much of an English advocate's skill is shown; and his examination-in-chief was as excellent as his cross-examination;—a department so apt to deceive the vulgar, and which yet is, generally speaking, far less available, as it hardly ever is more difficult than the examination-in-chief, or in reply. In all these various functions, whether of addressing the jury, or urging objections to the Court, or examining his own witnesses, or cross-examining his adversary's, this consummate advocate appeared to fill at one and the same time different characters;—to act as the counsel and representative of the party, and yet to be the very party himself; while he addressed the tribunal, to be also acquainted with every feeling and thought of the judge or the jury; and while he interrogated the witness, whether to draw from him all he knew, and in the most favourable shape, or to shake and displace all he had said that was adverse, he appeared to have entered into the mind of the person he was dealing with, and to be familiar with all that was passing within it. It is by such means that the hearer is to be moved, and the truth elicited; and he will ever be the most successful advocate who can approach the nearest to this lofty and difficult position.

The speeches of this great man are preserved to us with a care and correctness which those only of Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Mr. Canning, and Lord Dudley, among all the orators of whom we have treated, can boast. He had a great facility of composition; he wrote both much and correctly. The five volumes which remain were all revised by himself; most of them at the several times of their first publication. Mr. Windham, too, is known to have left most of his speeches written out correctly in his own hand. The same care was bestowed upon their speeches by the others just named. Neither those of Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt, nor, with one or two exceptions, of Mr. Sheridan, ever enjoyed the same advantages; and a most unfair estimate would therefore be framed of their eloquence, as compared with that of others, were men only to form their judgment upon the records which the Parliamentary Debates present.

Of Mr. Erskine's, the first, beyond all doubt, was his speech for Stockdale, foolishly and oppressively prosecuted by the House of Commons for publishing the Reverend Mr. Logan's eloquent tract upon Hastings's impeachment. There are no finer things in modern, and few finer in ancient eloquence than the celebrated passage of the Indian Chief; nor has beautiful language ever been used with more curious felicity to raise a striking and an appropriate image before the mind, than in the simile of the winds, 'lashing before them the lazy elements, which without the tempest would stagnate into pestilence.' The speeches on Constructive Treason are also noble performances; in

which the reader never can forget the sublimity of the denunciation against those who took from the 'file the sentence against Sidney, which should have been left on record to all ages, that it might arise and blacken in the sight, like the handwriting on the wall before the Eastern tyrant, to deter from outrages upon justice.' One or two of the speeches upon Seduction, especially that for the defendant in *Howard v. Bingham*, are of exquisite beauty.

It remains that we commemorate the deeds which he did, and which cast the fame of his oratory into the shade. He was an undaunted man; he was an undaunted advocate. To no Court did he ever tremble; neither to the Court of the King, neither to the Court of the King's Judges. Their smiles and their frowns he disregarded alike in the fearless discharge of his duty. He upheld the liberty of the press against the one; he defended the rights of the people against both combined to destroy them. If there be yet amongst us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our Constitution be still recognised as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor; let us acknowledge with gratitude, that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times. In 1794, his dauntless energy, his indomitable courage, kindling his eloquence, inspiring his conduct, giving direction and lending firmness to his matchless skill, resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawyers,—the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties,—and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half accomplished scheme of an unsparing proscription. Before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and of orators grow pale; and yet this was the achievement of one only not the first orator of his age, and not among its foremost statesmen, because he was beyond all comparison the most accomplished advocate, and the most eloquent, that modern times have produced.

The disposition and manners of the man were hardly less attractive than his genius and his professional skill were admirable. He was, like almost all great men, simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane feelings and kindly affections. Of wit, he had little or none in conversation; and he was too gay to take any delight in discussion; but his humour was playful to buoyancy, and wild even to extravagance; and he indulged his roaming and devious and abrupt imagination as much in society, as in public he kept it under rigorous control. That his private character was exempt from failings, can in no wise be affirmed. The egotism which was charged upon his conversation, and in which he only seemed to adopt the habit of the forensic leaders of his times, was wholly un-mixed with any thing offensive to others; though it

might excite a smile at his own expense. Far from seeking to raise himself by their depression, his vanity was of the best-natured and least selfish kind; it was wholly social and tolerant and, as it were, gregarious; nay, he always seemed to extol the deeds of others with fully more enthusiasm than he ever displayed in recounting his own. But there were darker places to be marked, in the extreme imprudence with which some indulgences were sought, and unfortunate connexions, even late in life, formed. Lord Kenyon, who admired and loved him fervently, and used always to appear as vain of him as a schoolmaster of his favourite pupil, though himself rigorous to the point of asceticism, was wont to call these imperfections, viewing them tolerantly, 'spots in the sun;' and it must with sorrow be added, that as the lustre of the luminary became more dim, the spots did not contract in their dimensions. The usual course on such occasions is to say *Tacamus de his*,—but history neither asserts her greatest privilege, nor discharges her higher duties, when, dazzled by brilliant genius, or astonished by splendid triumphs, or even softened by amiable qualities, she abstains from marking those defects which so often degrade the most sterling worth, and which the talents and the affections that they accompany may sometimes seduce men to imitate.

The striking and imposing appearance of this great man's person has been mentioned. His herculean strength of constitution may be also noted. During the eight-and-twenty years that he practised at the bar, he never was prevented for one hour from attending to his professional duties. At the famous State Trials in 1794, he lost his voice on the evening before he was to address the Jury. It returned to him just in time, and this, like other felicities of his career, he always ascribed to a special providence, with the habitually religious disposition of mind which was hereditary in the godly families that he sprung from.

Greatly inferior to these men,—indeed of a different class, as well as order,—but far from an inconsiderable person in debate, where he had his own particular line, and in that eminently excelled, was Mr. Tierney. He had been bred to the law, was called to the bar, and for a short time frequented the Western Circuit, on which he succeeded Mr. Pitt in the office of Recorder, or keeper of the circuit books and funds; a situation filled by the youngest member of the profession on the several circuits each successive year. He soon, however, like his illustrious predecessor, left the hard and dull, and for many years cheerless path, which ended in the highest places in the State, and the most important functions of the Constitution; and devoted himself to the more inviting, but more thorny and even more precarious pursuits of politics; in which merit if it never fails of earning fame and distinction, very often secures nothing more solid to its possessor; and which

has the farther disadvantage of leading to power, or to disappointment, according to the conduct or the caprices of others, as much as of the candidate himself. No man more than Mr. Tierney lived to experience the truth of this remark; and no man more constantly advised his younger friends to avoid the fascinations which concealed such snares and led to those rocks. In truth, no one had a better right to give this warning; for his talents were peculiarly fitted for the contentions of the legal profession, and must have secured him great eminence had he remained at the bar; but they were accompanied with some defects which proved exceedingly injurious to his success as a statesman. He possessed sufficient industry to master any subject, and, until his health failed, to undergo any labour. His understanding was of that plain and solid description which wears well, and is always more at the command of its possessor than the brilliant qualities that dazzle the vulgar. To any extraordinary quickness of apprehension he laid no claim; but he saw with perfect clearness, and, if he did not take a very wide range, yet within his appointed scope, his ideas were strongly formed, and, when he stated them, luminously expressed. Every thing refined he habitually rejected; partly as above his comprehension, partly as beneath his regard; and he was wont to value the efforts of fancy still lower than the feats of subtility; so that there was something extremely comical in witnessing the contrast of his homely and somewhat literal understanding with the imaginative nature of Erskine. But if refinement and fancy, when tried upon him apart, met with this indifferent reception, their combination in any thing romantic, especially when it was propounded as a guide of conduct, fared still worse at his hands; and if he ever found such views erected into a test or standard for deciding either on public or on private affairs, he was apt to treat the fabric rather as the work of an unsound mind, than as a structure to be seriously exposed and taken to pieces by argument.

Nevertheless, with all this shunning of fanciful matter, no one's mind was more accessible to groundless imaginations; provided they entered by one quarter, on which certainly lay his weak side as a politician. A man undeniably of cool personal courage; a debater of as unquestioned boldness and vigour; he was timid in council; always saw the gloomy side of things; could scarcely ever be induced to look at any other aspect; and tormented both himself and others with endless doubts and difficulties, and apprehensions of things barely possible, as if in human affairs, from the crossing of a street to the governing of a kingdom, men were not compelled either to stand stock-still, or to expose themselves to innumerable risks,—acting, of course, only on probabilities, and these often not very high ones. It was a singular thing to observe how complete a change the same individual had undergone

in passing from the consultation to the debate. The difference was not greater between Erskine out of Court and in his professional garb. He was firm in the line once taken, against which he had raised a host of objections, and around which he had thrown a cloud of doubts; he was as bold in meeting real enemies as he had been timid in conjuring up imaginary risks; prompt, vigorous, determined, he carried on the debate; and he who in a distant view of it could only descry difficulties and create confusion, when the tug of war approached, and he came to close quarters, displayed an abundance of resources which astonished all who had been harassed with his hesitation, or confounded by his perplexities, or vexed with his apprehensions; and was found to have no eyes but for the adversary whom his whole soul was bent upon meeting; nor any circumspection but for the possibility of a reply which he was resolved to cut off.

It is, probable, however, that this defect in his character as a politician had greatly increased as he grew older. In early times he was among the more forward of the Reformers. When he quitted the bar he offered himself as candidate for several vacant seats and was unsuccessful. He attended the debates at the East India House as a proprietor; and took an active part in them. He was an assiduous member of the 'Society of Friends of the People,' and drew up the much and justly celebrated Petition in which that useful body laid before the House of Commons all the more striking particulars of its defective title to the office of representing the people, which that House then, as now, but with far less reason, assumed. He contested the borough of Southwark more than once, and was seated ultimately in 1796, and by a Committee before which he conducted his own case with an ability so striking, that all who witnessed it at once augured most favourably of his prospects in the House, and confessed that his leaving the bar had alone prevented him from filling the highest place among the ornaments of Westminster Hall. In that contest, his acuteness, his plain and homely sense, his power of exposing a sophism, or ridiculing a refinement, shone conspicuous; and his inimitable manner,—a manner above all others suited to his style of speaking and thinking, and singularly calculated to affect a popular audience,—was added to the other qualities which he showed himself possessed of, and by which he won and kept hold of the committee's undivided attention.

His entry into the House of Commons was made at a sufficiently remarkable period of time. The Whig Opposition had just taken the most absurd and inconsistent, as well as most unjustifiable step which ever party or public men resorted to, in order to show the bitterness of their disappointment, to justify their enemies in deducing all their actions from selfish motives, and to lend the doctrine some plausibility, which the

enemies of all party connexion hold, when they deny its use, and regard it as a mere association for interested purposes; not dictated by any public principle, but dressing itself falsely and fraudulently in that decent garb. They had retired or seceded from their attendance in Parliament, upon the very grounds which should have chained them faster to their seats; namely, that the Government was ruining the interests and trampling upon the liberties of the country; and that the people were not sufficiently alive to the situation of their affairs. If any thing could add to the folly as well as impropriety of this measure, it was the incompleteness of the secession; for instead of leaving Parliament, and thus enabling the people to choose more faithful guardians of their interests, these men all retained their seats, kept fast hold of their personal privileges, and preserved the option of returning upon any fitting or temporary occasion, to the places which they left empty and ready. The Irish Parliament afforded, upon this occasion, one of the two instances of its superiority to our own, which the whole history of that bad and corrupt assembly presents.* The Opposition there, with Mr. Grattan at its head, vacated their seats and remained out of Parliament for some years. Strange that the place where political purity was the most rare, where true patriotism was ever at its lowest ebb,—where the whole machinery of corruption,—all that men call jobbing and faction was proverbially hereditary and constitutional,—and where it has always been so usual to expect as little correctness of reasoning as consistency and purity of conduct,—an example should have been afforded of just and rational conduct, and self-denial, upon the point of jobbing itself, which the patriots of England were neither wise enough or disinterested enough to follow! This phenomenon, otherwise hard to be explained, is accounted for by the character of the illustrious man whom we have named as leader of the Irish Whigs.

The absence of the regular leaders of the Opposition and their followers from Parliament gave Mr. Tierney a ready opening to distinction upon his entering the House of Commons;—an opening of which far less sagacity and resources than he possessed might have taken advantage. He became at once, and from the necessity of the case, in some sort the leader of Opposition. The subject to which he mainly directed himself was the financial department; but without at all confining his exertions to questions of this description. The clearness of his understanding, however, and his business-like habits, gave him a peculiar advantage upon such matters; and he retained his hold over it, and, as it were, an almost exclusive possession of it during the whole of his Parliamentary life. It seems strange to look back upon the hands out of which he took this branch of Opposition business. Mr. Sheri-

dan was the person to whom he succeeded, and who really must be admitted to have been, in every respect, as moderately qualified for performing it as any one of his great abilities could well be. But it must not be supposed that the secession of the regular party left all finance questions, or all questions of any kind, in the hands of him whom they considered as an officious unwelcome substitute, and affected to look down upon as an indifferent makeshift in the hands of the Ministers; ever ready to catch at any semblance of a regular opposing party, for the convenience which it affords in conducting the public business. When the Irish Rebellion, and still more, when the Union, and soon after the failure of the Dutch Expedition seemed to afford a chance of 'doing something,' they came down and joined in the debate. To Mr. Tierney was left the wearisome and painful but not unimportant duty of watching daily the proceedings of the Government, and of the House, in which it now ruled with an absolute sway. Whatever was most irksome and laborious, most thankless and obscure in the drudgery of daily attendance, and the discomfiture of small divisions, fell to his share. It was only when the reward of such toils and vexations appeared in view, upon some great occasion presenting itself for assaulting a Minister invincible in Parliament, but defeated with discredit in his schemes, and assailing him with the support of the country as well as of fortune, that Mr. Tierney was quickly nor yet very gently put on one side; to make way for the greater men who had been engaged in any pursuit, rather than that of their country's favour, and doing any service but that which they owed to their constituents. With what front they could have offered themselves again to these constituents had a general election befallen them before some change had happened in their policy, it would be difficult to conjecture. But fortunately for them as for the country, the administration of Mr. Addington afforded a fair opportunity, perhaps a pretext, of which they were desirous, for resuming their attendance in Parliament; and no one has ever since, in a tone more audible than a whisper, ventured to mention the experiment of secession, as among the ways and means for bettering the condition of a party. It must, however, be added, that when the Election of 1802 came, the people, by showing an entire forgetfulness of the greatest violation of public duty ever committed by their representatives, and never once mentioning the secession on any one occasion, exhibited an inconstancy and neglect of their own best interests, truly painful to those who deem them not only the object, but the origin of all political power; and who, moreover, hold it to be impossible that any power bestowed upon men can be well or safely executed without a continuance of wholesome popular control. The comfort which we now have under this unpleasant recollection, is or

* The other was on the Regency 1788-9.

rived from an assurance that such never could be the case in the present times. No man, or class of men, dare now leave their Parliamentary post, without at the same time throwing up their delegated trust; and whoever should attempt to repeat the game of 1797 in our times, would find the doors of Parliament closed against him, should he be rash enough again to seek admission through any place having a real body of electors.

In the times of which we have been speaking, Mr. Tierney was one of those Whigs who, partly through hostility to Mr. Pitt, and partly from a sincere gratitude for the peace abroad, and the mild and constitutional government at home, obtained for the country by Mr. Addington, first supported, and afterwards formally joined that Minister, upon his rupture with his patron and predecessor. It was unfortunate that Mr. Tierney should have taken office almost on the eve of his new leader committing as great an error, and as fatal as ever could be imputed to his warlike adversary. Mr. Addington having been joined by Mr. Tierney late in 1802, plunged the country, early in 1803, again into war; for reasons, which, if they had any force, should have prevented him from making peace the year before; and even if Napoleon was desirous of breaking the treaty, care was taken by the manner of the quarrel which we fastened upon him, to give him every appearance, in the eyes of the world, of having been reluctantly forced into a renewal of hostilities.

The removal of Mr. Tierney from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches was not attended with any increase either of his weight in the country, or of his powers in debate. No man certainly had a right to charge him with any violation of party duty; for he had never been connected with the regular Whig Opposition, and had been treated upon all occasions with little respect by their leaders. Yet in his opinions he agreed with them; they had always professed the same principles upon those great questions, whether of foreign or domestic policy, which divided public men; and he was now in office with statesmen who only differed from those whom he had always opposed, in the inferiority of their capacity; in having done their patrons' bidding by restoring peace and the Constitution,—both of which he had suspended,—and in refusing to go out and let him in again when that turn was served. There was little ground then for drawing any distinction between the two classes of Pittites; upon principle none; only a personal difference divided them; and to that difference Mr. Tierney was wholly a stranger, until he chose to take a part in it by taking office upon it. But, as has often happened to men who thus place themselves in what our French neighbours term a 'false position,' his weight in the House was not more remarkably lessened than his gift of debating was impaired. He never seemed to be thorough-

ly possessed of himself, or to feel at home, after taking his seat on the Treasury Bench; among the Jenkissons, the Braggs, the Yorks, the Percivals, and the other supporters of Mr. Addington's somewhat feeble, though certainly very useful administration. It was drolly said of the latter—in reference to the rather useless acquisition which he appeared to have made—that he resembled the worthy but not very acute Lord who bought Punch. Upon more than one occasion, words of a graver character were heard from the great master of sarcasm to convey the same idea. When, in an attempt to defend the naval administration of the Government against Mr. Pitt's unmeasured attacks, their new champion, with signal infelicity, adventured upon some personal jeers* at their assailants' expense, the latter remarked in very good humour, 'that he had not found him quite so formidable an antagonist in his novel situation, though he nowise questioned his capacity for Ministerial exertions, and should wait until his infant aptitudes had expanded to their destined fullness. The overthrow of the Addington Ministry soon restored Mr. Tierney to the ranks of Opposition; and his union with the Whigs afterwards became so complete, that he acted for some years after the death of Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Ponsonby as their real leader in the Commons; and during one Session was installed formally as their chief.

The instances to which we have just adverted, may truly be said to be the only failures in Mr. Tierney's whole parliamentary career. For he was one of the surest and most equal speakers that ever mingled in debate; and his style of speaking was very enviable in this particular. It seemed so easy and so natural to the man, as to be always completely at his command; depending on no happy and almost involuntary flights of fancy, or moods of mind, or any of the other incidents that affect and limit the inspirations of genius;—hardly even upon fire caught from an adversary's speech, or an accident in the debate, and which is

* If we mention the nature of these attempts, it must be after a very distinct and peremptory protest against being understood to give them as samples of the humour, and indeed wit in which Mr. Tierney peculiarly excelled—for they were exceptions to it, and were his only failures. He spoke of Mr. Pitt's motion as 'smelling of a contract'—and even called him 'The Right Hon. Shipwright'—in allusion to his proposal to build men-of-war in the Merchants' Yards. On one occasion he fell by a less illustrious hand—but yet the hand of a wit. When alluding to the difficulties the Foxites and Pittites had of passing over to join each other in attacking the Addington Ministry, Mr. Tierney (forgetting at the moment how easily he had himself overcome a like difficulty in joining that Ministry) alluded to the puzzle of the Fox and the Goose, and did not clearly expound his idea. Whereupon Mr. Dudley North said:—'It's himself he means—who left the Fox to go over to the Goose, and put the bag of oats in his pocket.' His failures are told in three lines; but a volume would not hold the successful efforts of his drollery both in debate and in society.

wont to kindle the eloquence of the greater orators. Whoever heard him upon any occasion, had the impression that, such he would be upon all; and that whenever he chose it, he could make as good a speech, and of the same kind. Nor was that excellence small; or that description of oratory contemptible. It was very effective at all times; at some times of very great force indeed. His power of plain and lucid statement was not easily to be surpassed; and this served him in special stead upon questions of finance and trade, which he so often handled. His reasoning was equally plain and distinct. He was as argumentative a speaker as any one could be who set so little value upon subtlety of all sorts; and who always greatly preferred the shorter roads towards a conclusion, to labour'd ratiocination; and quick retorts suggested by the course of the discussion, to any thing elaborate or long. In these retorts, whether of allusion, or repartee, or personal attack, his excellence was very great. When occasion required it, he could rise into a strain of very effective and striking declamation; and although never attempting any flight of a lofty kind, yet never once failing to reach whatever he aimed at. His wit, or his humour, or his drollery, it would be very difficult to describe—nor easy to say how it should be classed. Perhaps, of the three words we have used, in order to be sure of comprehending or hitting it, the second is the most appropriate. He had the great requisites of a powerful debater,—quickness in taking his ground, and boldness in holding it; and could instantly perceive an enemy's weakness and his own course to take advantage of it. But we now speak of him when on his legs; for the defect in his character, of which we before made mention, followed him into the House of Commons, and he was wanting in decision and vigour there also, until he rose; when a new man seemed to stand before you.

It remains to be said, that no man's private character stood higher in all respects; and, besides the most amiable domestic affections, he showed a very touching patience, and even cheerfulness, in sustaining the distressing attacks of the illness under which he laboured for many of the latter years of his life. He was of strictly religious habits, although without any thing of either austerity or fanaticism; and is said to have left some devotional compositions, which prove how deeply impressed his mind was by the feelings connected with the most important of all subjects. It must not be forgotten, in speaking of Mr. Tierney's adherence to the liberal party, during their long and all but hopeless exclusion from office, that he was neither sustained in his independent and honest course by any enthusiasm or fervour of character, nor placed in circumstances which made the emoluments of place indifferent to the comforts of his life. A person of his very moderate fortune, and plain, practical, even

somewhat cold habits of thinking, upon questions which warm so many minds into the fervour of romantic patriotism, has double merit in perseveringly discharging his public duties, and turning a deaf ear to all the allurements of power.

And here for the present let us pause. We have been gazing on the faint likenesses of many great men. We have been traversing a gallery, on either side of which they stand ranged. We have made bold in that edifice to 'expatiate and confer the State affairs' of their age. Cognizant of its history, aware of the principles by which the English chiefs are marshalled, sagacious of the springs that move the politic wheel whose revolutions we contemplate, it is an easy thing for us to comprehend the phenomenon most remarkably presented by those figures and their arrangement; nor are we led to stare aghast at that which would astound any mind not previously furnished with the ready solution to make all plain and intelligible. But suppose some one from another hemisphere or another world, admitted to the spectacle, which we find so familiar, and consider what would be its first effect upon his mind. 'Here,' he would say, 'stand the choicest spirits of their age; the greatest wits, the noblest orators, the wisest politicians, the most illustrious patriots. Here they stand whose hands have been raised for their country, whose magical eloquence has shook the spheres, whose genius has poured out strains worthy the inspiration of the gods, whose lives were devoted to the purity of their principles, whose memories were bequeathed to a race grateful for benefits received from their sufferings and their sacrifices. Here stand all these "lights of the world and demigods of fame,"—but here they stand not ranged on one side of this gallery, serving a common country! With the same bright object in their view, their efforts were divided, not united; they fiercely combated each other, and not together assailed some common foe: their great exertions were bestowed, their more than mortal forces were expended, not in furthering the general good, not in resisting their country's enemies, but in conflicts among themselves; and all their triumphs were won over each other, and all their sufferings were endured at each other's hands!' 'Is it' the unenlightened stranger would add, 'a reality that I survey, or a troubled vision that mocks my sight? Am I indeed contemplating the prime of men amongst a rational people, or the Cerypei of a band of mimes? Or, haply, am I admitted to survey the cells of some hospital appointed for the insane; or is it, peradventure, the vaults of some pandemonium through which my eyes have been suffered to wander till my vision aches, and my brain is disturbed?'

Thus far the untutored native of some far distant wild on earth, or the yet more ignorant inhabitant of some world, remote beyond 'the solar walk or milk way.' We know more; we apprehend things better:

But let us, even in our pride of enlightened wisdom, pause for a moment to reflect on this most anomalous state of things,—this arrangement of political affairs which systematically excludes at least one-half of the great men of each age from their country's service, and devotes both classes infinitely more to maintaining a conflict with one another than to furthering the general good. And here it may be admitted at once that nothing can be less correct than their view, who regard the administration of affairs as practically in the hands of only one-half the nation, whilst the excluded portion is solely occupied in thwarting their proceedings. The influence of both parties is exerted, and the movement of the state machine partakes of both the forces impressed upon it; neither taking the direction of the one nor of the other, but a third line between both. This concession, no doubt, greatly lessens the evil; but it is very far indeed from removing it. Why must there always be this exclusion, and this conflict? Does not every one immediately perceive how it must prove detrimental to the public service in the great majority of instances; and how miserable a makeshift for something better and more rational it is, even where it does more good than harm? Besides, if it requires a constant and systematic opposition to prevent mischief, and keep the machine of state in the right path, of what use is our boasted representative government, which is designed to give the people a control over their rulers, and serves no other purpose at all?

It must not be supposed that in these general remarks upon party we are pronouncing a very severe censure upon all public men in this country, or placing ourselves on an eminence removed from strife, and high above all vulgar contentions.—

*Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre,
Errare, atque viam palanteis querere vitæ,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

LUC. II.

The blame now cast upon politicians affects them all equally; and is only like that which ethical reasoners on the selfish theory of morals, may be supposed to throw upon all human conduct. In fact our blame applies not to individuals, but to the system; and that system we hold to be bad;—hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principle, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State.

Let us now, before we close this view of the times recently passed, and of the great men who flourished in them, amongst ourselves, cast our eye towards the Genius that directed the resources of our enemies, unimpaired by our party divisions, and with all the unity of despotism besides. During the most eventful period of the age in which they flourished, the destinies of France, and of the Continent, were wielded by Na-

poleon Bonaparte; certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and to whom in some respects no parallel can be found if we search the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Cæsar was embellished by more various accomplishments, and the invaders of Mexico and Peru worked their purposes of subjugation with far more scanty means, yet the military genius of the Great Captain shines with a lustre peculiarly its own; or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he never had to contend, like those conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilization or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts as well ordered and regularly marshalled and amply provided as his own.

This celebrated man was sprung from a good family in Corsica, and while yet a boy fixed the attention and raised the hopes of all his connexions. In his early youth his military genius shone forth; he soon gained the summit of his profession; he commanded at twenty-five a military operation of a complicated and difficult nature in Paris: immediately after, he rapidly led the French armies through a series of victories till then unexampled, and to which even now his own after achievements can alone afford any parallel, for the suddenness, the vehemence, and the completeness of the operations. That much of his success was derived from the mechanical adherence of his adversaries to the formal rules of ancient tactics, cannot be doubted; and our Wellington's campaigns would, in the same circumstances, and had he been opposed to similar antagonists, in all likelihood have been as brilliant and decisive. But he always had to combat the soldiers bred in Napoleon's school; while Napoleon, for the most part, was matched against men whose inveterate propensity to follow the rules of an obsolete science, not even the example of Frederic had been able to subdue; and who were resolved upon being a second time the victims of the same obstinate blindness which had, in Frederic's days, made genius triumph over numbers by breaking through rules repugnant to common sense. It must, however, be confessed, that although this consideration accounts for the achievements of this great warrior, which else had been impossible, nothing is thus detracted from his praise, excepting that what he accomplished ceases to appear miraculous; for it was his glory never to let an error pass unprofitably to himself; nor ever to give his adversary an advantage which he could not ravish from him, with ample interest, before it was turned to any fatal account. Nor can it be denied that, when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. After the battle of Aspern he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in all his previous

campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France, during the dreadful conflict that preceded his downfall, is by many regarded as the masterpiece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations for that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled and moved this prodigious and various force like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed in the highest degree the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is, assuredly, only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthaginian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that his enemies have alone recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander.

But Napoleon's genius was not confined to war: he possessed a large capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His public works, and his political reformatorys, especially his Code of Laws, are monuments of his wisdom and his vigour, more imperishable, as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own, or most other men's valour in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence, of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire by the terror of his name!

Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and the warrior. If he was not like Cæsar, a consummate orator, he yet knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, that he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular eloquence,—an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest soldier whom France ever produced, than it is certain that his place is high amongst her greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his Bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the

soldiers of his Old Guard at Fontainbleau, is a masterpiece of dignified and pathetic composition; his speech during the Hundred Days, at the Champ de Mars, beginning, 'General, Consul, Empereur, je tiens tout du Peuple,' is to be placed amongst the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

But with these great qualities of the will—the highest courage, the most easy formation of his resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion to his object of all his energies—and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding by which that firm will worked—the clearest and quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providently seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and power of mind and of tongue to mould their will to his purpose—with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. HE WAS A CONQUEROR;—HE WAS A TYRANT. To gratify his ambition—to slake his thirst of power—to weary a lust of dominion which no conquests could satiate—he trampled on Liberty when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By those passions, a mind not originally unkindly, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, the duties we owe to God and to man, had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit. *'Tantas animi virtutes ingentia vitia æquabant; inhumana crudelitas; perfidia plusquam Punica; nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio.'*† The death of Enghien, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tortures of Toussaint,‡ have all been dwelt upon as the spots on

* The kindness of his nature will be denied by some. the inhuman cruelty by others; but both are correctly true. There is extant, a letter which we have seen, full of the tenderest affection towards his favourite brother to whom it was addressed, when about to be separated from him, long after he had entered on public life. It is in parts blotted with his tears, evidently shed before the ink was dry. As for his cruelty, they only can deny who think it is more cruel for a man to witness torture: which he has ordered, or to commit butchery with his own hand, than to give a command which must condemn thousands to agony and death. If Napoleon had been called upon to witness, or with his own hand to inflict such misery, he would have paused at first—because physical repugnance would have prevailed over mental callousness. But how many minutes' reflection would have taken to deaden the pain, and make him sacrifice his own purpose?

† Liv. xxi.

‡ It is a gross error to charge him with the poison.

his fame; because the fortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of an unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than is necessary, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation far more severe.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or of any age;—the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles,—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man,—whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new govern-

ment for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain the patron of Peace, and a Statesman the friend of Justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the War for Liberty, charging them 'never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them, that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof'—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome. It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!

From the Quarterly Review.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. Vols. I.—IV. 8vo. London: 1838.

It was an evil hour for the best interests of mankind when Gibbon undertook to write the history of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' If the subject was well chosen, and he in many respects admirably qualified to do it justice, so much the worse. The literary merits of the work only secured a wider range for the infidel principles mixed up with it; and, as from the nature of the subject it was sure to be read by the young far more than by those of mature age and established opinions, there is no telling the number of

calculated to abridge his own researches, is clear; and that he knew and approved the works of Daillé and Barbeyrac—works more likely to divert their readers from bestowing much pains upon writers of which they represent the use to be so little, and the morality so imperfect, than to encourage them in any such study. On the other hand, Gibbon does from time to time let fall a remark which certainly betrays a knowledge of some Father, or some treatise at least of a Father, such as nothing but an attentive perusal of the original document itself could be supposed to have furnished; so that, on the whole, it remains a problem with us, whether the unfaithful application he makes of these writings is to be imputed to a superficial or at least a partial acquaintance with them; or whether to a deliberate suppression or modification of the testimony they offer, when it chanced to be against him. That such unfaithful use of them he does make, we shall now endeavour to show; and we shall perhaps be doing the cause of Christianity better service by thus questioning the authority of Gibbon on the whole, than by hunting him through the series of innuendoes on this subject, of which his book is full; indeed, we doubt whether it might not have answered Mr. Milman's object better, to have prefixed a cautionary dissertation pointing out the general defects of Gibbon's reasoning—if reasoning it is to be called, of one who only seeks

'To sap a solemn creed by solemn sneer'—

and the multitude of arguments for the truth of Christianity which still remain untouched by him, and which would involve any one who adopted his views in a labyrinth of insurmountable difficulties, than to oppose him in detail by a desultory note here and there, however good in themselves—a vast number of his insinuations left unencountered after all, and the embarrassments of grappling with a scorner on specific points constantly presenting itself.

We can readily conceive that the first readers of the 'Decline and Fall,' after laying the book down, would be scarcely able to say what its author's plan of attack on the Christian religion had been, so insidiously was it conducted. They would feel that an attempt had been made to shake foundations, but by what precise lever was not so apparent. On second thoughts, however, they would perceive that it was principally by ambiguous hints inducing a notion that Christianity owed its ultimate and permanent success to its connexion with the state—that until Constantine declared himself its champion it was feeble and faltering—and that, but for this secular alliance, it would have perished altogether. A considerable portion of the globe still retains the impression it received from the conversion of that monarch, is Gibbon's language (iii. 232). 'The foundation of Constantinople and the establishment of the Christian religion were the immediate and memo-

orable consequences of this revolution' (ii. 258), writes he once again; and as if its previous existence was scarcely worth a thought or an acknowledgment, as if he could strangle it in its cradle by a contemptuous stroke of his pen, he says, 'after a revolution of *thirteen or fourteen centuries*, that religion is still professed by the nations of Europe.' (ii. 259.) With this purpose in his mind, though without formally avowing it, he sets himself to reduce the number of the early Christians; to disparage their rank; to depreciate their attainments; to make light of their sufferings; to postpone their institutions; and in pursuing this course exercises all the sophistry and artifice of a special pleader most keenly alive to the interests of his client.

Nothing can be more explicit than the evidence borne by the Fathers to the rapid extension of the Christian party during the three first centuries after Christ—a period in which it experienced no favour, but much discouragement, from the ruling powers. One or two passages to this effect are indeed produced or alluded to by Gibbon—that is his way; paragraphs to which he might afterwards appeal, in proof that the argument had not been overlooked by him. But they are dismissed as 'vehement assertions,' 'splendid exaggerations,' and the like. Others might be added of a similar kind, to almost any amount; but of course they might be set aside in the same summary manner. However, if the positive and unanimous assertions of these respectable writers are to be disbelieved because such is Gibbon's pleasure, corroborated as they are too by such unexceptionable witnesses as Tacitus and Pliny, the former of whom Gibbon puts out of court by as strange a piece of logic as we ever met with, still, how are the *incidental* indications of the same fact to be disposed of, arising out of the disturbance in all the relations of society, which indisputably occurred at this period? If Gibbon had actually studied the Fathers for himself, it was impossible that this feature of those times (so conspicuous in their works) could have escaped him; and equally impossible was it that a mind so acute as his in drawing inferences should have failed to recognise in this universal agitation a very active and prevailing cause at work. If Tertullian, for instance, is not to be listened to, when he makes his boast to Roman magistrates—persons not likely to be quite in the dark on a question of this nature—that the Christians, though but of yesterday, 'filled their cities, islands, castles, towns, councils, camps, tribes, companies, the palace, the senate, the forum, every place in short but their temples—inasmuch that their secession would create a solitude;' is he to be suspected, also, when he *incidentally* lays down laws for the regulation of Christians in all callings, in all occupations, in all positions in life, obviously contemplating them as everywhere to be found? If makers of idols they are to pursue some other branch of their trade.

with him, he is walking in an unscrupulous enemy's country.

With feelings akin to these, we approach those original documents which supply Gibbon with the subject-matter of his speculations in this department of his history; and we are put upon the inquiry the rather, because at the time when he wrote they were examined by very few. The monstrous audacity of Priestley's assertions on the question of the divinity of the Son, is enough to show how largely that heresiarch reckoned upon the ignorance which then prevailed of the ecclesiastical authors of the three or four first centuries. And, though a Horsley was not wanting to expose him effectually, yet still (we say it with all due deference to so great a name, and one to which modern theology owes so much) there is that in the learned prelate's replies to him, with all their pretensions and all their merit,—(both conspicuous)—which has ever seemed to us to denote that much of his knowledge of the primitive fathers was got up for the occasion, and had not in it the ripeness of that of a Pearson or a Ball. Whilst Gibbon, therefore, was engaged with these authors, he must have felt that he was not very liable to exposure—that he was examining records which he had for the most part all to himself—and that, if the words of a reference (for of this point he is careful) seemed to support his text by their literal construction, few or none would be in a condition to apply a correction from a more general knowledge of the writer who furnished them. But, indeed, after reading over again this portion of Gibbon's history with much attention, we are at a loss to determine to what acquaintance with the primitive Fathers he had really attained—how far he had actually mastered their works by a patient perusal of them for himself. Certainly he tells us in his preface, that he had 'carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which he had undertaken to treat;' and his notes point to the Fathers perpetually; but we are sceptical on the subject of immense reading such as the references of Gibbon challenge. Folio volumes of Greek and Latin, often obscure and difficult in style, will take a large part out of the solid day; and there are but twelve hours in it even for scholars. Our doubts in this case are not removed by Gibbon's numbering amongst the difficulties of inquiring into the progress of Christianity, which beset him, 'the scantiness and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history.' Perhaps one who had carefully appropriated all those materials which exist would not have been disposed so much to complain of their scantiness. In his account of the Gnostics, for instance, we should have expected from one who made this a subject of complaint, tokens of his having possessed himself, at least, of all the information respecting them with which the works of Irenæus and Clemens abound—abound, we

should have said, to weariness of the flesh; but this does not appear. Irenæus is once referred to, but in a general way; Clemens once, and then, we conceive, with an erroneous interpretation.—(ii. 282.) So again, when he casts a doubt on what he considers the extravagant declaration of Tertullian, that *Spain* had already received the first rays of the faith at the time he addressed his Apology to the magistrates of the Emperor Severus, he does so in apparent ignorance of the testimony of this same Irenæus to the fact he disputes; testimony still earlier than that of Tertullian.*

With respect to the suspicious character they bear, we can only say that, on the whole, the writings of the primitive Fathers, when examined cautiously and without bias, appear to us to carry with them as many marks of truth as any other uninspired writings of the same date. Of course to a general charge one can only make a general reply. But we see their works, in many cases, quoted successively by writers of every century from their own to ours—the allusions they contain to circumstances of the times they pretend to, confirmed by independent testimony—the heresies, the manners and customs of the early Christians, the ecclesiastical usages and rites to which they refer, all in keeping. We see in the Fathers certainly warm advocates of the Christian cause, but not dishonest partisans; on the contrary, remarkable candour in their admissions with respect to the Christians—often a disposition to produce, rather than to suppress, any mitigation of their sufferings—any entreaties of the magistrate that they would conform and save their lives—any evasion of punishment he might suggest to them. We find in them records of the presumption of Christians and their fall—their infirmities and quarrels—very cautious claims to miraculous powers of the highest class, much as though such powers were gradually and successively expiring (as has been conjectured) with the lives of those on whom the apostles themselves had laid their own proper hands—very ample enumerations of the offences laid to their charge. And, perhaps, we may think that the man who produces repeatedly the pompous speech of Agrippa on the glories of the Roman Commonwealth, which the adulatory Josephus puts into his mouth and adopts *that* as a chronicle of facts, has little right to talk of the suspicious nature of the materials of the early Fathers. But Gibbon's sympathies could be readily excited in favour of a document which told for the magnificence of pagan Rome, when they are dead enough towards another which pleaded the cause of Christian humanity. That he availed himself of the labours of Mosheim, of Lardner, of Jortin (though in the last instance more sparingly than we might have expected from the spirit of their author), as well as of other inquirers into the primitive times of the church,

* Irenæus, i. c. 10, § 2.

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and the multitude of arguments for the truth of Christianity which still remain untouched by him, and which would involve any one who adopted his views in a labyrinth of insurmountable difficulties, than to oppose him in detail by a desultory note here and there, however good in themselves—a vast number of his insinuations left unencountered after all, and the embarrassments of grappling with a scorner on specific points constantly presenting itself.

We can readily conceive that the first readers of the 'Decline and Fall,' after laying the book down, would be scarcely able to say what its author's plan of attack on the Christian religion had been, so insidiously was it conducted. They would feel that an attempt had been made to shake foundations, but by what precise lever was not so apparent. On second thoughts, however, they would perceive that it was principally by ambiguous hints inducing a notion that Christianity owed its ultimate and permanent success to its connexion with the state—that until Constantine declared himself its champion it was feeble and faltering—and that, but for this secular alliance, it would have perished altogether. A considerable portion of the globe still retains the impression it received from the conversion of that monarch, is Gibbon's language (iii. 232). 'The foundation of Constantinople and the establishment of the Christian religion were the immediate and memo-

orable consequences of this revolution' (ii. 258), writes he once again; and as if its previous existence was scarcely worth a thought or an acknowledgment, as if he could strangle it in its cradle by a contemptuous stroke of his pen, he says, 'after a revolution of *thirteen or fourteen centuries*, that religion is still professed by the nations of Europe.' (ii. 259.) With this purpose in his mind, though without formally avowing it, he sets himself to reduce the number of the early Christians; to disparage their rank; to depreciate their attainments; to make light of their sufferings; to postpone their institutions; and in pursuing this course exercises all the sophistry and artifice of a special pleader most keenly alive to the interests of his client.

Nothing can be more explicit than the evidence borne by the Fathers to the rapid extension of the Christian party during the three first centuries after Christ—a period in which it experienced no favour, but much discouragement, from the ruling powers. One or two passages to this effect are indeed produced or alluded to by Gibbon—that is his way; paragraphs to which he might afterwards appeal, in proof that the argument had not been overlooked by him. But they are dismissed as 'vehement assertions,' 'splendid exaggerations,' and the like. Others might be added of a similar kind, to almost any amount; but of course they might be set aside in the same summary manner. However, if the positive and unanimous assertions of these respectable writers are to be disbelieved because such is Gibbon's pleasure, corroborated as they are too by such unexceptionable witnesses as Tacitus and Pliny, the former of whom Gibbon puts out of court by as strange a piece of logic as we ever met with, still, how are the *incidental* indications of the same fact to be disposed of, arising out of the disturbance in all the relations of society, which indisputably occurred at this period? If Gibbon had actually studied the Fathers for himself, it was impossible that this feature of those times (so conspicuous in their works) could have escaped him; and equally impossible was it that a mind so acute as his in drawing inferences should have failed to recognise in this universal agitation a very active and prevailing cause at work. If Tertullian, for instance, is not to be listened to, when he makes his boast to Roman magistrates—persons not likely to be quite in the dark on a question of this nature—that the Christians, though but of yesterday, 'filled their cities, islands, castles, towns, councils, camps, tribes, companies, the palace, the senate, the forum, every place in short but their temples—inasmuch that their seclusion would create a solitude;' is he to be suspected also, when he *incidentally* lays down laws for the regulation of Christians in all callings, in all occupations, in all positions in life, obviously contemplating them as everywhere to be found? If makers of idols they are to pursue some other branch of their work.

repair houses, plaster walls, line cisterns, coat columns; he who can draw a figure can paint a wainscot; he who can carve a Mercury can put together a chest of drawers; there are few temples to be built, but many houses; few Mercuries to be gilded, but many sandals and slippers. If schoolmasters, there is nothing for it but to relinquish their calling, rather than teach the adventures of heathen gods, consecrate the first payment of each scholar to Minerva, and keep holidays in honour of Flora. If cattle-merchants, they are to buy for the shambles, not for the altar. If hucksters, they are at least not to be dealers in incense. Though to abstain from the public spectacles, they may take part, if they please, in ordinary and social festivals; and need not absent themselves from such occasions of mirth as an espousal, a marriage, the giving a name, or the putting on a toga, there being nothing in such proceedings essentially idolatrous. Then provision is made for such cases as servants who have unbelieving masters, clerks who have unbelieving superiors. Then questions are determined touching the lawfulness of the profession of arms, of contracting debts with heathen creditors, of executing bonds after heathen forms; all subjects of casual regulation, indicating, as we have said, in a manner above suspicion, that the Christians were a very numerous body, composing an integral portion of every society. Now these are facts which Gibbon could not have read the Fathers without knowing; and, if knowing, he ought, as an honest man, to have produced them.

We come to the same conclusion in the same *indirect* way (for here lies the force of the evidence,) from the disposition there was in the Roman populace to impute all the calamities of the state to the Christians. If the Tiber rose, or the Nile refused to rise; if there occurred drought or earthquake, famine or plague, forthwith the cry was, 'To the lions with the Christians.*' But such importance would scarcely have been assigned to any other than a very numerous body. And when their enemies threw it in their teeth, that by a species of exclusive dealing they were injuring the shops (for they would not purchase at those in the amphitheatre,) and by withdrawing themselves from the temples were impairing the revenue; and when to these charges it was replied by the Apologists, that, if they did not deal in one place they did in another; and that in the article of incense at least, they bought as much for their dead as their accusers did for the deities; and saved the state by their strictness in paying taxes more than they withdrew from it by refusing to join in the temple dues; we again say, that such accusations and such replies to them point clearly enough, however incidentally, to the Christians being already a body of great consideration in the country.

But the animus of Gibbon on this subject, and his resolution to limit the numbers of the primitive Christians, be the evidence opposed to him what it might, is manifest from the case of Armenia. With respect to Armenia, Gibbon admits, in his 'Vindication,' that, 'instead of maintaining that the conversion of that country was not attempted with any degree of success till the sceptre was in the hands of an orthodox emperor [meaning Constantine,] he ought to have said that the seeds of the faith were deeply sown during the season of the last and greatest persecution; that many Roman exiles might assist the labours of Gregory; and that the renowned Tiradates, the hero of the East, may dispute with Constantine the honour of being the first sovereign who embraced the Christian religion.' Such is Gibbon's own confession, very appropriately introduced as a note by Mr. Milman. But Gibbon himself was not the man to act up to his recantation, and correct his text, which stands in the last edition just as it did in the first, without any hint either there or in the margin, that the author had seen reason to retract his assertion: an instance of disingenuousness, which it is as well, perhaps, that he did not surrender to the taunts of Porson; monument as it is of the spirit in which this part of the 'History of the Decline and Fall' was composed.

His attempt to depress the Christians unduly, in rank and attainments, is conducted just after the same fashion. He implies that the Apologists felt themselves tender upon this point; did not resent the imputation that the sect consisted of the dregs of the populace, boys and women, beggars and slaves; and that their teachers were as mute in public as they were dogmatical in private, avoiding the encounter of philosophers, but mingling with the rude and illiterate. The substance of this passage (the worst being made of it) is taken from Minucius Felix, to whom, indeed, Gibbon refers in a note. Now, in that author, the offensive expressions are put into the mouth of a heathen, who is represented as resenting certain remarks made by a companion with whom he was walking, on a salutation offered by him to a figure of Serapis which they chanced to pass in the way. Accordingly, he takes his revenge by preferring against the Christians, to which sect his reprover belonged, sundry reproaches, of which this selected by Gibbon is one—reproaches, however, in the justness of which he had so little confidence, that he becomes himself a convert to Christianity, one of this very rabble, before the dialogue ends. The others, though urged in the same breath, Gibbon sees reason for the present to suppress, probably thinking their extravagance might damage the credit of his witness to the single fact he now proposes to establish. Else he might have proceeded to tell how the Christians after their feasts tied a dog to the candlestick, which, on a bone being

* Tertul. Apolog. § 40.

thrown it, overturned the light, and, in the darkness, a scene of revelry and incest ensued—how they had for their object of worship an ass's head, and other symbols still more revolting—how they buried an infant in flour, provoked their novices to thrust their weapons into the mass, when, the child being slain unawares, they licked up his blood, tore his limbs piecemeal, and so cemented their union!*

We do not, however, mean to dispute, that among the early Christians there were a great many of the poorer class; proof enough of this may, no doubt, be collected from the Fathers, though nowhere, we think, expressed in terms so repulsive as those used by this rhetorical adversary, introduced as speaking under a sense of personal affront, which are the terms Gibbon has thought proper to select for his own adoption. But, had he been disposed to exercise the same critical severity upon the language of the foes of Christianity as upon that of its friends, he might, perhaps, have exclaimed, with at least as great propriety as before, 'vehement assertions,' 'splendid exaggerations;' and qualified it rather more effectually than by the supercilious admission, that, 'as the humble faith of Christ diffused itself through the world, it was embraced by several persons who derived some consequence from the advantages of nature or fortune,' then enumerating just eight such individuals.

Without, therefore, dwelling at any length on the numerous passages to be found in the Fathers, which directly lay claim to a respectable position in society for many amongst the early Christians—such, for instance, as those in Tertullian, where he speaks (with Pliny) of Christians of 'every degree'†—of Christians 'degraded from their rank' by the Roman magistrate, on account of their profession of the gospel‡—of 'illustrious women' and 'illustrious men' amongst the Christians,§ obviously meaning such as were illustrious, not from their virtues, but their condition—without pressing these expressions beyond a point, we shall in this case, as before, offer *incidental*, and therefore, unsuspecting evidence—evidence which, if Gibbon had read the Fathers, must have been known to him—that so early as the end of the second century, or beginning of the third, the Christian faith, which, doubtless, travelled upwards at first, as it has travelled downwards since, had made an effectual lodgment in the middle and higher ranks. The writings of Clemens Alexandrinus which have reached our times consist, with one short essay or sermon besides, of the '*Hortatory Address*,' meant to convert heathens to Christianity; the '*Pædagogus*,' meant to instruct the new converts in the ordinary duties of life; and the '*Stromata*,' meant to develop the character of the perfect Christian; the three treatises successively rising one upon the other.

* Minucius Felix, § 8, 9.

† § 2.

‡ Apolog. § 1.

§ Ad Scapulam, § 4.

Now, the '*Pædagogus*,' as it enters, from its very plan and principle, into details the most domestic and personal, furnishes us with abundant means of deciding what the condition of the persons was to whom it speaks. The character of its precepts determines the station of the parties who were the subjects of them. Amongst other monitory words, then, contained in that work, we find objection taken to couches with silver feet, and inlaying of ivory in the bed-posts, as ostentatious furniture not suiting the simplicity of holy men, who are, nevertheless, cautioned, on the other hand, against indulging the vanity of the Cynic, and lying, like Diomedes, on the hide of an undressed ox.* We find the women restrained from studding their shoes with fantastic figures and devices; cultivating too zealously a taste for pearls, parrots, peacocks, and Maltese lapdogs; the wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel, not indeed proscribed to them, but moderated; and allowance especially made for those amongst them who had entered into improvident marriages, and had to adorn their persons to please their husbands. We find the use of seals adverted to, and, provided the impressions on them were becoming, not condemned. Restrictions are laid upon the excessive multiplication of household servants, the purchasing numbers of cooks, butlers, carvers, cunning to divide the meal into portions, and so on.† Occasionally, it may be thought, that Clemens in his instructions has an eye rather to practices prevailing amongst the heathens than the Christians, and that his object is to put the latter on their guard against the adoption of the like. But even where this is the case the argument stands nearly the same, for he would not be likely to warn the Christians against luxuries which, by reason of their poverty and mean condition, would be altogether out of their reach. There would be no great reason to advise the 'dregs of the populace,' 'beggars and slaves,' against the abuses of gorgeous furniture, extravagant apparel, exquisite and expensive fancies, or overgrown establishments.

The base condition of the primitive Christians, once admitted, would pave the way for certain other reproaches which Gibbon circulates—that the outcasts of society resorted to them, pleased to meet with a religion which would own them, and wash them clean; and, accordingly, that the numbers of the church were swelled by these ready but not very respectable recruits (ii. 316): and again, that the alms of the church profusely distributed were a bait which men of the class he had represented the Christians to be were above taking, and that this in its turn conducted to the progress of Christianity (ii. 347). The first of these two Gibbon describes as a 'very ancient reproach.' It may be so; we certainly do not remember to have met

* Pædagog. ii. p. 217.

† Pædagog. ii. p. 240, 241.

with it for the first two centuries after the death of the Saviour; at the same time we will not take upon ourselves to say that, amongst the several railing accusations brought against the Christians during that period, this may not be one. But could Gibbon have read the Fathers, and not have been struck with the precautions taken by the early Christians to secure, not nominal, but sound converts? If their object was to make ephemeral proselytes, why did they embarrass admission into the church by so many restrictions? Why institute a training process; first the state of the *catechumen*, then that of the *baptised*; first the probation, then the approval? * Why exact solemn promises and vows on entrance into the former state; and a repetition and ratification of the same on succeeding to the latter, the interval between the two periods being often considerable? † Why require sponsors, whose office it should be to vouch for the respectability of the parties of their own knowledge, and to see that the pledges of baptism were redeemed? ‡ Why fence baptism about with so many circumstances to make it an impressive, not to say alarming rite?—such, for instance, as the refusal of the church to pronounce a formal absolution for more than one flagrant falling away after baptism; §—nor that, till after a public and most humiliating confession. Why so rigorous an exercise of the power of the keys in the discipline of excommunication for immorality; || for breach of the baptismal vows; ¶ for marrying a heathen; ** for making idols as a manufacturer; †† and the like? All of them regulations much more savouring of a desire to have the Christian body pure than numerous.

With respect to the other charge, of bribery, it certainly would be too much to expect of the poor man not to be alive to his own necessities heretofore or now. But all that could be done to prove that the church was aware of the danger in this quarter was done. The Church could but adopt one of two alternatives; either abate her charities, or see that they were not abused. She chose the latter; and we discover Clemens Alexandrinus expressly speaking of it as matter for inquiry, whether any converts had been made by the hope of sharing in the gifts of the Church dispensed, and reprobating such a motive; †† and we imagine that it was by information thus imparted to him in their candour by the Fathers themselves that Gibbon was put upon thinking of the reproach.

The respectable rank, however, of the early Chris-

tians—at least of great numbers amongst them—established, another imputation, that of their gross ignorance, and by consequence incapacity to weigh the evidence for the religion they embraced, naturally falls to the ground. But we will not be content with this defence. Let the Fathers, whose writings we possess, speak for themselves, and at the same time for the character of those whose works have unfortunately perished. We perceive that many of them, so far from being guilty of a blind acceptance of the Gospel, did not approach it till they had roved through the various schools of philosophy; professed themselves dissatisfied with the contradictions and morals of them all; and, finding a truth which approved itself to their understandings in the Scriptures, and a virtue which approved itself to their hearts, cleaved unto them as the word of God and the rule of life. Such were Justin, Tatian, Theophilus. Nothing could be less precipitate than their conversion. We see divers of them exhibiting powers of reasoning of which neither Gibbon nor any other man would have need to be ashamed. And we would instance Tertullian's treatise 'On the Testimony of the Soul,' and Athenagoras's 'On the Resurrection,' as two essays in which the argument of natural religion is handled in those early times with great success. An argument, we may add, which the Fathers very often touch, though seldom so deliberately pursue as in the two tracts we have named; and to one hint of this nature thrown out by Origen we are indebted for the immortal Analogy of Bishop Butler; a propensity to this peculiar mode of ratiocination being in itself, we submit, no mean proof of the sober and rational character of the convictions of the Fathers; and that which indicates reasoning powers of a much higher order than are discoverable in a capacity for starting mere sceptical objections. Whilst in the article of extensive reading, not to speak of others, we know of no one, ancient or modern, whose range seems to have been more unlimited than Clemens, 'a genius born to grapple with whole libraries;' and to whose diligence, indeed, the classical scholar is indebted for numberless fragments of Greek authors, which but for him would have been lost. No doubt, it is possible to muster a catalogue of names of eminent heathens 'whose language or whose silence equally discover their contempt for the growing sect;' but it is difficult for men to appreciate that which they refuse to examine; it is the hardship of which the Apologies complain beyond every other, that the Christians were condemned by those who were entirely and wilfully ignorant of all about them; inquiry into their characters and opinions is the thing of all others for which they plead most earnestly.* And, accordingly, the charges preferred against them (to some of which we have already had

* Tertull. De Spectaculis, § 1, 4.

† De Spectac. § 4, 13; De Coronâ, § 3; De Pœnitent., § 6.

‡ De Baptism, § 18; Constitut. Apostol. viii. c. 32.

§ Hermas. Præcept., iv.; Clemens. Alexandr. Strom., ii. c. 13; Tertull. De Pœnitent., § 7, 9.

|| Tertull. Apolog., § 46; De Præscript. Hæreticor., § 51.

¶ De Pœnitent., § 6.

** Ad. Uxor., ii. § 3.

†† De Idolatr., § 4.

‡‡ Stromat., i. 319.

* Tertull. Apolog., § 1, 2.

occasion to allude) are just such as might be expected from parties who took no trouble to master the case; charges of atheism, of promiscuous concubinage, and of devouring human flesh, which have just analogy enough to the several facts they misrepresent to bespeak them to be blind and blundering caricatures of the abhorrence the Christians had for image-worship, of the love they bare to the brethren, and of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in which they partook.

Pursuing the same line of disparagement, though masking it by many manœuvres too intricate to trace, Gibbon now has his fling at the 'indiscreet ardour' with which the early Christians courted martyrdom; their base quality and mean attainments (the points he had already laboured) preparing his readers as he would naturally think, for an explosion of fanaticism. Some, it is certain, did rush upon their deaths unadvisedly; and out of the many that perished it was easy to select a case or two of this kind for exposure. Gibbon chooses that of Ignatius, in this instance finding it convenient to refer to the Epistles of the Bishop of Antioch as genuine (ii. 439,) which, however, he calls in question elsewhere, playing at fast and loose with them according to the purpose he has for the time to serve (ii. 427.) We do not quarrel with his use of them here, believing them as we do (the shorter ones) to be supported by as strong a body of evidence as could well be arrayed on any disputed document of so distant a date; evidence, moreover, which some facts in literature that have transpired since the days of Bishop Pearson (to one of which allusion is made in Dr. Routh's Preface to the *Reliquiæ Sacræ*) have only tended to confirm. Gibbon elsewhere refers to another instance of similar extravagance; that of the soldier who exposed himself and his brethren to the most imminent danger by refusing to wear a laurel crown; conduct, he says, which Tertullian so far approved as to make it the subject of a panegyric; where we again discover him as little scrupulous about his authority as before; for, in order to fasten the charge of rashness on the orthodox church, in Tertullian's approval thus expressed, he adds, 'it is evident, notwithstanding the wishes of M. de Tillemont, that Tertullian composed his treatise *De Coronâ* long before he was engaged in his error of the Montanists' (ii. 291,) whereas his allusion to the 'New Prophecy' in the first chapter, as the Bishop of Lincoln observes, affords a complete refutation of the assertion. Still, much as there was to excuse this temerity, if not to hallow it, the Church herself appears to have watched it with uneasiness. In a letter, preserved in part by Eusebius, which the Church of Smyrna writes to the churches of Pontus, and to which Gibbon refers for another purpose, though he overlooks it for this, an account is given of the sufferings of Polycarp and other martyrs of that place, when occasion is taken of blam-

ing the presumption of those who volunteered the martyr's part.* Clemens would have his *perfect* Christian prepared indeed to drink the cup, if circumstances required it; but he would have him not forget the Lord's injunction, that they who are persecuted in one city are to flee to another; and he considers that to run wilfully upon death is to bring guilt upon your own head. A man is not *perfect*, he says in another place, because he is blind and bold; for a child will touch fire, and a wild beast rush upon a spear's point, but the *perfect* man will do as reason directs him, deliver himself up freely when he has a clear call from God, and, without being fool-hardy, will at the proper time know how to play the man.† The testimony of Tertullian is at one period of his life, to the same effect; and as the works in which his change of sentiment on this subject is discovered bear marks of the Montanist, it is only fair to suppose that his former opinion (which is in the *Apology*) was of a date prior to his aberration. He puts the Christian on the same footing as the soldier; the one will die for God's glory, if taken before the magistrate; the other will die for his own, if summoned to the battle; but neither of them have any pleasure in the hazard they are about to run.§ His language, as we have said, did not always continue the same; yet a passage in his treatise 'concerning idolatry' (which was written probably in his second character) may be supposed to imply, that, though he for his part then considered it the duty of a Christian to avow himself: whatever cost, the general voice was against him. Why, indeed, should the leaders of the church have been at the pains to compose so many *Apologies*, if there was such a rage for martyrdom, or such a disposition among the Christians to encourage it, as some suppose? For the very foremost object those *Apologies* had was to relieve the Christians from persecution by challenging the attention of the chief magistrates to the injustice of the proceedings taken against them, and to pray that they might be put upon a level with other culprits.

But as a noble army of martyrs would stand in the way of more than one of Gibbon's devices—for it might suggest that the early Christians, so far from being a comparatively small body of contemptible enthusiasts whom the world could well afford to pity and neglect, were from their numbers and character the cause of much jealousy both to the colossal power of Rome and to society at large—Gibbon next employs his perverse ingenuity in reducing the catalogue of the martyrs, and (lest heathen humanity might take damage, and Christian fortitude win applause) in extenuating their sufferings. We will not follow him

* Euseb. E. H., iv. 15.

† Strom. vii., p. 871.

‡ De Idolatr., § 22.

† Strom. iv. 9, 10, p. 597.

§ Apolog., § 50.

through the special pleading by which he makes the persons who were put to death in the whole prefecture of the East, during the ten years' persecution which ensued in consequence of the edicts of Diocletian, to be annually no more than one hundred and fifty—drawing an inference from this, that, as the times in which the primitive saints met their ends were less sanguinary than those of Diocletian, the average then must be taken even lower. Allowing these strange calculations, so little in unison with either the letter or the spirit of early ecclesiastical history, were there, we would ask, no sufferings short of death to be taken into the account? The martyrs of Queen Mary's days were not more than 288—some say not more than 227—but would this fact give any idea of the amount of the calamity, of that distress with perplexity (to use the striking language of Scripture) when men's hearts failed them for fear, and for looking to the things that were coming on the earth? We believe that, when the Bastille was taken, not more than seven prisoners were found within its walls; but is this a fitting representation of the tyranny of the *lettres de cachet*, and the dread they inspired? Gibbon was not unacquainted with those other springs of persecution, besides imperial edicts, which did the work far more effectually; for he faintly alludes to them in that way so common with him, and which we have already noticed, whereby he seems to be making provision to meet a charge of disingenuousness to which he suspects himself open, and which may at some future time be preferred against him. In the provinces, indeed, which were the chief scene of persecution, the emperor, whatever was his disposition, does not appear to have had the power fully to protect the Christians. The populace, both Jew and Gentile, the former especially, were furiously hostile to them—driving them from the markets and baths,* pelting them with stones,† breaking open their sepulchres, and tearing up the bodies.‡ A governor of a province, therefore, who sought for mob popularity, could find no better way to the hearts of the million than by rigorous proceedings against the Christians, and many were the governors that were of like character with him who, '*willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound;*' and so waged war against the saints.§ But, besides these trials from without, so fully verifying the Lord's words, 'Behold I send you forth as sheep among wolves,' there were others of a more domestic but not less painful kind, which must be carried to the sum of the sufferings of the early Christians, and without a due consideration for which our estimate of them would be most imperfect.—For the Gospel at first did not bring peace, but a sword—the nearest and dearest family-ties were broken by it—the unbelieving husband dismissed his wife, though

by her conversion to Christianity she had only become in her duties to him more exemplary than ever; or, if he retained her, it was only to distress her by making her partake with him in heathen rites, tavern revels, and licentious songs;* if she proposed going to a religious assembly, he would say, to the bath; if to observe a fast, he would be for a riotous dinner-party.† The unbelieving father disinherited his child, to whom he had nothing to object save that he was a Christian, whereby he was only the more obedient to him. The unbelieving master sent away to the mill the most trusty of his servants, on making the same discovery. The unbelieving servant, on the other hand, betrayed his Christian master, and a man's foes became those of his own household.‡ And when we consider how averse the primitive Christians were to exercise trades and callings that ministered directly or indirectly to idolatry, and how intimately idolatry combined itself with all the business of life, we may readily perceive what great pecuniary sacrifices the Christians, and especially the trading classes of the Christians, must have been content to make for conscience' sake—how much of that slow and silent temptation of poverty and reverse of fortune there must have been, to try the stoutest hearts—and what need there was of those encouraging exhortations of which the New Testament is full, to persevere unto the end. But why should we expect considerations such as these to have been felt or recorded in the manner they deserved to be, and the writings of the Fathers warrant, by one whose pity, and, we will add, whose manhood, cannot be moved by the most frightful and most abasing sufferings to which either sex was subjected? Were these sufferings fictions of the monks (ii. 424)? What fictions could go beyond the facts communicated in the letter of the churches of Lyons and Vienne to those of Asia?—Christians writing not in indignation to heathens, but in confidence to Christians—contemporaries not talking at second-hand, but speaking of events they had witnessed with their own eyes—of men and women, whose names are given (for these things were not done in a corner), submitted to the rack—hot plates of brass applied to the more sensitive parts of the person—left for a few days for their wounds to fester and inflame—tortured again—torn by the wild beasts in the amphitheatre—tossed in nets by furious bulls—fried in an iron chair—in some instances the same individual made to pass through the whole series, if life lasted. These are not horrors that rest upon monkish authority; neither is it to legends of the convent that we must have recourse for examples of honourable women (ever the objects of Gibbon's unmanly rudeness), who were condemned to trials even more bitter than these, because attended with the last hu-

* Euseb. E. H. v. c. 1.

† Tertul. Apolog. § 37.

* Tertul. ad Uxor., ii. § 6.

† Ib. § 3. 4.

‡ Ad Scapul. § 3.

§ Euseb. E. H. v. c. 1.

‡ Tertul. Apolog. § 4.; ad Nationes, i. § 4.

miliation, and if spared the lions, sentenced to the brothel.* It is certainly with a heart hot within us that we pursue this portion of our subject, but we have not yet exhausted it.

The letter of Pliny to Trajan draws from Gibbon the remark that 'the learned Mosheim expressed himself with the highest approbation of Pliny's moderate and candid temper;' and, to confirm this verdict by his own, he adds, 'notwithstanding Dr. Lardner's suspicions, *I am unable to discover any bigotry in his language or proceedings.*' Who would believe that this humane Pliny, in this very letter, tells us that he put two women, probably deaconesses, to the torture, to ascertain the real nature of the Christian assemblies? Mr. Milman gives the Latin, and we will do the same—'*necessarium credidi, ex duabus ancillis, quæ ministræ dicebantur, quid esset veri et per tormenta quærere*' (ii. 418). The venerable Cyprian is first of all banished; but then, pleads Gibbon, it was to a city 'in a pleasant situation,' in a 'fertile territory.' He was afterwards summoned to die; but then he was conducted by the ministers of death, 'not to a prison, but to a private house,' and 'an elegant supper was provided for his entertainment.' Sentence was passed on him, but then it was only to be beheaded—the mildest and least painful manner of execution; and 'no use of torture admitted to obtain from the Bishop of Carthage either the recantation of his principles or the discovery of his accomplices'—the very thing he could see no harm in Pliny's having recourse to. He was led to the fatal spot, but then 'it was without insult.' His head was severed from his body; but then his corpse, though exposed for some hours, it is true, to the curiosity of the Gentiles, was at length carried away 'in triumphal procession'—the friends who performed for him the last offices, 'secure from the danger of inquiry or of pursuit.' Another man might have thought of the agony of the martyr; Gibbon is occupied with the merits of the executioner. Isaac Walton exhorts his fisherman, when baiting with a frog, 'to put his hook through the mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew up the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of the hook, and in so doing to use him *as though he loved him.*' Such was the charity in this case, of which Gibbon is so enamoured. The observations of Sir James Mackintosh upon this passage of the 'History of the Decline and Fall' we had transcribed into our own copy of Gibbon; and we see Mr. Milman has done the same by his. The dignified rebuke they convey is the more pointed, as coming from one who was himself no fanatic:—

'The sixteenth chapter I cannot help considering as a very ingenious and specious, but very disgraceful,

* Tertul. Apolog. § 48. Lenonem potius quam leonem. Euseb. E. H. viii. c. 14.

extenuation of the cruelties perpetrated by the Roman magistrates against the Christians. It is written in the most contemptibly factious spirit of prejudice against the sufferers: it is unworthy of a philosopher, and of a man of humanity. Let his narrative of Cyprian's death be examined. He had to relate the murder of an innocent man, of advanced age, and in station deemed venerable by a considerable body of the provincials of Africa—put to death because he refused to sacrifice to Jupiter. Instead of pointing the indignation of posterity against such an atrocious act of tyranny, he dwells with visible art on all the smaller circumstances of decorum and politeness which attended this murder, and which he relates with as much parade as if they were the most important particulars of the event. Dr. Robertson has been the subject of much blame, for his real or supposed lenity towards the Spanish murderers and tyrants in America. That the sixteenth chapter of Mr. Gibbon did not excite the same or greater disapprobation is a proof of the unphilosophical, and indeed fanatical, animosity against Christianity which was so prevalent during the latter part of the seventeenth century.*

We shall only advert to one feature more in Gibbon's History, still referable to the same principle. An objection existed to his peculiar view, of Christianity being fostered into what it proved by its alliance with the state, in the fact (if fact it should turn out) that it was consolidated, reduced to a system, long before the time of Constantine. It should seem, therefore, that, moderate as his admissions were on the subject of the government and construction of the church in his fifteenth chapter—delicately as he there walked in the comparatively safe society, as he would think, of Mosheim—he had misgivings afterwards that even so he had gone too far; that in the keenness of his pursuit he had overshot his mark; that, too solicitous to establish his fifth cause of the rapid growth of the Christian church in its *effective organization*, he had ascribed to that church a staid, settled character, at a period earlier than was convenient, if it owed everything to Constantine. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; and this is not the only instance in which Gibbon finds his argument two-edged. Thus, we have seen, it suits him in one place to remark with feigned regret on the absence of illustrious names—such as Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus—from the list of Christians (ii. 376); but then, whatever inference might be drawn to the disadvantage of Christianity from this fact, is neutralised by another observation in another place (ii. 400)—that such was the obscurity of the humble followers of Christ, that a considerable time elapsed before the princes or magistrates of Rome thought them deserving their attention. Gibbon might have made his choice between the two insults, and either represented the great men of Rome as too wise to be satisfied with the evidence for Christianity, or too supercilious to examine what that evidence

* Sir J. Mackintosh's Life, i. 245.

was; but he unintentionally weakens his spite by making them both one and the other; and by having two cross-sneers, renders neither of them effective. The same observation applies to his conflicting disparagements of the Christians, that on the one hand they were paupers, and so of a condition incompetent to judge of the faith they received; and on the other hand, prodigal of alms to a degree that secured mercenary converts. Certainly they might have no means at all, or they might apply their means to buy recruits; but both could not be true of them. If a bounty was given for a Christian, there must have been a purse to supply it; malice, however, is providentially shortsighted.

But to return. In his twentieth chapter he tells us that 'the distinction of the spiritual and temporal powers, which had never been imposed on the free spirit of Greece and Rome, was introduced and enforced by the *legal establishment* of Christianity' (iii. 273);—and again, that, 'while the civil and military professions were separated by the policy of Constantine, a *new and perpetual order* of ecclesiastical ministers—always respectable, sometimes dangerous—was established in the church and state' (276.) Gibbon's meaning is not very clear in either of these passages,—perhaps he did not intend that it should be; but if his object was to convey the notion that any distinction existed between the spiritual and temporal powers after Constantine, which did not exist essentially before him; or again, that any perpetual order of ecclesiastical ministers was established after him which was not established before him—we know not upon what grounds he builds either assertion, besides his own desire to put Christianity some degrees in its date. No doubt, as bishops became more wealthy, they became more powerful, but the accident of endowments did not in any respect change the order, or exalt or abase it a hair. A Bishop of London may have more authority than a Bishop of Sodor and Man, but he has not a whit more *episcopal* authority; and Eusebius, who lived to see Constantine's conversion, and some of the consequences of it, speaks of bishops of the most primitive times, and gives catalogues of them in several churches, in just the same terms as he would speak of those in his own. The church, as far as we can collect, by laying together various passages to this effect which the writings of the Fathers furnish, was just as complete in its parts, as orderly in its functions, as finished in its ritual, as exact in its discipline, within the three first centuries, as at any subsequent period. It had already its bishops, even its metropolitans.* They had districts assigned them.† They ordained.‡ They kept watch with all godly jealousy against heresy and

dissent.* It exercised spiritual censures, cut off offenders from its communion, and received the parties again on their penitence.† And here we may pause to remark, as an instance of the animus of Gibbon, his assertion that the controversy concerning the treatment of penitent apostates, on which Cyprian wrote his treatise *De Lapsis*, had not occurred amongst Christians in the preceding century, and the sneer with which he follows up, whether this is to be ascribed to the superiority of their faith and courage, or to our less intimate knowledge of their history (ii. 445;) the fact being that such question *had* arisen in the preceding century, of which the memorial remains in the letter of the churches of Vienne and Lyons, a document to which Gibbon repeatedly refers.‡ We merely notice this to show the disposition there is in him to deny their due to primitive times, and to postdate whatever relates to the establishment of Christianity. But to proceed; the church had its written confessions of faith, which secured harmony in all the congregations throughout the world.§ It had set hours for public prayer;|| a set service, a part of which was a general supplication or litany,¶ a part of it the reading of the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New,** a part of it psalmody,†† and a part of it a sermon.‡‡ It had a form for the administration of the Eucharist,§§ and a form for the administration of baptism,||| both of them, and especially the latter, of which several particulars are preserved, giving token of having been the elements of the corresponding forms in our own church.¶¶ We could add, were it necessary, or the occasion convenient, many more particulars of the same class, all calculated to show how well organized was the church long before the age of Constantine, and how little there was needed the favour of a prince to give it in this respect consistency and effect.

We are sure that, in what we have said in this paper we have not misrepresented Gibbon: but we are not so sure that an ingenious advocate on his side might not make it appear so, and actually produce from his own pages paragraphs opposed to almost every

* Ignat. Ep. ad Magnes., § 4; Irenæus Præf., § 3; Id. iv. 26, § 2; Reliq. Sacr. i. 469, 470; Euseb. E. H., iv. c. 24.

† Justin M., Dialog., § 35; Irenæus, i. c. 16, § 3, ii. c. 31, § 1; Reliq. Sacr., i. 171.

‡ See Reliq. Sacr., i. 294, and the note, p. 330.

§ Irenæus, i. c. 9, § 4; Clemens Alexander. Strom., vii, § 15, p. 887; Tertull. De Præscript. Hæret., § 13; Adv. Prax., § 2, where he remarks, 'Hanc regulam ab initio evangelii decurrisse'; Reliq. Sacr., i. 201-244.

|| Strom. vii. § 7, p. 864.

¶ Id., § 6, p. 848.

** Justin M., Apolog., i. § 67; Tertull. Adv. Marcion., v. § 36.

†† Tertull. de Anima, § 9; Euseb. E. H. v. c. 28, p. 252.

‡‡ Justin M., Apolog., i. § 67.

§§ Irenæus, i. c. 3, § 1, p. 14; iv. c. 18, § 4, p. 251.

||| Tertull. de Baptism., § 2, 4.

¶¶ Clemens, Strom. v. § 11, p. 689; Tertull. De Spectac. § 4; De Idolatr., § 6; Ad Martyr., § 3; De Resurrec. Carn., § 8.

* See Ignat. Ep. ad Polycarp., § 7, 8; Ad Roman., § 2; Routh, Reliq. Sacr., i. p. 470, 369, 170.

† Ignat. Ep. ad Ephes., § 3; Ad Roman., § 9.

‡ Clemens, Rom. Ep. i., § 44.

charge we have brought against him, so curiously does he mingle his reservations with his hints, shuffle the facts he deals with into artificial positions to suit a present purpose, and minister to a future one, and palter with his readers in a double sense by words conveying one impression to the eye and another to the understanding. He says himself of Longinus, in a note, 'instead of proposing his sentiments with a manly boldness, he insinuates them with the most guarded caution; puts them into the mouth of a friend; and, as far as we can collect from a corrupt text, *makes a show of refuting them himself*' (i. 111). Who can read this passage and not exclaim,

'O that some power the gift would gi'e us,
To see ourselves as others see us!'

It might be objected to us with more reason, that we have replied but in part to Gibbon's insidious remarks; and, indeed, we have at this moment several in our mind, to which refutations the most satisfactory might be furnished, but they would come in here like dropped stitches that want gathering up, and we shall pass them by, satisfied with having furnished a clue to inexperienced readers of Gibbon by which they will be able in many instances to find their own way out of snares which we have not happened specifically to point to, and by bearing in mind their author's drift, may be in a condition to counteract the effects of it. And if difficulties they should still meet with, let them ask themselves one question above all (a consideration which Gibbon keeps entirely out of sight), whether it is not a difficulty to hold a religion to be an imposture, which, though taught by a few unlettered fishermen and a tent-maker, has taken possession of so large a portion of the world, and that the most civilized and intelligent: Which seems to go along with God's providence without, for a man is found in the long run, he or his, to prosper or to fail, according as he walks with it or against it: Which seems to go along with God's witness within, for peace of mind is ever the companion of him who follows it, disquietude and remorse of him who disclaims it: Which in its main features accords most remarkably with the moral system under which we live, natural religion running side by side with it, and pleading no less than itself for a future state, for a future state of rewards and punishments, rewards and punishments dealt out not capriciously but according to desert; for this life being a state of trial and discipline; for things here being in wreck and ruin; and for the mitigation of the mischief being effected (so far as it is effected) by the instrumentality of others, by the dispensation of a Mediator: Which its first propagators—the very men who professed to be eye-witnesses of the miracles which were its credentials—devoted their lives to spread, and their blood to set their seal to, facts to which even heathen evidence tes-

tifies: Which was foretold by prophecies many and minute, prophecies translated out of the original language and recorded in another long before Christ appeared, and in that translation also clear and cogent: Which in its morality does not lay itself out for popular acceptance, but the contrary, and yet has that in it which approves itself to the heart nevertheless, which it is felt to be good to entertain, and which it is impossible to impute to any base or fraudulent origin; for patience rather than prowess—purity of the thoughts rather than conformity of the outward acts—self-restraint rather than self-gratification—indifference to vulgar fame, and a reference of all to the motive within—these are features which we at once recognise as belonging to no hollow dispensation, but to such as is sound, and wholesome, and trust-worthy: Which, in the universality of its application is never found lacking—so fitted to the wants of man as never to desert him, rising with every occasion, the more trying the more true, coming home to him with such force in the hour of his need, and guiding him with such discretion in the maze of his perplexities; teaching him where industry ends and covetousness begins, what is compassion and what is weakness, what is refreshment and what is sloth, what is moderation and what lukewarmness, what is zeal and what passion, what is simplicity and what is folly, what is scrupulousness and what superstition, what it is to honour and what it is to be time-serving, what is firmness and what obstinacy, with a hundred other niceties of the like kind, on which we are called every day that we breathe to decide and act: Which challenges the most searching scrutiny into the character of its records, and then demands whether they do not bear the most triumphant marks of truth; whether the names they introduce, the facts to which they allude, the dates to which they assign them, are not in perfect conformity with the times, as represented by accounts altogether independent of them; the age, the country, the actors (be it observed), shrouded in no darkness or obscurity, but the most open to inquiry of almost any since the world began; whether they do not convey the idea of perfect fairness in the writers, no attempt at the suppression of incidents which might be turned against them, no concealment of their own frailties, no precautions against cavil or mistake; whether, on checking one document by another, they are not found to be full of coincidences great and small, the most casual and undesigned, such as could by no possibility be the fruit of any contrivance however subtle, however far-seeing; whether, for instance, any two witnesses in any court were ever submitted to a more rigorous cross-examination, in order to detect inconsistency or collusion in their depositions, than St. Paul and St. Luke, in the 'How Pauline' of Paley (the master-piece of that great writer), and came out of the scrutiny more unimpeached

And yet what facts are involved in the truth of their testimony! That crowning one above all, the resurrection and ascension of the Lord himself, described or alluded to by them both, and which once established, what other foundation of our faith do we want or wish for?

We throw out these few of many kindred considerations (for the subject of the evidences is exhaustless), for the young to take along with them whilst reading Gibbon—considerations appealing to the *reason* chiefly, for at that age reason is proud; but when their turn comes to occupy their posts in life, and encounter its stir and its troubles, and especially as they advance in it, scenes will present themselves which we need not describe, that will appeal to their *feelings* in defence of the Christian cause, and set them far above taking any harm from such a writer as this, or needing any exhortation from monitors so feeble as ourselves.

In these strictures on Gibbon, we have confined ourselves to the single question of the infidel character of his work; the special object of this new edition of the 'Decline and Fall,' being to provide a correction for this dire defect. That he has great sagacity in drawing important inferences from seemingly insignificant facts; great powers of compressing his narrative into a small compass, without rendering it dry and spiritless; great capacity for seizing upon the features of a picture which are characteristic, and so communicating a more lively notion of the scene before him, than another man who told ten times as much; great ingenuity in drawing out and combining into one lucid whole, the mass of materials with which so unwieldy a subject would have overwhelmed any ordinary man; all this none can deny. His style, we confess, has few charms for us, beyond that of the pith there is in it, and the virtue it has of imparting much in little; but it is not idiomatic English in Gibbon himself, and, when run to the lees in his followers, is a jargon of neither Christian, pagan, nor man. His fondness for the antithesis of his favourite Tacitus often leads him into the most affected combination of ideas, packed together with all the manifest labour of mosaic; and his phraseology is so choice, and the construction of his sentences so measured and inflexible, that he is often driven to the use of periphrasis when a single word would have sufficed and been much more intelligible, and often is obliged to have recourse to notes to express some matter too low or too trivial, as he thinks, for his text, which thus frequently become not illustrative, not referential, but supplementary to a mutilated meaning in the larger type.

It is pleasing to think how few standard works in English literature have the taint in them which infects the 'Decline and Fall;' how generally in this country genius has been tributary to the cause of Christianity; a distinction this from the literature of

the Continent for which we have reason to be most grateful; and of which we should probably find the cause in our Protestant faith, and our Church Establishment—the former encouraging religious inquiry by the free circulation of the Scriptures; the latter repressing latitudinarian license by the use of formularies and confessions, and furnishing besides a body of clergy calculated by their attainments, writings, and rank, to give a tone to letters. M. Guizot, however, is helping to redeem the character which has so long been thought to attach to writings of his country; it is consolatory to see notes so valuable as many of those which he has contributed to this edition, and kindling so often into honest indignation at the bad faith of the author on whom he comments, proceed from the pen of a philosopher of France; and we are certainly not the less gratified because that philosopher is the head of the Protestant party in his country.

In conclusion, we must repeat our doubts whether Mr. Milman might not have attained his *main* object better by a preliminary essay than by any series of notes; but we are at the same time very thankful for what he has done, even in a religious point of view; and there can be no question that this edition of Gibbon is the only one extant to which parents and guardians, and academical authorities, ought to give any measure of countenance. The editor's illustrations on subjects of secular and literary interest are in every respect such as might have been anticipated from his character, as one of the most accomplished scholars and writers of his age.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Sketches by Boz*. 1st and 2nd Series. 8vo. London: 1836-7.
2. *The Pickwick Papers*. 8vo. London: 1837.
3. *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. 8vo. London: 1838.
4. *Oliver Twist*. (Bentley's Miscellany.) London: 1837-8.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the author of the above works, is the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, there has been no work the circulation of which has approached that of the *Pickwick Papers*. Thirty thousand copies of it are said to have been sold. It has been dramatized by several hands, and played in sundry London theatres. A continuation of it by another writer, has been undertaken as a profitable speculation: and no sooner has its genuine successor, 'Nicholas Nickleby,' by the same author, made its appearance in monthly numbers, than it is published on the continent, translated into German. Great

popularity is doubtless to be accepted as presumptive evidence of merit—and should at least induce us to regard with attention the qualities of one who can exhibit so many suffrages in his favour. But even a cursory glance over literary history will teach its insufficiency as a *proof* of merit. We shall, therefore, regard it merely as a claim to notice—and treat Mr. Dickens with no more favour than if he could count only hundreds instead of myriads, among his readers. His reputation as a writer of fiction rests at present upon the above four works. The first consists of detached tales, and descriptive sketches of familiar scenes and humble life; some of which, before they were collected, had appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper. The second appeared in monthly numbers, illustrated with prints. The third, not yet completed, is coming forth in a similar guise; and the fourth is pursuing its course, still unfinished, through the numbers of a monthly magazine. In all these productions the author has called in the aid of the pencil, and has been contented to share his success with the caricaturist. He has put them forth in a form attractive, it is true, to that vast majority, the *idle* readers—but one not indicative of high literary pretensions, or calculated to inspire a belief of probable permanence of reputation. They seem, at first sight, to be among the most evanescent of the literary *ephemeræ* of their day—mere humorous specimens of the lightest kind of light reading, expressly calculated to be much sought and soon forgotten—fit companions for the portfolio of caricatures—‘good nonsense,’—and nothing more. This is the view which many persons will take of Mr. Dickens’s writings—but this is not our deliberate view of them. We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity—and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous—exuberant humour—and that mastery in the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humour, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities, an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited, and terse—a good deal of dramatic power—and great truthfulness and ability in description. We know no other English writer to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He sometimes imitates other writers, such as Fielding in his introductions, and Washington Irving in his detached tales, and thus exhibits his skill as a parodist. But his own manner is very distinct—and comparison with any other would not serve to illustrate and describe it. We would compare him rather with the painter Hogarth. What Hogarth was in painting, such very nearly is Mr. Dickens in prose fiction. The same turn of mind—the same species of power displays it-

self strongly in each. Like Hogarth he takes a keen and practical view of life—is an able satirist—very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration—peculiarly skillful in his management of details, throwing in circumstances which serve not only to complete the picture before us, but to suggest indirectly antecedent events which cannot be brought before our eyes. Hogarth’s cobweb over the poor-box, and the plan for paying off the national debt, hanging from the pocket of a prisoner in the Fleet, are strokes of satire very similar to some in the writings of Mr. Dickens. It is fair, in making this comparison, to add, that it does not hold good throughout; and that Mr. Dickens is exempt from two of Hogarth’s least agreeable qualities—his cynicism and his coarseness. There is no misanthropy in his satire, and no coarseness in his descriptions—a merit enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures of humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led through scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes—and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain to the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.

We have said that his satire was not misanthropic. This is eminently true. One of the qualities we most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes; and especially in those who are most removed from observation. He especially directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal—and to the tyranny, which, under the combination of parental neglect, with the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised with impunity in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, and manly. It is quite untainted with sentimentality. There is no mawkish wailing for ideal distresses—no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot—no disposition to excite unavailing discontent, or to turn our attention from remediable grievances to those which cannot admit a remedy. Though he appeals much to our feelings, we can detect no instance in which he has employed the verbiage of spurious philanthropy.

He is equally exempt from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy. He never endeavours to mislead our sympathies—to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting in our eyes—to shake our confidence in those whose conduct is reproachable, by dwelling on the hollowness of their virtue. His vicious characters are just what exper-

shows the average to be; and what the natural operation of those circumstances to which they have been exposed would lead us to expect. We are made to feel both what they are, and *why* they are what we find them. We find no monsters of unmitigated and unredeemable villany; no creatures blending with their crimes the most incongruous and romantic virtues; but very natural and unattractive combinations of human qualities, in which the bad is found to predominate in such a proportion as the position of the party would render probable. In short, he has eschewed that vulgar and theatrical device for producing effect—the representation of human beings as they are likely *not* to be.

Good feeling and sound sense are shown in his application of ridicule. It is never levelled at poverty or misfortune; or at circumstances which can be rendered ludicrous only by their deviation from artificial forms; or by regarding them through the medium of a conventional standard. Residence in the regions of Bloomsbury, ill-dressed dinners, and ill-made liveries, are crimes which he suffers to go unlashd; but follies or abuses, such as would be admitted alike in every sphere of society to be fit objects for his satire, are hit with remarkable vigour and precision. Nor does he confine himself to such as are obvious; but elicits and illustrates absurdities, which, though at once acknowledged when displayed, are plausible, and comparatively unobserved. Take, for example, the following illustration of the nonsense which is sometimes obtruded upon society, under the form of a curious coincidence, or a 'remarkable fact.'

'It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir,' said Sam, 'that poverty and oysters always seem to go together.'

'I don't understand you, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'What I mean, sir,' said Sam, 'is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's very poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation.'

'To be sure he does,' said Mr. Weller, senior, 'and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!'

'Those are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'The very first place we stop at I'll make a note of them.'

All who have read reports of Parliamentary debates, when honourable members have been called to order, will easily apply the following:—

Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He *had* alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

Mr. Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent's false and scurrilous accusation, with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent.

was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair,' and 'order'.)

Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

The chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

'Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)

The arts of canvassing are amusingly illustrated in the following passage.

'Is every thing ready?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

'Every thing, my dear sir,' was the little man's reply.

'Nothing has been omitted, I hope?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'Nothing has been left undone, my dear sir,—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and enquire the age of: be particular about the children, my dear sir,—it has *always* a great deal of effect, that sort of thing.'

'I'll take care, said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'And perhaps, my dear sir,—, said the cautious little man, 'perhaps if you *could*—I don't mean to say it's indispensable—but if you *could* manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a very great impression on the crowd.'

'Wouldn't it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder did that?' said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

'Why, I am afraid it wouldn't,' replied the agent; 'if it were done by yourself, my dear sir, I think it would make you very popular.'

'Very well,' said the honourable Slumkey, with a resigned air, 'then it must be done. That's all.'

A short conversation between Mr. Pickwick and the Editor of a newspaper introduces us, by a lively exaggeration, to some of the mysteries of book-making.

'You have seen the literary articles which have appeared at intervals in the *Eatanswill Gazette* in the course of the last three months, and which have excited such general—I may say such universal attention and admiration?'

'Why,' replied Mr. Pickwick, slightly embarrassed

by the question, 'the fact is, I have been so much engaged in other ways, that I really have not had an opportunity of perusing them.'

'You should do so, sir,' said Pott, with a severe countenance.

'I will,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, sir,' said Pott.

'Oh,' observed Mr. Pickwick—'from your pen I hope?'

'From the pen of my critic, sir,' rejoined Pott with dignity.

'An abstruse subject I should conceive,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Vory, sir,' responded Pott, looking intensely sage. 'He *crammed* for it, to use a technical but expressive term: he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

'Indeed!' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics.'

'He read, sir, rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, 'he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, sir!'

But Mr. Dickens is a satirist of a sterner kind than the preceding extracts tend to show; and makes his lash fall smartly upon abuses of a graver character. The whole story of the action against Pickwick for breach of promise of marriage, from its ludicrous origin, to Pickwick's eventual release from prison, where he had been immured for refusal to pay the damages, is one of the most acute and pointed satires upon the state and administration of English law that ever appeared in the light and lively dress of fiction. The account of the trial is particularly good; and we would gladly set before our readers that exquisite specimen of forensic eloquence, the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff, were it not too long to be extracted entire, and that its curtailment would mar its effect. Instead of that, we will show more concisely how to browbeat a timid witness.

'Now, sir, said Mr. Skimpin, 'have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?' And Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

'Winkle,' replied the witness.

'What's your Christian name, sir?' angrily enquired the little judge.

'Nathaniel, sir.'

'Daniel,—any other name?'

'Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean.'

'Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?'

'No, my Lord, only Nathaniel—not Daniel at all.'

'What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, Sir?' enquired the judge.

'I didn't, my Lord,' replied Mr. Winkle.

'You did, sir,' replied the judge, with a severe frown.

'How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?'

This argument was, of course, unanswerable.

'Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord,' interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. 'We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.'

'You had better be careful, sir,' said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

'Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

'Now, Mr. Winkle,' said Mr. Skimpin, 'attend to me if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?'

'I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly'—

'Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a particular friend of the defendant's?'

'I was just about to say, that'—

'Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?'

'If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed, sir,' interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

'Come, sir,' said Mr. Skimpin, 'yes or no, if you please.'

'Yes, I am,' replied Mr. Winkle.

'Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too—eh, Mr. Winkle?'

'I don't know her: I've seen her.'

'Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her! Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle.'

'I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell street.'

'How often have you seen her, sir?'

'How often?'

'Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir!' And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously to the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, 'Certainly,—more than that.' And then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times, and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being—that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about.'

The imprisonment of Pickwick affords an opportunity of depicting the interior of a debtor's prison, and the manifold evils of that system, towards the abolition of which much, we trust, will have been effected by the statute of the past session. The picture is excellent.

both in intention and execution, and as it bears strongly an air of truth, it is necessarily a painful one. We are told how poverty may be subjected to capital punishment by a civil process, in the following description of the last hours of a Chancery prisoner.

'He's been consumptive for a long time past,' said Mr. Roker, 'and he's taken very bad in the breath to-night. The doctor said, six months ago, that nothing but change of air could save him.'

'Great Heaven!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; 'has this man been slowly murdered by the law for six months!'

'I don't know about that, sir,' replied Roker, weighing his hat by the brims in both hands. 'I suppose he'd have been took the same wherever he was. He went into the infirmary this morning; the doctor says his strength is to be kept up as much as possible, and the wardens sent him wine and broth and that, from his own house. It's not the warden's fault, you know, sir.'

'Of course not,' replied Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

'I'm afraid, however,' said Roker, shaking his head, 'that it's all up with him; I offered Neddy two sixpenn'orths to one upon it just now, but he wouldn't take it, and quite right. Thankee, sir. Good night, sir.'

'Stay,' said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly. 'Where is this infirmary?'

'Just over where you slept, sir,' replied Roker. 'I'll show you if you like to come.' Mr. Pickwick snatched up his hat, without speaking, and followed at once.

'The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room-door, motioned Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man; wan, pale, and ghastly. His breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went. At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobbler's apron, who, by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the Bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee.

The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book, and laid it on the bed.

'Open the window,' said the sick man.

He did so. The noise of carriages and carts, the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and boys; all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum arose from time to time a boisterous laugh; or a scrap of some jingling song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life that rolled heavily on without. These are melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time; but how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!

'There is no air here,' said the sick man, faintly. 'The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about, when I walked there, years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I cannot breathe it.'

'We have breathed it together a long time,' said the old man.

'Come, come.'

There was a short silence, during which the two

spectators approached the bed. The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow-prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp.

'I hope,' he gasped, after a while—so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed to catch the half-formed sounds his cold blue lips gave vent to—'I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave. My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, in all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me! He has seen my solitary lingering death.'

He folded his hands, and murmuring something more they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile.

They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. 'He has got his discharge, by G—d!' said the man.

He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died.

It is useless to hope that this tragical fiction may be unsupported by truth, or be founded only on events which happened long ago. A London Newspaper of August 25, 1838, tells us that on the preceding day an inquest having been held at the Queen's Bench prison, on the body of a female debtor who had been a prisoner there *more than sixteen years*, through a Chancery suit, the jury returned the following verdict—'*Died of a nervous fever brought on through long confinement and excited feelings.*'

Mr. Dickens is very successful as a delineator of those manners, habits, and peculiarities which are illustrative of particular classes and callings. He exhibits amusingly the peculiar turn of thought which belongs to each; and, as if he had been admitted behind the scenes, brings to light those artifices which members of a fraternity are careful to conceal from the world at large. For example, a medical practitioner in the country thus describes his arts of rising.

'Come,' said Mr. Winkle, as the boy retired, 'things are not quite so bad as you would have me believe, either. There is *some* medicine to be sent out.'

Mr. Bob Sawyer peeped into the shop to see that no stranger was within hearing, and leaning forward to Mr. Winkle, said, in a low tone—

'He leaves it all at the wrong houses.'

Mr. Winkle looked perplexed, and Bob Sawyer and his friend laughed.

'Don't you see?' said Bob; 'he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it, and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared:' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver.—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known, and that's

the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet.'

'Dear me, I see,' observed Mr. Winkle; what an excellent plan!

'Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such,' replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. 'The lamplighter has eighteenpence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into church just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but to look about 'em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. Bless my soul, every body says, somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man has!'

Mr. Dickens's characters are sketched with a spirit and distinctness which rarely fail to convey immediately a clear impression of the person intended. They are, however, not complete and finished delineations, but rather outlines, very clearly and sharply traced, which the reader may fill up for himself; and they are calculated not so much to represent the actual truth, as to suggest it. Analyses of disposition, and explanations of motives will not be found, and, we may add, will be little required. His plan is, not to describe his personages, but to make them speak and act,—and it is not easy to misunderstand them. These remarks are not applicable to *all* his characters. Some are too shadowy and undefined,—some not sufficiently true to nature; in some the representations consist of traits too trivial or too few; and some are spoiled by exaggeration and caricature. Pickwick's companions, Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman, are very uninteresting personages,—having peculiarities rather than characters—useless incumbrances, which the author seems to have admitted hastily among his *dramatis personæ* without well knowing what to do with them. The swindler Jingle and his companion want reality; and the former talks a disjointed jargon, to which some likeness may be found in farces, but certainly none in actual life. The young ladies in the Pickwick Papers are nonentities. The blustering Dowler, and the Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, are mere caricatures. The medical students are coarsely and disagreeably drawn. Wardle, though a tolerably good country squire, is hardly a modern one; and it may be doubted if Mr. Weller, senior, can be accepted as the representative of any thing more recent than the last generation of stage-coachmen.

On the other hand, there are many characters truly excellent. First stand Pickwick and his man Weller,—the modern Quixote and Sancho of Cockaigne. Pickwick is a most amiable and eccentric combination of irritability, benevolence, simplicity, shrewdness, folly, and good sense—frequently ridiculous, but never contemptible, and always inspiring a certain degree of respect even when placed in the most ludicrous situa-

tions, playing the part of butt and dupe. Weller is a character which we do not remember to have seen attempted before. He is a favourable, yet, in many respects, faithful representative of the Londoner of humble life,—rich in native humour, full of the confidence, and address, and knowledge of the world, which is given by circumstances to a dweller in cities, combined with many of the most attractive qualities of the English character,—such as writers love to show in the brave, frank, honest, light-hearted sailor. His legal characters, Sergeant Snubbin, Perker, Dodson, Fogg, and Pell, are touched, though slightly, yet all with spirit, and a strong appearance of truth. Greater skill in drawing characters is shown in 'Oliver Twist, and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' than in 'Pickwick.' His Ralph Nickleby, and Mrs. Nickleby, deserve to be noticed as peculiarly successful.

But Mr. Dickens's forte perhaps lies less in drawing characters than in describing incidents. He seizes with great skill those circumstances which are capable of being graphically set before us; and makes his passing scenes distinctly present to the reader's mind. Ludicrous circumstances are those which he touches most happily; of which the Pickwick Papers afford many examples; such as the equestrian distresses of Pickwick and his companions, the pursuit of Jingle, and Pickwick's night adventures in the boarding-school garden,—incidents richly comic and worthy of Smollett; and which are narrated with Smollett's spirit, without his coarseness. His descriptions of scenery are also good, though in a minor degree; and among these the aspect of the town is perhaps better delineated than that of the country; and scenes which are of an unattractive kind with more force and effect than those which are susceptible of poetical embellishment.

Hitherto we have dwelt on the characteristics of the author rather than on the merits or demerits of any one of his works. The examination of them is of secondary importance, because the most popular among them owed its success, certainly not to its merits as a whole, but to the attractiveness of detached passages. The 'Pickwick Papers' are, as the author admits in his preface, defective in plan, and want throughout that powerful aid which fiction derives from an interesting and well constructed plot. 'Nicholas Nickleby' appears to be commenced with more attention to this important requisite in novel-writing; and if the author will relieve the painful sombreness of his scenes with a sufficient portion of sunshine, it will deserve to exceed the popularity of Pickwick. But 'Oliver Twist,' a tale not yet completed, is calculated to give a more favourable impression of Mr. Dickens's powers as a writer of fiction than any thing else which he has produced. There is more interest in the story, a better arranged, characters more skilfully and carefully

drawn, without any diminution of spirit, and without that tone of humorous exaggeration which, however amusing, sometimes detracts too much from the truthfulness of many portions of the 'Pickwick Papers.' The scene is laid in the humblest life: its hero is a friendless, nameless, parish orphan, born in a work-house; at a time when workhouses were not subjected, as now, to the control of a central superintending board, and when attention was comparatively little directed to the condition of the poor.*

Such are the disastrous circumstances under which the hero enters the world. A name is given him by the parochial beadle according to an alphabetical arrangement upon which that functionary greatly prides himself. After a few years of pretended care, but real neglect, the boy narrowly escapes being bound apprentice to a chimney-sweeper; and the parochial authorities, failing in their attempt to get him off their hands thus, contrive to place him with an undertaker. The first funeral to which Oliver accompanies his master is that of a pauper; and the description of it, with its preliminaries and accessories, is so good a specimen of Mr. Dickens's powers in the tragic department of fiction that we cannot forbear from extracting it. But, first, we must give the following introductory communication between the beadle and the undertaker.

Oliver and his master then repair to the scene of death.

This is admirably told. There is no unwise attempt to give force and impressiveness to the gloomy picture by dwelling long and painfully on loathsome details; or by an abundant use of exaggerated expressions. He has wisely trusted to those better means of producing effect—a skilful selection of circumstances, and an earnest simplicity of language. Oliver's companion, a charity-school boy, attempts to tyrannize over him, with all the insolence of a base nature proud of finding himself in contact with one still weaker, and, as he thinks, humbler in station than himself. Oliver resists, is unjustly punished by his employer—runs away to London—is found, tired, houseless, penniless, and almost famished, by a young thief, who decoys him to the house of a Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, who keeps and trains up boys for plunder. Here the unsuspecting Oliver, touched by the apparently disinterested kindness with which he is treated, is subjected to a cautious and gradual initiation into the practice of larceny.

Oliver is at length allowed to accompany the two young pickpockets in the pursuit of their vocation, the real nature of which he had never understood, and

which he at length, to his horror, discovers. The young thieves slink off with their booty, leaving Oliver to be pursued, taken, and carried to a police-office, where a scene ensues which, we trust, is a very exaggerated representation of the mode in which the law was recently administered. Oliver is exonerated from the charge, and rescued from his horrible situation by the humanity of the person robbed, who gives him an asylum in his own house. Going out on an errand, he is kidnapped by the Jew's associates, and carried back to the Jew's house, where he is kept in strict confinement, under a hope that his spirit may at length be broken, and that, with a view to better his condition, he may become a willing participator in crime. Throughout all this part of the story the machinery of crime is very skilfully and strikingly unfolded. At length occurs the following dialogue between a house-breaker and the Jew.

It is suggested that Oliver may be made serviceable, and he is consigned to the tender mercies of the burglars, to be used as their instrument on this occasion. The attempt fails; the burglars escape; Oliver is wounded and left; and once more his rescue from the fangs of his instructors in crime appears to be achieved.

We have given the foregoing faint outline chiefly for the purpose of making our extracts more intelligible—but it can afford very little idea of the interest of a story of which the merit lies chiefly in the details; and in which, moreover, there are sundry incidents which it is not necessary to mention here, which seem to point to the possible discovery of Oliver's parentage, and invest it with much of that mysterious interest which is always a useful ingredient in fiction. The author, however, must beware lest he converts a certain Mr. Monks who figures in the latter chapters, into a mere melo-dramatic villain of romance. There is such perfect truthfulness in the generality of his characters, that deviations from nature are less tolerable than when found in other works. Unfinished as this tale still is, it is the best example which Mr. Dickens has yet afforded of his power to produce a good novel; but it cannot be considered a conclusive one. The difficulties to which he is exposed in his present periodical mode of writing are, in some respects, greater than if he allowed himself a wider field, and gave his whole work to the public at once. But he would be subjected to a severer criticism if his fiction could be read continually—if his power of maintaining a sustained interest could be tested—if his work could be viewed as a connected whole, and its object, plan, consistency, and arrangement brought to the notice of the reader at once. This ordeal cannot be passed triumphantly without the aid of other qualities than necessarily belong to the most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes. We do not, however, mean to express a doubt that Mr. Dickens can write with judgment as

* As the whole of *Twist* and *Nickleby*, so far as published, have been printed in the Museum, we omit the extracts.

well as with spirit. His powers of observation and description are qualities rarer, and less capable of being acquired, than those which would enable him to combine the scattered portions of a tale into one consistent and harmonious whole. If he will endeavour to supply whatever may be effected by care and study—avoid imitation of other writers—keep nature steadily before his eyes—and check all disposition to exaggerate—we know no writer who seems likely to attain higher success in that rich and useful department of fiction which is founded on faithful representations of human character, as exemplified in the aspects of English life.

ROBBY BELL AND HIS ASSES.

Some years by-gone, the above singular character was wont to travel in several of the southern counties of Scotland, accompanied by an old and faithful long-eared friend, bearing two enormous panniers, containing Robby's merchandise. This consisted of wooden, pewter, and horn spoons, needles and thread, pins, twopenny penknives, superb glittering brass rings and brooches, old ballads—in short, the most motley and miscellaneous collection of articles ever offered to the vulgar gaze. These, made up into bundles, Robby used to call his *pingles*. As he and his ass were doulcely jogging along, under the genial influence of a fine May morning, the drooping ears of the latter were suddenly and majestically erected at the sound of an astounding braying on the other side of the hedge. In proof that even asses are not devoid of companionable qualities, away brushed the mercantile one through a gap in the hedge, scattering panniers and pingles to the four winds of heaven. Robby, who, with bonnet on head, and hands contemplatively screwed behind his back, had been trudging in the rear, witnessed the behaviour of the brute, and its direful consequences, with feelings of mingled rage and despondency. But previous to trying to regather the unfortunate pingles, prudence suggested the propriety of catching the delinquent. So unwearied and agile was the plaguy animal in his gambols, that an hour elapsed, and an acre of young wheat was completely trodden under foot, before he was clutched in the grasp of his unjustly incensed master. Crying with vexation, Robby next proceeded to collect his pingles, lying in heart-breaking confusion over the whole terrene surface; but he had scarcely commenced this agreeable task, when the lord of the manor appeared, and claimed the ass as a stray, or trespasser. Poor Robby, fairly at his wits' end, cried out in a fury, "It sets ye weel to speak that way o' my *cuddie*, when it was your ain deevil o' a *cuddie's* menseless thrapple brocht him ower. If yours had keepit his confounded cleck to himsel, naether me nor mine wad hae seen you or your wheat, but been five mile farrer on our gate." "Weel, Robby," said the laird, "a' this passion o' yours will no pay me for my acre o' wheat; but as I believe ye are an honest man, I'll let you gang wi' your bread-winner ('deil be in his feet!' muttered poor Robby,) but no before you gie me your word to meet me at the Jeddart court, to answer this trespass, conformable to law!" There was no remedy, and the unfortunate vender of pingles was obliged to promise he would do so. When the trying hour arrived, he made his appearance before Lords G— and H—, at that time on the Jedburgh circuit. Robby, it seems, had been in trouble before, and given more than one guinea

to counsel without effect. He was now resolved to speak for himself. The prosecutor's charge for asinine delinquency was easily made, when Robby was called upon for his defence. He went on about the two asses in such an unintelligible rigmarole way, that the worthy judges were completely at fault. "My good man," said Lord G., "I am most willing to hear what you have to say, but really I do not understand you." "No understand me!" bellowed like a furnace the incensed Robby; "weel, man, gin you will ha' it, suppose ye were an ass an' that man (pointing to Lord H.) another, an' ye were to *bray*, and he were to *rin* after ye, hoo the deil could I help it?" Then writhing himself a lule aside in his vexation, he muttered, "A pair o' hairy, lang-lugged land-loupers *too*, by my faith!" Robby came off victorious.—*Literary Gazette.*

ESCAPE FROM ROTHSAJ JAIL.

The following anecdote, which appeared a few years ago in the newspapers, is worthy of preservation as a curious illustration of the maxim with respect to keeping a thing seven years in the hope of finding an use for it—"A man of the name of Douglas was tried at Inverary for some petty deordination, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Rothsay jail. But the culprit had been accustomed to a roving life, and as his new quarters by no means accorded with his ideas of comfort, the thought soon struck him that it was possible to change them. His cell happened to be on what is called the ground-floor; and, in addition to a chair, table, and bedstead, displayed an old-fashioned rusty grate, which, for years on years, had to all appearance chased away a contiguous damp—emitted no cheerful blaze. From this grate he wrenched one of the ribs, or bars, and although the instrument was not above nine inches long, and one in diameter, he made so good a use of it, that, in the course of a very few hours, he fairly undermined the wall of his prison. The aperture, though small, enabled him to drag his body through; but after creeping out, he had the temerity to creep in again, and, from whatever motive, secreted the disparted portion of the grate in a corner of the yawning chasm above. Afterwards he found his way to Greenock, was allowed to work his passage in a vessel bound to North America, and remained in that country several years. Tiring, however, of the new world, he revisited Scotland; and in the hope, no doubt, that both his crime and his escape had been forgotten, ventured once more among the wilds of Argyshire. The fiscal of the district, unaware, perhaps, of the man's return, or not deeming the matter of much importance, offered him no molestation at first; but he was soon caught in a new offence, and from necessity or oversight re-lodged in the identical cell he had broken. All the world have heard of Monsieur Tonson's witty tormentor; and as the first thing he did on his return from India was to ring the astounded Frenchman's bell, so our hero had no sooner been left to himself than he began to explore the area of the chimney in quest of an old and valued acquaintance, which had served him at a pinch, and might do so again. And he found the instrument where he had left it! as fit for mining work as ever, and with few changes on its substance or surface than time and climate had made on his own weather-beaten frame. To wit, therefore, he set a second time, and was again so successful, that he had his foot on the heath, and saw the sun rise on his native mountains, at an early hour on the following morning. As the circumstance excited a good deal of interest, diligent search was made for the Baron Trenck of the Isle of Bute; but it was all to no purpose. He escaped to a distant part of the country, and betook himself to more lawful courses, not having faith, it would appear, that good fortune would serve him so well a second time."

From the Spectator.

CHINA OPENED.

China Opened; or a Display of the Topography, History, Customs, Manners, Arts, Manufactures, Commerce, Literature, Religion, Jurisprudence, &c. of the Chinese Empire. By the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff. Revised by the Rev. Andrew Read, D. D. In 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

Mr. Gutzlaff, the author of these volumes, is a missionary to China, already well known for a narrative of his personal adventures in two coasting voyages along that country, as well as for his publication on Chinese history. The object of the present work is much more extensive than either of the author's previous productions, embracing a view of the physical features of China and its dependencies; a précis of its history, religions, and institutions; an account of its commerce, arts, agriculture, and finances; a description of the manners, customs, and character of the people, together with a review of their language, literature, science, and philosophy.

In the execution of so extensive a design, Mr. Gutzlaff has the advantage of familiar acquaintance with his subject, acquired by personal observation of China and the Chinese, and by a study of the works of his predecessors both native and foreign. Unluckily, however, he is unable to turn these advantages to full account, wanting many qualities both of nature and art. He is deficient in comprehension of view; he has scanty powers of generalization; and beyond the externals of the individual object before him, his perception is weak, and not always true. These intellectual failings, not remedied by cultivation, often involve the writer in apparent contradictions, which every reader will not be able to reconcile, even where they happen to be reconcilable; they have sometimes prevented him from selecting the most worthy or the most striking objects for description; whilst a lack of literary judgment and taste has caused him to jumble together things of unequal magnitude and importance, and to overlay his subject with a variety of collateral matter, till the principal is lost sight of in the accessories. Perhaps, too, there is an undue professional disposition to trace things up to Divine interference, when the human causes are sufficient to account for them. Hence, though containing a good deal of important information, and suggesting various reflections, *China Opened* is rather to be studied than read, and will be studied to most advantage by those who can weigh and test the statements of the author.

This criticism especially applies to his description of the physical character of China; which, instead of presenting the natural and artificial features of the country, consists of enumerations of latitudes and longi-

tudes, lengths and breadths, or a dry catalogue of uncouth names suggestive of neither ideas nor associations to Englishmen, and the proper place for which is a map or a table. The topographical survey of the various countries belonging to the empire is distinguished by similar defects, except where the author describes places he himself has seen. The account of the natural productions, is somewhat more attractive, but contains not much beyond the summaries of a book of geography; and the chapters on the manners and customs, although containing many novel points, are wanting in pith and conclusiveness. The history is clear, and sufficient for its purpose; and the many chapters on the government and its ramifications, though minutely dry, are full of statistical and curious details, as is likewise the account of the foreign commerce. Of the review of literature and science, the best perhaps that can be said of it is, that it is better than nothing. To the chapter on language we shall refer presently.

One of the most curious speculations in which the human mind can engage, is to trace the origin of national character,—to endeavour to estimate the respective influences of nature and custom; conjecturally apportioning a share to the disposition of the race; another to the physical circumstances of climate, soil, &c. and the pursuits which they generated; a third to the influence of the national literature and institutions, as well as to the historical events with which the people have been connected; though all these last must be taken with an allowance, as receiving an influence from the other causes. To approach this subject with even the appearance of success, requires the data of original authority; and it is one good feature of Mr. Gutzlaff's book, that points will be found scattered up and down its pages which throw a light upon this singular subject. The climate of China Proper is temperate, but neither warm enough to dispense with clothes, (when they can be got,) nor cold enough to prevent, by its severity, the subsistence of a dense population. The land often yields a vast return to the laborious cultivator, but does not appear to possess that spontaneous fertility which fosters the lazy luxury of the Negroes, and it is not adapted to the nomadic life of the Tartars. Hence, a people settling in such a country, if sufficiently advanced in civilization to pursue the useful arts, to establish a certain degree of security for life and property, and to protect themselves from their neighbours, would naturally increase with rapidity, whilst "the pressure of population against the means of subsistence" would as naturally stimulate improvements in arts essential to corporal uses or to worldly wellbeing, in which alone the Chinese excel. If we abstract, as much as possible, all prejudices of habit and education, and look only at the eternal nature of things, the Chinese productions in the belles lettres appear dry, literal, and feeble

copies of commonplace every-day life; but their philosophy, even without any national allowance, is distinguished beyond all others for worldly wisdom and practical utility. The fine arts admit of a more tangible test than literature, and in all the higher departments the Chinese are very deficient; but their mere mechanical *cutting* in sculpture is as excellent as their colours are in painting, both of which excellences are available in the immediate business of life. In the useful arts, however, the Chinese, ages ago, excelled all other nations, and, despite their stationary condition, equal them in many things now. With them, irrigation, terraced cultivation, manuring, and all the agricultural resources by which art overcomes natural obstacles, were first advanced to a state that even now leaves the most improved nations behind. "The Chinese art of husbandry," says Mr. Gutzlaff, "may be explained in few words,—to keep the lands clean, and in fine tilth; to manure them richly, and make a farm resemble a garden as nearly as possible. No fields are laid down in pasture in order to be recruited, or are suffered to be fallow for even a quarter of a year, lest any of the resources of the soil should thereby be lost." The art of weaving seems indigenous to every country whose inhabitants have advanced beyond the hunter's life; but China has the best claim to have first perfected the art, and raised it to a manufacture; even now her silk and cotton fabrics equal if they do not excel those of all other countries, in texture, colour, and durability, although inferior in design. Ship-building, practical hydraulics, and many other mechanical arts, are with them of great antiquity. Paper they invented in the first century of our æra; printing, gunpowder, suspension-bridges, umbrellas and parasols, and the elegant manufacture of porcelain ware, which has put within the means of most civilized nations an excellent substitute for the monarch's gold and silver *plate*, were, with the silk trade, given by China to Europe. As far as history records or well-grounded conjecture can penetrate, China has never possessed any privileged castes, nor has labour ever been considered degrading; merit, or at least acquirement, has been the patent of nobility, which is open to all except persons of infamous life or birth.* Of unknown antiquity, they offer the singular spectacle of a nation obeying for 2300 years the instructions of a philosopher. With an empire more populous than that of the Romans, one written character, be the variety of dialogues what they may, serves for the communication of thought; and the laws or exhortations of the Imperial Council are easily read by three hundred and sixty millions of people,—a vast population, but of whose vastness the mind will have a clearer idea, if it reflect that the present generation

* Such as criminals, stage-players, the offspring of courtisans.

of Chinese consists of nearly as many persons as have lived in Great Britain since the creation of man.

The circumstances we have touched upon throw much light upon the Atheism of this people. A nation so early advanced in the useful arts, and possessing a written literature from 2500 to 3000 years ago, if not earlier, could scarcely be enthralled by any absurd and vulgar superstition. The struggle for subsistence, forced upon all, would prevent them from giving the time necessary to a faith with ceremonials constantly occurring; or from engaging in deep speculations upon a subject which, their sagacity taught them, unassisted reason could not resolve, and which would have been productive of no *worldly* advantage. Mr. Wilberforce has recorded that Mr. Pitt had not time to give much attention to theological matters; and such seems to be the case with the Chinese, who are too *busy* to be religious. Mr. Gutzlaff, indeed, attributes to Confucius the Atheism and social qualities of the Chinese, as well as their political institutions: but such an achievement is beyond the power of any individual mind—not to mention that many parts of this great man's writings are taken from or founded upon those of his predecessors, by which no doubt he was in a measure formed. Philosophers sway mankind by discovering what is best adapted to their nature and circumstances, not by directing them to follow some laboured or artificial inventions of their own. The true merit of Confucius is the extraordinary penetration by which he read the character of his countrymen, and the skill with which he adapted his philosophical system to it.

How far the language of China contributed to influence the character of its inhabitants—how far their character might react upon their language—is difficult to determine. But their national peculiarities are strongly expressed in their tongue, and appear to offer insuperable difficulties to the Missionaries; because a people so cautious, scrutinizing, and worldly-minded as the Chinese, will not, like a more barbarous race, trust any thing to generalization; and their language fails to note accurately the nice distinctions requisite in scientific theology. Here is part of Mr. Gutzlaff's account of it.

CHINESE SOUNDS.

We might be almost led to suppose that the Chinese ancestry, after having produced 487 different sounds, despaired of the power of the organs of speech to make any additions to them. In almost every other language, there is a number of radicals, by the composition of which an immense number of words is formed; yet this expedient never occurred to the Chinese. To what a state the oral medium of communication has been thus reduced, we cannot better show, than by producing some examples. The sound E has at least 2,000 significations. It expresses to kill, to finish, by, barley, obstinate, to be pleased, to communicate, to leave, gruel, clothes, to rely, posterity, barbarian, he, to cure, to extirpate, disperse, incline, a chair, virtue, thought.

intention, easy, becoming, to study, doubt, &c.; in fact, one might write a perfectly intelligible treatise in which only the sound E was employed.

One has about a thousand significations; it may mean to know, wisdom, folly, to arrive, effect, govern, pierce, impede, stop, foundation, toes, of, a branch, elegant, grass, present, &c.

Several of these sounds, moreover, are scarcely to be distinguished from each other, especially when they are rapidly pronounced; for instance, *teih tih, sze taze, gang gang, e yih, fan fang, &c.*

To remedy all these imperfections, the ancients invented a system of intonation, and in many instances used two synonymous characters to express a single idea.

The intonation is twofold—*Ping*, the even, and *Tsai*, the deflected. *Ping* is sub-divided into *tsing* and *chō*—the former clear, the latter drawn out; whilst the *Tsai* is either *shang*, high, or shrill, like the *acutus*; *ken*, low, like the *gravis*; or *juh*, short and abrupt. *Chā*, dregs, has the *tsing*; *chā*, to inquire, the *chō*; *chá*, a branch, the *acutus*; *chā*, to deceive, the *acutus*; and *chā*, an official letter, pronounced very abrupt, the *juh* or short sound. In the same order stands *yā*, forked; *yā*, teeth; *yā*, elegant; *yā*, the second in order, and *yā* to convey. If each of the sounds had these five intonations, there would be at least 2,435 various words for expressing ideas; but many have only one, two, or three of them, and the treasure of articulated sounds amounts to about 1,500. With these the Chinese have to convey all their wants, and to communicate the most abstract sciences. However accurate the distinction, it falls very short of what is actually required, and the oral medium of communication remains deficient. A Chinaman marks, with the greatest ease, the difference of intonation, but a foreigner has to encounter immense difficulties before he can in any degree distinguish them. We may compare these intonations to our notes in music. Their existence is, however, to an unpractised ear almost perceptible, because the language, when spoken well, is always pronounced in a singing tone.

The poverty to which the spoken language is reduced, is such as to occasion misunderstandings in sentences of the most frequent occurrence, and to make conversation so exceedingly monotonous as to comprise only the ordinary objects of life. Whenever any attempt is made to discuss more abstruse subjects, recourse must be had to ink and paper, and the speaker will be obliged either to define the sounds by synonyms, or write them down. The writer has often sat for hours and heard the Chinese telling stories; these were either exceedingly simple and soon understood after cross-questioning, or the speaker was obliged to use figures, in order to render his discourse intelligible. There are no orators, nor do the masters of schools give oral instructions; and it would be next to impossible to preach sermons of any length, without familiarizing the auditors with the subject. Nothing tends so much to counteract the progress of civilization as the poverty of the oral medium, and the consequent paucity of ideas. No new subject of any importance can be introduced; and the human mind recoils from treating of things which are not understood. Hence, the Chinese are more sensual than their comparative state of civilization would lead us to suppose. Every thing beyond the range of sight is difficult to be de-

scribed by them, and even when represented it can be scarcely understood.

None of the cognate languages have carried this system so far. The Chinese, by adhering so strictly to it, prove that they possess more refined organs of hearing than any other nation: they are, however, not musical, and know nothing about the harmony of sound beyond their intonation. Foreign languages are with the greatest difficulty acquired by them; they are unable to pronounce a number of letters, especially *a* and *l*, and two consonants at the beginning of a word. Their curious way of forming words has insulated them entirely from other nations, and rendered many attempts to enlighten them abortive. If the Chinese were once to establish a parliament, the orators would be obliged to distribute their speeches to the members previously to pronouncing them. It would be difficult, if not impracticable, to carry on intellectual intercourse to any length, and to read lectures or discuss points in public.

Some of this is perhaps exaggerated, through the difficulty which a foreigner must feel in conversing in such a language. At all events, the Mandarin dialect is capable of expressing with precision, just and elevated thoughts; as in this specimen of a translation of the

CHINESE NOTION OF A GREAT MAN.

He may be called a great man who, whilst in a prominent station in the state, occupies his rank in the empire, and practises the general and great principles—is benevolent, decorous, and just. If the people are conformably with his principles, he accords with them; but if they deviate, he alone practises them. Riches cannot corrupt him, poverty does not move him, and grandeur and military display cannot intimidate him."

It may, however, be taken as a characteristic proof of the Chinese mind, that Mr. Gutzlaff conceives Aristotle could be translated, but Homer certainly not. The nation has thought like philosophers, but not like poets.

The present condition of China has often struck us as bearing a strong resemblance to Ireland in the numbers of the people compared with the means of subsistence and the general poverty of the masses; except that the Chinese display more industry, adaptability, and resources, in making the most of what they have. However dirty their dwellings, too, their fields are always clean: but in other respects part of this extract might apply to Ireland.

In domestic economy, they are not surpassed by any nation: there is no waste, no profusion in any branch; and the most trifling things are turned to advantage, and the very offals are relished. Contentment reigns even amongst the wretched; they sit down to a meal consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes with cheerfulness, because they know no better. However poor, they are fond of inviting a passing stranger, and offering him a share of their meagre repast.

Their dwellings vary much less than the extent of the empire would lead us to believe. Much depends on the materials which can be procured on the spot.

Millions of people live in small mud hovels, where granite does not abound; whilst in places where this is common they are almost entirely composed of solid rock. They possess great skill in cutting and joining it; so that the seam is hardly visible. In the Southern regions, the poorer classes live in huts made of kajan leaves. In woody districts the houses are built of planks. The foundation is not very deep, and commonly consists of granite. Bricks are made in great perfection by the Chinese. They join them together beautifully, so as to form triangles, squares, circles, figures of flowers, &c.; which gives to the exterior a very finished appearance. It is a very general custom to raise a mud wall and plaster it with bricks; but houses of that description are soon soaked through and overthrown by gales. Brick houses are covered with thick ridges of tiles, with the convex part downwards, and the chinks by laying others athwart. The spars are round and flat; upon these they either put thin bricks or square tiles, well joined with mortar, so as to admit no rain. The Chinese are a peculiar people even in their mode of building; the hearth is one of the first parts they construct, but they forget to add a chimney.

The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched enough, and such are by far the majority. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a flue runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snugest corners; and goats, asses, and colts, share the dwellings of their masters. Such are the hovels of the common peasantry.

In adorning their rooms they are equally economical. A few pictures hung around, occasionally a mirror, and a few grotesque drawings upon the white wall, are the most common ornaments. Lackered and polished wooden chairs, some tables, a couch, some painted or lackered screens, constitute the furniture. Mud-houses are beautifully pasted with paper. The floors, which are generally paved with bricks, are covered with excellent mats, or in winter with carpets or felt. The houses are crowded with inhabitants, who must be content with a very little space. Europeans could not live in such narrow holes, but Chinamen feel very little inconvenience from them. No class is remarkable for cleanliness; and the houses appear worse than stables if beasts have their abode in them. The inhabitants of the city keep their dwellings in better order, and merchants and shopkeepers excel in tastefully adorning their shops and laying out their wares; but there is, nevertheless, with much show, a want of neatness in the interior of the buildings.

The following account of Chinese clanship is new to us:

In tracing the way in which society is constituted, we shall be struck with its divisions into great families, who, though numbering many thousand members, all bear the same surname, and consider one another as relations. These clanships resemble those of the Scottish Highlanders, though they do not strictly partake of the feudal system. There are in China about four hundred and fifty-four surnames, and consequently as many clans; thirty of these surnames consist of two characters or syllables, whilst the rest are monosyllabic. All belonging to the same clan consider each other as

cousins, and there exists a silent contract to help each other, as if related by the ties of blood. When the author became a naturalized citizen of the Celestial Empire, he very naturally entered a clan, and was suddenly surrounded with a host of cousins, who generally laid a claim to his charity, and occasionally very readily assisted him. No man is permitted to marry a woman of the same clan; he must seek a bride in a different family, and thus acquire the privilege of uniting two surnames. Clanship is of very ancient date. It is said to have arisen when China was divided into many feudal states; so that there were no less than 1,773. It is, however, far more probable that it originated with the first progenitors of the human race, who transmitted their names to their descendants.

Though this institution has great disadvantages, it exercises a most salutary check on the measures of an arbitrary government. The most numerous clans in the various districts often combine to resist extortions, and to terrify magistrates into concessions. If any member be unjustly prosecuted, the clan stands forward and insists on the release of their kinsman. On the other hand, the smaller clans are in a most wretched condition; they have to bear not only the oppressive measures of government, but the insults of the more powerful clans. The Chinese Government has often endeavoured to put down these associations, but it has never fully succeeded. This institution is too much interwoven with the whole being of the nation to be overthrown by the mere exercise of despotic power. A magistrate who could sentence his clansman to a heavy punishment, would be considered a monster, and be shunned by his superiors. There is in this respect more nepotism in China than in any other country. Confucius himself connives at committing an injustice in favour of a relation. But even if he had not done so, the ties of blood amongst the Chinese are very strong; and the love of their relations, with utter indifference towards society at large, is almost constitutional. Mencius rejected with equal disdain egotism and general philanthropy, and taught that our undivided love ought to be bestowed on our relations. No one of his precepts has been so strictly followed as this.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER VI.

Concluded from page 549, Vol. V., New Series.

To some natures human, perhaps I should say physical, considerations are the first that, in cases of emergency, present themselves. My nature was of this kind. What had I done? I had killed a man in self-defence—one who would have plundered, and who had attempted to murder me. It was justifiable homicide. Who, under the circumstances, could have acted otherwise? Besides, the spectacle before me could not now unnerve me. The excitement of the recent struggle between us had not altogether subsided, and I had suffered so much for years past from another event, which Steiner himself had forced upon

me, that I would not permit myself to be overwhelmed by this accident. I felt also that my hatred of Steiner had only lain dormant thus long; that his murderous assault upon me on the previous night had quickened, had revived, and, if possible, had strengthened it; and I felt, ay, even as I gazed upon the lifeless body, that no time, no years passed in this world could obliterate or destroy it. I now bethought me what course was to be pursued. I must rescue myself from the imputation that might lie against me of having murdered Steiner; I must do more—I must establish the charge against the deceased, and hold up his name and his memory to execration and ignominy. No thought of Mrs. Steiner or of the boy obtruded itself upon me at the moment, or if it did, I rejected it. Justice must be done: I had always loved justice—I had practised it hitherto, and they had felt it.

Thus resolved, I had sat myself down in a chair, and awaited, not calmly but callously, the arrival of the old woman who attended upon me, and who came regularly at seven o'clock. The pain in my arm was great, but that I heeded not; on the contrary, it supplied me with a motive for suppressing any regret I might be weak enough to feel (but there was little danger of that) in consequence of what had occurred.

A sudden thought flashed through my brain. Why was I seated inactive, when prudence pointed out the expediency of alarming the neighbourhood? As it was, I had tarried too long. Every moment of farther delay would materially alter the complexion of the case, as it would present itself to indifferent witnesses. Would they indeed believe the story I had to relate? I turned faint and sick when that doubt proposed itself to me. The seclusion in which I had lived was calculated to increase suspicion against me, which doubtless had been long engendered, and Steiner's vengeance would at length be fulfilled.

Were these fears reasonable? I think not; and yet having once, and in an evil moment, entertained them, they grew upon me, and altogether paralysed my faculties. I felt intensely the necessity of immediate action, but was utterly deprived of the power to act.

Hardly conscious of the motive that prompted me, I drew the body of Steiner into the back-room, and covering it with a cloak, thrust it under a sofa, before which I placed some chairs, and returning to the parlour, I set the furniture hastily in its accustomed order, and retired to my chamber, where I dressed the wound in my arm, washed myself, and endeavoured to counterfeit a calmness which, at any rate, might impose upon my servant.

It was now too late to recede. To decide upon any course of action in trying circumstances is a relief; and the weakness of yielding to imaginary fears, and the difficulty and danger of concealing from the world all knowledge of this unfortunate occurrence, were for

a time forgotten. They were too soon impressed upon me, and in a manner I had not foreseen, and could not now avert.

A knock at the door summoned me down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, I thought I could distinguish the tones of two voices in conversation. I listened, transfixed to the spot with the hideous conviction that they—who, I knew not—were come to search the house in quest of the body which I had concealed, and which, therefore,—for that inference must be invincible,—I had murdered. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but the voices had ceased, the knock was renewed, and I knew it to be that of my attendant.

My agitation must have been but too visible when, on opening the door I beheld Mrs. Steiner.

"The lady wishes to speak to you, sir," said the old woman, entering.

I motioned her to retire to the kitchen, and turned in silent perplexity towards Mrs. Steiner.

"God heavens! Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "how dreadfully pale you look! What is the matter?"

I might have remarked the same of her also; but I had no power to speak.

"You do not answer," she resumed. "Oh God! it is—it must be as I suspected!"

"What—what do you suspect?" I dared not look upon her, but retired in confusion into the parlour. She followed me, and sunk upon a chair.

There was a vagueness, almost a wildness in her eye, as she glanced hurriedly around the room, which disconcerted me not a little. She looked as though she had expected to see some person whom she feared to meet.

"You have nobody in the house, Mr. Gibson?" she inquired in a half whisper, pointing to the door of the back-room.

"Nobody but my servant, who entered with you," I replied, the blood rushing violently to my face. "You have brought the letter, madam, I suppose, for Frederick?"

"Frederick!"—she gazed upon me listlessly—"Oh yes, I have. My God! what weakness is this!" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead. "Here it is—I hardly know what I have written." She drew it from her reticule and handed it to me.

"Oh, Mr. Gibson," she resumed, as I sat, my eyes bent vacantly on the superscription, "I have been so alarmed."

"Indeed! What has alarmed you, Mrs. Steiner?" The letter dropt from my hand.

"He has been here—your looks tell me so!" she exclaimed. "My husband—Steiner has been here!"

I arose suddenly—"No—no—he has not been here; I have not seen him, as Heaven is my witness. Why should you think so?"

This assurance appeared to relieve her.

"He called yesterday at my former lodging," she continued; the woman saw him, and would not tell him where I resided."

"Compose yourself," I said; "he will not be able to discover your lodging—I am sure he will not. What motive," I added, "can induce him to seek me?"

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "he inquired your address of the woman, and she told him."

"He will not venture to see me, depend upon it," I said hastily. "Be calm, I beseech you, and go home now: you have nothing to fear from him."

Mrs. Steiner, while I was speaking, sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to mine. She burst into tears when I had concluded.

"Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "you will think me a foolish, weak woman, but I hardly dare go home. I know I shall hear something—I am certain of it—it is horrible to think of! I had such a dream last night!"

"My dear madam," said I, interrupting her, "this is indeed weakness. Are you the slave of empty and unmeaning dreams?"

"Ha!" she cried, starting from the chair, "somebody is coming to the door!—I hear his tap outside!" and she listened with an appearance of intense anxiety that almost equalled my own.

It was a double knock at the door. Who could it be? A short interval of fearful suspense succeeded.

"A Mr. Hartwell wishes to see you, sir," said the servant, entering the room.

An exclamation of terror was about to burst from the lips of Mrs. Steiner, but she checked it. She flew towards me, and held me by the arm.

"Who is this man, Hartwell?" I said. "I do not know him. Tell me, do you know him?"

She motioned me to close the door. "He was the friend—no, no,—the companion of Mr. Steiner, and brought us to misery. It was he who led Frederick into vices that—oh, sir! I must not see him for the world! Where shall I conceal myself? Oh, yes! in here."

"Not there!—not there!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she was about to open the door of the back-room. "Tell the gentleman," I turned to the servant, "that I will see him directly."

"I would not he should see me *here* for the world," she cried. "Oh! Mr. Gibson, you must permit me—"

I had no strength to struggle with her. The door was opened.

"Sit there," I whispered, pointing to a chair. "Do not stir—promise me, swear you will not stir."

"My God! how strange!—my dream last night!—so like this—it *was* this!"

I fled into the parlour at these words, and threw

myself into a chair. In a moment more a tall man of genteel appearance walked into the room.

"I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken, sir," said he; "my name is Hartwell. I fear I find you extremely unwell."

"I am so," I answered faintly, as I motioned him to take a seat, "What may be your business with me, Mr. Hartwell?"

"Why, sir," said he, "my friend, Steiner, called upon you last night."

"No, no, he did not," I exclaimed hastily.

Hartwell smiled, and shook his head. "Pardon me, my dear sir," he returned blandly, "I am certain that he did, because I accompanied him to the door."

"Hush! hush! do not speak so loud," and I arose from my seat; "I have an invalid in the next room. I thought," I added hesitating—(I wonder even now at the presence of mind which enabled me to hit upon that)—"I thought perhaps—for all Mr. Steiner's acquaintance are not friends—that he might not wish you to know he had been here."

"Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Hartwell; "we are very good friends, I assure you. He promised to call upon me after he had seen you, and I am surprised he should not have kept his word with me. Pray, Mr. Gibson, when did he leave you?"

"Leave me!"—I started—"oh, about two hours ago."

"Very strange!" cried Hartwell; "he was to sail for Hamburg this morning."

"He is gone, then, no doubt!" This propitious intimation, unexpected as it was, eased me beyond expression. Hartwell, however, seemed greatly perplexed.

"I cannot think he would deceive me," he said at length. "Will you allow me to inquire, sir, whether Mr. Steiner had reason to be satisfied with the result of his visit to you?"

"I do not understand—"

"He came to borrow money, I think," he continued; "did he succeed, Mr. Gibson?"

"He did."

"D—— the fellow! it's so like him. And yet,"—he mused,—"I cannot but believe I shall see him yet. Good morning, Mr. Gibson; I am sorry to have troubled you."

I know not how I bore my part in the foregoing conversation; not with much address or self-possession, I suspect; for I detected Hartwell gazing at me with seeming surprise upon one or two occasions. I thanked God when he was well gone. It was not likely I should see him again. Steiner had sailed for Hamburg; he would conclude so, and I should hear no more of him.

Nothing now remained but to dismiss Mrs. Steiner

as speedily as possible, and afterwards to dispose of the body so secretly that it should never see the light. It would be well to treat Mrs. Steiner's vague apprehensions with levity, lest at some future time, hearing no tidings of her husband, she might be led to couple, and perhaps to connect, my extreme confusion of manner with the date of Steiner's expected appearance in London, and to infer thence, and speedily to conclude, that I was in some measure the cause of his absence. She never would have suspected me of having murdered him, I felt assured of that; and this conviction sufficed to fortify me against the short scene that was, as I believed, about to ensue between us.

I had opened the door softly. Oh God! what a spectacle encountered me when I was about to enter the room. She had removed the chairs from before the sofa, and was at that moment kneeling, or rather crouching, on the ground. Leaning forward, supported on one hand, every limb of her body quivering with the agony of prophetic fear, her other hand was stretched forward, and was about to grasp the cloak that concealed the remains of her husband. Ha! she had already laid hold upon it ere I could rush forward to prevent her.

I grasped her shoulder with the fury, with the strength of a wild beast. She flung herself backward, drawing the cloak with her, towards her. The body—the face had been seen!

It was not a scream—a shriek—I shall never hear its like again in this world. The echo of it—the imitation, if such could be—of that dreadful appeal, or imprecation, would make a madman of me now. Its remembrance shuts out hope from me for ever.

And yet the instinct of self-preservation was then present to me. I threw the cloak once more over the body, replaced the chairs, and raising the senseless form from the floor, carried it into the parlour before the servant, who had been alarmed by the outcry, could make her appearance. The old woman speedily busied herself in applying those common remedies which are always at hand, but which are not always efficacious; nor were they in this instance.

"I will carry her to my own room," said I; "she will get better presently, I dare say."

"What is the matter with the lady?" inquired the woman. "Is she often so?"

"She is mad," said I impressively, "Mrs. Watkins, mark me, she is mad. You must not heed what she says. She will perhaps rave, and utter strange things; you must pay no attention to them."

So saying, I took Mrs. Steiner in my arms, and, followed by the woman, conveyed her to my chamber.

"Had not a doctor better be sent for?" suggested the woman; "she still remains insensible."

"No; no occasion for one at present," I replied;

"she is thus sometimes for hours. Do not leave her side, and when she comes to herself call me."

I retreated down stairs. What I suffered on that day it is past imagination to conceive: a second endurance of it no human being could withstand. I took no sustenance, but remained closed in, in frightful companionship with the body. To wring the hands, to tear the hair, to beat the bosom, were no employments of mine. I felt no remorse; I was not even sorry for what I had done, or for what it had led to; it was sheer, absolute, simple fear. The dread of detection—of conviction—of an ignominious death—it was this, and this alone.

In the afternoon Mrs. Watkins suddenly came to me, and beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She led the way to the chamber. Mrs. Steiner lay on the bed; her eyes were open now, but motionless; and her hands at intervals were convulsively clenched. I observed her in awe-stricken silence for some time.

"Has she spoken yet?" I inquired.

"No: she will never speak again," replied the woman. "It doesn't signify, Mr. Gibson; a doctor must be sent for; I will not permit the poor lady to die without assistance."

I knew not what I said. "To die without assistance!—ha! ha! Doctors are good assistants to death. No—no doctors."

"Shameful!" cried the woman; "you don't know what you're talking about. For heaven's sake, sir, call in Mr. Greaves! Go for him, dear Mr. Gibson, instantly."

"I go for him!" I thought of the body below. "She cannot speak!" The woman shook her head. "Go, then, for Greaves; tell him to come instantly."

"I cannot leave the lady—I ought not, sir," she said in a tone of remonstrance.

"You must," I exclaimed; "I myself will watch her while you are gone. Be quick—lose not a moment."

Mrs. Watkins retired in apparent dissatisfaction, but returned shortly with the doctor. He examined her with deep attention and concern for a considerable period. Turning to me at length, he said,

"Good God! sir, your servant tells me that the lady has been in this state since an early hour this morning, and that you have repeatedly resisted calling in a professional man."

"I did not think, sir—"

"You must be mad not to think."

"I am not mad, sir," said I doggedly.

"Pshaw!" cried Greaves, again returning to the bed, "if she had been bled instantly, she might have been saved," he continued; "but it is useless now."

Greaves now began to interrogate me closely as to any cause or supposed cause of Mrs. Steiner's present

state. I could not satisfy him. I had only to say that she had called upon me early on that morning, and that she told me she had been much agitated by hearing that her husband had returned to England, and was now in London. I added, that she had reason to dread any farther connection with him.

The doctor heard me with evident distrust. "This can hardly account, sir," he said, "for the state in which I find her. Some sudden shock—some frightful communication—"

"Which," said I, interrupting him, "I did not make."

"Well, sir," he returned, "where are her friends? They have been sent for, of course?"

"She has none—that I am aware of."

"Good God! sir, you are a very strange person," cried Greaves in disgust. "Where does she live?"

I satisfied him.

"Now," he continued, "couldn't you easily put on your hat, and tell the good woman of the house to come hither? She perhaps knows more of her friends than you appear to do, or seem disposed to acknowledge."

Greaves uttered the last few words with an emphasis that left me in little doubt as to the construction it was intended I should put upon them. It was necessary that I should cut short this conversation, which I felt, if prolonged, was likely to involve me still deeper in suspicion.

"Mr. Greaves," said I, with a composure for which the doctor was not prepared, and which even surprised myself, forming, as it did, so perfect a contrast to my former restlessness and perturbation:

"Mr. Greaves, this lady is, and has been for some years, under my protection. Her only son is also under my care, and is being educated at my expense. I owe it to him, to her, and to myself, not to leave her for one moment on so critical an occasion as the present. If I have done wrong in not applying to you before, I am sorry for it; ascribe it to excess of anxiety on my part, and you will be right in so doing. My servant shall go for the woman of the house at which she resides."

I wrote the address on a card, and gave it to Mrs. Watkins.

"My character will bear investigation, sir," I resumed, when the woman had left the room. "I am known, and where I am known I am respected."

Greaves was deeply impressed, not more by what I had said than by my manner of saying it.

"I see now," he said; "I beg pardon if I am wrong in my conjecture why this unhappy lady should dread the sight of her husband—"

I started and turned pale. "The sight of her husband, sir?"

"I did not mean to offend," said Greaves kindly.

"Ah!" said I, "I see what you mean now." I was willing he should continue in that error.

The doctor shortly left me to prepare something for his patient, which, however, he frankly told me he did not expect would be of much avail, promising to call again at night.

It was now nearly dark; my servant could not return in less than an hour; no time was to be lost. I descended into the garden, and digging a grave in a remote corner, silently committed Steiner's remains to the ground. It was a part of the garden never frequented; and I contrived so to overlay it with old lumber and broken garden-chairs which were strewn about in its vicinity, that nobody could have perceived that any recent labour had been performed there.

Mrs. Steiner died on that night, silently, without the utterance of a word. Not a glance revealed to me what she had seen, and what had killed her. I was safe, therefore,—safe—that one assurance possessed me.

In the solitude of my own chamber, and on my knees, I thanked Heaven for that. I could not then think on the fearful and mysterious accident which had deprived me of my only friend in the world. The sole depositary of a secret, whose utterance would destroy me, had been taken hence, and I was once more secure. Could it be supposed that any joy could be extracted from such circumstances, then I did rejoice that she was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

If I have dwelt upon no event of my life since I had occasion to mention Steiner, that has not in some measure referred to or been controlled by him, it is because there was not one worthy even of the name of incident which he did not directly or obliquely influence. Oh! that I had left Bromley's service when Steiner first entered into partnership with him! How different my life must, how happy it might have been.

It was shortly after the funeral of Mrs. Steiner that I began to hear that whispers were rife in the neighbourhood respecting me. These surmises—set afloat, doubtless, by my servant—bore exclusive reference to Mrs. Steiner, and to my supposed treatment of her; some even going so far as to hint their belief that she had not come by her death fairly. Hartwell also had called upon me several times pending Mrs. Steiner's funeral; and was, and with reason, much surprised and shocked to hear of her sudden death under such circumstances as I chose to detail to him. He was, if possible, still more surprised to have heard nothing of Steiner; but, as he hinted no suspicions that affected myself;—as, indeed, he expressed none at the time,—and as, moreover, he perfectly well knew the character and habits of his friend, I did not seek to conceal

that he had attempted to extort money from me by threats. I added, however, that being alone and unarmed, I had been constrained to give him the money he required; and I expressed my opinion—an opinion in which Hartwell concurred—that he had set sail for *Hamburgh* early in the morning, and that we should probably never see him again.

There was a serenity, united with perfect ease, in the manners of Hartwell, that indicated an intimate acquaintance with good society. It is true I knew little of the man, except from the hasty and confused report of Mrs. Steiner; an account which, coupled with the fact of his friendship for her husband, was not likely to predispose me much in his favour. But I knew well, at the same time, that he was the only man living whose suspicions, once excited and concentrated upon me, could bring my conduct and character in question. I was in no situation—in no mind likewise—to assist myself at present: he was, or appeared to be, perfectly satisfied with the explanations I had offered; and as he had called upon me often, and unasked on my part, and gradually dropt the name of Steiner altogether, I suffered at first, but soon began to countenance his visits.

In the mean while it became necessary, for more reasons than one, that I should change my residence. Two years had now elapsed since the death of Mrs. Steiner. The surmises in the neighbourhood had subsided: the whispers—if there were any—did not reach my ears; but, whenever I walked abroad there was a timid scrutiny of my person on the part of some, and an audacious intentness of gaze from others, that rendered my residence at this place for any longer period inconvenient and irksome. I cannot say that I felt very acutely these indications,—for a man who lives out of the world can easily dispense with its good opinion; my private belief being, that, were not such good opinion indispensable to an individual's advancement and pleasure in life, he would be little disposed to regard it for its own sake.

My chief reason was one with which the world had nothing to do. It was not when I walked abroad, but at home—in the quietness and solitude of the house—in the silence of my own memory, and at the mercy of the harrowing scene it conjured up,—it was then that I felt, if life and reason were longer to co-exist, I must abandon, fly from the accursed place for ever. Such expiation as horror could afford had been paid long ago: and it was time that the past should be unremembered, if not forgotten.

There was yet another motive. It was a dreary abode for the boy, young Frederick Steiner, when he came home for the holidays. He was now with me; and during his stay I had been laying out plans for his future life in accordance with his own wishes,—

for I passionately loved the boy. My affection for this lad, which he returned with all the warmth and freshness of a young and generous nature, was one of the inexplicable mysteries of my life. I had no cause to love him, save for his own sake; and there were reasons why I should both hate and fear him; and yet, strange to say, my remembrance of Steiner, as his father, transferred no bitterness to him; or, was it that his mother's memory assuaged, destroyed it? I know not. And yet—but it will be told in good time. But little intervenes.

Frederick had expressed a stray desire to enter the army,—a destination for him to which I was at first much opposed, until at length I was won over by his importunities. I had let the house, and was about to remove to a house in *Berner's street* on the next day, at which time my nephew—for so I called him—was to depart for the Military College at *Addiscombe*.

Hartwell was dining with me on that day. I introduced the boy to him. He received him with great kindness; partly, perhaps, out of friendship for his late father, partly out of complaisance to myself.

"No very perceptible likeness, I think?" he observed.

"To his father, none."

"I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Steiner."

"Oh, no. I remember you had not." I should not have mentioned this trivial talk, but that it was adverted to afterwards.

After dinner Hartwell proposed that we should take our wine in the garden. We retired thither.

"After all," said he, casting his eyes around, "although you are, I dare say, quite right in leaving this house of yours, what a pleasant place might be made of it. It is just the thing for a respectable family."

"A family has taken it," I remarked.

"For instance," pursued Hartwell, "you have let the garden run to waste sadly. You're not much of a florist, Gibson. Look there, at that disgraceful hole in the corner," and he pointed to the spot where I had buried Steiner; "that'll be dug up, and replanted in less than a month, I'll be sworn. What say you, Master Frederick?" and he turned to the boy; "shouldn't you like to have a hand in it?"

"Indeed I should," said the boy. "What ails you, uncle? you look ill."

"The air is chilly; the wine has not agreed with me!" I stammered. "Let us go in."

How incredible it seems to me now, that I should never have thought of that. I almost felt grateful to Hartwell that he had unwittingly reminded me of it. It seemed as though some special Providence interfered in my behalf, and would not suffer me to meet detection. Suffice it to say, I effectually removed—a frightful employment!—all that could betray me.

I must now pass over several years, merely touching upon one or two points, the omission of which would render this portion of my narrative unintelligible.

Frederick Steiner returned from India at the conclusion of the Burmese war, on a leave of absence for three years. He was grown a very fine young man, of impetuous temper, but of warm affections, and with a noble heart. During the period of his absence I had mixed much in society of a certain class,—of that class into which a man is almost necessarily thrown who can find no pleasure in domestic life. An intimacy—it cannot be termed friendship—had subsisted all along between Hartwell and myself, founded upon and cemented by the similarity of our tastes and habits. Among other vices he had imbued me with a passion for gaming,—a passion which, like that of love, is often stimulated rather than destroyed by ill-success. I was now in comparatively reduced circumstances; but I had done nothing hitherto to impair my credit, or to compromise my character. Sometimes, indeed, desperate with my bad fortune, I would unadvisedly throw out strange things, which were forgotten the next day by myself; but which, it would seem, had deeply impressed themselves upon Hartwell. They were nothing more than denunciations of human nature in the mass, and doubts as to the wisdom of permitting one's self to be trammelled by moral obligations,—phrases which, I doubt not, every losing gamester relieves himself by uttering.

On Frederick's arrival in England, Hartwell attached himself to him with a closeness almost amounting to pertinacity. He had formerly been in the army; had seen a great deal of the world in all its various and shifting forms; his manners were prepossessing; and his conversation just such as easiest recommends itself to the attention of a young man of spirit and feeling, being free, without grossness; sometimes, although not often, grave, and never dull. I never could exactly account for the great pains Hartwell was at to secure this young man's friendship. He could not hope to gain much money from him; indeed, he never attempted it; could it be that he was the son of his former friend? No. Hartwell had himself often confessed to me that his intimacy with Steiner had been held together merely by a community of interest.

Be this as it may, I hardly wonder that Frederick should have preferred Hartwell's company to mine. There was little in me to attract to myself the time of a vivacious young man, whose sole pursuit was pleasure; and I had too much affection for him to wish to do so. I had, besides, so full a belief of his affection for me, that the notion of Hartwell's supplanting me was altogether out of the question. They grew, however, more intimate daily; and thus matters went on for some months,

One morning Hartwell called upon me, and solicited my attention to a business, as he called it, of very great importance.

"Have you a mind to make your fortune, Gibson?" said he, with a confident, and a confidential smile, that argued some proposition of a novel nature.

I answered in the affirmative.

"You are a man of the world," he resumed; "and, therefore, few words will suffice. I know, also, you are not over particular."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hartwell?" I replied.

"As to the means whereby—" he rejoined.

"So long as those means are—"

"Safe," cried Hartwell: "I understand. They are so."

He now opened to me a scheme of villany—a system of plunder, so well laid down, so exquisitely arranged; and entered into the *minutiae*, the *pros* and *cons*, all that could be urged for and against, so earnestly, and, at the same time, with so much coolness and deliberation, that I was unable, when he concluded, to consider him in jest.

I took the precaution, however, of putting that question to him.

"In jest? no!" cried Hartwell, in extreme astonishment. Look ye, Gibson. You have lost large sums of late: you are crippled, I know. I put you in the way of retrieving yourself; and, instead of thanking me, as you ought—"

He paused, in perfect bewilderment at my prolonged gravity.

"You do not seem to understand me," he continued after a while. "Our accomplices—agents, I mean—will manage the whole under my superintendence. You will have nothing to do but to furnish the cash, and that but for a short time."

"I do not know what you have hitherto mistaken me for, Mr. Hartwell," I said at length, "or what, in my recent conduct, has led you to infer that I could be brought into a conspiracy like this."

"How!" cried Hartwell.

"For instance," I resumed, "you yourself are under many pecuniary obligations to me, for which I have never troubled you, and which I now only mention to prove to you that money cannot tempt me to commit dishonourable actions."

Hartwell sat silent for some time, and bit his lips with vexation.

"You have betrayed me, Mr. Gibson," he said at length.

"How so? Rather, you have betrayed yourself, Mr. Hartwell."

"It's true, by G—! I have so!" he arose. "But, who could have thought that you,—I never would have spoken of it, but you compel me to do so,—that

you, who have committed crimes that should have hanged you, could have sported a conscience, even in jest, or in your cups."

I was about to speak.

"Pshaw!" he continued in disgust. "Steiner told me,—and I know it,—that you—"

"Set fire to his house," said I, interrupting him. "It is well he could get one to believe that, not including himself. He could hardly expect that."

"What could he hardly expect?" retorted Hartwell; "to be murdered for it? Perhaps not. And his wife—that tale was well told, Mr. Gibson. Do not turn pale: blush now, and look white at the—elsewhere, I mean. Good morning, sir."

I let him go in silence. These were empty threats, which he would repent in due time. He waited upon me again in the afternoon, and, expressing some regret for his former warmth, sounded me once more respecting his project. I resisted entertaining it, even more strongly than before.

Hartwell was wrought to a pitch of fury by my obstinacy, which appeared to him perfectly incomprehensible. He repeated the same charges, with the addition of others; one, for instance, involving a doubt of the paternity of young Steiner; and left me with threats, as before,—threats which I despised. He had now committed himself. I was assured he *knew* nothing, which his language of the morning, conveying so much truth, spoken at random, had for a moment led me to fear.

I was not mistaken when I foresaw that Hartwell would not dare to bring charges against me publicly which he had no means whatever of substantiating. I had not, however, conceived the possibility of his tampering,—of his disposition to do so I was well aware, but of his being permitted to tamper,—with young Steiner. A few days, nevertheless, convinced me that he had done so; and a watchful scrutiny of the manners and behaviour of the young man taught me to believe that he had done so successfully; that he had rendered him suspicious, distrustful of me; that, by means of an incongruous collection of charges,—for they were so, and would so have appeared to the world at large,—he had made himself the too easy instrument of utterly alienating Frederick's affections from his friend, his guardian, and his benefactor.

I watched the young man closely, I have said, and I was confirmed in my suspicions. He knows but little of my nature who supposes I could bear that certainty with patience. His constraint in my presence became more and more manifest; I could see that he felt it more. He was uneasy, embarrassed in my company: I, on my part, was taciturn, gloomy, and morose. I had collected materials on which to act; it was now my purpose to put them into shape.

That he—the only being in the world for whom I cared a rush—against whom the whole world would have weighed as lightly,—that he, who had been indebted to me, as an infant, for his life; as a boy, for his maintenance and protection; as a man, for his station and prospects in the world; who owed me more affection than he could have repaid by gratitude, if he did not repay it, as I had hoped, with affection; that he should have turned against me—silently, without inquiry, without scruple: this was more than I could bear. It stung me; no, no—it maddened me! And yet, what was to be done? No more wild justice,—no more revenge. I could execute that no longer. I strove, for once in my life, to think and to act calmly and dispassionately, and to be directed by the result of sober reflection, and the result of my reflections was madness,—and yet I pondered deeply, too.

Hartwell I despised too much to hate: I contemned and forgave him. Steiner was yet very young. I had hitherto given him credit for generosity of nature: inexperienced as he was, the subtle plausibility of a villain might have misled him. I had suffered so much from falsehood heretofore, I would now see what effect truth might have,—the whole truth.

Frederick was too young when his father left England to remember him, and, consequently, he would not regret his loss. His mother had been dead many years. He should know all; the physical calamity that, when injured, converted me into a madman; the injuries I had endured; all—he should know all. If, after hearing, he hated me, could he respect Hartwell?—I had no longer a wish to live. If he was generous he would pity me; if otherwise, he might, if he so pleased, betray me. I made myself up for that, and I was pleased with it.

I met him early on the following morning. He entered the room hastily, looking wild and baggard.

"You were late last night, sir," I remarked.

"I did not come home," he answered vaguely.

"With Hartwell, I presume? He has told you something new respecting me."

"He will tell me no more," said he: "I have heard too much already."

"Not enough," I replied, smiling bitterly: "I also have something for your private ear. Sit down, sir!" and I seized him by the arm.

"Let me go!—I must not stay here!" he exclaimed, striving to break from me; but I held him fast.

"Nay, but, Frederick Steiner, you must stay. Promise me that you will hear me patiently: I will not detain you long."

He sat down, covering his face with his hands. "I obey you, sir."

"You must not interrupt me," I said.

Calmly,—for madness is sometimes calm,—and

with a studied emphasis,—for I had rehearsed it on the previous night,—I confessed every thing, and paused, awaiting his answer.

I noted well the gaze, the immoveable gaze, which was lifted up to me when I detailed the circumstances of my first crime; that gaze, which continued without intermission, without alteration, without meaning. I awaited his answer. Some minutes elapsed. I became alarmed, and, rising, took him by the shoulder.

He shook me from him as though I had been a reptile, and bounded to his feet.

"What have I done!" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself. "My great God! what have I done!—Come not near me! come not near me!"

I approached to pacify him. He seized me by the shoulders, and, dashing me violently to the ground, rushed from the room. I had scarcely risen from the floor when he returned, and, falling at my feet, clasped my knees.

"Oh, my benefactor, my friend, my father, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I knew not what I did! What a dreadful, miserable mistake is this! I see it all now. You suspected me of having listened to Hartwell, of having believed him, which I never did. I thought from your manner you felt aggrieved by his calumnies—for calumnies, yes, by Heaven, they were! I met him this morning."

There was a knocking at the door. "Rise! for God's sake, rise!" I exclaimed. "No one should see you thus!"

A young gentleman entered the room.

"Well, Harris?" cried Frederick, and he sprang towards him.

"You must fly!" cried the other. "Hartwell is dead!"

He staggered backward, and fell heavily to the earth.

"What does this mean?" said I wildly.

"Has not your nephew told you, sir," said Harris, raising his friend, "of the duel between Hartwell and himself this morning? The man is dead. Prevail upon your nephew to fly."

"Yes, I must fly!" cried Frederick, breaking from him; "I must fly; but whither, and from whom? Oh, sir!" and he cast an imploring gaze towards me, "I am a murderer—a murderer!"

I was affected. He perceived it, and fell upon my neck; and, taking my hands between his own, he raised and kissed them.

"Oh, my best, my only friend, forgive me! as I shall pray, as I do now pray—what did I say!—for forgiveness for you."

He said no more, but hastened up stairs.

"Is he not rather long gone, sir?" said Harris. "He need make no preparation under circumstances like these."

"Gone!—where?" said I. I had not been heeding the time.

A thought, almost a conviction, flashed across me.

"Run up stairs instantly!" I exclaimed, "or you will be too late."

The words were scarce spoken ere the report of a pistol was heard. Harris had come too late. He had shot himself through the heart!

What followed I cannot tell. I knew not—I felt not that he was dead for months afterwards.

Need I add more? What I have been the reader will conclude. What I am it were needless and profitless to tell. What I feel—if I feel aught now—may be best expressed in the words of an obscure author, whose name I have forgotten, but whose lines I remember.

"But we are strong, as we have need of strength,
Even in our own default, and linger on,
Enduring and forbearing, till, at length,
The very staple of our griefs is gone,
And we grow hard by custom—'tis all one.
Our joys, deep laid in earth, our hopes above,
Nor hope nor joy disturbs the heart's dull tone;
One stirs it not, nor can the other move,
While wo keeps tearless watch upon the grave of love."

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXI.

Madame Mantalini finds herself in a situation of some difficulty, and Miss Nickleby finds herself in no situation at all.

The agitation she had undergone rendered Kate Nickleby unable to resume her duties at the dress-maker's for three days, at the expiration of which interval she betook herself at the accustomed hour, and with languid steps, to the temple of fashion where Madame Mantalini reigned paramount and supreme.

The ill will of Miss Knag had lost nothing of its virulence in the interval, for the young ladies still scrupulously shrank from all companionship with their denounced associates; and when that exemplary female arrived a few minutes afterwards, she was at no pains to conceal the displeasure with which she regarded Kate's return.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Knag, as the satellites flocked round to relieve her of her bonnet and shawl; "I should have thought some people would have had spirit enough to stop away altogether, when they know what an incumbrance their presence is to right-minded persons. But it's a queer world; oh! it's a queer world!"

Miss Knag having passed this comment on the

world, in the tone in which most people do pass comments on the world, when they are out of temper, that is to say, as if they by no means belonged to it, concluded by heaving a sigh, wherewith she seemed meekly to compassionate the wickedness of mankind.

The attendants were not slow to echo the sigh, and Miss Knag was apparently on the eve of favouring them with some further moral reflections, when the voice of Madame Mantalini, conveyed through the speaking tube, ordered Miss Nickleby up stairs to assist in the arrangement of the show-room; a distinction which caused Miss Knag to toss her head so much, and bite her lips so hard, that her powers of conversation were for the time annihilated.

'Well, Miss Nickleby, child,' said Madame Mantalini, when Kate presented herself; 'are you quite well again?'

'A great deal better, thank you,' replied Kate.

'I wish I could say the same,' remarked Madame Mantalini, seating herself with an air of weariness.

'Are you ill?' asked Kate. 'I am very sorry for that.'

'Not exactly ill, but worried, child—worried,' rejoined Madame.

'I am still more sorry to hear that,' said Kate, gently. 'Bodily illness is more easy to bear than mental.'

'Ah!' and it's much easier to talk than to bear either,' said Madame, rubbing her nose with much irritability of manner. 'There, get to your work, child, and put the things in order, do.'

While Kate was wondering within herself what these symptoms of unusual vexation portended, Mr. Mantalini put the tips of his whiskers, and by degrees his head, through the half-opened door, and cried in a soft voice—

'Is my life and soul there?'

'No,' replied his wife.

'How can it say so, when it is blooming in the front room like a little rose in a demitison flower-pot?' urged Mantalini. 'May its poppet come in and talk?'

'Certainly not,' replied Madame; 'you know I never allow you here. Go along.'

The poppet, however, encouraged perhaps by the relenting tone of this reply, ventured to rebel, and, stealing into the room, made towards Madame Mantalini on tiptoe, blowing her a kiss as he came along.

'Why will it vex itself, and twist its little face into bewitching nut-crackers?' said Mantalini, putting his left arm round the waist of his life and soul, and drawing her towards him with his right.

'Oh! I can't bear you,' replied his wife.

'Not—eh, not bear me!' exclaimed Mantalini. 'Fibs, fibs. It couldn't be. There's not a woman alive that could tell me such a thing to my face—to my own

face.' Mr. Mantalini stroked his chin as he said this, and glanced complacently at an opposite mirror.

'Such destructive extravagance,' resumed his wife, in a low tone.

'All in its joy at having gained such a lovely creature, such a little Venus, such a demd enchanting, bewitching, engrossing, captivating little Venus,' said Mantalini.

'See what a situation you have placed me in!' urged Madame.

'No harm will come, no harm shall come to its own darling!' rejoined Mr. Mantalini. 'It is all over, there will be nothing the matter; money shall be got in, and if it don't come in fast enough, old Nickleby shall stump up again, or have his jugular separated if he dares to vex and hurt the little—'

'Hush!' interposed Madame. 'Don't you see?'

Mr. Mantalini, who, in his eagerness to make up matters with his wife, had overlooked, or feigned to overlook, Miss Nickleby hitherto, took the hint, and laying his finger on his lip, sunk his voice still lower. There was then a great deal of whispering, during which Madame Mantalini appeared to make reference more than once to certain debts incurred by Mr. Mantalini previous to her coverture; and also to an unexpected outlay of money in payment of the aforesaid debts; and furthermore, to certain agreeable weaknesses on that gentleman's part, such as gaming, wasting, idling, and a tendency to horseflesh; each of which matters of accusation Mr. Mantalini disposed of by one kiss or more, as its relative importance demanded, and the upshot of it all was, that Madame Mantalini was in raptures with him, and that they went up stairs to breakfast.

Kate busied herself in what she had to do, and was silently arranging the various articles of decoration in the best taste she could display, when she started to hear a strange man's voice in the room; and started again to observe, on looking round, that a white hat, and a red neckerchief, and a broad round face, and a large head, and part of a green coat, were in the room too.

'Don't alarm yourself, Miss,' said the proprietor of these appearances. 'I say; this here's a mantie-making con-sarn, a'nt it?'

'Yes,' rejoined Kate, greatly astonished. 'What did you want?'

The stranger answered not; but first looking back, as though to beckon to some unseen person outside, came very deliberately into the room and was closely followed by a little man in brown, very much the worse for wear, who brought with him a mingled fumigation of stale tobacco and fresh onions. The clothes of this gentleman were much bespeckled with flue; and his shoes, stockings and nether garments, from his heels to the waist buttons of his coat inclusive, were pro-

finely embroidered with splashes of mud, caught a fortnight previous—before the setting-in of the fine weather.

Kate's very natural impression was, that these engaging individuals had called with the view of possessing themselves unlawfully of any portable articles that chanced to strike their fancy. She did not attempt to disguise her apprehensions, and made a move towards the door.

'Wait a minnit,' said the man in the green coat, closing it softly, and standing with his back against it. 'This is an unpleasant business. Vere's your governor?'

'My what—did you say?' asked Kate, trembling; for she thought 'governor' might be slang for watch or money.

'Mister Muntlehinney,' said the man. 'Wot's come of him? Is he at home?'

'He is above stairs, I believe,' replied Kate, a little reassured by this inquiry. 'Do you want him?'

'No,' replied the visitor. 'I don't exactly want him, if it's made a favour on. You can jist give him that ere card, and tell him if he wants to speak to me, and save trouble, here I am, that's all.'

With these words the stranger put a thick square card into Kate's hand, and turning to his friend remarked, with an easy air, 'that the rooms was a good high pitch;' to which the friend assented, adding by way of illustration, 'that there was lots of room for a little boy to grow up a man in either on 'em, without much fear of his ever bringing his head into contract with the ceiling.'

After ringing the bell which would summon Madame Mantalini, Kate glanced at the card, and saw that it displayed the name of 'Scaley,' together with some other information to which she had not had time to refer, when her attention was attracted by Mr. Scaley himself, who, walking up to one of the cheval glasses, gave it a hard poke in the centre with his stick, as coolly as if it had been made of cast iron.

'Good plate this here, Tix,' said Mr. Scaley to his friend.

'Ah!' rejoined Mr. Tix, placing the marks of his four fingers, and a duplicate impression of his thumb on a piece of sky-blue silk; 'and this here article warn't made for nothing, mind you.'

From the silk Mr. Tix transferred his admiration to some elegant articles of wearing apparel; while Mr. Scaley adjusted his neckcloth at leisure before the glass, and afterwards, aided by its reflection, proceeded to the minute consideration of a pimple on his chin: in which absorbing occupation he was yet engaged when Madame Mantalini entering the room, uttered an exclamation of surprise which roused him.

'Oh! Is this the missis?' inquired Scaley.

'It is Madame Mantalini,' said Kate.

'Then,' said Mr. Scaley, producing a small document

from his pocket and unfolding it very slowly, 'this is a writ of execution, and if it's not convenient to settle we'll go over the house at wot's, please, and take the inventory.'

Poor Madame Mantalini wrung her hands for grief, and rung the bell for her husband; which done, she fell into a chair and a fainting fit simultaneously. The professional gentlemen, however, were not at all discomposed by this event, for Mr. Scaley, leaning upon a stand on which a handsome dress was displayed (so that his shoulders appeared above it in nearly the same manner as the shoulders of the lady for whom it was designed would have done if she had had it on), pushed his hat on one side and scratched his head with perfect unconcern, while his friend Mr. Tix, taking that opportunity for a general survey of the apartment preparatory to entering upon business, stood with his inventory-book under his arm and his hat in his hand, mentally occupied in putting a price upon every object within his range of vision.

Such was the posture of affairs when Mr. Mantalini hurried in, and as that distinguished specimen had had a pretty extensive intercourse with Mr. Scaley's fraternity in his bachelor days, and was, besides, very far from being taken by surprise on the present agitating occasion, he merely shrugged his shoulders, thrust his hands down to the bottom of his pockets, elevated his eyebrows, whistled a bar or two, swore an oath or two, and, sitting astride upon a chair, put the best face upon the matter with great composure and decency.

'What's the demd total?' was the first question he asked.

'Fifteen hundred and twenty-seven pound, four and ninepence ha'penny,' replied Mr. Scaley, without moving a limb.

'The halfpenny be demd,' said Mr. Mantalini, impatiently.

'By all means if you vish it,' retorted Mr. Scaley; 'and the ninepence too.'

'It don't matter to us if the fifteen hundred and twenty-seven pound went along with it, that I know on,' observed Mr. Tix.

'Not a button,' said Scaley.

'Well,' said the same gentleman, after a pause. 'Wot's to be done—anythink? Is it only a small crack, or a out-and-out smash? A break-up of the constitution is it—werry good. Then Mr. Tom Tix, esk-vire, you must inform your angel wife and lovely family as you won't sleep at home for three nights to come, along of being in possession here. Wot's the good of the lady a fretting herself?' continued Mr. Scaley, as Madame Mantalini sobbed. 'A good half of wot's here isn't paid for I des-say, and wot a consolation oughn't that to be to her feelings!'

With these remarks, combining great pleasantry with sound moral encouragement under difficulties.

Mr. Scaley proceeded to take the inventory, in which delicate task he was materially assisted by the uncommon tact and experience of Mr. Tix, the broker.

'My cup of happiness's sweetener,' said Mantalini, approaching his wife with a penitent air; 'will you listen to me for two minutes?'

'Oh! don't speak to me,' replied his wife, sobbing. 'You have ruined me, and that's enough.'

Mr. Mantalini, who had doubtless well considered his part, no sooner heard these words pronounced in a tone of grief and severity, than he recoiled several paces, assumed an expression of consuming mental agony, rushed headlong from the room, and was soon afterwards heard to slam the door of an up-stairs dressing-room with great violence.

'Miss Nickleby,' cried Madame Mantalini, when this sound met her ear, 'make haste for Heaven's sake, he will destroy himself! I spoke unkindly to him, and he cannot bear it from me. Alfred, my darling Alfred.'

With such exclamations she hurried up stairs followed by Kate; who, although she did not quite participate in the fond wife's apprehensions, was a little hurried nevertheless. The dressing-room door being hastily flung open, Mr. Mantalini was disclosed to view with his shirt-collar symmetrically thrown back, putting a fine edge to a breakfast knife by means of his razor strop.

'Ah!' cried Mr. Mantalini, "interrupted!" and whisk went the breakfast knife into Mr. Mantalini's dressing-gown pocket, while Mr. Mantalini's eyes rolled wildly, and his hair floating in wild disorder, mingled with his whiskers.

'Alfred,' cried his wife, flinging her arms about him, 'I didn't mean to say it, I didn't mean to say it.'

'Ruined!' cried Mr. Mantalini. 'Have I brought ruin upon the best and purest creature that ever blessed a demitition vagabond! Demmit, let me go.' At this crisis of his ravings Mr. Mantalini made a pluck at the breakfast knife, and being restrained by his wife's grasp, attempted to dash his head against the wall—taking very good care to be at least six feet from it, however.

'Compose yourself, my own angel,' said Madame. 'It was nobody's fault; it was mine as much as yours, we shall do very well yet. Come, Alfred, come.'

Mr. Mantalini did not think proper to come to all at once; but after calling several times for poison, and requesting some lady or gentleman to blow his brains out, gentler feelings came upon him, and he wept pathetically. In this softened frame of mind he did not oppose the capture of the knife—which, to tell the truth, he was rather glad to be rid of, as an inconvenient and dangerous article for a skirt pocket—and finally he suffered himself to be led away by his affectionate partner.

After a delay of two or three hours, the young ladies

were informed that their services would be dispensed with until further notice, and at the expiration of two days the name of Mantalini appeared in the list of bankrupts: Miss Nickleby receiving an intimation per post on the same morning, that the business would be in future carried on under the name of Miss Knag, and that her assistance would no longer be required—a piece of intelligence with which Mrs. Nickleby was no sooner made acquainted, than that good lady declared she had expected it all along, and cited divers unknown occasions on which she had prophesied to that precise effect.

'And I say again,' remarked Mrs. Nickleby (who, it is scarcely necessary to observe, had never said so before), 'I say again, that a milliner's and dress-maker's is the very last description of business, Kate, that you should have thought of attaching yourself to. I don't make it a reproach to you, my love; but still I will say, that if you had consulted your own mother—'

'Well, well, mama,' said Kate, mildly; 'what would you recommend now?'

'Recommend!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'Isn't it obvious, my dear, that of all occupations in this world for a young lady situated as you are, that of companion to some amiable lady is the very thing for which your education, and manners, and personal appearance, and everything else, exactly qualify you? Did you never hear your poor dear papa speak of the young lady who was the daughter of the old lady who boarded in the same house that he boarded in once, when he was a bachelor—what was her name again? I know it began with a B, and ended with a g, but whether it was Waters or—no it couldn't have been that either; but whatever her name was, don't you know that that young lady went as companion to a married lady who died soon afterwards, and that she married the husband, and had one of the finest little boys that the medical man had ever seen—all within eighteen months?'

Kate knew perfectly well that this torrent of favourable recollection was occasioned by some opening, real or imaginary, which her mother had discovered in the companionship walk of life. She therefore waited very patiently until all reminiscences and anecdotes, bearing or not bearing upon the subject, had been exhausted, and at last ventured to inquire what discovery had been made. The truth then came out. Mrs. Nickleby had that morning had a yesterday newspaper of the very first respectability from the public-house where the porter came from, and in this yesterday's newspaper was an advertisement, couched in the purest and most grammatical English, announcing that a married lady was in want of a genteel young person as companion, and that the married lady's name and address were to be known on application at a certain library at the west end of the town, therein mentioned.

'And I say,' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby, laying the

paper down in triumph, 'that if your uncle don't object, it's well worth the trial.'

Kate was too sick at heart, after the rough jostling she had already had with the world, and really cared too little at the moment what fate was reserved for her, to make any objection. Mr. Ralph Nickleby offered none, but on the contrary highly approved of the suggestion; neither did he express any great surprise at Madame Mantalini's sudden failure, indeed it would have been strange if he had, inasmuch as it had been procured and brought about chiefly by himself. So the name and address were obtained without loss of time, and Miss Nickleby and her mama went off in quest of Mrs. Witterly, of Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, that same forenoon.

Cadogan Place is the one slight bond that joins two great extremes; it is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave Square and the barbarism of Chelsea. It is in Sloane Street, but not of it. The people in Cadogan Place look down upon Sloane Street, and think Brompton low. They affect fashion too, and wonder where the New Road is. Not that they claim to be on precisely the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave Square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand with reference to them rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great who are content to boast of their connexions, although their connexions disavow them. Wearing as much as they can of the airs and semblances of loftiest rank, the people of Cadogan Place have the realities of middle station. It is the conductor which communicates to the inhabitants of regions beyond its limit, the shock of pride of birth and rank, which it has not within itself, but derives from a fountain-head beyond; or, like the ligament which unites the Siamese twins, it contains something of the life and essence of two distinct bodies, and yet belongs to neither.

Upon this doubtful ground lived Mrs. Witterly, and at Mrs. Witterly's door Kate Nickleby knocked with trembling hand. The door was opened by a big footman with his head floured, or chalked, or painted in some way (it didn't look genuine powder), and the big footman, receiving the card of introduction, gave it to a little page; so little indeed that his body would not hold, in ordinary array, the number of small buttons which are indispensable to a page's costume, and they were consequently obliged to be stuck on four abreast. This young gentleman took the card upstairs on a salver, and pending his return, Kate and her mother were shown into a dining-room of rather dirty and shabby aspect, and so comfortably arranged as to be adapted to almost any purpose except eating and drinking.

Now, in the ordinary course of things and according to all authentic descriptions of high life, as set forth in books, Mrs. Witterly ought to have been in her

boudoir, but whether it was that Mr. Witterly was at that moment shaving himself in the *boudoir* or what not, certain it is that Mrs. Witterly gave audience in the drawing-room, where was everything proper and necessary, including curtains and furniture coverings of a roseate hue, to shed a delicate bloom on Mrs. Witterly's complexion, and a little dog to snap at strangers' legs for Mrs. Witterly's amusement, and the afore-mentioned page, to hand chocolate for Mrs. Witterly's refreshment.

The lady had an air of sweet insipidity, and a face of engaging paleness; there was a faded look about her, and about the furniture, and about the house altogether. She was reclining on a sofa in such a very unstudied attitude, that she might have been taken for an actress all ready for the first scene in a ballet, and only waiting for the drop curtain to go up.

'Place chairs.'

The page placed them.

'Leave the room, Alphonse.'

The page left it; but if ever there were an Alphonse who carried plain Bill in his face and figure, that page was the boy.

'I have ventured to call, ma'am,' said Kate, after a few seconds of awkward silence, 'from having seen your advertisement.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Witterly, 'one of my people put it in the paper.—Yes.'

'I thought, perhaps,' said Kate, modestly, 'that if you had not already made a final choice, you would forgive my troubling you with an application.'

'Yes,' drawled Mrs. Witterly again.

'If you have already made a selection—'

'Oh dear no,' interrupted the lady, 'I am not so easily suited. I really don't know what to say. You have never been a companion before, have you?'

Mrs. Nickleby, who had been eagerly watching her opportunity, came dexterously in before Kate could reply. 'Not to any stranger, ma'am,' said the good lady; 'but she has been a companion to me for some years. I am her mother, ma'am.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Witterly, 'I apprehend you.'

'I assure you, ma'am,' said Mrs. Nickleby, 'that I very little thought at one time that it would be necessary for my daughter to go out into the world at all, for her poor dear papa was an independent gentleman, and would have been at this moment if he had but listened in time to my constant entreaties and—'

'Dear mama,' said Kate, in a low voice.

'My dear Kate, if you will allow me to speak,' said Mrs. Nickleby, 'I shall take the liberty of explaining to this lady—'

'I think it is almost unnecessary, mama.'

And notwithstanding all the frowns and winks with which Mrs. Nickleby intimated that she was going to say something which would clench the business at

once, Kate maintained her point by an expressive look, and for once Mrs. Nickleby was stopped upon the very brink of an oration.

'What are your accomplishments?' asked Mrs. Wititterly, with her eyes shut.

Kate blushed as she mentioned her principal acquirements, and Mrs. Nickleby checked them all off, one by one, on her fingers, having calculated the number before she came out. Luckily the two calculations agreed, so Mrs. Nickleby had no excuse for talking.

'You are a good temper?' asked Mrs. Wititterly, opening her eyes for an instant, and shutting them again.

'I hope so,' rejoined Kate.

'And have a highly respectable reference for everything, have you?'

Kate replied that she had, and laid her uncle's card upon the table.

'Have the goodness to draw your chair a little nearer, and let me look at you,' said Mrs. Wititterly; 'I am so very near-sighted that I can't quite discern your features.'

Kate complied, though not without some embarrassment, with this request, and Mrs. Wititterly took a languid survey of her countenance, which lasted some two or three minutes.

'I like your appearance,' said that lady, ringing a little bell. 'Alphonse, request your master to come here.'

The page disappeared on this errand, and after a short interval, during which not a word was spoken on either side, opened the door for an important gentleman of about eight-and-thirty, of rather plebeian countenance and with a very light head of hair, who leant over Mrs. Wititterly for a little time, and conversed with her in whispers.

'Oh!' he said, turning round, 'yes. This is a most important matter. Mrs. Wititterly is of a very excitable nature, very delicate, very fragile; a hothouse plant, an exotic.'

'Oh! Henry, my dear,' interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

'You are, my love, you know you are; one breath—' said Mr. W., blowing an imaginary feather away. 'Pho! you're gone.'

The lady sighed.

'Your soul is too large for your body,' said Mr. Wititterly. 'Your intellect wears you out; all the medical men say so; you know that there is not a physician who is not proud of being called in to you. What is their unanimous declaration? 'My dear doctor,' said I to Sir Tumley Snuffin, in this very room, the very last time he came. 'My dear doctor, what is my wife's complaint? Tell me all. I can bear it. Is it nerves?' 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'be proud of that woman; make much of her; she is an ornament to

the fashionable world, and to you. Her complaint is soul. It swells, expands, dilates—the blood fires, the pulse quickens, the excitement increases—Whew!' Here Mr. Wititterly, who, in the ardour of his description, had flourished his right hand to within something less than an inch of Mrs. Nickleby's bonnet, drew it hastily back again, and blew his nose as fiercely as if it had been done by some violent machinery.

'You make me out worse than I am, Henry,' said Mrs. Wititterly, with a faint smile.

'I do not, Julia, I do not,' said Mr. W. 'The society in which you move—necessarily move, from your station, connexion, and endowments—is one vortex and whirlpool of the most frightful excitement. Bless my heart and body, can I ever forget the night you danced with the baronet's nephew, at the election ball, at Exeter! It was tremendous.'

'I always suffer for these triumphs afterwards,' said Mrs. Wititterly.

'And for that very reason,' rejoined her husband, 'you must have a companion, in whom there is great gentleness, great sweetness, excessive sympathy, and perfect repose.'

Here both Mr. and Mrs. Wititterly, who had talked rather at the Nicklebys than to each other, left off speaking, and looked at their two hearers with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, 'What do you think of all that?'

'Mrs. Wititterly,' said her husband, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, 'is sought after and courted by glittering crowds, and brilliant circles. She is excited by the opera, the drama, the fine arts, the—the—the—'

'The nobility, my love,' interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

'The nobility, of course,' said Mr. Wititterly. 'And the military. She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions, on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Wititterly's real opinion of them, they would not hold their heads perhaps quite as high as they do.'

'Hush, Henry,' said the lady; 'this is scarcely fair.'

'I mention no names, Julia,' replied Mr. Wititterly; 'and nobody is injured. I merely mention the circumstance to show that you are no ordinary person; that there is a constant friction perpetually going on between your mind and your body; and that you must be soothed and tended. Now let me hear dispassionately and calmly, what are this young lady's qualifications for the office.'

In obedience to this request, the qualifications were all gone through again, with the addition of many interruptions and cross-questionings from Mr. Wititterly. It was finally arranged that inquiries should be made, and a decisive answer addressed to Miss Nickleby, under cover to her uncle, within two days. These conditions agreed upon, the page showed them down

as far as the staircase window, and the big footman relieving guard at that point piloted them in perfect safety to the street-door.

'They are very distinguished people, evidently,' said Mrs. Nickleby, as she took her daughter's arm. 'What a superior person Mrs. Witterly is!'

'Do you think so, mama?' was all Kate's reply.

'Why who can help thinking so, Kate, my love!' rejoined her mother. 'She is pale, though, and looks much exhausted. I hope she may not be wearing herself out, but I am very much afraid.'

These considerations led the deep-sighted lady into a calculation of the probable duration of Mrs. Witterly's life, and the chances of the disconsolate widow bestowing his hand on her daughter. Before reaching home, she had freed Mrs. Witterly's soul from all bodily restraint, married Kate with great splendour at Saint George's Hanover Square; and only left undecided the minor question whether a splendid French-polished mahogany bedstead should be erected for herself in the two-pair back of the house in Cadogan Place, or in the three-pair front, between which apartments she could not quite balance the advantages, and therefore adjusted the question at last, by determining to leave it to the decision of her son-in-law.

The inquiries were made. The answer—not to Kate's very great joy—was favourable; and, at the expiration of a week, she betook herself, with all her moveables and valuables, to Mrs. Witterly's mansion, where for the present we will leave her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Nicholas, accompanied by Smike, sallies forth to seek his fortune. He encounters Mr. Vincent Crummles; and who he was is herein made manifest.

The whole capital which Nicholas found himself entitled to, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, after paying his rent and settling with the broker from whom he had hired his poor furniture, did not exceed by more than a few halfpence the sum of twenty shillings. And yet he hailed the morning on which he had resolved to quit London with a light heart, and sprang from his bed with an elasticity of spirit which is happily the lot of young persons, or the world would never be stocked with old ones.

It was a cold, dry, foggy morning in early spring; a few meagre shadows flitted to and fro in the misty streets, and occasionally there loomed through the dull vapour the heavy outline of some hackney-coach wending homewards, which drawing slowly nearer, rolled jangling by, scattering the thin crust of frost from its whitened roof, and soon was lost again in the cloud. At intervals were heard the tread of slip-shod feet, and

the chilly cry of the poor sweep as he crept shivering to his early toil; the heavy footfall of the official watcher of the night pacing slowly up and down, and cursing the tardy hours that still intervened between him and sleep: the rumbling of ponderous carts and wagons, the roll of the lighter vehicles which carried buyers and sellers to the different markets: the sound of ineffectual knocking at the doors of heavy sleepers—all these noises fell upon the ear from time to time, but all seemed muffled by the fog, and to be rendered almost as indistinct to the ear as was every object to the sight. The sluggish darkness thickened as the day came on; and those who had the courage to rise and peep at the gloomy street from their curtained windows, crept back to bed again, and coiled themselves up to sleep.

Before even these indications of approaching morning were rife in busy London, Nicholas had made his way alone to the city, and stood beneath the windows of his mother's house. It was dull and bare to see, but it had light and life for him; for there was at least one heart within its old walls to which insult or dishonour would bring the same blood rushing that flowed in his own veins.

He crossed the road, and raised his eyes to the window of the room where he knew his sister slept. It was closed and dark. 'Poor girl,' thought Nicholas, 'she little thinks who lingers here!'

He looked again, and felt for the moment almost vexed that Kate was not there to exchange one word at parting. 'Good God!' he thought, suddenly correcting himself, 'what a boy I am!'

'It is better as it is,' said Nicholas, after he had lounged on a few paces and returned to the same spot. 'When I left them before, and could have said goodbye a thousand times if I had chosen, I spared them the pain of leave-taking, and why not now?' As he spoke, some fancied motion of the curtain almost persuaded him, for the instant, that Kate was at the window, and by one of those strange contradictions of feeling which are common to us all, he shrunk involuntarily into a door-way, that she might not see him. He smiled at his own weakness; said 'God bless them!' and walked away with a lighter step.

Smike was anxiously expecting him when he reached his old lodgings, and so was Newman, who had expended a day's income in a can of rum and milk to prepare them for the journey. They had tied up the luggage, Smike shouldered it, and away they went with Newman Noggs in company, for he had insisted on walking as far as he could with them, over-night.

'Which way?' asked Newman, wistfully.

'To Kingston first,' replied Nicholas.

'And where afterwards?' asked Newman. 'Why won't you tell me!'

'Because I scarcely know myself, good friend,' re-

joined Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder; 'and if I did, I have neither plan nor prospect yet, and might shift my quarters a hundred times before you could possibly communicate with me.'

'I am afraid you have some deep scheme in your head,' said Newman, doubtfully.

'So deep,' replied his young friend, 'that even I can't fathom it. Whatever I resolve upon, depend upon it I will write you soon.'

'You won't forget?' said Newman.

'I am not very likely to,' rejoined Nicholas. 'I have not so many friends that I shall grow confused among the number, and forget my best one.'

Occupied in such discourse as this they walked on for a couple of hours, as they might have done for a couple of days if Nicholas had not sat himself down on a stone by the way-side, and resolutely declared his intention of not moving another step until Newman Noggs turned back. Having pleaded ineffectually first for another half mile, and afterwards for another quarter, Newman was fain to comply, and to shape his course towards Golden Square, after interchanging many hearty and affectionate farewells, and many times turning back to wave his hat to the two wayfarers when they had become mere specks in the distance.

'Now listen to me, Smike,' said Nicholas, as they trudged with stout hearts onwards. 'We are bound for Portsmouth.'

Smike nodded his head and smiled, but expressed no other emotion; for whether they had been bound for Portsmouth or Port Royal would have been alike to him, so they had been bound together.

'I don't know much of these matters,' resumed Nicholas; 'but Portsmouth is a sea-port town, and if no other employment is to be obtained, I should think we might get on board of some ship. I am young and active, and could be useful in many ways. So could you.'

'I hope so,' replied Smike. 'When I was at that—you know where I mean?'

'Yes, I know,' said Nicholas. 'You needn't name the place.'

'Well, when I was there,' resumed Smike; his eyes sparkling at the prospect of displaying his abilities; 'I could milk a cow, and groom a horse with anybody.'

'Ha!' said Nicholas, gravely. 'I am afraid they don't usually keep many animals of either kind on board ship, and even when they have horses, that they are not very particular about rubbing them down; still you can learn to do something else, you know. Where there's a will, there's a way.'

'And I am very willing,' said Smike, brightening up again.

'God knows you are,' rejoined Nicholas; 'and if you fail, it shall go hard but I'll do enough for us both.'

'Do we go all the way to-day?' asked Smike, after a short silence.

'That would be too severe a trial, even for your willing legs,' said Nicholas, with a good-humoured smile. 'No. Godalming is some thirty and odd miles from London—as I found from a map I borrowed—and I purpose to rest there. We must push on again to-morrow, for we are not rich enough to loiter. Let me relieve you of that bundle, come.'

'No, no,' rejoined Smike, falling back a few steps. 'Don't ask me to give it up to you.'

'Why not?' asked Nicholas.

'Let me do something for you, at least,' said Smike. 'You will never let me serve you as I ought. You will never know how I think, day and night, of ways to please you.'

'You are a foolish fellow to say it, for I know it well, and see it, or I should be a blind and senseless beast,' rejoined Nicholas. 'Let me ask you a question while I think of it, and there is no one by,' he added, looking him steadily in the face. 'Have you a good memory?'

'I don't know,' said Smike, shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I think I had once; but it's all gone now—all gone.'

'Why do you think you had once?' asked Nicholas, turning quickly upon him as though the answer in some way helped out the purport of his question.

'Because I could remember when I was a child,' said Smike, 'but that is very, very long ago, or at least it seems so. I was always confused and giddy at that place you took me from; and could never remember, and sometimes couldn't even understand what they said to me. I—let me see—let me see.'

'You are wandering now,' said Nicholas, touching him on the arm.

'No,' replied his companion, with a vacant look. 'I was only thinking how——' He shivered involuntarily as he spoke.

'Think no more of that place, for it is all over,' retorted Nicholas, fixing his eye full upon that of his companion, which was fast settling into an unmeaning stupified gaze, once habitual to him, and common even then. 'What of the first day you went to Yorkshire?'

'Eh!' cried the lad.

'That was before you began to lose your recollection, you know,' said Nicholas quietly. 'Was the weather hot or cold?'

'Wet,' replied the boy. 'Very wet. I have always said when it rained hard that it was like the night I came; and they used to crowd round and laugh to see me cry when the rain fell heavily. It was like a child they said, and that made me think of it more. I turned cold all over sometimes, for I could see myself as I was then, coming in at the very same door.'

'As you were then,' repeated Nicholas, with assumed carelessness; 'How was that?'

'Such a little creature,' said Smike, 'that they might have had pity and mercy upon me, only to remember it.'

'You didn't find your way there alone!' remarked Nicholas.

'No,' rejoined Smike, oh no.'

'Who was with you?'

'A man—a dark withered man; I have heard them say so at the school, and I remembered that before. I was glad to leave him, I was afraid of him; but they made me more afraid of them, and used me harder too.'

'Look at me,' said Nicholas, wishing to attract his full attention. 'There; don't turn away. Do you remember no woman, no kind gentle woman, who hung over you once, and kissed your lips, and called you her child?'

'No,' said the poor creature, shaking his head, 'no, never.'

'Nor any house but that house in Yorkshire?'

'No,' rejoined the youth, with a melancholy look: 'a room—I remember I slept in a room, a large lonesome room at the top of a house, where there was a trap-door in the ceiling. I have covered my head with the clothes often, not to see it, for it frightened me, a young child with no one near at night, and I used to wonder what was on the other side. There was a clock too, an old clock, in one corner. I remember that. I have never forgotten that room, for when I have terrible dreams, it comes back just as it was. I see things and people in it that I had never seen then, but there is the room just as it used to be; *that* never changes.'

'Will you let me take the bundle now?' asked Nicholas, abruptly changing the theme.

'No,' said Smike, 'no. Come, let us walk on.'

He quickened his pace as he said this, apparently under the impression that they had been standing still during the whole of the previous dialogue. Nicholas marked him closely, and every word of this conversation remained indelibly fastened in his memory.

It was by this time within an hour of noon, and although a dense vapour still enveloped the city they had left as if the very breath of its busy people hung over their schemes of gain and profit and found greater attraction there than in the quiet region above, in the open country it was clear and fair. Occasionally in some low spots they came upon patches of mist which the sun had not yet driven from their strongholds; but these were soon passed, and as they laboured up the hills beyond, it was pleasant to look down and see how the sluggish mass rolled heavily off before the cheering influence of day. A broad fine honest sun lighted up the green pastures and dimpled water with the semblance of summer, while it left the travellers all the invigorating freshness of that early time of year.

The ground seemed elastic under their feet; the sheep-bells were music to their ears; and exhilarated by exercise, and stimulated by hope, they pushed onwards with the strength of lions.

The day wore on, and all these bright colours subsided, and assumed a quieter tint, like young hopes softened down by time, or youthful features by degrees resolving into the calm and serenity of age. But they were scarcely less beautiful in their slow decline than they had been in their prime; for nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own, and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy, that we can scarcely mark their progress.

To Godalming they came at last, and here they bargained for two humble beds, and slept soundly. In the morning they were astir, though not quite so early as the sun, and again afoot; if not with all the freshness of yesterday, still with enough of hope and spirit to bear them cheerily on.

It was a harder day's journey than that they had already performed, for there were long and weary hills to climb; and in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up. However, they kept on with unabated perseverance, and the hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last.

They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore, and the blood of the murdered man had run down, drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name. 'The Devil's Bowl,' thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, 'never held fitter liquor than that!'

Onward they kept with steady purpose, and entered at length upon a wide and spacious tract of downs, with every variety of little hill and plain to change their verdant surface. Here, there shot up almost perpendicularly into the sky a height so steep, as to be hardly accessible to any but the sheep and goats that fed upon its sides, and there stood a huge mound of green, sloping and tapering off so delicately, and merging so gently into the level ground, that you could scarce define its limits. Hills swelling above each other, and undulations shapely and uncouth, smooth, and rugged, graceful and grotesque, thrown negligently side by side, bounded the view in each direction; while frequently, with unexpected noise, there uprose from the ground a flight of crows, who, cawing and wheeling round the nearest hills, as if uncertain of their course, suddenly poised themselves upon the wing and skimmed down the long vista of some opening valley with the speed of very light itself.

By degrees the prospect receded more and more on either hand, and as they had been shut out from rich and extensive scenery, so they emerged once again upon the open country. The knowledge that they were drawing near their place of destination, gave them fresh courage to proceed; but the way had been difficult, and they had loitered on the road, and Smike was tired. Thus twilight had already closed in, when they turned off the path to the door of a road-side inn, yet twelve miles short of Portsmouth.

'Twelve miles,' said Nicholas, leaning with both hands on his stick, and looking doubtfully at Smike.

'Twelve long miles,' repeated the landlord.

'Is it a good road?' inquired Nicholas.

'Very bad,' said the landlord. As of course, being a landlord, he would say.

'I want to get on,' observed Nicholas, hesitating. 'I scarcely know what to do.'

'Don't let me influence you,' rejoined the landlord.

'I wouldn't go on if it was me.'

'Wouldn't you?' asked Nicholas, with the same uncertainty.

'Not if I knew when I was well off,' said the landlord. And having said it he pulled up his apron, put his hands into his pockets, and taking a step or two outside the door, looked down the dark road with an assumption of great indifference.

A glance at the toil-worn face of Smike determined Nicholas, so without any further consideration he made up his mind to stay where he was.

The landlord led them into the kitchen, and as there was a good fire he remarked that it was very cold. If there had happened to be a bad one he would have observed that it was very warm.

'What can you give us for supper?' was Nicholas's natural question.

'Why—what would you like?' was the landlord's no less natural answer.

Nicholas suggested cold meat, but there was no cold meat—poached eggs, but there were no eggs—mutton chops, but there wasn't a mutton chop within three miles, though there had been more last week than they knew what to do with, and would be an extraordinary supply the day after to-morrow.

'Then,' said Nicholas, 'I must leave it entirely to you, as I would have done at first if you had allowed me.'

'Why, then I'll tell you what,' rejoined the landlord. 'There's a gentleman in the parlour that's ordered a hot beef-steak pudding and potatoes at nine. There's more of it than he can manage, and I have very little doubt that if I ask leave, you can sup with him. I'll do that in a minute.'

'No, no,' said Nicholas, detaining him. 'I would rather not. I—at least—pshaw! why cannot I speak out. Here; you see that I am travelling in a very

humble manner, and have made my way hither on foot. It is more than probable, I think, that the gentleman may not relish my company; and although I am the dusty figure you see, I am too proud to thrust myself into his.'

'Lord love you,' said the landlord, 'it's only Mr. Crummles; *he* isn't particular.'

'Is he not?' asked Nicholas, on whose mind, to tell the truth, the prospect of the savoury pudding was making some impression.

'Not he,' replied the landlord. 'He'll like your way of talking, I know. But we'll soon see all about that. Just wait a minute.'

The landlord hurried into the parlour without staying for further permission, nor did Nicholas strive to prevent him: wisely considering that supper under the circumstances was too serious a matter to trifle with. It was not long before the host returned in a condition of much excitement.

'All right,' he said in a low voice. 'I knew he would. You'll see something rather worth seeing in there. Ecod, how they are a going of it!'

There was no time to inquire to what this exclamation, which was delivered in a very rapturous tone, referred, for he had already thrown open the door of the room; into which Nicholas, followed by Smike with the bundle on his shoulder (he carried it about with him as vigilantly as if it had been a purse of gold,) straightway repaired.

Nicholas was prepared for something odd, but not for something quite so odd as the sight he encountered. At the upper end of the room were a couple of boys, one of them very tall and the other very short, both dressed as sailors—or at least as theatrical sailors, with belts, buckles, pigtails, and pistols complete—fighting what is called in play-bills a terrific combat with two of those short broad-swords with basket hilts which are commonly used at our minor theatres. The short boy had gained a great advantage over the tall boy, who was reduced to mortal strait, and both were overlooked by a large heavy man, perched against the corner of a table, who emphatically adjured them to strike a little more fire out of their swords, and they couldn't fail to bring the house down on the very first night.

'Mr. Vincent Crummles,' said the landlord with an air of great deference. 'This is the young gentleman.'

Mr. Vincent Crummles received Nicholas with an inclination of the head, something between the courtesy of a Roman emperor and the nod of a pot companion; and bade the landlord shut the door and begone.

'There's a picture,' said Mr. Crummles, motioning Nicholas not to advance and spoil it. 'The little 'un has him; if the big 'un doesn't knock under in three seconds he's a dead man. Do that again, boys.'

The two combatants went to work afresh, and chop-

ped away until the swords emitted a shower of sparks, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Crummles, who appeared to consider this a very great point indeed. The engagement commenced with about two hundred chops administered by the short sailor and the tall sailor alternately, without producing any particular result until the short sailor was chopped down on one knee, but this was nothing to him, for he worked himself about on the one knee with the assistance of his left hand, and fought most desperately until the tall sailor chopped his sword out of his grasp. Now the inference was, that the short sailor, reduced to this extremity, would give in at once and cry quarter, but instead of that he all of a sudden drew a large pistol from his belt and presented it at the face of the tall sailor, who was so overcome by this (not expecting it) that he let the short sailor pick up his sword and begin again. Then the chopping recommenced, and a variety of fancy chops were administered on both sides, such as chops dealt with the left hand and under the leg and over the right shoulder and over the left, and when the short sailor made a vigorous cut at the tall sailor's legs, which would have shaved them clean off if it had taken effect, the tall sailor jumped over the short sailor's sword, wherefore to balance the matter and make it all fair, the tall sailor administered the same cut and the short sailor jumped over his sword. After this there was a good deal of dodging about and hitching up of the inexpressibles in the absence of braces, and then the short sailor, (who was the moral character evidently, for he always had the best of it) made a violent demonstration and closed with the tall sailor, who, after a few unavailing struggles, went down and expired in great torture as the short sailor put his foot upon his breast and bored a hole in him through and through.

'That'll be a double *encore* if you take care, boys,' said Mr. Crummles. 'You had better get your wind now, and change your clothes.'

Having addressed these words to the combatants, he saluted Nicholas, who then observed that the face of Mr. Crummles was quite proportionate in size to his body; that he had a very full under-lip, a hoarse voice, as though he were in the habit of shouting very much, and very short black hair, shaved off nearly to the crown of his head—to admit (as he afterwards learnt) of his more easily wearing character wigs of any shape or pattern.

'What did you think of that, Sir?' inquired Mr. Crummles.

'Very good, indeed—capital,' answered Nicholas.

'You won't see such boys as those very often, I think,' said Mr. Crummles.

Nicholas assented—observing, that if they were a little better match—

'Match!' cried Mr. Crummles.

'I mean if they were a little more of a size,' said Nicholas, explaining himself.

'Size!' repeated Mr. Crummles; 'why, it's the very essence of the combat that there should be a foot or two between them. How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner, if there isn't a little man contending against a great one—unless there's at least five to one, and we haven't hands enough for that business in our company.'

'I see,' replied Nicholas. 'I beg your pardon. That didn't occur to me, I confess.'

'It's the main point,' said Mr. Crummles. 'I open at Portsmouth the day after to-morrow. If you're going there, look into the theatre, and see how that'll tell.'

Nicholas promised to do so if he could, and drawing a chair near the fire, fell into conversation with the manager at once. He was very talkative and communicative, stimulated perhaps not only by his natural disposition, but by the spirits and water he sipped very plentifully, or the snuff which he took in large quantities from a piece of whitey-brown paper in his waistcoat pocket. He laid open his affairs without the smallest reserve, and descanted at some length upon the merits of his company, and the acquirements of his family, of both of which the two broad-sword boys formed an honourable portion. There was to be a gathering it seemed of the different ladies and gentlemen at Portsmouth on the morrow, whither the father and sons were proceeding (not for the regular season, but in the course of a wandering speculation), after fulfilling an engagement at Guilford with the greatest applause.

'You are going that way?' asked the manager.

'Ye-yes,' said Nicholas. 'Yes, I am.'

'Do you know the town at all?' inquired the manager, who seemed to consider himself entitled to the same confidence as he had himself exhibited.

'No,' replied Nicholas.

'Never there?'

'Never.'

Mr. Vincent Crummles gave a short dry cough, as much as to say, 'If you won't be communicative, you won't'; and took so many pinches of snuff from the piece of paper, one after another, that Nicholas quite wondered where it all went to.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Crummles looked from time to time with great interest at Smike, with whom he had appeared considerably struck from the first. He had now fallen asleep, and was nodding in his chair.

'Excuse my saying so,' said the manager, leaning over to Nicholas, and sinking his voice, 'but—what a capital countenance your friend has got!'

'Poor fellow!' said Nicholas, with a half smile, 'I wish it were a little more plump and less haggard.'

'Plump!' exclaimed the manager, quite horrified, 'you'd spoil it for ever.'

'Do you think so?'

'Think so, sir! Why, as he is now,' said the manager, striking his knee emphatically; 'without a pad upon his body, and hardly a touch of paint upon his face, he'd make such an actor for the starved business as was never seen in this country. Only let him be tolerably well up in the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet with the slightest possible dab of red on the tip of his nose, and he'd be certain of three rounds the moment he put his head out of the practicable door in the front grooves O. P.'

'You view him with a professional eye,' said Nicholas, laughing.

'And well I may,' rejoined the manager, 'I never saw a young fellow so regularly cut out for that line since I've been in the profession, and I played the heavy children when I was eighteen months old.'

The appearance of the beef-steak pudding, which came in simultaneously with the junior Vincent Crummleses, turned the conversation to other matters, and indeed for a time stopped it altogether. These two young gentlemen wielded their knives and forks with scarcely less address than their broad-swords, and as the whole party were quite as sharp set as either class of weapons, there was no time for talking until the supper had been disposed of.

The master Crummleses had no sooner swallowed the last procurable morsel of food than they evinced, by various half-suppressed yawns and stretchings of their limbs, an obvious inclination to retire for the night, which Smike had betrayed still more strongly: he having, in the course of the meal, fallen asleep several times while in the very act of eating. Nicholas therefore proposed that they should break up at once, but the manager would by no means hear of it, vowing that he had promised himself the pleasure of inviting his new acquaintance to share a bowl of punch, and that if he declined, he should deem it very unhandsome behaviour.

'Let them go,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, 'and we'll have it snugly and cosily together by the fire.'

Nicholas was not much disposed to sleep, being in truth too anxious, so after a little demur he accepted the offer, and having exchanged a shake of the hand with the young Crummleses, and the manager having on his part bestowed a most affectionate benediction on Smike, he sat himself down opposite to that gentleman by the fire-side to assist in emptying the bowl, which soon afterwards appeared, steaming in a manner which was quite exhilarating to behold, and sending forth a most grateful and inviting fragrance.

But, despite the punch and the manager, who told a variety of stories, and smoked tobacco from a pipe, and inhaled it in the shape of snuff, with a most asto-

nishing power, Nicholas was absent and dispirited. His thoughts were in his old home, and when they reverted to his present condition, the uncertainty of the morrow cast a gloom upon him, which his utmost efforts were unable to dispel. His attention wandered; although he heard the manager's voice, he was deaf to what he said, and when Mr. Vincent Crummles concluded the history of some long adventure with a loud laugh, and an inquiry what Nicholas would have done under the same circumstances, he was obliged to make the best apology in his power, and to confess his entire ignorance of all he had been talking about.

'Why so I saw,' observed Mr. Crummles. 'You're uneasy in your mind. What's the matter?'

Nicholas could not refrain from smiling at the abruptness of the question, but thinking it scarcely worth while to parry it, owned that he was under some apprehensions lest he might not succeed in the object which had brought him to that part of the country.

'And what's that?' asked the manager.

'Getting something to do which will keep me and my poor fellow-traveller in the common necessities of life,' said Nicholas. 'That's the truth; you guessed it long ago, I dare say, so I may as well have the credit of telling it you with a good grace.'

'What's to be got to do at Portsmouth more than anywhere else?' asked Mr. Vincent Crummles, melting the sealing-wax on the stem of his pipe in the candle, and rolling it out afresh with his little finger.

'There are many vessels leaving the port, I suppose,' replied Nicholas. 'I shall try for a berth in some ship or other. There is meat and drink there, at all events.'

'Salt meat and new rum; pease-pudding and chaff-biscuits,' said the manager, taking a whiff at his pipe to keep it alight, and returning to his work of embellishment.

'One may do worse than that,' said Nicholas. 'I can rough it, I believe, as well as most men of my age and previous habits.'

'You need be able to,' said the manager, 'if you go on board ship; but you won't.'

'Why not?'

'Because there's not a skipper or mate that would think you worth your salt, when he could get a practised hand,' replied the manager; 'and they as plentiful there as the oysters in the streets.'

'What do you mean?' asked Nicholas, alarmed by this prediction, and the confident tone in which it had been uttered. 'Men are not born able seamen. They must be reared, I suppose!'

Mr. Vincent Crummles nodded his head. 'They must; but not at your age, or from young gentlemen like you.'

There was a pause. The countenance of Nicholas fell, and he gazed ruefully at the fire.

'Does no other profession occur to you, which a young man of your figure and address could take up easily, and see the world to advantage in?' asked the manager.

'No,' said Nicholas, shaking his head.

'Why, then, I'll tell you one,' said Mr. Crummles, throwing his pipe into the fire, and raising his voice. 'The stage.'

'The stage!' cried Nicholas, in a voice almost as loud.

'The theatrical profession,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles. 'I am in the theatrical profession myself, my wife is in the theatrical profession, my children are in the theatrical profession. I had a dog that lived and died in it from a puppy; and my chaise-pony goes on in Timour the Tartar. I'll bring you out, and your friend too. Say the word. I want a novelty.'

'I don't know anything about it,' rejoined Nicholas, whose breath had been almost taken away by this sudden proposal. 'I never acted a part in my life, except at school.'

'There's genteel comedy in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles. 'You'll do as well as if you had thought of nothing else but the lamps, from your birth downwards.'

Nicholas thought of the small amount of small change there would remain in his pocket after paying the tavern bill; and he hesitated.

'You can be useful to us in a hundred ways,' said Mr. Crummles. 'Think what capital bills a man of your education could write for the shop-windows.'

'Well, I think I could manage that department,' said Nicholas.

'To be sure you could,' replied Mr. Crummles. 'For further particulars see small hand-bills—we might have half a volume in every one of them. Pieces too; why, you could write us a piece to bring out the whole strength of the company, whenever we wanted one.'

'I am not quite so confident about that,' replied Nicholas. 'But I dare say I could scribble something now and then that would suit you.'

'We'll have a new show-piece out directly,' said the manager. 'Let me see—peculiar resources of this establishment—new and splendid scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump and two washing-tubs.'

'Into the piece!' said Nicholas.

'Yes,' replied the manager. 'I bought 'em cheap, at a sale the other day; and they'll come in admirably. That's the London plan. They look up some dresses and properties, and have a piece written to fit them. Most of the theatres keep an author on purpose.'

'Indeed!' cried Nicholas.

'Oh yes,' said the manager; 'a common thing. It'll

look very well in the bills in separate lines—Real pump!—Splendid tubs!—Great attraction! You don't happen to be anything of an artist, do you?'

'That is not one of my accomplishments,' rejoined Nicholas.

'Ah! Then it can't be helped,' said the manager.

'If you had been, we might have had a large woodcut of the last scene for the posters, showing the whole depth of the stage, with the pump and tubs in the middle; but however, if you're not, it can't be helped.'

'What should I get for all this?' inquired Nicholas, after a few moment's reflection. 'Could I live by it?'

'Live by it!' said the manager. 'Like a prince. With your own salary, and your friend's, and your writings, you'd make—ah! you'd make a pound a week!'

'You don't say so.'

'I do indeed, and if we had a run of good houses, nearly double the money.'

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, but sheer destitution was before him; and if he could summon fortitude to undergo the extremes of want and hardship, for what had he rescued his helpless charge if it were only to bear as hard a fate as that from which he had wrested him? It was easy to think of seventy miles as nothing, when he was in the same town with the man who had treated him so ill and roused his bitterest thoughts; but now it seemed far enough. What if he went abroad, and his mother or Kate were to die the while?

Without more deliberation he hastily declared that it was a bargain, and gave Mr. Vincent Crummles his hand upon it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Treats of the Company of Mr. Vincent Crummles, and of his affairs, domestic and theatrical.

As Mr. Crummles had a strange four-legged animal in the inn stables, which he called a pony, and a vehicle of unknown design, on which he bestowed the appellation of a four-wheeled phaeton, Nicholas proceeded on his journey next morning with greater ease than he had expected: the manager and himself occupying the front seat, and the Master Crummles and Smike being packed together behind, in company with a wicker basket defended from wet by a stout oilskin, in which were the broad-swords, pistols, pigtails, nautical costumes, and other professional necessities of the aforesaid young gentlemen.

The pony took his time upon the road, and—possibly in consequence of his theatrical education—evinced every now and then a strong inclination to lie down. However, Mr. Vincent Crummles kept him up pretty

well, by jerking the rein, and plying the whip; and when these means failed, and the animal came to a stand, the elder Master Crummles got out and kicked him. By dint of these encouragements, he was persuaded to move from time to time, and they jogged on (as Mr. Crummles truly observed) very comfortably for all parties.

'He's a good pony at bottom,' said Mr. Crummles, turning to Nicholas.

He might have been at bottom, but he certainly was not at top, seeing that his coat was of the roughest and most ill-favoured kind. So, Nicholas merely observed, that he shouldn't wonder if he was.

'Many and many is the circuit this pony has gone,' said Mr. Crummles, flicking him skilfully on the eyelid for old acquaintance sake. 'He is quite one of us. His mother was on the stage.'

'Was she, indeed?' rejoined Nicholas.

'She ate apple-pie at a circus for upwards of fourteen years,' said the manager; 'fired pistols, and went to bed in a nightcap; and, in short, took the low comedy entirely. His father was a dancer.'

'Was he at all distinguished?'

'Not very,' said the manager. 'He was rather a low sort of pony. The fact is, that he had been originally jobbed out by the day, and he never quite got over his old habits. He was clever in melodrama too, but too broad—too broad. When the mother died, he took the port-wine business.'

'The port-wine business!' cried Nicholas.

'Drinking port-wine with the clown,' said the manager; 'but he was greedy, and one night bit off the bowl of the glass, and choked himself, so that his vulgarity was the death of him at last.'

The descendant of this ill-starred animal requiring increased attention from Mr. Crummles as he progressed in his day's work, that gentleman had very little time for conversation, and Nicholas was thus left at leisure to entertain himself with his own thoughts until they arrived at the drawbridge at Portsmouth, when Mr. Crummles pulled up.

'We'll set down here,' said the manager, 'and the boys will take him round to the stable, and call at my lodgings with the luggage. You had better let yours be taken there for the present.'

Thanking Mr. Vincent Crummles for his obliging offer, Nicholas jumped out, and, giving Smike his arm, accompanied the manager up High street on their way to the theatre, feeling nervous and uncomfortable enough at the prospect of an immediate introduction to a scene so new to him.

They passed a great many bills pasted against the walls and displayed in windows, wherein the names of Mr. Vincent Crummles, Mrs. Vincent Crummles, Master Crummles, Master P. Crummles, and Miss Crummles, were printed in very large letters, and

everything else in very small ones; and turning at length into an entry, in which was a strong smell of orange-peel and lamp-oil, with an under-current of saw-dust, groped their way through a dark passage, and, descending a step or two, threaded a little maze of canvass screens and paint pots, and emerged upon the stage of the Portsmouth Theatre.

'Here we are,' said Mr. Crummles.

It was not very light, but Nicholas found himself close to the first entrance on the prompter's side, among bare walls, dusty scenes, mildewed clouds, heavily daubed draperies, and dirty floors. He looked about him; ceiling, pit, boxes, gallery, orchestra, fittings, and decorations of every kind—all looked coarse, cold, gloomy, and wretched.

'Is this a theatre?' whispered Smike, in amazement; 'I thought it was a blaze of light and finery.'

'Why, so it is,' replied Nicholas, hardly less surprised; 'but not by day, Smike—not by day.'

The manager's voice recalled him from a more careful inspection of the building, to the opposite side of the proscenium, where, at a small mahogany table with rickety legs and of an oblong shape, sat a stout, portly female, apparently between forty and fifty, in a tarnished silk cloak, with her bonnet dangling by the strings in her hand, and her hair (of which she had a great quantity) braided in a large festoon over each temple.

'Mr. Johnson,' said the manager (for Nicholas had given the name which Newman Noggs had bestowed upon him in his conversation with Mrs. Kenwige), 'let me introduce Mrs. Vincent Crummles.'

'I am glad to see you, Sir,' said Mrs. Vincent Crummles, in a sepulchral voice. 'I am very glad to see you, and still more happy to hail you as a promising member of our corps.'

The lady shook Nicholas by the hand as she addressed him in these terms; he saw it was a large one, but had not expected quite such an iron grip as that with which she honoured him.

'And this,' said the lady, crossing to Smike, as tragic actresses cross when they obey a stage direction, 'and this is the other. You, too, are welcome, Sir.'

'He'll do, I think, my dear!' said the manager, taking a pinch of snuff.

'He is admirable,' replied the lady. 'An acquisition, indeed.'

As Mrs. Vincent Crummles re-crossed back to the table, there bounded on to the stage from some mysterious inlet, a little girl in a dirty white frock with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandaled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil and curl-papers, who turned a pirouette, cut twice in the air, turned another pirouette, then looking off at the opposite wing shrieked, bounded forward to within six

inches of the footlights, and fell into a beautiful attitude of terror, as a shabby gentleman in an old pair of buff slippers came in at one powerful slide, and chattering his teeth, fiercely brandished a walking-stick.

'They are going through the Indian Savage and the Maiden,' said Mrs. Crummles.

'Oh!' said the manager, 'the little ballet interlude. Very good, go on. A little this way, if you please, Mr. Johnson. That'll do. Now.'

'The manager clapped his hands as a signal to proceed, and the Savage, becoming ferocious, made a slide towards the maiden, but the maiden avoided him in six twirls, and came down at the end of the last one upon the very points of her toes. This seemed to make some impression upon the savage, for, after a little more ferocity and chasing of the maiden into corners, he began to relent, and stroked his face several times with his right thumb, and four fingers, thereby intimating that he was struck with admiration of the maiden's beauty. Acting upon the impulse of this passion, he (the savage) began to hit himself severe thumps in the chest, and to exhibit other indications of being desperately in love, which being rather a prosy proceeding, was very likely the cause of the maiden's falling asleep; whether it was or not, asleep she did fall, sound as a church, on a sloping bank, and the savage perceiving it, leant his left ear on his left hand, and nodded sideways, to intimate to all whom it might concern that she *was* asleep, and no shamming. Being left to himself, the savage had a dance, all alone, and just as he left off the maiden woke up, rubbed her eyes, got off the bank, and had a dance all alone too—such a dance that the savage looked on in ecstasy all the while, and when it was done, plucked from a neighbouring tree some botanical curiosity, resembling a small pickled cabbage, and offered it to the maiden, who at first wouldn't have it, but on the savage shedding tears relented. Then the savage jumped for joy; then the maiden jumped for rapture at the sweet smell of the pickled cabbage. Then the savage and the maiden danced violently together, and, finally, the savage dropped down on one knee, and the maiden stood on one leg upon his other knee; thus concluding the ballet, and leaving the spectators in a state of pleasing uncertainty, whether she would ultimately marry the savage, or return to her friends.

'Very well indeed,' said Mr. Crummles; 'bravo!'

'Bravo!' cried Nicholas, resolved to make the best of everything. Beautiful!

'This, Sir,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, bringing the maiden forward; 'this is the infant phenomenon—Miss Ninetta Crummles.'

'Your daughter!' inquired Nicholas.

'My daughter—my daughter,' replied Mr. Vincent Crummles; 'the idol of every place we go into, Sir.

We have had complimentary letters about this girl, Sir, from the nobility and gentry of almost every town in England.'

'I am not surprised at that,' said Nicholas; 'she must be quite a natural genius.'

'Quite a ——! Mr. Crummles stopped; language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. 'I'll tell you what, Sir,' he said; 'the talent of this child is not to be imagined. She must be seen Sir—seen—to be ever so faintly appreciated. There; go to your mother, my dear.'

'May I ask how old she is?' inquired Nicholas.

'You may, Sir,' replied Mr. Crummles, looking steadily in his questioner's face as some men do when they have doubts about being implicitly believed in what they are going to say. 'She is ten years of age, Sir.'

'Not more!'

'Not a day.'

'Dear me!' said Nicholas, 'it's extraordinary.'

It was; for the infant phenomenon, though of short stature, had a comparatively aged countenance, and had moreover been precisely the same age—not perhaps to the full extent of the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but certainly for five good years. But she had been kept up late every night, and put upon an unlimited allowance of gin and water from infancy, to prevent her growing tall, and perhaps this system of training had produced in the infant phenomenon these additional phenomena.

While this short dialogue was going on, the gentleman who had enacted the savage came up, with his walking-shoes on his feet, and his slippers in his hand, to within a few paces, as if desirous to join in the conversation, and deeming this a good opportunity he put in his word.

'Talent there, Sir,' said the Savage, nodding towards Miss Crummles.

Nicholas assented.

'Ah!' said the actor, setting his teeth together, and drawing in his breath with a hissing sound, 'she oughtn't to be in the provinces, she oughtn't.'

'What do you mean?' asked the manager.

'I mean to say,' replied the other, warmly, 'that she is too good for country boards, and that she ought to be in one of the large houses in London, or nowhere; and I tell you more, without mincing the matter, that if it wasn't for envy and jealousy in some quarter that you know of, she would be. Perhaps you'll introduce me here, Mr. Crummles.'

'Mr. Folair,' said the manager, presenting him to Nicholas.

'Happy to know you, Sir.' Mr. Folair touched the brim of his hat with his forefinger, and then shook hands. 'A recruit, Sir, I understand?'

'An unworthy one,' replied Nicholas.

'Did you ever see such a set-out as that?' whispered the actor, drawing him away, as Crummles left them to speak to his wife.

'As what?'

Mr. Folair made a funny face from his pantomime collection, and pointed over his shoulder.

'You don't mean the infant phenomenon?'

'Infant humbug, Sir,' replied Mr. Folair. 'There isn't a female child of common sharpness in a charity school that couldn't do better than that. She may thank her stars she was born a manager's daughter.'

'You seem to take it to heart,' observed Nicholas, with a smile.

'Yes, by Jove, and well I may,' said Mr. Folair, drawing his arm through his, and walking him up and down the stage. 'Isn't it enough to make a man crusty to see that little sprawler put up in the best business every night, and actually keeping money out of the house, by being forced down the people's throats, while other people are passed over? Isn't it extraordinary to see a man's confounded family conceit blinding him even to his own interest? Why I *know* of fifteen and sixpence that came to Southampton one night last month to see me dance the Highland Fling, and what's the consequence? I've never been put up in it since—never once—while the 'infant phenomenon' has been grinning through artificial flowers at five people and a baby in the pit, and two boys in the gallery, every night.'

'If I may judge from what I have seen of you,' said Nicholas, 'you must be a valuable member of the company.'

'Oh!' replied Mr. Folair, beating his slippers together, to knock the dust out; 'I *can* come it pretty well—nobody better perhaps in my own line—but having such business as one gets here, is like putting lead on one's feet instead of chalk, and dancing in fetters without the credit of it. Holloa, old fellow, how are you?'

The gentleman addressed in these latter words was a dark-complexioned man, inclining indeed to sallow, with long thick black hair, and very evident indications (although he was close shaved) of a stiff beard, and whiskers of the same deep shade. His age did not appear to exceed thirty, although many at first sight would have considered him much older, as his face was long and very pale, from the constant application of stage paint. He wore a checked shirt, an old green coat with new gilt buttons, a neckerchief of broad red and green stripes, and full blue trousers; he carried too a common ash walking-stick, apparently more for show than use, as he flourished it about with the hooked end downwards, except when he raised it for a few seconds, and throwing himself into a fencing attitude, made a pass or two at the side-scenes, or at any other object,

animate or inanimate, that chanced to afford him a pretty good mark at the moment.

'Well, Tommy,' said this gentleman, making a thrust at his friend, who parried it dexterously with his slipper, 'what's the news?'

'A new appearance, that's all,' replied Mr. Folair, looking at Nicholas.

'Do the honours, Tommy, do the honours,' said the other gentleman, tapping him reproachfully on the crown of the hat with his stick.

'This is Mr. Lenville, who does our first tragedy, Mr. Johnson,' said the pantomimist.

'Except when old bricks and mortar takes it into his head to do it himself, you should add, Tommy,' remarked Mr. Lenville. 'You know who bricks and mortar is, I suppose, Sir?'

'I do not, indeed,' replied Nicholas.

'We call Crummles that, because his style of acting is rather in the heavy and ponderous way,' said Mr. Lenville. 'I mustn't be cracking jokes though, for I've got a part of twelve lengths here which I must be up in to-morrow night, and I haven't had time to look at it yet; I'm a confounded quick study, that's one comfort.'

Consoling himself with this reflection, Mr. Lenville drew from his coat-pocket a greasy and crumpled manuscript, and having made another pass at his friend proceeded to walk to and fro, conning it to himself, and indulging occasionally in such appropriate action as his imagination and the text suggested.

A pretty general muster of the company had by this time taken place; for besides Mr. Lenville and his friend Tommy, there was present a slim young gentleman with weak eyes, who played the lowspirited lovers and sang tenor songs, and who had come arm-in-arm with the comic countryman—a man with a turned-up nose, large mouth, broad face, and staring eyes. Making himself very amiable to the infant phenomenon, was an inebriated elderly gentleman in the last depths of shabbiness, who played the calm and virtuous old men; and paying especial court to Mrs. Crummles was another elderly gentleman, a shade more respectable, who played the irascible old men—those funny fellows who have nephews in the army, and perpetually run about with thick sticks to compel them to marry heiresses. Besides these, there was a roving-looking person in a rough great-coat, who strode up and down in front of the lamps, flourishing a dress cane, and rattling away in an undertone with great vivacity for the amusement of an ideal audience. He was not quite so young as he had been, and his figure was rather running to seed; but there was an air of exaggerated gentility about him, which bespoke the hero of swaggering comedy. There was also a little group of three or four young men, with lantern jaws and thick eyebrows,

who were conversing in one corner; but they seemed to be of secondary importance, and laughed and talked together without attracting any very marked attention.

The ladies were gathered in a little knot by themselves round the rickety table before mentioned. There was Miss Snevellicci, who could do anything from a medley dance to Lady Macbeth, and always played some part in blue silk knee-smalls at her benefit, glancing from the depths of her coal-scuttle straw bonnet at Nicholas, and affecting to be absorbed in the recital of a diverting story to her friend Miss Ledrook, who had brought her work, and was making up a ruff in the most natural manner possible. There was Miss Belvawney, who seldom aspired to speaking parts, and usually went on as a page in white silk hose, to stand with one leg bent and contemplate the audience, or to go in and out after Mr. Crummles in stately tragedy, twisting up the ringlets of the beautiful Miss Bravassa, who had once had her likeness taken 'in character' by an engraver's apprentice, whereof impressions were hung up for sale in the pastry-cook's window, and the green-grocer's, and at the circulating library, and the box-office, whenever the announce bills came out for her annual night. There was Mrs. Lenville in a very limp bonnet and veil, decidedly in that way in which she would wish to be if she truly loved Mr. Lenville; there was Miss Gazingi, with an imitation ermine boat tied in a loose knot round her neck, flogging Mr. Crummles, junior, with both ends in fun. Lastly, there was Mrs. Grudden in a brown cloth pelisse and a beaver bonnet, who assisted Mrs. Crummles in her domestic affairs, and took money at the doors, and dressed the ladies, and swept the house, and held the prompt book when everybody else was on for the last scene, and acted any kind of part on any emergency without ever learning it, and was put down in the bills under any name or names whatever that occurred to Mr. Crummles as looking well in print.

Mr. Folair having obligingly confided these particulars to Nicholas, left him to mingle with his fellows; the work of personal introduction was completed by Mr. Vincent Crummles, who publicly heralded the new actor as a prodigy of genius and learning.

'I beg your pardon,' said Miss Snevellicci, sidling towards Nicholas, 'but did you ever play at Canterbury?'

'I never did,' replied Nicholas.

'I recollect meeting a gentleman at Canterbury,' said Miss Snevellicci, 'only for a few moments, for I was leaving the company as he joined it, so like you that I felt almost certain it was the same.'

'I see you now for the first time,' rejoined Nicholas with all due gallantry. 'I am sure I never saw you before; I couldn't have forgotten it.'

'Oh, I'm sure—it's very flattering of you to say so,'

retorted Miss Snevellicci with a graceful bend. 'Now I look at you again, I see that the gentleman at Canterbury, hadn't the same eyes as you—you'll think me very foolish for taking notice of such things, won't you?'

'Not at all,' said Nicholas. 'How can I feel otherwise than flattered by your notice in any way?'

'Oh!' you men, you are such vain creatures!' cried Miss Snevellicci. Whereupon she became charmingly confused, and, pulling out her pocket handkerchief from a faded pink silk reticule with a gilt clasp, called to Miss Ledrook—

'Led, my dear,' said Miss Snevellicci.

'Well, what is the matter?' said Miss Ledrook.

'It's not the same.'

'Not the same what?'

'Canterbury—you know what I mean. Come here, I want to speak to you.'

But Miss Ledrook wouldn't come to Miss Snevellicci, so Miss Snevellicci was obliged to go to Miss Ledrook, which she did in a skipping manner that was quite fascinating, and Miss Ledrook evidently joked Miss Snevellicci about being struck with Nicholas, for, after some playful whispering, Miss Snevellicci hit Miss Ledrook very hard on the backs of her hands, and retired up, in a state of pleasing confusion.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Mr. Vincent Crummles, who had been writing on a piece of paper, 'we'll call the Mortal Struggle to-morrow at ten; everybody for the procession. Intrigue, and Ways and Means, you're all up in, so we shall only want one rehearsal. Everybody at ten, if you please.'

'Everybody at ten,' repeated Mrs. Grudden, looking about her.

'On Monday morning we shall read a new piece,' said Mr. Crummles; 'the name's not known yet, but everybody will have a good part. Mr. Johnson will take care of that.'

'Hallo!' said Nicholas starting, 'I——'

'On Monday morning,' repeated Mr. Crummles, raising his voice, to drown the unfortunate Mr. Johnson's remonstrance; 'that'll do, ladies and gentlemen.'

The ladies and gentlemen required no second notice to quit, and in a few minutes the theatre was deserted, save by the Crummles' family, Nicholas and Smike.

'Upon my word,' said Nicholas, taking the manager aside, 'I don't think I can be ready by Monday.'

'Pooh, pooh,' replied Mr. Crummles.

'But really I can't,' returned Nicholas; 'my invention is not accustomed to these demands, or possibly I might produce ——'

'Invention! what the devil's that got to do with it!' cried the manager, hastily.

'Everything, my dear Sir.'

'Nothing, my dear Sir,' retorted the manager, with evident impatience. 'Do you understand French?'

'Perfectly well.'

'Very good,' said the manager, opening the table-drawer, and giving a roll of paper from it to Nicholas. 'There, just turn that into English, and put your name on the title-page. Damn me,' said Mr. Crummles, angrily, 'if I haven't often said that I wouldn't have a man or woman in my company that wasn't master of the language, so that they might learn it from the original, and play it in English, and by that means save all this trouble and expense.'

Nicholas smiled, and pocketed the play.

'What are you going to do about your lodgings?' said Mr. Crummles.

Nicholas could not help thinking that for the first week it would be an uncommon convenience to have a turn-up bedstead in the pit, but he merely remarked that he had not turned his thoughts that way.

'Come home with me then,' said Mr. Crummles, 'and my boys shall go with you after dinner, and show you the most likely place.'

The offer was not to be refused: Nicholas and Mr. Crummles gave Mrs. Crummles an arm each, and walked up the street in stately array. Smike, the boys, and the phenomenon, went home by a shorter cut, and Mrs. Grudden remained behind to take some cold Irish stew and a pint of porter in the box-office.

Mrs. Crummles trod the pavement as if she were going to immediate execution with an animating consciousness of innocence and that heroic fortitude which virtue alone inspires. Mr. Crummles, on the other hand, assumed the look and gait of a hardened despot; but they both attracted some notice from many of the passers-by, and when they heard a whisper of 'Mr. and Mrs. Crummles,' or saw a little boy run back to stare them in the face, the severe expression of their countenances relaxed, for they felt it was popularity.

Mr. Crummles lived in St. Thomas's Street, at the house of one Bulph, a pilot, who sported a boat-green door, with window-frames of the same colour, and had the little finger of a drowned man on his parlour mantel-shelf, with other maritime and natural curiosities. He displayed also a brass knocker, a brass plate, and a brass bell-handle, all very bright and shining; and had a mast, with a vane on the top of it, in his back yard.

'You are welcome,' said Mrs. Crummles, turning round to Nicholas when they reached the bow-windowed front room on the first floor.

Nicholas bowed his acknowledgments, and was unfeignedly glad to see the cloth laid.

'We have but a shoulder of mutton with onion sauce,' said Mrs. Crummles, in the same charnel-house voice; 'but such as our dinner is, we beg you to partake of it.'

'You are very good,' replied Nicholas, 'I shall do it ample justice.'

'Vincent,' said Mrs. Crummles, 'what is the hour?'

'Five minutes past dinner-time,' said Mr. Crummles. Mrs. Crummles rang the bell. 'Let the mutton and onion sauce appear.'

The slave who attended upon Mr. Bulph's lodgers disappeared, and after a short interval re-appeared with the festive banquet. Nicholas and the infant phenomenon opposed each other at the pembroke-table, and Smike and the master Crummles dined on the sofa bedstead.

'Are they very theatrical people here?' asked Nicholas.

'No,' replied Mr. Crummles, shaking his head, 'far from it—far from it.'

'I pity them,' observed Mrs. Crummles.

'So do I,' said Nicholas; 'if they have no relish for theatrical entertainments, properly conducted.'

'Then they have none, Sir,' rejoined Mr. Crummles. 'To the infant's benefit, last year, on which occasion she repeated three of her most popular characters, and also appeared in the Fairy Porcupine, as originally performed by her, there was a house of no more than four pound twelve.'

'Is it possible?' cried Nicholas.

'And two pound of that was trust, pa,' said the phenomenon.

'And two pound of that was trust,' repeated Mr. Crummles. 'Mrs. Crummles herself has played to mere handfuls.'

'But they are always a taking audience, Vincent,' said the manager's wife.

'Most audiences are, when they have good acting—real good acting—the real thing,' replied Mr. Crummles, forcibly.

'Do you give lessons, ma'am?' inquired Nicholas.

'I do,' said Mrs. Crummles.

'There is no teaching here, I suppose!'

'There has been,' said Mrs. Crummles. 'I have received pupils here. I imparted tuition to the daughter of a dealer in ships' provision; but it afterwards appeared that she was insane when she first came to me. It was very extraordinary that she should come, under such circumstances.'

Not feeling quite so sure of that, Nicholas thought it best to hold his peace.

'Let me see,' said the manager cogitating after dinner. 'Would you like some nice little part with the infant?'

'You are very good,' replied Nicholas hastily; 'but I think perhaps it would be better if I had somebody of my own size at first, in case I should turn out awkward. I should feel more at home perhaps.'

'True,' said the manager. 'Perhaps you would, and you could play up to the infant in time you know.'

'Certainly,' replied Nicholas: devoutly hoping that it would be a very long time before he was honoured with this distinction.

'Then I'll tell you what we'll do,' said Mr. Crummles. 'You shall study Romeo when you've done that piece—don't forget to throw the pump and tubs in by-the-bye—Juliet, Miss Snellicci, old Grudden the nurse.—Yes, that'll do very well. Rover too;—you might get up Rover while you were about it, and Cassio, and Jeremy Diddler. You can easily knock them off; one part helps the other so much. Here they are, cues and all.'

With these hasty general directions Mr. Crummles thrust a number of little books into the faltering hands of Nicholas, and bidding his eldest son go with him and show him where lodgings were to be had, shook him by the hand and wished him good night.

There is no lack of comfortable furnished apartments in Portsmouth, and no difficulty in finding some that are proportionate to very slender finances; but the former were too good, and the latter too bad, and they went into so many houses, and came out unsuited, that Nicholas seriously began to think he should be obliged to ask permission to spend the night in the theatre, after all.

Eventually, however, they stumbled upon two small rooms up three pair of stairs, or rather two pair and a ladder, at a tobacconist's shop, on the Common Hard, a dirty street leading down to the dockyard. These Nicholas engaged, only too happy to have escaped any request for payment of a week's rent beforehand.

'There, lay down our personal property; Smike,' he said, after showing young Crummles down stairs. 'We have fallen upon strange times, and God only knows the end of them; but I am tired with the events of these three days, and will postpone reflection till to-morrow—if I can.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A strange interview, which is a sequel to the last chapter.

It was fortunate for the girl that the possession of money occasioned Mr. Sikes so much employment next day in the way of eating and drinking, and withal had so beneficial an effect in smoothing down the asperities of his temper that he had neither time nor inclination to be very critical upon her behaviour and deportment. That she had all the abstracted and nervous manner of one who is on the eve of some bold and hazardous step, which it has required no

common struggle to resolve upon, would have been obvious to his lynx-eyed friend, the Jew, who would most probably have taken the alarm at once; but Mr. Sikes lacking the niceties of discrimination, and being troubled with no more subtle misgivings than those which resolve themselves into a dogged roughness of behaviour towards everybody; and being, furthermore, in an unusually amiable condition, as has been already observed, saw nothing unusual in her demeanour, and, indeed, troubled himself so little about her, that, had her agitation been far more perceptible than it was, it would have been very unlikely to have awakened his suspicions.

As the day closed in the girl's excitement increased, and, when night came on, and she sat by, watching till the housebreaker should drink himself asleep, there was an unusual paleness in her cheek, and fire in her eye, that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

Mr. Sikes, being weak from the fever, was lying in bed, taking hot water with his gin to render it less inflammatory, and had pushed his glass towards Nancy to be replenished for the third or fourth time, when these symptoms first struck him.

'Why, burn my body!' said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. 'You look like a corpse come to life again. What's the matter?'

'Matter!' replied the girl. 'Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?'

'What foolery is this?' demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. 'What is it? What do you mean? What are you thinking of, ha?'

'Of many things, Bill,' replied the girl, shuddering, and as she did so pressing her hands upon her eyes. 'But, Lord! what odds in that?'

The tone of forced gaiety in which the last words were spoken seemed to produce a deeper impression on Sikes than the wild and rigid look which had preceded them.

'I tell you wot it is,' said Sikes, 'if you haven't caught the fever and got it comin' on now, there's something more than usual in the wind, and something dangerous too. You're not a-going to—— No, damme! you wouldn't do that!'

'Do what?' asked the girl.

'There ain't,' said Sikes, fixing his eyes upon her, and muttering the words to himself, 'there ain't a stauncher-hearted gal going, or I'd have cut her throat three months ago. She's got the fever coming on: that's it.'

Fortifying himself with this assurance, Sikes drained the glass to the bottom, and then, with many grumbling oaths, called for his physic. The girl

jumped up with great alacrity, poured it quickly out, but with her back towards him: and held the vessel to his lips while he drank it off.

'Now,' said the robber, 'come and sit aside of me, and put on your own face, or I'll alter it so that you won't know it again when you *do* want it.'

The girl obeyed, and Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow, turning his eyes upon her face. They closed, opened again; closed once more, again opened: the housebreaker shifted his position restlessly, and, after dozing again and again for two or three minutes, and as often springing up with a look of terror, and gazing vacantly about him, was suddenly stricken, as it were, while in the very attitude of rising, into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed, the upraised arm fell languidly by his side, and he lay like one in a profound trance.

'The laudanum has taken effect at last,' murmured the girl as she rose from the bedside. 'I may be too late even now.'

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl, looking fearfully round from time to time as if, despite the sleeping draught, she expected every moment to feel the pressure of Sikes's heavy hand upon her shoulder; then stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber's lips, and opening and closing the room-door with noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

A watchman was crying half-past nine down a dark passage through which she had to pass in gaining the main thoroughfare.

'Has it long gone the half hour?' asked the girl.

'It'll strike the hour in another quarter,' said the man, raising his lantern to her face.

'And I cannot get there in less than an hour or more,' muttered Nancy, brushing swiftly past him, and gliding rapidly down the street.

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way in making from Spitalfields towards the West-End of London. The clock struck ten, increasing her impatience. She tore along the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers from side to side, and darting almost under the horses' heads, crossed crowded streets, where clusters of persons were eagerly watching their opportunity to do the like.

'The woman is mad!' said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

When she reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted, and here her headlong progress seemed to excite a greater curiosity in the stragglers whom she hurried past. Some quickened their pace behind, as though to see whither she was hastening at such an unusual rate; and a few made head upon her, and looked back, surprised at her undiminished speed, but they fell off

one by one; and when she neared her place of destination she was alone.

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. As the brilliant light of the lamp which burnt before its door guided her to the spot, the clock struck eleven. She had loitered for a few paces as though irresolute, and making up her mind to advance; but the sound determined her, and she stepped into the hall. The porter's seat was vacant. She looked round with an air of incertitude, and advanced towards the stairs.

'Now, young woman,' said a smartly-dressed female, looking out from a door behind her, 'who do you want here?'

'A lady who is stopping in this house,' answered the girl.

'A lady!' was the reply, accompanied with a scornful look. 'What lady, pray?'

'Miss Maylie,' said Nancy.

The young woman, who had by this time noted her appearance, replied only by a look of virtuous disdain, and summoned a man to answer her. To him Nancy repeated her request.

'What name am I to say?' asked the waiter.

'It's of no use saying any,' replied Nancy.

'Nor business!' said the man.

'No, nor that neither,' rejoined the girl. 'I must see the lady.'

'Come,' said the man, pushing her towards the door, 'none of this! Take yourself off, will you?'

'I shall be carried out if I go!' said the girl violently, 'and I can make that a job that two of you won't like to do. Isn't there anybody here,' she said, looking round, 'that will see a simple message carried for a poor wretch like me?'

This appeal produced an effect on a good-tempered-faced man-cook, who with some other of the servants was looking on, and who stepped forward to interfere.

'Take it up for her, Joe, can't you?' said this person.

'What's the good?' replied the man. 'You don't suppose the young lady will see such as her, do you?'

This allusion to Nancy's doubtful character raised a vast quantity of chaste wrath in the bosoms of four housemaids, who remarked with great fervour that the creature was a disgrace to her sex, and strongly advocated her being thrown ruthlessly into the kennel.

'Do what you like with me,' said the girl, turning to the men again; 'but do what I ask you first; and I ask you to give this message for God Almighty's sake.'

The soft-hearted cook added his intercession, and the result was that the man who had first appeared undertook its delivery.

'What's it to be?' said the man, with one foot on the stairs.

'That a young woman earnestly asks to speak to

Miss Maylie alone,' said Nancy; 'and, that if the lady will only hear the first word she has to say, she will know whether to hear her business, or have her turned out of doors as an impostor.'

'I say,' said the man, 'you're coming it strong!'

'You give the message,' said the girl firmly, 'and let me hear the answer.'

The man ran up stairs, and Nancy remained pale and almost breathless, listening with quivering lip to the very audible expressions of scorn, of which the chaste housemaids were very prolific; and became still more so when the man returned, and said the young woman was to walk up stairs.

'It's no good being proper in this world,' said the first housemaid.

'Brass can do better than the gold what has stood the fire,' said the second.

The third contented herself with wondering 'what ladies was made of,' and the fourth took the first in a quartette of 'Shameful!' with which the Dianas concluded.

Regardless of all this—for she had weightier matters at heart—Nancy followed the man with trembling limbs to a small antichamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling, in which he left her, and retired.

The girl's life had been squandered in the streets, and the most noisome of the stews and dens of London, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still; and when she heard a light step approaching the door opposite to that by which she had entered, and thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

But struggling with these better feelings was pride—the vice of the lowest and most debased creatures no less than of the high and self-assured. The miserable companion of thieves and ruffians, the fallen outcast of low haunts, the associate of the scourings of the jails and hulks, living within the shadow of the gallows itself,—even this degraded being felt too proud to betray one feeble gleam of the womanly feeling which she thought a weakness, but which alone connected her with that humanity, of which her wasting life had obliterated all outward traces when a very child.

She raised her eyes sufficiently to observe that the figure which presented itself was that of a slight and beautiful girl, and then bending them on the ground, tossed her head with affected carelessness as she said,

'It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either.'

'I am very sorry if any one has behaved harshly to you,' replied Rose. 'Do not think of it, but tell me why you wish to see me. I am the person you inquired for.'

The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

'Oh, lady, lady!' she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, 'if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me,—there would—there would!'

'Sit down,' said Rose earnestly; 'you distress me. If you are in poverty or affliction I shall be truly happy to relieve you if I can,—I shall indeed. Sit down.'

'Let me stand, lady,' said the girl, still weeping; 'and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is—is—that door shut?'

'Yes,' said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. 'Why?'

'Because,' said the girl, 'I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's, the Jew's, on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville.'

'You!' said Rose Maylie.

'I, lady,' replied the girl. 'I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God! Do not mind shrinking openly from me, lady. I am younger than you would think, to look at me, but I am well used to it; the poorest women fall back as I make my way along the crowded pavement.'

'What dreadful things are these!' said Rose, involuntarily falling from her strange companion.

'Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady,' cried the girl, 'that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger, and riot and drunkenness, and—something worse than all—as I have been from my cradle; I may use the word, for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my beath-bed.'

'I pity you!' said Rose in a broken voice. 'It wrings my heart to hear you!'

'God bless you for your goodness!' rejoined the girl. 'If you knew what I am sometimes you would pity me; indeed. But I have stolen away from those who would surely murder me if they knew I had been here to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man named Monks?'

'No,' said Rose.

'He knows you,' replied the girl; 'and knew you

were here, for it was by hearing him tell the place that I found you out.'

'I never heard the name,' said Rose.

'Then he goes by some other amongst us,' rejoined the girl, 'which I more than thought before. Some time ago, and soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I—suspecting this man—listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out from what I heard that Monks—the man I asked you about, you know—'

'Yes,' said Rose, 'I understand.'

'That Monks,' pursued the girl, 'had seen him accidentally with two of our boys on the day we first lost him, and had known him directly to be the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. A bargain was struck with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back he should have a certain sum; and he was to have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own.'

'For what purpose?' asked Rose.

'He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened in the hope of finding out,' said the girl; 'and there are not many people besides me that could have got out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night.'

'And what occurred then?'

'I'll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went up stairs, and I, wrapping myself up so that my shadow should not betray me, again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these. "So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin. They laughed and talked of his success in doing this; and Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said, that though he had got the young devil's money safely now, he'd rather have had it the other way; for, what a game it would have been to have brought down the boast of the father's will, by driving him through every jail in town, and then hauling him up for some capital felony, which Fagin could easily manage, after having made a good profit of him besides."

'What is all this!' said Rose.

'The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips,' replied the girl. 'Then he said, with oaths common enough in my ears, but strangers to yours, that if he could gratify his hatred by taking the boy's life without bringing his own neck in danger, he would; but, as he couldn't he'd be upon the watch to meet him at every turn in life, and if he took advantage of his birth and history, he might harm him yet. "In short, Fagin," he says, "Jew as you are, you never laid such snares as I'll contrive for my young brother, Oliver."

'His brother!' exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands.

'Those were his words,' said Nancy, glancing uneasily round, as she had scarcely ceased to do since she began to speak, for a vision of Sikes haunted her perpetually. 'And more. When he spoke of you and the other lady, and said it seemed contrived by heaven or the devil, against him, that Oliver should come into your hands, he laughed, and said there was some comfort in that too, for how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds would you not give, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was.'

'You do not mean,' said Rose, turning very pale, 'to tell me that this was said in earnest.'

'He spoke in hard and angry earnest, if a man ever did,' replied the girl, shaking her head. 'He is an earnest man when his hatred is up. I know many who do worse things; but I'd rather listen to them all a dozen times than to that Monks once. It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion of having been on such an errand as this. I must get back quickly.'

'But what can I do?' said Rose. 'To what use can I turn this communication without you? Back? Why do you wish to return to your companions you paint in such terrible colours. If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I can summon in one instant from the next room, you can be consigned to some place of safety without half an hour's delay.'

'I wish to go back,' said the girl. 'I must go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you?—because among the men I have told you of, there is one the most desperate among them all that I can't leave; no—not even to be saved from the life I am leading now.'

'Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before, said Rose; 'your coming here at so great a risk to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame, all lead me to believe that you might be yet reclaimed. Oh!' said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, 'do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things.'

'Lady,' cried the girl, sinking on her knees, 'dear, sweet angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late—it is too late.'

'It is never too late,' said Rose, 'for penitence and atonement.'

'It is,' cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind; 'I cannot leave him now—I could not be his death.'

ed great benevolence and goodness to a very dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Brownlow. 'May I ask his name!'

'Oliver Twist you knew him as,' replied Rose.

The words no sooner escaped her lips than Mr. Grimwig, who had been affecting to dip into a large book that lay on the table, upset it with a great crash, and falling back in his chair, discharged from his features every expression but one of the most unmitigated wonder, and indulged in a prolonged and vacant stare; then, as if ashamed of having betrayed so much emotion, he jerked himself, as it were, by a convulsion into his former attitude, and looking out straight before him emitted a long, deep whistle, which seemed at last not to be discharged on empty air, but to die away in the inmost recesses of his stomach.

Mr. Brownlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said,

'Do me the favour, my dear young lady, to leave entirely out of the question that goodness and benevolence of which you speak, and of which nobody else knows anything, and if you have it in your power to produce any evidence which will alter the unfavourable opinion I was once induced to entertain of that poor child, in Heaven's name put me in possession of it.'

'A bad one—I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one,' growled Mr. Grimwig, speaking by some ventriloquial power, without moving a muscle of his face.

'He is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart,' said Rose, colouring; 'and that Power which has thought fit to try him beyond his years has planted in his breast affections and feelings which would do honour to many who have numbered his days six times over.'

'I'm only sixty-one,' said Mr. Grimwig with the same rigid face, 'and, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve at least, I don't see the application of that remark.'

'Do not heed my friend, Miss Maylie,' said Mr. Brownlow; 'he does not mean what he says.'

'Yes, he does,' growled Mr. Grimwig.

'No, he does not,' said Mr. Brownlow, obviously rising in wrath as he spoke.

'He'll eat his head if he doesn't,' growled Mr. Grimwig.

'He would deserve to have it knocked off, if he does,' said Mr. Brownlow.

'And he'd uncommonly like to see any man offer to do it,' responded Mr. Grimwig, knocking his stick upon the floor.

Having gone thus far, the two old gentlemen seve-

rally took snuff, and afterwards shook hands, according to their invariable custom.

'Now, Miss Maylie,' said Mr. Brownlow, 'to return to the subject in which your humanity is so much interested. Will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child: allowing me to premise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and that since I have been absent from this country, my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken.'

Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related in a few natural words all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house, reserving Nancy's information for that gentleman's private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow for some months past had been the not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

'Thank God!' said the old gentleman; 'this is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you,—but why not have brought him?'

'He is waiting in a coach at the door,' replied Rose.

'At this door!' cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps, and into the coach, without another word.

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, and converting one of the hind legs of his chair into a pivot described three distinct circles with the assistance of his stick and the table: sitting in it all the time. After performing this evolution, he rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, kissed her without the slightest preface.

'Hush!' he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding, 'don't be afraid; I'm old enough to be your grandfather. You're a sweet girl—I like you. Here they are.'

In fact, as he threw himself at one dexterous dive into his former seat, Mr. Brownlow returned accompanied by Oliver, whom Mr. Grimwig received very graciously; and if the gratification of that moment had been the only reward for all her anxiety and care in Oliver's behalf, Rose Maylie would have been well repaid.

'There is somebody else who should not be forgotten, by the bye,' said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. 'Send Mrs. Bedwin here, if you please.'

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and dropping a curtsy at the door, waited for orders.

'Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin,' said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

'Well, that I do, sir,' replied the old lady. 'People's eyes, at my time of life, don't improve with age, sir.'

'I could have told you that,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow; 'but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?'

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles; but Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

'God be good to me!' cried the old lady, embracing him; 'it is my innocent boy!'

'My dear old nurse!' cried Oliver.

'He would come back—I knew he would,' said the old lady, holding him in her arms. 'How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again. Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but seen them every day side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a young lightsome creature.' Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the poor soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room, and there heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and perplexity. Rose also explained her reasons for not making a confidant of her friend Mr. Losberne in the first instance; the old gentleman considered that she had acted prudently, and readily undertook to hold solemn conference with the worthy doctor himself. To afford him an early opportunity for the execution of this design, it was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the mean time Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These preliminaries adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

Rose had by no means overrated the measure of the good doctor's wrath, for Nancy's history was no sooner unfolded to him than he poured forth a shower of mingled threats and execrations; threatened to make her the first victim of the combined ingenuity of Messrs. Blathers and Duff, and actually put on his preparatory to sallying forth immediately to obtain the assistance of those worthies. And doubtless he would, in this first outbreak, have carried the intention into effect without a moment's consideration of the consequences if he had not been restrained, in part, by corresponding violence on the side of Mr. Brownlow, who was himself of an irascible temperament, and partly by such arguments and representations as seemed best

calculated to dissuade him from his hot-brained purpose.

'Then what the devil is to be done?' said the impetuous doctor, when they had rejoined the two ladies. 'Are we to pass a vote of thanks to all these vagabonds, male and female, and beg them to accept a hundred pounds or so apiece as a trifling mark of our esteem, and some slight acknowledgment of their kindness to Oliver?'

'Not exactly that,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow laughing, but we must proceed gently and with great care.'

'Gentleness and care!' exclaimed the doctor. 'I'd send them one and all to——'

'Never mind where,' interposed Mr. Brownlow. 'But reflect whether sending them anywhere is likely to attain the object we have in view.'

'What object?' asked the doctor.

'Simply the discovery of Oliver's parentage, and regaining for him the inheritance of which, if this story be true, he has been fraudulently deprived.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Losberne, cooling himself with his pocket-handkerchief; 'I almost forgot that.'

'You see,' pursued Mr. Brownlow, 'placing this poor girl entirely out of the question, and supposing it were possible to bring these scoundrels to justice without compromising her safety, what good should we bring about?'

'Hanging a few of them at least, in all probability,' suggested the doctor, 'and transporting the rest.'

'Very good,' replied Mr. Brownlow smiling, 'but no doubt they will bring that about themselves in the fulness of time, and if we step in to forestall them, it seems to me that we shall be performing a very Quixotic act in direct opposition to our own interest, or at least to Oliver's, which is the same thing.'

'How?' inquired the doctor.

'Thus. It is quite clear that we shall have the most extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Mouks, upon his knees. That can only be done by stratagem, and by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. For, suppose he were apprehended, we have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us,) concerned with the gang in any of their robberies. If he were not discharged, it is very unlikely that he could receive any further punishment than being committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and of course ever afterwards his mouth is so obstinately closed that he might as well, for our purposes, be deaf, dumb, blind, and an idiot.'

'Then,' said the doctor impetuously, 'I put it to you again, whether you think it reasonable that this promise to the girl should be considered binding; a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really——'

'Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady, pray,'

said Mr. Brownlow interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. 'The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will in the slightest degree interfere with our proceedings. But before we can resolve upon any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl, to ascertain from her whether she will point out this Monks on the understanding that she is to be dealt with by us, and not by the law; or if she will not or cannot do that, to procure from her such an account of his haunts and description of his person as will enable us to identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that, in the mean time, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself.'

Although Mr. Losberne received with many wry faces a proposal involving a delay of five whole days, he was fain to admit that no better course occurred to him just then; and as both Rose and Mrs. Maylie sided very strongly with Mr. Brownlow, that gentleman's proposition was carried unanimously.

'I should like,' he said, 'to call in the aid of my friend Grimwig. He is a strange creature, but a shrewd one, and might prove of material assistance to us; I should say that he was bred a lawyer, and quitted the bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course in ten years, though whether that is a recommendation or not, you must determine for yourselves.'

'I have no objection to your calling in your friend if I may call in mine,' said the doctor.

'We must put it to the vote,' replied Mr. Brownlow, 'who may he be?'

'That lady's son, and this young lady's—very old friend,' said the doctor, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie, and concluding with an expressive glance at her niece.

Rose blushed deeply, but she did not make any audible objection to this motion (possibly she felt in a hopeless minority) and Harry Maylie and Mr. Grimwig were accordingly added to the committee.

'We stay in town of course,' said Mrs. Maylie, 'while there remains the slightest prospect of prosecuting this inquiry with a chance of success. I will spare neither trouble nor expense in behalf of the object in whom we are all so deeply interested, and I am content to remain here, if it be for twelve months, so long as you assure me that any hope remains.'

'Good,' rejoined Mr. Brownlow, 'and as I see on the faces about me a disposition to inquire how it happened that I was not in the way to corroborate Oliver's tale, and had so suddenly left the kingdom, let me stipulate that I shall be asked no questions until such time as I may deem it expedient to forestall them by telling my own story. Believe me that I make this request with good reason, for I might otherwise excite hopes destined never to be realized, and only increase

difficulties and disappointments already quite numerous enough. Come; supper has been announced, and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, will have begun to think, by this time, that we have wearied of his company, and entered into some dark conspiracy to thrust him forth upon the world.'

With these words the old gentleman gave his hand to Mrs. Maylie, and escorted her into the supper room. Mr. Losberne followed, leading Rose, and the council was for the present effectually broken up.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

(CONTINUED.)

PART V.

On hearing his step she raised her head, and advancing towards the middle of the garden, took his arm, and led him towards the summer-house in which Connor and she had first acknowledged their love. She gazed wistfully upon it after they entered, and rung her hands, but still shed no tear.

'Una,' said her brother, 'you had something to say to me; what is it, darling?'

She glanced timidly at him, and blushed.

'You won't be angry with me, John,' she replied; 'would it be proper for me to—to go—'

'What! to be present at the trial? Dear Una, you cannot think of it. It would neither be proper nor prudent, and you surely would not be considered indelicate? Besides, even were it not so, your strength is unequal to it. No, no, Una dear; dismiss it from your thoughts.'

'I fear I could not stand it, indeed, John, even if it were proper; but I know not what to do; there is a weight like death upon my heart. If I could shed a tear it would relieve me; but I cannot.'

'It is probably better you should feel so, Una, than to entertain hopes upon the matter that may be disappointed. It is always wisest to prepare for the worst, in order to avoid the shock that may come upon us, and which always falls heaviest when it comes contrary to our expectations.'

'I do not at all feel well,' she replied, 'and I have been thinking of the best way to break this day's tidings to me, when you come home. If he's cleared, say, goodhumoredly, 'Una, all's lost; and if—if not, oh, desire me—say to me, 'Una, you had better go to bed, and let your mother go with you; that will be enough; I will go to bed, and if ever I rise from it again, it will not be from a love of life.'

The brother seeing that conversation on the subject of her grief only caused her to feel more deeply, deem-

ed it better to terminate than to continue a dialogue which only aggravated her sufferings.

'I trust and hope, dear Una,' he said, 'that you will observe my father's advice, and make at least a worthy effort to support yourself, under what certainly is a heavy affliction to you, in a manner becoming your own character. For his sake—for my mother's, and for mine too, endeavour to have courage; be firm—and, Una, if you take my advice, you'll pray to God to strengthen you; for, after all, there is no support in the moment of distress and sorrow, like His.'

'I will take your advice,' she replied; 'but is it not strange, John, that such heavy misfortune should fall upon two persons so young, and who deserve it so little?'

'It may be a trial sent for your advantage and his; who can say but it may yet end for the good of you both. At present, indeed, there is no probability of its ending favourably, and, even should it not, we are bound to bear with patience such dispensations as the Great Being, to whom we owe our existence, and of whose ways we know so little, may think right to lay upon us. Now, God bless you, and support you, dear, till I see you again. I must go; don't you hear the jaunting-car driving up to the gate; be firm—dear Una—be firm, and good bye!'

Never was a day spent under the influence of a more terrible suspense than that which drank up the strength of this sinking girl during the trial of her lover. Actuated by a burning and restless sense of distraction, she passed from place to place with that mechanical step which marks those who seek for comfort in vain. She retired to her apartment and strove to pray; but the effort was fruitless; the confusion of her mind rendered connexion and continuity of thought and language impossible. At one moment she repaired to the scenes where they had met, and again with a hot and aching brain, left them with a shudder that arose from a withering conception of the loss of him whose image, by their association, was at once rendered more distinct and more beloved. Her poor mother frequently endeavoured to console her, but became too much affected herself to proceed. Nor were the servants less anxious to remove the heavy load of sorrow which weighed down her young spirit to the earth. Her brief, but affecting, reply was the same to each.

'Nothing can comfort me; my heart is breaking; oh, leave me—leave me to the sorrow that's upon me.'

Deep indeed was the distress felt on her account, even by the females of her father's house, who, that day, shed many bitter tears on witnessing the mute but feverish agony of her sufferings. As evening approached she became evidently more distracted and depressed; her head, she said, felt hot, and her temples occasionally throbbed with considerable violence.

The alternations of colour on her cheek were more frequent than before, and their pallid and carmine hues were more alarmingly contrasted. Her weeping mother took the stricken one to her bosom, and, after kissing her burning and passive lips, pressed her temples, with a hope that this might give her relief.

'Why don't you cry, *anien machree*? (daughter of my heart.) Thry and shed tears; it 'ill take away this burnin' pain that's in your poor head; oh, thry an' let down the tears, an' you'll see how it 'ill relieve you.'

'Mother, I can't,' she replied; 'I can shed no tear; I wish they were home, for the worst couldn't be worse than this.'

'No, asthore, it couldn't—it can't; hush!—do you hear it? There they are; that's the car; ay, indeed, it's at the gate.'

They both listened for a moment, and the voices of her father and brother were distinctly heard giving some necessary orders to the servant.

'Mother, mother,' exclaimed Una, pressing her hands upon her heart, 'my heart is bursting, and my temples—my temples—'

'Chierna yeelish,' said the mother, feeling its strong and rapid palpitations, 'you can't stand this. Oh, darlin' of my heart, for the sake of your own life, an' of the livin' God, be firm.'

At this moment their knock at the hall-door occasioned her to leap, with a sudden start, almost out of her mother's arms. But, all at once, the tumult of that heart ceased, and the vermilion of her cheek changed to the hue of death. With a composure probably more the result of weakness than fortitude, she clasped her hands, and giving a fixed gaze towards the parlour-door, that spoke the resignation of despair, she awaited the tidings of her lover's doom. They both entered, and after a cautious glance about the room, immediately perceived the situation in which, reclining on her mother's bosom, she lay, ghastly as a corpse, before them.

'Una, dear,' said John, approaching her, 'I am afraid you are ill.'

She rivetted her eyes upon him, as if she would read his soul, but she could not utter a syllable.

The young man's countenance became overshadowed by a deep and mournful sense of the task he found himself compelled to perform; his voice faltered, and his limbs trembled, as, in a low tone of heartfelt and profound sympathy, he exclaimed,

'Una dear, you had better go to bed, and let my mother stay with you.'

Calmly she heard him, and rising, she slowly but deliberately left the room, and proceeded up stairs with a degree of steadiness which surprised her mother. The only words she uttered on hearing this blighting communication, were, 'Come with me, mother.'

'Una, darling,' said the latter when they had reached the bed-room, 'why don't you spake to me? Let me hear your voice, jewel; only let me hear your voice.'

Una stooped and affectionately kissed her, but made no reply for some minutes. She then began to undress, which she did in fits and starts; sometimes pausing, in evident abstraction, for a considerable time, and again resuming the task of preparing for bed.

'Mother,' she at length said, 'my heart is as cold as ice; but my brain is burning; feel my temples, how hot they are, and how they beat.'

'I do, alanna dheelish; your body, as well as your mind, is sick; but we'll sind for the docthor, darlin', and you'll soon be better, I hope.'

'I hope so; and then Connor and I can be married in spite of them. Don't they say, mother, that marriages are made in heaven?'

'They do, darlin'.'

'Well, then, I will meet him there. Oh, my head—my head; I cannot bear—bear this racking pain.'

Her mother, who, though an uneducated woman, was by no means deficient in sagacity, immediately perceived that her mind was beginning to exhibit symptoms of being unsettled. Having, therefore, immediately called one of the maid-servants, she gave her orders to stay with Una, who had now gone to bed, until she herself could again return to her. She instantly proceeded to the parlour, where her husband and son were, and, with a face pale from alarm, told them that she feared Una's mind was going.

'May the Almighty forbid,' exclaimed her father, laying down his knife and fork, for they had just sat down to dinner; 'oh, what makes you say such a thing, Bridget? what on earth makes you think it?'

'For heaven's sake, mother, tell us at once,' inquired the son, rising from the table, and walking distractedly across the room.

'Why she's beginning to rave about him,' replied her mother; 'she's afther sayin' that she'll be married to him in spite o' them.'

'In spite o' who, Bridget?' asked the Bodagh, wiping his eyes—'in spite o' who does she mane?'

'Why, I suppose in spite of Flanagan an' thim that found him guilty,' replied his wife.

'Well, but what else did she say, mother?'

'She axed me if marriages warn't made in heaven, and I told her that the people said so; upon that she said she'd meet him there, an' then she complained of her head. The trewth is, she has a heavy load of sickness on her back, and the sorra hour should be lost till we get a docthor.'

'Yes, that is the truth, mother; I'll go this moment for Dr. H——. There's nothing like taking these things in time. Poor Una! God knows this trial is

a sore one upon a heart so faithful and affectionate as her's.'

'John, had you not better ait something before you go?' said his father; 'you want it afther the trouble-some day you had.'

'No, no,' replied the son; 'I cannot—I cannot; I will neither eat nor drink till I hear what the doctor will say about her. Oh, my God,' he exclaimed, whilst his eyes filled with tears, 'and is it come to this with you, our darling Una?—I won't lose a moment till I return,' he added, as he went out; 'nor will I, under any circumstances, come without medical aid of some kind.'

'Let these things be taken away, Bridget,' said the Bodagh; 'my appetite is gone, too; that last news is the worst of all. May the Lord of Heaven keep our child's mind right; for, oh, Bridget, wouldn't death itself be far afore *that*?'

'I'm going up to her,' replied his wife; 'and may Jasus guard her, and spare her safe and sound to us; for what—what kind of a house would it be if she—but I can't think of it. Oh, wurrah, wurrah, this night!'

Until the return of their son, with the doctor, both O'Brien and his wife hung in a state of alarm bordering on agony over the bed of their beloved daughter. Indeed the rapidity and vehemence with which incoherence, accompanied by severe illness, set in, were sufficient to excite the greatest alarm, and to justify their darkest apprehensions. Her skin was hot almost to burning; her temples throbbed terribly, and such were her fits of starting and raving, that they felt as if every minute were an hour, until the physician actually made his appearance. Long before this gentleman reached the house, the son had made him fully acquainted with what he looked upon as the immediate cause of her illness; not that the doctor himself had been altogether ignorant of it; for indeed there were few persons of any class or condition in the neighbourhood to whom that circumstance was unknown.

On examining the diagnostics that presented themselves, he pronounced her complaint to be brain fever of the most formidable class, to wit, that which arises from extraordinary pressure upon the mind, and unusual excitement of the feelings. It was a relief to her family, however, to know that beyond the temporary mental aberrations inseparable from the nature of her complaint, there was no evidence whatsoever of insanity. They felt grateful to God for this, and were consequently enabled to watch her sick-bed with more composure, and to look forward to her ultimate recovery with a hope less morbid and gloomy. In this state we are now compelled to leave them and her, and to beg the reader will accompany us to another house of sorrow, where the mourning was still more

deep, and the spirits that were wounded driven into all the wild and dreary darkness of affliction.

Our readers cannot forget the helpless state of intoxication, in which Fardorougha left his unhappy son on the evening of the calamitous day that saw him doomed to an ignominious death. His neighbours, as we then said, having procured a car, assisted him home, and would, for his wife's and son's sake, have afforded him all the sympathy in their power; he was, however, so completely overcome with the spirits he had drunk, and an unconscious latent feeling of the dreadful sentence that had been pronounced upon his son, that he required little else at their hands than to keep him steady on the car. During the greater part of the journey home, his language was only a continuation of the incoherencies which Connor had, with such a humiliating sense of shame and sorrow, witnessed in his prison cell. A little before they arrived within sight of his house, his companions perceived that he had fallen asleep; but to a stranger, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, the car presented the appearance of a party returning from a wedding or from some other occasion equally festive and social. Most of them were the worse of liquor, and one of them in particular had reached a condition which may be too often witnessed in this country. I mean that in which the language becomes thick; the eye knowing but vacant; the face impudent but relaxed; the limbs tottering, and the voice inveterately disposed to melody. The general conversation, therefore, of those who accompanied the old man was, as is usual with persons so circumstanced, high and windy; but as far as could be supposed by those who heard them cheerful and amicable. Over the loudness of their dialogue might be heard, from time to time, at a great distance, the song of the drunken melodist just alluded to, rising into those desperate tones which borrow their drowsy energy from intoxication alone. Such was the character of those who accompanied the miser home; and such were the indications conveyed to the ears or eyes of those who either saw or heard them, as they approached Fardorougha's dwelling, where the unsleeping heart of the mother watched—and oh, with what a dry and burning anguish of expectation, let our readers judge—for the life or death of the only child that God had ever vouchsafed to that loving heart on which to rest all its tenderest hopes and affections.

The manner in which Honor O'Donovan spent that day was marked by an earnest and simple piety that would have excited high praise and admiration if witnessed in a person of rank or consideration in society. She was, as the reader may remember, too ill to be able to attend the trial of her son, or as she herself expressed it in Irish, to draw strength to her heart by one look at his manly face; by one glance from her boy's eye. She resolved, however, to draw consolation

from a higher source, and to rest the burthen of her sorrows, as far as in her lay, upon that being in whose hands are the issues of life and death; or if she descended from the elevation of true worship to supplicate the intercession of departed spirits, let us attribute this rather to the dogmas of her creed than the errors of her heart. From the moment her husband left the threshold of his childless house on that morning until his return, her prayers to God and the saints were truly incessant. And who is so well acquainted with the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, as to dare assert that the humble supplications of this pious and sorrowful mother were not heard and answered. Whether it was owing to the fervour of an imagination, wrought upon by the influence of a creed which nourishes religious enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree, or whether it was by direct support from that God who compassionated her affliction, let others determine; but certain it is, that in the course of that day she gained a calmness and resignation, joined to an increased serenity of heart, such as she had not hoped to feel under a calamity so black and terrible.

On hearing the approach of the car which bore her husband home, and on listening to the noisy mirth of those, who, had they been sober, would have sincerely respected her grief, she put up an inward prayer of thanksgiving to God for what she supposed to be the happy event of Connor's acquittal. Stunning was the blow, however, and dreadful the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of this sad mistake. When they reached the door she felt still further persuaded that all had ended as she wished, for to nothing else, except the wildness of unexpected joy, could she think of ascribing her husband's intoxication.

'We must carry Fardorougha in,' said one of them to the rest; 'for the liquor has fairly overcome him—he's sound asleep.'

'He is cleared,' exclaimed the mother; 'he is cleared! My heart tells me he has come out without a stain. What else could make his father, that never tasted liquor for the last thirty years, be as he is?'

'Honor O'Donovan,' said one of them, wringing her hand as he spoke, 'this has been a black day to you all; you must prepare yourself for bad news.'

'Thin Christ and his blessed mother support me, and support us all—but what is the worst? oh what is the worst?'

'The *bharradh dhu*,' replied the man, alluding to the black cap which the judge puts on when passing sentence of death.

'Well,' said she, 'may the name of the Lord that sent this upon us be praised for ever! That's no reason why we shouldn't still put our trust and reliance in him. I will show them, by the help of God's grace, an' by the assistance of his blessed mother, who suffered herself,—an' oh, what is my sufferin's to her's!'

—I will show them I say, that I can bear, as a Christian ought, whatever hard fate it may please the Saviour of the earth to lay upon us. I know my son is innocent, an' surely, although it's hard, hard to part with such a boy, yet it's a consolation to know that he'll be better wid God, who is takin' him, than ever he'd be wid us. So the Lord's will be done this night and for ever! amin!"

This noble display of glowing piety and fortitude was not lost upon those who witnessed it. After uttering these simple but exalted sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly, as is the custom, and bowed her head with such a vivid sense of God's presence, that it seemed as if she actually stood, as no doubt she did, under the shadow of his power. These men, knowing the force of her love to that son, and the consequent depth of her misery at losing him by a death so shameful and violent, reverently took off their hats as she bent her head to express this obedience to the decrees of God, and in a subdued tone and manner exclaimed, almost with one voice,—

'May God pity you, Honor; for who but yourself would or could act as you do this bitther, bitther night!'

'I'm only doin' what I ought to do,' she replied; 'what is religion good for if it doesn't keep the heart right an' support us undher thrials like this; what 'ud it be then but a name? But how, oh how, came *his* father to be in sich a state on this bitther, bitther night, as you say it is—an' oh! heaven above sees it's that—how came *his* father, I say, into such a state?'

They then related the circumstance as it actually happened; and she appeared much relieved to hear that his inebriety was only accidental.

'I am glad,' she said, 'that he got it as he did; for indeed if he had made himself dhrunk this day, as too many like him do on sich occasions, he never again would appear the same man in my eyes, nor would my heart ever more warm to him as it did. But thanks be to God that he didn't take it of himself.'

She then heard, with a composure that could result only from fortitude and resignation united, a more detailed account of her son's trial, after which she added—

'As God is above me this night I find it asier to lose Connor than to forgive the man that destroyed him; but this is a bad state of heart, that I trust my Saviour will give me grace to overcome; an' I know he will if I ax it as I ought; at all evints, I wont lay my side on a bed this night until I pray to God to forgive Bartle Flanagan, an' to turn his heart.'

She then pressed them with a heart, as hospitable as it was pious, to partake of food, which they declined, from a natural reluctance to give trouble where the heart is known to be pressed down by the violence of domestic calamity. These are distinctions which our humble countrymen draw with a delicacy that may

well shame those who move in a higher rank of life. Respect for unmerited affliction, and sympathy for the sorrows of the just and virtuous, are never withheld by the Irish peasant when allowed by those who can guide him either for good or evil to follow the impulses of his own heart. The dignity, for instance, of Honor O'Donovan's bearing under a trial so overwhelming in its nature, and the piety with which she supported it, struck them, half tipsy as they were, so forcibly, that they became sobered down—some of them into a full perception of her firmness and high religious feelings; and those who were more effected by drink into a maudlin gravity of deportment still more honourable to the admirable principles of the woman who occasioned it.

One of the latter, for instance, named Bat Hanratty exclaimed, after they had bade her good night, and expressed their unaffected sorrow for the severe loss she was about to sustain,

'Well, well, you may all talk; but be the powdher o' delf nothin' barrin' the downright grace o' God could sup—sup—port that dacent mother of ould Fardorougha—I mane of his son, poor Connor. But the truth is, you see, that there's nothin'—nothin'—no, the devil saize the hap'o'rth at all, good, bad, or indifferent aquil to puttin' your trust in God; bekaise you see—Con Roach, I say—bekaise, you see, when a man does that as he ought to do it; for it's all faisthelagh if you go the wrong way about it; but Con—Condy, I say, you're a dacent man; an' it stands to raison—it does, boys—upon my sowl it does. It was't for nothin' that money was lost upon myself, when I was takin' in the edjigation; and maybe, if Connor O'Donovan, that is now goin' to suffer, poor fellow—

"For the villain swore away my life, an' all by perjuree; And for that same I die wid shame upon the gallows tree."

So, as I was sayin' why didn't Connor come in an' join the boys like another, an' then we could settle Bartle for staggin' against him. For you see, in regard o' that, Condy, it doesn't signify a tranee whether he put a match to the haggard or not; the thing is, you know, that even if he did, Bartle daren't swear against him widout breakin' his first oath to the boys; an' if he did it afther that, an' brought any of them into trouble contrairly to the articles, he gorra sure he'd be entitled to get a gusset opened undher one o' his ears, any how. But you see, Con, be the book—God pardon me for swearin'—but be the book, the mother has the thue ralligion in her heart, or she'd never stand it the way she does, an' that proves what I was expoundin'; that afther all, the sorra hap'o'rth aquil to the grace o' God. I can repate the *comockature* in Latin myself, an' upon my sowl I find that afther a hard day's fightin' or drinkin' it aises my mind all to pieces. Sure they say one bout of it in

Latin is worth half a dozen rosaries; for, you see, the Latin bein' the mother tongue in heaven, that's what gives sich power entirely to prayers that's offered up in that langridge, an' what makes our clergy so powerful beyant all others.'

He then sang a comic song, and, having passed an additional eulogium on the conduct of Honor O'Donovan, concluded by exhibiting some rather unequivocal symptoms of becoming pathetic from sheer sympathy; after which the soporific effect of his libations soon hushed him into a snore that acted as a base to the shrill tones in which his companions addressed one another from each side of the car.

Fardorougha, ever since the passion of avarice had established its accursed dominion in his heart, narrowed by degrees his domestic establishment, until, towards the latter years of his life, it consisted of only a labouring boy, as the term is, and a servant girl. Indeed, no miser ever was known to maintain a large household: and that for reasons too obvious to be detailed. Since Connor's incarceration, however, his father's heart had so far expanded, that he hired two men as inside servants, one of them, now the father of a large family, being the identical Nogher McCormick, who, as the reader remembers was in his service at the period of Connor's birth. The other was a young man named Thady Star, or Reillaghan, as it is called in Irish, who was engaged upon the recommendation of Biddy Nulty, then an established favourite with her master and mistress, in consequence of her faithful devotion to them and Connor, and her simple-hearted participation in their heavy trouble. The manner in which they received the result of her son's trial was not indeed calculated to sustain his mother. In the midst of the clamour, however, she was calm and composed; but it would have been evident, to a close observer, that a deep impression of religious duty alone sustained her, and that the yearnings of the mother's heart though stilled by resignation to the Divine Will, were yet more intensely agonised by the suppression of what she secretly felt. Such, however, is the motive of those heroic acts of self-denial, which religion only can enable us to perform. It does not harden the heart, or prevent it from feeling the full force of the calamity or sorrow which comes upon us; no, but whilst we experience it in all the rigour of distress, it teaches us to reflect that suffering is our lot, and that it is our duty to receive these severe dispensations, in such a manner, as to prevent others from being corrupted by our impatience, or by our open want of submission to the decrees of Providence. When the agony of the Man of Sorrows was at its highest, he retired to a solitary place, and whilst every pore exuded water and blood, he still exclaimed—'Not my will, but thine be done.' Here was resignation indeed, but at the same time a heart exquisitely sensible of all it

had to bear. And much, indeed, as yet lay before that of the pious mother of our unhappy hero, and severe was the trial which, on this very night, she was doomed to encounter.

When Fardorougha awoke, which he did not do until about three o'clock in the morning, he looked wildly about him, and, starting up in the bed, put his two hands on his temples, like a man distracted by acute pain; yet anxious to develop in his memory the proceedings of the foregoing day. The inmates, however, were startled from their sleep by a shriek or rather a yell, so loud and unearthly that, in a few minutes they stood collected about his bed. It would be impossible, indeed, to conceive, much less to describe such a picture of utter horror as then presented itself to their observation. A look that resembled the turbid glare of insanity, was rivetted upon them whilst he uttered shriek after shriek, without the power of articulating a syllable. The room, too, was dim and gloomy; for the light of the candle that was left burning beside him, had become ghastly for want of snuffing. There he sat—his fleshless hands pressed against his temples; his thin, grey hair standing out wildly from his head; his lips asunder; and his cheeks, sucked in so far, that the chasms occasioned in his jawbones, by the want of his back teeth, were plainly visible.

'Chiernah dheelish,' exclaimed Honor, 'what is this? as heaven's above me, I believe he's dyin'; see how he gasps. Here, Fardorougha,' she exclaimed, seizing a jug of water which had been left on a chair beside him, but which he evidently did not see; 'here, here, darlin, wet your lips; the cool wather will refresh you.'

He immediately clutched the jug with eager and trembling hands, and at one rapid draught, emptied it to the bottom.

'Now,' he shouted, 'I can spake, now I can spake. Where's my son? where's my son? an' what has happened *me*? how did I come here? was I mad? am I mad? but tell me, tell me first, where's Connor? Is it throe? is it all throe? or is it me that's mad?'

'Fardorougha, dear,' said his wife, 'be a man, or, rather, be a Christian. It was God gave Connor to us, and who has a better right to take him back from us? Don't be flyin' in His face, bekase he wont order everything as you wish. You have'nt taken off of you to-night, so rise, dear, and calm yourself; then go to your knees, lift your heart to God, and beg of him to grant you strinth and patience. Thry that coorse, avourneen, an' you'll find it the best.'

'How did I come home, I say; oh, tell me, Honor, tell me, was I out o' my wits?'

'You fainted,' she replied; 'and thin they gave you whiskey to support you; an' not bein' accustomed to it, it got into your head.'

'Oh, Honor, our son, our son,' he replied; then, starting out of the bed in a fit of the wildest despair,

he clasped his hands together, and shrieked out, 'oh, our son, our son, our son Connor. Merciful Saviour, how will I name it! to be hanged by the neck; oh Honor, Honor, don't you pity me! don't you pity me! Mother of heaven, this night! That *barradh dhu*, that *barradh dhu* put on for our boy, our innocent boy; who can undherstand it, Honor! It's not justice; there's no justice in heaven, or my son wouldn't be murdered, slaughtered down in the prime of his life, for no reason. But no matter; let him be taken; only hear this: if he goes, I'll never bend my knee to a single prayer, while I've life; for it's terrible, it's cruel, 'tisn't justice; nor do I care what becomes of me, either in this world or the other. All I want, Honor, is to folly *him* as soon as I can; my hopes, my happiness, my life, my everything is gone wid him; an' what need I care thin, what becomes of me? I don't, I don't.'

The faces of the domestics grew pale as they heard, with silent horror, the incoherent blasphemies of the frantic miser; but his wife, whose eyes were rivetted on him, while he spoke, and paced, with a hurried step, up and down the room, felt at a loss, whether to attribute his impiety to an attack of insanity, or to a temporary fever, brought on by his late sufferings, and the intoxication of the preceding night.

'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Fardorougha,' she said calmly, placing her hand upon his shoulder; 'are you sensible, that you're this minute after blaspheming your Creator?'

He gave her a quick, disturbed, and peevish look; but made no reply. She then proceeded:

'Fardorougha, I thought the loss of Connor the greatest punishment that could be put upon me; but I find I was mistaken. I would rather see him dead to-morrow, wid, wid the rope about his neck, than to hear his father blaspheming the livin' God! Fardorougha, it's clear that you're not now fit to pray for yourself, but in the name of our Saviour, I'll go an pray for you. In the manetime, go to bed; sleep will settle your head, and you will be better, I trust, in the mornin'.'

The calm solemnity of her manner awed him, notwithstanding the vehemence of his grief. He stood and looked at her, with his hands tightly clasped, as she went to her son's bedroom, in order to pray for him. For a moment, he seemed abashed and stunned. While she addressed him, he involuntary ceased to utter those sounds of anguish, which were neither shrieks nor groans, but something between both. He then resumed his pace, but with a more settled step, and for some minutes maintained perfect silence.

'Get me,' said he, at length; 'get me a drink of wather; I'm in a flame wid drouth.'

When Biddy Nulty went out to fetch him this, he enquired of the rest, what Honor meant by charging him with blasphemy.

'Surely to God, I did'nt blasphame,' he said peevishly; 'no, no, I'm not that bad; but, any how, let her pray for me; *her* prayer will be heard, if ever woman's was.'

When Biddy returned, he emptied the jug of water with the same trembling eagerness as before; then clasped his hands again, and commenced pacing the room, evidently in a mood of mind about to darken into all the wildness of his former grief.

'Fardorougha,' said Nogher M'Cormick; 'I was undher this roof, the night your manly son was born. I remimber it well; an' I remimber more betoken, I had to check you for flying in the face o' God that sent him to you. Instead o' feelin' happy and delighted, as you ought to ha' done, an' as any other man but yourself would, you grew dark an' sulky, and grumbled becase you thought there was a family comin'. I told you that night to take care an' not be committin' sin; an' you may remimber, too, that I gev you chapter and verse for it out o' Scripthur; 'Voe be to the man that's born wid a millstone about his neck, espeshally, if he's to be cast into the say.' The truth is, Fardorougha, you war'nt thankful to God for him; and you see that after all, it does'nt do to go to loggerheads wid the Almighty. Maybe, had you been thankful for him, he wouldn't be where he is this night. Millstone! Faith it was a home thrust that same verse; for if you did'nt carry the millstone about your neck, you had it in your heart; an' you now see and feel the upshot. I'm now goin' fast into age myself; my hair is greyer than your own, and I could take it to my death,' said the honest fellow, while a tear or two ran slowly down his cheek; 'that, exceptin' one o' my own childhre; an' may God spare them to me; I could'nt feel more sorrow at the fate of any one livin', than at Connor's. Many a time I held him in these arms, an' many a little play I made for him; an' many a time he axed me why his father did'nt nurse him as I did; 'bekase,' he used to say, 'I would rather he would nurse me, than any body else, barring my mother; an' after him, you, Nogher.'

These last observations of his servant probed the heart of the old man to the quick; but the feeling which they excited was a healthy one; or, rather, the associations they occasioned threw Fardorougha's mind upon the memory of those affections, which avarice had suppressed, without destroying.

'I loved him, Nogher,' said he, deeply agitated; 'oh, none but God knows how I loved him, although I didn't, an' couldn't bring myself to show it at the time. There was something upon me; a curse, I think, that prevented me; an' now that I love him as a father ought to do, I will not have him. Oh, my son, my son, what will become of me, after you? heavenly Father, pity me and support me. Oh, Connor, my son, my son, what will become of me?'

He then sat down on the bed, and placing his hands upon his face, he wept long and bitterly. His grief now, however, was natural, for during the most violent of his paroxysms in the preceding hour, he shed not a tear; yet now they ran down his cheeks, and through his fingers in torrents.

'Cry on, cry on,' said Nogher, wiping his own eyes; 'it will lighten your heart; an' who knows but it's his mother's prayers that brought you to yourself, and got this relief for you. Go, Biddy,' said he, in a whisper, to the servant-maid; 'and tell the mistress to come here; she'll know best how to manage him, now that he's a little calm.'

'God be praised,' ejaculated Honor, on seeing him weep; 'these tears will cool your head, avourneen; an' now, Fardorougha, when you're tired cryin', if you take my advice, you'll go to your knees, an' offer up five pathers, five Aves, an' a creed, for the grace of the Almighty to direct and strengthen you; and thin, afther that, go to bed, as I sed, an' you'll find how well you'll be afther a sound sleep.'

'Honor,' replied her husband, 'avourneen machree, I think you'll save your husband's sowl yet, undher my marcifful Saviour.'

'Your son, undher the same marcifful God will do it. Your heart was hard and godless, Fardorougha, and surely, if Connor's death 'ill be the manes of savin' his father's sowl, wouldn't it be a blessin' instead of a misfortune? Think of it in that light, Fardorougha, and turn your heart to God. As for Connor, isn't it a comfort to know, that the breath wont be out of his body, till he's a bright angel in heaven?'

The old man wiped his eyes and knelt down, first having desired them to leave him. When the prayers were recited, he called in Honor.

'I'm afeard,' said he that my heart wasn't properly in them, for I couldn't prevent my mind from wanderin' to our boy.'

This touching observation took the mother's affections by surprise. A tear started to her eye, but after what was evidently a severe struggle she suppressed it.

'It's not at once you can do it, Fardorougha; so don't be cast down. Now, go to bed in the name of God, and sleep; and may the Lord in heaven support you—and support us both; for oh, it's we that want it this night of sorrow.'

She then stooped down and affectionately kissed him, and having wished him good night, she retired to Connor's bed, where, ever since the day of his incarceration, this well-tried mother, and enduring Christian, slept.

At this stage of our story, we will pause for a moment, to consider the state of mind and comparative happiness of the few persons who are actors in our humble drama.

To a person capable of observing only human action, independently of the motives by which it is regulated, it may appear that the day which saw Connor O'Donovan consigned to a premature and shameful death, was one of unmingled happiness to Bartle Flanagan. They know little of man's heart, however, who could suppose this to be the case, or who could even imagine that he was happier than those on whom his revenge and perfidy had entailed such a crushing load of misery. It is, indeed, impossible to guess what the nature of that feeling must be, which arises from the full gratification of mean and diabolical malignity. Every action of the heart at variance with virtue and truth, is forced to keep up so many minute and fearful precautions, all of which are felt to be of vast moment at the time, that we question if ever the greatest glut of vengeance produced, no matter what the occasion may have been, any satisfaction capable of counterbalancing all the contingencies and apprehensions by which the mind is distracted both before and after its perpetration. The plan and accomplishment must both be perfect in all their parts—for if either fail only in a single point, all is lost, and the pleasure arising from them resembles the fruit which is said to grow by the banks of the dead sea—it is beautiful and tempting to the eye, but bitterness and ashes to the taste.

The failing of the county treasurer, for instance, deprived Bartle Flanagan of more than one half his revenge. He was certainly far more anxious to punish the father than the son, and were it not that he saw no other mode of effecting his vengeance on Fardorougha, than by destroying the only object on earth that he loved next to his wealth, he would have never made the innocent pay the penalty of the guilty. As he had gone so far, however, self-preservation now made him anxious that Connor should die; as he knew his death would remove out of his way the only person in existence absolutely acquainted with his villany. One would think, indeed, that the sentence pronounced upon his victim ought to have satisfied him on that head. This, however, it failed to do. That sentence contained one clause, which utterly destroyed the completeness of his design, and filled his soul with a secret apprehension either of just retribution, or some future ill which he could not shake off, and for which the reward received for Connor's apprehension was but an ineffectual antidote. The clause alluded to in the judge's charge, viz,—'the recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth, and previous good conduct, shall not be overlooked'—sounded in his ears like some mysterious sentence that involved his own fate, and literally filled his heart with terror and dismay. Independently of all this his villanous projects had involved him in a systematic course of guilt, which was yet far from being brought to a close. In fact, he now found by

experience how difficult it is to work out a bad action with success, and how the means, and plans, and instruments necessary to it must multiply and become so deep and complicated in guilt, that scarcely any single intellect, in the case of a person who can be reached by the laws, is equal to the task of executing a great crime against society, in a perfect manner. If this were so, discovery would be impossible, and revenge certain.

With respect to Connor himself it is only necessary to say that a short but well-spent life, and a heart naturally firm, deprived death of its greatest terrors. Still he felt it in some depressed moods a terrible thing indeed to reflect, that he, in the very fullness of strength and youth, should be cut down from among his fellows—a victim without a crime, and laid with shame in the grave of a felon. But he had witnessed neither his mother's piety nor her example in vain, and it was in the gloom of his dungeon that he felt the light of both upon his spirit.

'Surely,' said he, 'as I am to die, is it not better that I should die innocent than guilty? Instead of fretting that I suffer, a guiltless man, surely I ought to thank my God that I am so; an' that my soul hasn't to meet the sin of such a revengeful act as I'm now condemned for. I'll die, then, like a Christian man, putting my hope and trust in the mercy of my Redeemer—ever an' always hoping that by his assistance I will be enabled to do it.'

Different, indeed, was the moral state and position of these two young men; the one, though, lying in his prison cell, was sustained by the force of conscious innocence, and that reliance upon the mercy of God, which constitutes the highest order of piety, and the noblest basis for fortitude; the other, on the contrary, disturbed by the tumultuous and gloomy associations of guilt, and writhing under the conviction, that although he had revenge, he had not satisfaction. The terror of crime was upon him, and he felt himself deprived of that best and only security, which sets all vain apprehensions at defiance, the consciousness of inward integrity. Who, after all, would barter an honest heart for the danger arising from secret villany, when such an apparently triumphant villain as Bartle Flanagan felt a deadly fear of Connor O'Donovan in his very dungeon? Such, however, is guilt, and such are the terrors that accompany it.

The circumstances which, in Ireland usually follow the conviction of a criminal, are so similar to each other, that we feel it, even in this case, unnecessary to do more than give a mere sketch of Connor's brief life as a culprit. We have just observed that the only clause in the judge's charge which smote the heart of the traitor Flanagan with a presentiment of evil, was that containing the words in which something like a

hope of having his sentence mitigated was held out to him, in consequence of the recommendation to mercy by which the jury accompanied their verdict. It is very strange, on the other hand, that at the present stage of our story, neither his father nor mother knew any thing whatsoever of the judge having given expression to such a hope. The old man, distracted as he was at the time, heard nothing, or at least remembered nothing, but the awful appearance of the black cap, or as they term it in the country, the *barradh dhu*, and the paralysing words in which the sentence of death was pronounced upon his son. It consequently happened that the same clause in the charge actually, although in a different sense, occasioned the misery of Bartle Flanagan on the one hand, and of Connor's parents on the other.

The morning after the trial, Fardorougha was up as early as usual, but his grief was nearly as vehement and frantic as on the preceding night. It was observed, however—such is the power of sorrow to humanize and create sympathy in the heart—that when he arose, instead of peevishly and weakly obtruding his grief and care upon those about him, as he was wont to do, he now kept aloof from the room in which Honor slept, from an apprehension of disturbing her repose—a fact which none who knew his previous selfishness would have believed, had he not himself expressed in strong terms a fear of awakening her. Nor did this new trait of his character escape the observation of his own servants, especially of his honest monitor, Nogher McCormick.

'Well, well,' exclaimed this rustic philosopher; 'see what God's affliction does. Faith it has brought Fardorougha to feel a trifle for others, as well as for himself. Who knows, begad, but it may take the millstone out of his heart yet; and if it does, my word to you, he may thank his wife, undher God, for it.'

Before leaving home that morning to see his son, he found with deep regret that Honor's illness had been so much increased by the events of the preceding day, that she could not leave her bed. And now, for the first time, a thought loaded with double anguish struck upon his heart.

'Saver of earth!' he exclaimed, 'what would become of me if both should go and leave me alone! God of heaven, ALONE! Ay, ay,' he continued, 'I see it. I see how easily God might make my situation still worse than I thought it *could* be. Oh God forgive me my sins; and may God soften my heart! Amen!'

He then went to see his wife ere he set out for his unhappy son; and it was with much satisfaction that Honor observed a changed and chastened tone in his manner, which she had never, except for a moment at the birth of his child, noticed before. Not that his grief was much lessened, but it was more rational, and

altogether free from the violence and impiety which had characterized it when he awoke from his intoxication.

'Honor,' said he, 'how do you find yourself this mornin', alanna? They tell me you're worse than you war yestherda.'

'Indeed, I'm wake enough,' she replied, 'and very much bate down, Fardorougha; but you know it's not our own stringth-at any time that we're to depend upon, but God's. I'm not willing to attempt any thing beyant my power at present. My seein' him now would do neither of us any good, and might do me a great dale o' harm. I must see him, to be sure, and I'll strive, plase God, to gather up a little strength for that.'

'My heart's breakin', Honor, and I'm beginnin' to see that I've acted a bad part to both of you all along. I feel it, indeed; and if it was the will o' God, I didn't care if——'

'Whisht, acushla, whisht—sich talk as that's not right. Think, Fardorougha, whether you acted a bad part towards God or not, and never heed uz; an' think too, dear, whether you acted a bad or a good part towards the poor, an' them that was in distress and hardship, an' that came to you for relief—they were your fellow-crathers, Fardorougha, at all evints. Think of these things I'm saying, and never heed us. You know that Connor and I forgive you, but you aren't so sure whether God and them will.'

These observations of this inestimable woman had the desired effect, which was, as she afterwards said, to divert her husband's mind as much as possible from the contemplation of Connor's fate, and to fix it upon the consideration of those duties in which she knew his conscience, now touched by calamity, would tell him he had been deficient.

Fardorougha was silent for some time after her last observations—but at length he observed:

'Would it be possible, Honor, that all this was brought upon us in ordher to punish me for——'

'To punish you, Fardorougha! *Farrer gairh, arourneen*, arn't we all punished; look at my worn face, and think of what ten days' sorrow can do in a mother's heart—think, too, of the boy. Oh no, no—do you think we have nothin' to be punished for? But we have all one comfort, Fardorougha, and that is, that God's ever and always willin' to resave us, when we turn to him wid a true heart. Nobody, avillish, can forget and forgive as he does.'

'Honor, why didn't you oftener spake to me this a-way than you did?'

'I often did, dear, an' you may remember it; but you were then strong; you had your wealth; every thing flowed wid you, an' the same wealth—the world's timplation—was strong in your heart; but God has taken it from you I hope as a blessing—for indeed,

Fardorougha, I'm afeared if you had it now, that neither he nor—but I won't say it, dear, for God he sees I don't wish to say one word that 'ud distress you now, avourneen. Any how, Fardorougha, never despair in God's goodness—never do it; who can tell what may happen?'

Her husband's grief was thus checked, and a train of serious reflection laid, which like some of those self-evident convictions that fasten on the awakened conscience, the old man could not shake off.

Honor, in her further conversation with him, touching the coming interview with the unhappy culprit, desired him, above all things, to set 'their noble boy' an example of firmness, and by no means to hold out to him any expectation of life.

'It would be worse than murder,' she exclaimed, 'to do so. No—prepare him by your advice, Fardorougha, ay, and by your example, to be firm—and tell him that his mother expects he will die like an innocent man—noble and brave—and not like a guilty coward, afeared to look up and meet his God.'

Infidels and hypocrites, so long as their career in vice is unchecked by calamity, will no doubt sneer when we assure them, that Fardorougha, after leaving his wife that morning once more to visit his son, felt a sense of relief, or, perhaps we should say, a breaking of faint light upon his mind, which, slight as it was, afforded him more comfort and support than he ever hoped to experience. Indeed it was almost impossible for any heart to exist within the influence of that piety which animated his admirable wife, and not catch the holy fire which there burned with such purity and brightness.

Ireland, however, abounds with such instances of female piety and fortitude, not, indeed, as they would be made to appear in the unfeminine violence of political turmoil, in which a truly pious female would not embroil herself; but in the quiet recesses of domestic life—in the hard struggles against poverty, and in those cruel visitations, where the godly mother is forced to see her innocent son corrupted by the dark influence of political crime, drawn within the vortex of secret confederacy, and subsequently yielding up his life to the outraged laws of that country which he assisted to distract. It is in scenes like these that the unostentatious magnanimity of the pious Irish wife or mother may be discovered; and it is here where as the night and storms of life darken her path, the holy fortitude of her heart shines with a lustre proportioned to the depth of the gloom around her.

When Fardorougha reached the town in which his ill-fated son occupied the cell of a felon, he found to his surprise that early as were his habits, there were others whose movements were still more early than his own. John O'Brien had come to town—been with his attorney—had got a memorial in behalf of Connor to

the Irish government, engrossed, and actually signed by more than one half of the jury who tried him—all before the hour of ten o'clock. A copy of this document, which was written by O'Brien himself, now lies before us, with the names of all the jurors attached to it; and a more beautiful or affecting piece of composition we have never read. The energy and activity of O'Brien were certainly uncommon, and so, indeed, were his motives. As he himself told Fardorougha, whom he met as the latter entered the town—

'I would do what I have done for Connor, although I have never yet exchanged a syllable with him. Yet, I do assure you, Fardorougha, that I have other motives—which you shall never know—far stronger than any connected with the fate of your son. Now, don't misunderstand me.'

'No,' replied the helpless old man, who was ignorant of the condition of his sister, 'I will not indeed—I'd be long sorry.'

O'Brien saw that any rational explanation he might give would be only thrown away upon a man who seemed to be so utterly absorbed and stupified by the force of his own sufferings.

'Poor old man,' he exclaimed, as Fardorougha left him, to visit Connor; 'see what affliction does! There are thousands now who pity you—even *you*, whom almost every one who knew you, cursed and detested.'

Such, indeed, was the fact. The old man's hardness of heart was forgotten in the pity that was produced by the dreadful fate which awaited his unhappy son.

We must now pass briefly over occurrences which are better understood when left to the reader's imagination.

O'Brien was not the only one who interested himself in the fate of Connor. Fardorougha, as a matter of course, got the priest of the parish, a good and pious man, to draw up a memorial in the name, as he said, of himself and his wife. The gentry of the neighbourhood, also, including the members of the grand jury, addressed government on his behalf—for somehow there was created among those who knew the parties, or even who heard the history of their loves, a sympathy which resulted more from those generous impulses that intuitively perceive truth, than from the cooler calculations of reason. The heart never reasons—it is therefore the seat of feeling, and the fountain of mercy; the head does—and it is probably on that account the seat of justice, often of severity, and not unfrequently of cruelty and persecution. Connor himself was much relieved by that day's interview with his father. Even he could perceive a change for the better in the old man's deportment. Fardorougha's praises of Honor, and his strong allusions to the support and affection he experienced at her hands, under circumstances so trying, were indeed well calculated to prepare her 'noble boy,' as she truly called him, for the

reception of the still more noble message which she sent him.

'Father,' said he, as they separated that day, 'tell my mother that I will die as she wishes me; and tell her, too, that if I wasn't an innocent man, I could not do it. And oh, father,' he added, and he seized his hands, and fell upon his neck, 'oh father dear, if you love me, your own Connor—and I know you do—oh then, father dear, I say again, be guided in this heavy affliction by my dear mother's advice.'

'Connor,' returned the old man, deeply affected, 'I will. I had made my mind up to that afore I saw you at all to-day. Connor, do you know what I'm beginning to think?'

'No, father dear, I do not.'

'Why, then, it's this, that she'll be the manes of savin' your father's soul. Connor, I can look back now upon my money—all I lost—it was no doubt terrible—terrible all out. Connor, my rint is due, and I haven't the manes of meetin' it.'

Alas, thought the boy, how hard is it to root altogether out of the heart that principle which inclines it to the love of wealth.

'At any rate, I will take your advice, Connor, and be guided by your mother. She's very poorly, or she'd be wid you afore now; but, indeed, Connor her health is the occasion of it—it is—it is!'

Fardorougha's apology for his wife contained much more truth than he himself was aware of, at the time he made it. On returning home that night, he found her considerably worse, but as she had been generally healthy, he very naturally ascribed her illness to the affliction she felt for the fate of her son. In this, however, he was mistaken, as the original cause of it was unconnected with the heavy domestic dispensation which had fallen upon them. So far as she was concerned, the fate of her boy would have called up from her heart fresh energy, and if possible a higher order of meek but pious courage. She would not have left him unstained and uncherished, had the physical powers of the mother been able to second the sacred principles with which she met and triumphed over the trial that was laid upon her.

It was one evening about ten days after O'Donovan's conviction that Bodagh Buie O'Brien's wife sat by the bed-side of her enfeebled and languishing daughter. The crisis of her complaint had passed the day before; and a very slight improvement, visible only to the eye of her physician, had taken place. Her delirium remained much as before; sometimes returning with considerable violence, and again leaving reason, though feeble and easily disturbed, yet when unexcited by external causes, capable of applying its powers to the circumstances around her. On this occasion the mother, who watched every motion and anticipated every

wish of the beloved one, saw that she turned her eye several times upon her as if some peculiar anxiety distressed her.

'Una, jewel,' she at length inquired, 'is there any thing you want *colleen machree*; or any thing I can do for you?'

'Come near me, mother,' she replied, 'come near me.'

Her mother approached her still more nearly.

'I'm afraid,' she said, in a very low voice, 'I'm afraid to ask it.'

'Only wait for a minute or two,' said her mother, 'an' John will—but here's the docthor's foot; they wor spakin' a word or two below; an' whisper, darlin' o' my heart, sure John has something to tell you—something that will—'

She looked with a searching anxiety into her mother's face; and it might have been perceived that the morning twilight of hope beamed faintly but beautifully upon her pale features. The expression that passed over them was indeed so light and transient that one could scarcely say she smiled; yet that a more perceptible serenity diffused its gentle irradiation over her languid countenance was observed even by her mother.

The doctor's report was favourable.

'She is slowly improving, he said, on reaching the parlour, 'since yesterday; I am afraid, however, she's too weak at present to sustain this intelligence. I would recommend you to wait for a day or two, and in the mean time to assume a cheerful deportment, and break it to her rather by your looks and manner than by a direct or abrupt communication.'

They promised to observe his directions; but when her mother informed them of the hint she herself threw out to her, they resolved to delay the matter no longer; and John, in consequence of what his mother had led her to expect, went to break the intelligence to her as well as he could. An expectation had been raised in her mind, and he judged properly enough that there was less danger in satisfying it than in leaving her just then in a state of such painful uncertainty.

'Dear Una,' said he, 'I am glad to hear the doctor say that you are better.'

'I think I am a little,' said she.

'What was my mother saying to you, just now, before the doctor was with you? But why do you look at me so keenly, Una,' said he cheerfully; 'it's some time since you saw me in such a good humour—isn't it?'

She paused for a moment herself; and her brother could observe that the hope which his manner was calculated to awaken, lit itself into a faint smile rather visible in her eyes than on her features.

'Why, I believe you are smiling yourself, Una.'

'John,' said she, earnestly, 'is it good?'

'It is, darling—he won't die.'

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'Kiss me, kiss me,' she said; 'may eternal blessings rest upon you!'

She then kissed him affectionately, laid her head back upon the pillow, and John saw with delight that the large tears of happiness rolled in torrents down her pale cheeks.

It was indeed true that Connor O'Donovan was not to die. The memorials which had reached government from so many quarters, backed as they were by very powerful influence, and detailing as they did a case of such very romantic interest, could scarcely fail in arresting the execution of so stern and deadly a sentence. It was ascertained, too, by the intercourse of his friends with government that the judge who tried his case, notwithstanding the apparent severity of his charge, had been moved by an irresistible impulse to save him; and he actually determined from the beginning to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life.

The happy effect of this communication on Una O'Brien diffused a cheerful spirit among her family and relatives, who, in truth, had feared that her fate would ultimately depend upon that of her lover. After having been much relieved by the copious flood of tears she shed, and heard with composure all the details connected with the mitigation of his sentence, she asked her brother if Connor's parents had been yet made acquainted with it.

'I think not,' he replied; 'the time is too short.'

'John,' said the affectionate girl, 'oh, consider his mother; and think of the misery that one single hour's knowledge of this may take away from her heart. Go to her, my dear John, and may all the blessings of heaven rest upon you!'

'Good by, then, Una, dear; I will go.'

He took her worn hand in his, as he spoke, and looking on her with affectionate admiration, added—

'Yes! Good by my darling sister; believe me, Una, that I think if there's justice in heaven, you'll have a light heart yet.'

'It is very light now,' she returned, 'compared with what it was; but go, John, don't lose a moment; *for I know what they suffer.*'

Her mother, after John's departure for Fardorougha's, went up to sit with her; but she found that the previous scene, although it relieved, had exhausted her. In the course of a few minutes, their limited dialogue ceased, and she sank into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she did not awaken until her brother had some time returned from the execution of his pious message. And piously was that message received by her for whose misery the considerate heart of Una O'Brien felt so deeply. Fardorougha had been out about the premises, mechanically looking to the manner in which the business of his farm had been of late managed by his two servants, when he decried O'Brien approaching the house at a quick if not a hur-

ried pace. He immediately went in and communicated the circumstance to his wife.

'Honor,' said he, 'here is Bodagh Buie's son comin' up to the house—what on earth can bring the boy here?'

This was the first day on which his wife had been able to rise from her sick bed. She was consequently feeble; and physically speaking capable of no domestic exertion. Her mind, however, was firm as ever, and prompt as before her calamity, to direct and overlook in her own sweet and affectionate manner, whatever required her superintendence.

'I'm sure I don't know, Fardorougha,' she replied. 'It can't, I hope, be wid bad news—they thravel fast enough—an' I'm sure the Bodagh's son wouldn't take pleasure in bein' the first to tell them to us.'

'But what can bring him, Honor? What on earth can bring the boy here now, that never stood undher our roof afore!'

'Three or four minutes, Fardorougha, will tell us. Let us hope in God it isn't bad. Eh, Saver above, it wouldn't be the death of his sister—of Connor's Oona! No,' she added, they wouldn't send, much less come, to tell us *that*, but sure we'll hear it—we'll hear it; and may God give us stringth to hear it right, whether it's good or bad! Amin, Jasus, this day!'

She had hardly uttered the last words when O'Brien entered.

'Young man,' said this superior woman, 'it's a poor welcome we can give you to a house of sorrow.'

'Ay,' said Fardorougha, 'his mother an' I's here, but where is he? Nine days from this; but it 'ill kill me—it will—it will. Whin he's taken from me I don't care how soon I folly him; God forgive me if it's a sin to say so!'

'Fardorougha,' said his wife, in a tone of affectionate reproof, 'remimber what you promised me, an', at all events, you forget that Mr. O'Brien here may have his own troubles; I hard your sister was unwell. Oh, how is she, poor thing?'

'I thank you, a great deal better; I will not deny but she heard a piece of intelligence this day, that has relieved her mind and taken a dead weight off her heart.'

Honor, with uncommon firmness and solemnity of manner, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and, looking him earnestly in the face, said,

'That news is about our son.'

'It is,' replied O'Brien, 'and it's good; his sentence is changed, and he is not to die.'

'Not to die!' shrieked the old man, starting up, and clapping his hands frantically—'not to die; our son—Connor, Connor—not to be hanged—not to be hanged; did you say that, son of O'Brien Buie, did you—did you?'

'I did,' replied the other; 'he will not suffer.'

'Now that's God,' ejaculated Fardorougha, wildly;

'that's God an' his mother's prayers. Boys,' he shrieked, 'come here; come here, Biddy Nulty, come here; Connor's not to die; he won't suffer—he won't suffer.'

He was rushing wildly to the door, but Honor placed herself before him, and said, in that voice of calmness which is uniformly that of authority and power.

'Fardorougha dear, calm yourself. If this is God's work, as you say, why not resave it as comin' from God; it's upon your two knees you ought to drop, an'—Saver above, what's the matther wid him?—He's off; keep him up. Oh, God bless you; that's it, avourneen; jist place him on the chair there forinist the door, where he can have air. Here, dear, said she to Biddy Nulty, who, on hearing herself called by her master, had come in from another room. Get some feathers Biddy, till we burn them undher his nose; but first fetch a jug of cold water.'

On looking at the face of the miser, O'Brien started, as indeed well he might, at such a pallid, worn, and death-like countenance; why, thought he to himself, surely this must be death, and the old man's cares, and sorrows, and hopes, are all passed for ever.

Honor now bathed his face, and wet his lips with water, and as she sprinkled and rubbed back the grey hair from his emaciated temples, there might be read there an expression of singular wildness that resembled the wreck produced by insanity.

'He looks ill,' observed O'Brien, who actually thought him dead; 'but I hope it won't signify.'

'I trust in God's mercy it won't,' replied Honor; 'for till his heart, poor man, is brought more to God—'

She paused with untaught delicacy, for she reflected that he was her husband.

'For that matther, who is there,' she continued, 'that is fit to go to their last account at a moment's warnin'? That's a good girl, Biddy; give me the feathers; there's nothing like them. *Dhenk Grasthias! Dheah Grasthias!*' she exclaimed, 'he's not—he's not—an' I was afeared he was—no, he's recoverin'. Shake him; rouse him a little; Fardorougha, dear!'

'Where—where am I?' exclaimed her husband, 'what's this? what ails me?'

He then looked enquiringly at his wife and O'Brien; but it appeared that the presence of the latter revived in his mind the cause of his excitement.

'Is it—is it thrue, young man; tell me—tell me!'

'How, dear, can any one have spirits to tell you good news, when you can't bear it aither like a man or a Christian?'

'Good news! You say, then, it's thrue, an' he's not to be hanged by the neck, as the judge said; an' my curse—my heavy curse upon him for a judge!'

'I hate to hear the words of his sentence, Fardorougha,' said the wife; 'but if you have patience you'll

find that his life's granted to him; an', for heaven's sake, curse nobody. The judge only did his duty.'

'Well,' he exclaimed, sinking upon his knees, 'now, from this day out, let what will happen, I'll stick to my duty to God—I'll repent—I'll repent an' lead a new life. I will, an' while I'm alive I'll never say a word against the will of my heavenly Saviour; never, never.'

'Fardorougha,' replied his wife, 'it's good no doubt to have a grateful heart to God; but I'm afeared there's sin in what you're sayin', for you know, dear, that, whether it pleased the Almighty to take our boy, or not, what you've promised to do is your duty. It's like sayin', I'll now turn my heart bekase God has deserved it at my hands. Still, dear, I'm not goin' to condemn you, only I think it's better an' safer to love an' obey God for his own sake, blessed be his holy name!'

Young O'Brien was forcibly struck by the uncommon character of Honor O'Donovan. Her patience, good sense, and sincere acquiescence in the will of God, under so severe a trial, were such as he had never seen equalled. Nor could he help admitting to himself, while contemplating her conduct, that the example of such a woman was not only the most beautiful comment on religious truth, but the noblest testimony of its power.

'Yes, Honor,' said the husband, in reply, 'you're right, for I know that what you say is always true. It is indeed,' he added, addressing O'Brien, 'she's aquil to a prayer-book.'

'Yes, and far superior to any,' replied the latter; 'for she not only gives you the advice, but sets you the example.'

'Ay, the sorra lie in it; an', oh, Honor, he's not to die—he's not to be h——not to suffer. Our son's to live! Oh, Saver of earth, make me thankful this day!'

The tears ran fast from his eyes as he looked up to heaven, and uttered the last words. Indeed it was impossible not to feel deep compassion for this aged man, whose heart had been smote so heavily, and on the only two points where it was capable of feeling the blow.

After having indulged his grief for some time, he became considerably more composed, if not cheerful. Honor made many kind enquiries after Una's health, to which her brother answered with strict candour, for he had heard from Una that she was acquainted with the whole history of their courtship.

'Who knows,' said she, speaking with reference to their melancholy fate, 'but the God who has saved his life, an' most likely her's, may yet do more for them both; while there's life there's hope.'

'Young man,' said Fardorougha, 'you carry a blessing wid you wherever you go, an' may God bless you, for the news you have brought to us this day. I'll go to see him to-morrow, an' wid a light heart I'll go too, for my son is not to die.'

O'Brien then took his leave and returned home, pondering as he went, upon the singular contrast which existed between the character of the miser and that of his admirable wife. He was no sooner gone than Honor addressed her husband as follows:—

'Fardorougha, what do you think we ought both to do now afther the happy news we've hard?'

'I'll be guided by you, Honor; I'll be guided by you.'

'Then,' said she, 'go an' thank God that has taken the edge, the bitter, keen edge off' of our sufferin'; and the best way, in my opinion, for you to do it, is to go to the barn by yourself, and strive to put your whole heart into your prayers. You'll pray better by yourself than wid me. An' in the name of God I'll do the same as well as I can in the house here. To-morrow, too, is Friday, an' please our Saviour, we'll both fast in honour of his goodness to us an' to our son.'

'We will, Honor,' said he, 'we will, indeed; for now I have spirits to fast, and spirits to pray, too. What will I say, now? Will I say the five Dickens (Decades) or the whole Rosary?'

'If you can keep your mind in the prayers, I think you ought to say the whole of it; but if you wandher don't say more than the five.'

Fardorougha then went to the barn, rather because his wife desired him, than from a higher motive, whilst she withdrew to her own apartment, there humbly to worship God in thanksgiving.

The next day had made the commutation of Connor's punishment a matter of notoriety through the whole parish, and very sincere indeed was the gratification it conveyed to all who heard it. Public fame, it is true, took her usual liberties with the facts. Some said he had got a free pardon, others that he was to be liberated after six months' imprisonment; and a third report asserted that the Lord Lieutenant sent him down a hundred pounds to fit him out for marriage with Una; and it further added that his Excellency wrote a letter with his own hand, to Bodagh Buie, desiring him to give his daughter to Connor on receipt of it, or if not, that the Knight of the Black Rod would come down, strip him of his property, and bestow it upon Connor and his daughter.

The young man himself was almost one of the first who heard of this favourable change in his dreadful sentence.

He was seated on his bedside reading, when the sheriff and jailer entered his cell, anxious to lay before him the reply which had that morning arrived from government.

'I'm inclined to think, O'Donovan, that your case is likely to turn out more favourably than we expected,' said the humane sheriff.

'I hope, with all my heart, it may,' replied the other; 'there is no denying, sir, that I'd wish it. Life is sweet, especially to a young man of my years.'

'But if we should fail,' observed the jailer, 'I trust you will act the part of a man.'

'I hope at all events that I will act the part of a Christian,' returned O'Donovan. 'I certainly would rather live; but I'm not afeared of death, and if it comes, I trust I will meet it humbly but firmly.'

'I believe,' said the sheriff, 'you need entertain little apprehension of death; I'm inclined to think that that part of your sentence is not likely to be put in execution. I have heard as much.'

'I think, sir, by your manner, that you have,' returned Connor; but I beg you to tell me without goin' about. Don't be afeared, sir, that I'm too wake to hear either good news or bad.'

The sheriff made no reply; but placed in his hands the official document which remitted to him the awful penalty of his life. Connor read it over slowly, and the other kept his eyes fixed keenly upon his countenance, in order to observe his bearing under circumstances that are often known to test human fortitude as severely as death itself. He could, however, perceive no change; not even the unsteadiness of a nerve or muscle was visible, nor the slightest fluctuation in the hue of his complexion.

'I feel grateful to the lord lieutenant for his mercy to me,' said he, handing him back the letter, 'as I do to the friends who interceded for me; I never will or can forget their goodness. Oh never, never!'

'I believe it,' said the sheriff: 'but there's one thing that I am anxious to press upon your attention; and it's this, that no further mitigation of your punishment is to be expected from government; so that you must make up your mind to leave your friends and your country for life, as you now know.'

'I expect nothing more,' returned Connor, 'except this, that the hand of God may yet bring the guilt of the burning home to the man that committed it, and prove my innocence. I'm now without some hope that such a thing may be brought about some how. I thank you, Mither Sheriff, for your kindness in coming to me with this good news so soon; all I can say is, that I thank you from my heart. I am bound to say, too, that any civility and comfort that could be shown was afforded me ever since I came here, an' I feel it, an' I am grateful for it.'

Both were deeply impressed by the firm tone of manly sincerity and earnestness with which he spoke, blended as it was by a melancholy which gave, at the same time a character of elevation and pathos to all he said. They then shook hands with him, after chatting for some time on indifferent subjects, the jailer promising to make his situation while he should remain in prison as easy as the regulations would allow him; or who knows,' he added, smiling, 'but we might make them a little easier.'

'That's a fine young fellow,' said he to the sheriff, after they had left him.'

'He is a gentleman,' replied the sheriff, 'by nature a gentleman; and a very uncommon one too. I defy a man to doubt a word that comes out of his lips; all he says is impressed with the stamp of truth itself, and by h——n's he never committed the felony he's in for. Keep him as comfortable as you can.'

They then separated.

The love of life is the first and strongest principle in our nature, and what man is there except some unhappy wretch pressed down by long and galling misery to the uttermost depths of despair, who, knowing that life was forfeited, whether justly or not matters little, to the laws of his country, will not feel the mercy which bids him live with a corresponding sense of gratitude! The son of the pious mother acted as if she were still his guide and monitress.

He knelt down and poured out his gratitude to that great Being who had the first claim upon it, and whose blessing he fervently invoked upon the heads of those true friends by whose exertions and influence he now felt that life was restored to him.

Of his life while he remained in this country there is little more to be said than what is usually known to occur in the case of other convicts similarly circumstanced, if we except his separation from the few persons who were dear to him. He saw his father the next day, and the old man felt almost disappointed on discovering that he was deprived of the pleasure which he proposed to himself of being the bearer of such glad tidings to him. Those who visited him, however, noticed, with a good deal of surprise that he appeared as if labouring under some secret anxiety, which, however, no tact or address on their part could induce him to disclose. Many of them, actuated by the best motives, asked him in distinct terms why he appeared to be troubled; but the only reply they received was a good-humoured remark that it was not to be expected he could leave for ever all that was dear to him on earth with a very cheerful spirit.

It was at this period that his old friend Nogher McCormick came to pay him a visit; it being the last time, as he said, that he would ever have an opportunity of seeing his face. Nogher, whose moral impressions were by no means so correct as Connor's, asked him, with a face of dry, peculiar mystery, if he had any particular wish unfulfilled; or if there remained behind him any individual against whom he entertained a spirit of enmity. If there were he begged him to make no scruple in entrusting to him a full statement of his wishes on the subject, adding that he might rest assured of having them accomplished.

'One thing you may be certain of, Nogher,' said he, to the affectionate fellow, 'that I have no secrets to tell; so don't let that go abroad upon me. I have hard to-day, he added, 'that the vessel we are to go in will sail on this day week. My father was here this mornin'; but I hadn't hard it then. Will you, Nogher,

tell my mother privately that she musn't come to see me on the day I appointed with my father. From the state of health she's in I'm tould she couldn't bear it. Tell her, then, not to come till the day before I sail; an' that I will expect to see her early on that day. And Nogher, as you know more about this unhappy business than any one else, except the O'Briens and ourselves, will you give this little packet to my mother? There's three or four locks of my hair in it: one of them is for Una; and desire my mother to see Una, and to get a link of her hair to wear next my heart. My poor father—now that he finds he must part with me—is so distracted and distressed, that I couldn't trust him with this message. I want it to be kept a secret to every one but you, my mother, and Una; but my poor father would be apt to mention it in some fit of grief.'

'But is there nothin' else on your mind, Connor?'

'There's no heavy guilt on my mind, Nogher, I thank my God and my dear mother for it.'

'Well, I can tell you one thing before you go, Connor—Bartle Flanagan's well watched. If he has been guilty—if derry downs, who doubts it?—well never mind; I'll hould a trifle we get him to show the cloven foot, and condemn himself yet.'

'The villain,' said Connor, 'will be too deep—too polished for you.'

'Ten to one he's not. Do you know what we've found out since this business?'

'No.'

'Why, the devil resave the squig of punch, whiskey, or liquor of any sort or size he'll allow to pass the lips of him. Now, Connor, aren't you up to the cunning villany of the traitor in that maynewvre?'

'I am, Nogher; I see his design in it. He is afeard if he got drunk that he mightn't be able to keep his own secret.'

'Ah, thin by the holy Nelly, we'll steep him yet, or he'll look sharp. Never you mind him Connor.'

'Nogher! stop,' said Connor, almost angrily, 'stop; what do you mane by them last words?'

'Divil a much; it's about the blaggard I'm spakin'; he'll be ped I can tell you. There's a few friends of yours that intinds, some o' these nights, to open a gusset under one of his ears only; the devil a thing more.'

'What! to take the unhappy man's life!—to murder him!'

'Hut, Connor; who's spakin' about murder?' No, only to make him miss his breath some night afore long. Does he deserve mercy that 'ud swear away the life of an innocent man?'

'Nogher,' replied the other, rising up and speaking with the utmost solemnity—

'If one drop of his blood is spilled on my account, it

will bring the vengeance of heaven upon the head of every man havin' a hand in it. Will you, because he's a villain, make yourself murderers!—make yourselves blacker than he is?'

'Why, thin, death alive! Connor, have you your seven sins about you? Faith that's good; as if it was a sin to knock sich a white livered Judas upon the head! Sin!—oh hell resave the morsel o' sin in that, but the contrary. Sure its only sarvin' honest people right, to knock such a desaver on the head. If he had parjured himself for the sake of the thruth, or to assist a brother in throuble—or to help on the good cause—it would be something; but to go to—but—arra, be me sowl, he'll sup sarra for it, sure enough! I thought it would make your mind aisy, or I wouldn't mention it till we'd let the breath out of him.'

'Nogher,' said Connor, 'before you leave this unfortunate room, you must take the Almighty to witness that you'll have no hand in this bloody business, an' that you'll put a stop to it altogether. If you don't—and that his life is taken;—in the first place, I'll be miserable for life; and in the next, take my word for it, that the judgment of God will fall heavily upon every one consarned in it.'

'What for? Is it for slittin' the jugler of sich a rip? Isn't he as bad as a heretic, an' worse, for he turned against his own. He has got himself made the head of a lodge, too, and houlds Articles; but it's not bein' an Article-bearer that'll save him, an' he'll find that to his cost. But indeed, Connor, the villain's a double traitor, as you'd own, if you *known* what I hard a hint of?'

'Well, but you must lave him to God.'

'What do you think but I got a whisper that he has bad designs on her.'

'On whol' said O'Donovan, starting.

'Why, on your own girl, Oona, the Bodagh's daughter. He intinds, it's whispered, to take her off; an' it seems, as her father doesn't stand well with the boys, that Bartle's to get a great body of them to assist him in bringing her away.'

Connor paced his cell in deep and vehement agitation. His resentment against this double-eyed villain rose to a fearful pitch; his colour deepened—his eye shot fire, and, as he clenched his hand convulsively, Nogher saw the fury which this intelligence had excited in him.

'No,' he proceeded, 'it would be an open sin an' shame to let sich a netarnal limb of the devil escape.'

It may, indeed, be said that O'Donovan never properly felt the sense of his restraint until this moment. When he reflected on the danger to which his beloved Una was exposed from the dark plans of this detestable villain, and recollected that there existed in the

members of the illegal confederacy such a strong spirit of enmity against Bodagh Buie, as would induce them to support Bartle in his designs upon his daughter, he pressed his hand against his forehead, and walked about in a tumult of distress and resentment, such as he had never yet felt in his bosom.

'It's a charity it will be,' said Nogher, shrewdly availing himself of the commotion he had created, 'to stop the vagabone short in the coorse of his villany. He'll surely bring the darlin' young girl off, an' destroy her.'

For a few moments he felt as if his heart were disposed to rebel against the common ordinances of Providence, as they appeared to be manifested in his own punishment, and the successful villany of Bartle Flanagan. The reflection, however, of a strong and naturally pious mind soon enabled him to perceive the errors into which his passions would lead him, if not restrained and subjected. He made an effort to be calm, and in a considerable degree succeeded.

'Nogher,' said he, 'let us not forget that this Bartle—this—but I will not say it—let us not forget that God can aisily turn his plans against himself. To God, then, let us lave him. Now, hear me—you must swear in His Presence that you will have neither act nor part in doing him an injury—that you will not shed his blood, nor allow it to be shed by others, as far as you can prevent it.'

Nogher rubbed his chin gravely, and almost smiled at what he considered to be a piece of silly nonsense on the part of Connor. He determined therefore to satisfy his scruples as well as he could; but, let the consequence be what it might, to evade such an oath.

'Why, Connor,' said he, 'surely if you go to that, we can have no ill will against the d—n villain, an' as you don't wish it, we'll dthrop the thing; so now make your mind aisly, for another word you or any one else won't ever hear about it.'

'And you won't injure the man?'

'Hut! no,' replied Nogher with a gravity whose irony was barely perceptible, 'what would *we* murder him for, now that *you* don't wish it. I never had any particular wish to see my own funeral.'

'And, Nogher, you will do all you can to prevent him from being murdered?'

'To be sure, Connor—to be sure. By He that made me, we won't give pain to a *single hair of his head*: are you satisfied now?'

'I am,' replied the ingenuous young man, who was himself too candid to see through the sophistry of Nogher's oath.

'And now, Nogher,' he replied, 'many a day have we spent together—you are one of my oldest friends. I suppose this is the last time you will ever see Connor O'Donovan; however don't, man—don't be cast

down; you will hear from me, I hope, and hear that I am well too.'

He uttered this with a smile which cost him an effort; for on looking into the face of his faithful old friend, he saw its muscles working under the influence of strong feeling—or, I should rather say, deep sorrow—which he felt anxious, by a show of cheerfulness, to remove. The fountains, however, of the old servant's heart were opened, and, after some ineffectual attempts to repress his grief, he fell upon Connor's neck, and wept aloud.

'Tut, Nogher,' said Connor, 'surely it's glad you ought to be, instead of sorry. What would you have done if my first sentence had been acted upon?'

'I'm glad for your sake,' replied the other, 'but I'm now sorry for my own. You will live, Connor, and you may yet be happy; but he that often held you in his arms—that often played with you, and that next to your father and your mother, you loved bettther than any other livin'—he, poor Nogher, will never see his boy more.'

On uttering these words, he threw himself again upon Connor's neck, and we are not ashamed to say that their tears flowed together.

'I'll miss you, Connor, dear; I'll not see your face at fair or market, nor on the Chapel-green of a Sunday. Your poor father will break his heart, and the mother's eye will never more have an opportunity of being proud out of her son. It's hard upon me to part wid you, Connor, but it can't be helped; I only ax you to remember Nogher, that, you know, loved you as if you wor his own; remimber me, Connor, of an odd time. I never thought—oh, God, I never thought to see this day. No wondher—oh, no wondher that the fair young crature should be pale and worn, an' sick at heart. I love her now, an' ever will, as well as I did yourself. I'll never see her, Connor, widout thinkin' heavily of him that her heart was set upon, an' that will then be far away from her an' from all that ever loved him.'

'Nogher,' replied Connor, 'I'm not without hope that—but this—this is folly. You know I have a right to be thankful to God and the goodness of government for sparin' my life. Now, farewell—it *is* for ever, Nogher, an' it *is* a tryin' word to-day; but you know that every one goin' to America must say it; so think that I'm goin' there, an' it won't signify.'

'Ah, Connor, I wish I could,' replied Nogher; 'but, to tell the truth, what breaks my heart is, to think of the way you are goin' from us. Farewell, then, Connor darlin'; an' may the blessin' of God, an' his holy mother, an' of all the saints be upon you, an' guard you now an' for iver. Amin!'

His tears flowed fast, and he sobbed aloud, whilst uttering the last words; he then threw his arms about

Connor's neck, and having kissed him, he again wrung his hand, and passed out of the cell, in an agony of grief.

Such is the anomalous nature of that peculiar temperament, which, in Ireland, combines within it the extremes of generosity and crime. Here was a man who had been literally affectionate and harmless during his whole past life, yet, who was now actually plotting the murder of a person who had never—except remotely, by his treachery to Connor, whom he loved—rendered him an injury, or given him any cause of offence. And what can shew us the degraded state of moral feeling among a people whose natural impulses are as quick to virtue as to vice, and the reckless estimate which the peasantry form of human life, more clearly than the fact, that Connor, the noble-minded, heroic, and pious peasant, could admire the honest attachment of his old friend, without dwelling upon the dark point in his character, and mingle his tears with a man who was deliberately about to join in, or encompass, the assassination of a fellow creature?

Even against persons of his own creed the Irishman thinks that revenge is a duty which he owes to himself;—but against those of a different faith it is not only a duty but a virtue—and any man who acts out of this feeling, either as a juror, a witness, or an elector—for the principle is the same—must expect to meet such retribution as was suggested by a heart like Nogher McCormick's, which was otherwise affectionate and honest. In the secret code of perverted honour by which Irishmen are guided, he is undoubtedly the most heroic and manly, and the most worthy also of imitation, who indulges in, and executes his vengeance for injuries, whether real or supposed, with the most determined and unshrinking spirit; but the man who is capable of braving death, by quoting his own innocence as an argument against the justice of the law, even when notoriously guilty, is looked upon by the people, not as an innocent man—for his accomplices and friends know he is not—but as one who is a hero in his rank of life; and it is unfortunately a kind of ambition among too many of our ill-thinking but generous countrymen, to propose such men as the best models for imitation, not only in their lives, but in that hardened hypocrisy which defines and triumphs over the ordeal of death itself.

Connor O'Donnovan was a happy representation of all that is noble and pious in the Irish character, without one tinge of the crimes which darken or discolour it. But the heart that is full of generosity and fortitude, is generally most susceptible of the kinder and more amiable affections. The noble boy who could hear the sentence of death without the commotion of a nerve, was forced to weep the neck of an old and faithful follower who loved him, when he remembered that after that melancholy visit, he should see his

familiar face no more. When Nogher left him, a train of painful reflections passed through his mind. He thought of Una, of his father, of his mother, and for some time was more depressed than usual. But the gift of life to the young is ever a counterbalance to every evil that is less than death. In a short time he reflected that the same Providence which had interposed between him and his recorded sentence, had his future fate in its hands; and that he had health, and youth, and strength—and, above all, a good conscience—to bear him through the future vicissitudes of his appointed fate.

From the Athenæum.

WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Writings of George Washington, being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, &c., with a Life of the Author. By Jared Sparks. 12 vols. 8vo. London. J. M. Campbell.

This important national work is now complete, and the anticipations expressed long since in our notice of the first volume (No. 326) have been fully realized. The labour of making the collection must have been immense. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the statement, that the original papers, including both Washington's own letters and those received by him, amount to more than 200 folio volumes. Then there were all the extant records of the old congress in MS., the archives of all the original thirteen States of the union, the private collections of all the influential or intelligent persons, who had preserved anything worth, or perhaps *not* worth, looking over. Again, such a work was not to be written without European investigations—more than 600 French official despatches relating to the subject were, we understand, submitted to the author in Paris. Under such a burthen of preparation as this, ordinary industry might well have sunk exhausted, without adding the necessity of reading and studying everything in print which could be considered correlative with the more immediate authorities, or conducive to the complete comprehension of the latter. However, the work is done, and done well. The *Life*, which accompanies it, is, to us, the least interesting portion of it. We admit the general impartiality, the candour, and the judgment of the writer, but it is, and perhaps necessarily, too abstract and too bald—a mere guide as it were to the true *Life* which exists in the accompanying documents. A review of the *Life* of Washington, in all its relations and remote consequences, is too vast to be grappled with in a journal like ours; but it may not be without

interest if we give a summary recapitulation of the more notable points in the career and character of that illustrious man, having reference particularly, not to the *éclat* hitherto attached to them, but to their recondite bearings, as a disinterested observer may be imagined to mark them at this distance of time and place.

The name of Washington is a rare one in this country, as we are told it is also in the United States. Mr. Sparks, following in the trail of the late Sir Isaac Heard, comes to the conclusion that the family were originally from the north. In the thirteenth century there was, and indeed there is now, in Durham, a manor of Washington, and here it is believed was seated the original stock of all who bear the name. We know not that it can at all effect the question, but Mr. Sparks does not appear to be aware that there is also a Washington in Sussex. However, three hundred years ago—in 1538,—a Lawrence Washington was settled in Northamptonshire, and served the office of Mayor of Northampton. Two of this gentleman's great-grandsons emigrated to Virginia about 1657, and became planters. The grandson of the younger married twice, and by the second lady had six children, of whom *George* was the eldest, being born in 1730. His father, who died when George was but ten years old, was a rich and respectable planter. The education of all the children devolved on the mother, an uncommonly intelligent and spirited woman. She executed her task most discreetly, and Mr. Sparks pays her a just compliment for training up the "Father of his country" that was to be, in the way he should go. She died, at an advanced age, while her distinguished son was President of the Union, and calling him "a good boy" to the last.

Education was not at that time so well provided for in the New World as in the Old. Washington, therefore, got but indifferent instruction at a common school. Here, it is said, he indulged freely in athletic and military exercises, of which he was always fond, gaining at the same time a good name among his comrades for his judgment, honesty, and manly demeanour. His MS. books, from the time he was thirteen, are yet preserved, and show these traits very forcibly; they include 'Rules of Behaviour' and 'Forms of Business,' of an uncommonly mature character, though formed at this early age. He chiefly applied himself at school to surveying, in which he made himself very perfect and adroit. Several quires of paper, filled with his figures as diagrams, remain, and among them we find laid down all the land contiguous to the school house. At plan-drawing he was always dexterous, and this afterwards proved serviceable, as did his general accuracy in business. He studied no foreign language: even the French he never learned to speak. In his own tongue, indeed, he was chiefly self-taught.

At fourteen, some of his relatives got him a midshipman's commission in the Royal Navy, and this he would willingly have accepted, but his mother objected. He resided a year or two with a brother at *Mount Vernon* (named from the admiral, a family friend). Here the surveying was again practised. He now became intimate with Lord Fairfax and his brothers, English cavaliers and scholars, settled as planters in Virginia; his lordship was an Oxford man, and wrote some papers in the *Spectator*; William had been Chief Justice of the Bahamas; thus motley was the Provincial Society at that time. The former owned immense tracts of wild land in the rich Alleghany valleys, and Washington,—such even then was his reputation,—was intrusted with the survey of them, though only sixteen years of age. One of the young Fairfaxes went with him. The task was arduous. We have seen letters of Washington's, written at this period (Mr. Sparks does not insert them), in which he describes himself as "camping out" for weeks together, lying down in his rude cabin at night with his feet to the fire and a buffalo-skin for a pillow. The work was ably finished, and led to more; he continued surveying for three years: by this time he stood so well with the public as to be named by the governor to a military command, with the rank of major, in the force raised against the Indians, being now but nineteen. Soon after, he lost a half-brother, and was left with the charge of his family and large estates, including *Mount Vernon*, which finally, though not at this period, came to himself. Here, again, his business faculties were severely tasked. In 1753 the French began to encroach on the English boundaries in the west, and here was a new theatre for his training; for more than twenty years from this date till the Revolution, Mr. Sparks shows how severe, yet how strangely fortunate, so to speak, was the *apprenticeship* Washington may be said to have served for the great after-work of his life. The governor now selected him for a mission into the wilderness to warn the French to withdraw. This was at the time a prodigious undertaking. The distance to the French post was 560 miles. The journey would now be accomplished probably in three or four days; Washington, though making all possible haste, was a fortnight in getting to Will's Creek, still in Virginia, and then twenty-seven days more to the end of his journey. Of course he became well acquainted with the country, encountered numerous Indians, made some useful acquaintances, and, above all, inured himself to habits of privation and severe toil. The errand was executed to the entire satisfaction of the governor, and the return tour safely accomplished, though not without many dangers. Imagine this first President of the Union in the wilderness—on foot—with a single companion—making his bed on the snow—with no covering but a blanket. They come to the

Alleghany river, expecting to cross it on the ice, but this resource fails:—

"‘There was no way of getting over,’ says Major Washington, ‘but on a raft; which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day’s work. We next got it launched, and went on board of it; then set off. But before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft would sink, and ourselves perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by; when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water. But I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not get the raft to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft, and make to it.’

"This providential escape from most imminent danger was not the end of their calamities. They were thrown upon a desert island; the weather was intensely cold; Mr. Gist’s hands and feet were frozen; and their sufferings through the night were extreme. A gleam of hope appeared with the dawn of morning. Between the island and the eastern bank of the river, the ice had congealed so hard as to bear their weight. They crossed over without accident, and the same day reached a trading-post recently established by Mr. Frazier, near the spot where eighteen months afterwards was fought the memorable battle of the Monongahela."

Getting home, however, after eleven weeks’ absence, he is appointed to the chief command of the force raised for the Western service. This being afterwards much increased, he served as Lieut.-Colonel, under one Fry. Prodigious difficulties are encountered on the march: roads and bridges were to be made—the forest felled—swamps filled. Provisions failed too. Finally, they meet a French force, and a skirmish ensues, in which the latter are beaten—remarkable, as the first encounter in the long war which was destined to follow. Great trouble subsequently ensued with his own troops, who were ill paid and provided. This, again, was but a prelude to the same trials, on a greater scale, during the revolution; and here was the experience gained by which the latter, formidable as they proved, were sustained. Another action occurs—forts are built, Indians engaged;—all in the way of practice. The success of the campaign was not signal, but Washington’s conduct was the subject of general admiration. He was always accustomed so to act, as even in adversity to lose no reputation.

Another season, we find him a volunteer in Braddock’s expedition, with a Colonel’s rank. The unfortunate result is well known. Washington’s plans were rejected; the army fell into an ambuscade; the commander was killed, and the remainder of his force drawn off by the young Virginian.

"Captains Orme and Morris, the two other aides-de-camp, were wounded and disabled, and the duty of distributing the general’s orders devolved on him alone. He rode in every direction, and was a conspicuous mark

for the enemy’s sharp shooters. ‘By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,’ said he, in a letter to his brother, ‘I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.’ So bloody a contest has rarely been witnessed. The number of officers in the engagement was 86, of whom 26 were killed, and 37 wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates amounted to 714. On the other hand, the enemy’s loss was small. Their force amounted at least to 850 men, of whom 600 were Indians. According to the returns, not more than 40 were killed. They fought in deep ravines, concealed by the bushes, and the balls of the English passed over their heads."

It is related, that when, fifteen years after this battle, Washington went westward a second time on an exploring tour to the Ohio river,—

"A company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him, adding, that, during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded, that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man, who was the particular favourite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

This anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, who was intimate with Washington all his lifetime. Other curious details of this sadly celebrated affair of Braddock’s, Mr. Sparks has derived from persons who were engaged in it; and there were at least two such, he tells us, in Pennsylvania 75 years after the battle!

It is a good proof of Washington’s rank in public esteem, that after this expedition 300*l.* were granted him by the legislature, for his "gallant behaviour and losses," and that he was at once made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginian forces. There is scarcely so striking an instance on record of advancement, not merely in spite of disaster, but by dint of it,—that is, by virtue of the sterling qualities it brought out—qualities, indeed, in which his strength lay—heroic perseverance, self-possession, high integrity, and, above all, what Mr. Sparks justly calls an "incomparable judgment." This was always the greatness of Washington; not the brilliancy of any one trait in his character, but the rare combination and harmonious co-operation of all. Nothing was wanting which was necessary to true greatness; and the balance was exquisite and complete. Look at the practical test of this character. It may excite little enthusiasm at first blush, but how does it bear examination?—how does it come out on trial? No man ever undertook greater things than he did, yet he undertook nothing, not one

interest if we give a summary recapitulation of the more notable points in the career and character of that illustrious man, having reference particularly, not to the *éclat* hitherto attached to them, but to their recondite bearings, as a disinterested observer may be imagined to mark them at this distance of time and place.

The name of Washington is a rare one in this country, as we are told it is also in the United States. Mr. Sparks, following in the trail of the late Sir Isaac Heard, comes to the conclusion that the family were originally from the north. In the thirteenth century there was, and indeed there is now, in Durham, a manor of Washington, and here it is believed was seated the original stock of all who bear the name. We know not that it can at all effect the question, but Mr. Sparks does not appear to be aware that there is also a Washington in Sussex. However, three hundred years ago—in 1538,—a Lawrence Washington was settled in Northamptonshire, and served the office of Mayor of Northampton. Two of this gentleman's great-grandsons emigrated to Virginia about 1657, and became planters. The grandson of the younger married twice, and by the second lady had six children, of whom *George* was the eldest, being born in 1730. His father, who died when George was but ten years old, was a rich and respectable planter. The education of all the children devolved on the mother, an uncommonly intelligent and spirited woman. She executed her task most discreetly, and Mr. Sparks pays her a just compliment for training up the "Father of his country" that was to be, in the way he should go. She died, at an advanced age, while her distinguished son was President of the Union, and calling him "a good boy" to the last.

Education was not at that time so well provided for in the New World as in the Old. Washington, therefore, got but indifferent instruction at a common school. Here, it is said, he indulged freely in athletic and military exercises, of which he was always fond, gaining at the same time a good name among his comrades for his judgment, honesty, and manly demeanour. His MS. books, from the time he was thirteen, are yet preserved, and show these traits very forcibly; they include 'Rules of Behaviour' and 'Forms of Business,' of an uncommonly mature character, though formed at this early age. He chiefly applied himself at school to surveying, in which he made himself very perfect and adroit. Several quires of paper, filled with his figures as diagrams, remain, and among them we find laid down all the land contiguous to the school house. At plan-drawing he was always dexterous, and this afterwards proved serviceable, as did his general accuracy in business. He studied no foreign language: even the French he never learned to speak. In his own tongue, indeed, he was chiefly self-taught.

At fourteen, some of his relatives got him a midshipman's commission in the Royal Navy, and this he would willingly have accepted, but his mother objected. He resided a year or two with a brother at *Mount Vernon* (named from the admiral, a family friend). Here the surveying was again practised. He now became intimate with Lord Fairfax and his brothers, English cavaliers and scholars, settled as planters in Virginia; his lordship was an Oxford man, and wrote some papers in the *Spectator*; William had been Chief Justice of the Bahamas; thus motley was the Provincial Society at that time. The former owned immense tracts of wild land in the rich Alleghany valleys, and Washington,—such even then was his reputation,—was intrusted with the survey of them, though only sixteen years of age. One of the young Fairfaxes went with him. The task was arduous. We have seen letters of Washington's, written at this period (Mr. Sparks does not insert them), in which he describes himself as "camping out" for weeks together, lying down in his rude cabin at night with his feet to the fire and a buffalo-skin for a pillow. The work was ably finished, and led to more; he continued surveying for three years: by this time he stood so well with the public as to be named by the governor to a military command, with the rank of major, in the force raised against the Indians, being now but nineteen. Soon after, he lost a half-brother, and was left with the charge of his family and large estates, including *Mount Vernon*, which finally, though not at this period, came to himself. Here, again, his business faculties were severely tasked. In 1753 the French began to encroach on the English boundaries in the west, and here was a new theatre for his training; for more than twenty years from this date till the Revolution, Mr. Sparks shows how severe, yet how strangely fortunate, so to speak, was the *apprenticeship* Washington may be said to have served for the great after-work of his life. The governor now selected him for a mission into the wilderness to warn the French to withdraw. This was at the time a prodigious undertaking. The distance to the French post was 560 miles. The journey would now be accomplished probably in three or four days; Washington, though making all possible haste, was a fortnight in getting to Will's Creek, still in Virginia, and then twenty-seven days more to the end of his journey. Of course he became well acquainted with the country, encountered numerous Indians, made some useful acquaintances, and, above all, inured himself to habits of privation and severe toil. The errand was executed to the entire satisfaction of the governor, and the return tour safely accomplished, though not without many dangers. Imagine this first President of the Union in the wilderness—on foot—with a single companion—making his bed on the snow, with no covering but a blanket. They come to the

Alleghany river, expecting to cross it on the ice, but this resource fails:—

"‘There was no way of getting over,’ says Major Washington, ‘but on a raft; which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day’s work. We next got it launched, and went on board of it; then set off. But before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft would sink, and ourselves perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by; when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water. But I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not get the raft to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft, and make to it.’

"‘This providential escape from most imminent danger was not the end of their calamities. They were thrown upon a desert island; the weather was intensely cold; Mr. Gist’s hands and feet were frozen; and their sufferings through the night were extreme. A gleam of hope appeared with the dawn of morning. Between the island and the eastern bank of the river, the ice had congealed so hard as to bear their weight. They crossed over without accident, and the same day reached a trading-post recently established by Mr. Frazier, near the spot where eighteen months afterwards was fought the memorable battle of the Monongahela.’"

Getting home, however, after eleven weeks’ absence, he is appointed to the chief command of the force raised for the Western service. This being afterwards much increased, he served as Lieut.-Colonel, under one Fry. Prodigious difficulties are encountered on the march: roads and bridges were to be made—the forest felled—swamps filled. Provisions failed too. Finally, they meet a French force, and a skirmish ensues, in which the latter are beaten—remarkable, as the first encounter in the long war which was destined to follow. Great trouble subsequently ensued with his own troops, who were ill paid and provided. This, again, was but a prelude to the same trials, on a greater scale, during the revolution; and here was the experience gained by which the latter, formidable as they proved, were sustained. Another action occurs—forts are built, Indians engaged;—all in the way of practice. The success of the campaign was not signal, but Washington’s conduct was the subject of general admiration. He was always accustomed so to act, as even in adversity to lose no reputation.

Another season, we find him a volunteer in Braddock’s expedition, with a Colonel’s rank. The unfortunate result is well known. Washington’s plans were rejected; the army fell into an ambuscade; the commander was killed, and the remainder of his force drawn off by the young Virginian.

"Captains Orme and Morris, the two other aides-de-camp, were wounded and disabled, and the duty of distributing the general’s orders devolved on him alone. He rode in every direction, and was a conspicuous mark

for the enemy’s sharp shooters. ‘By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,’ said he, in a letter to his brother, ‘I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.’ So bloody a contest has rarely been witnessed. The number of officers in the engagement was 86, of whom 26 were killed, and 37 wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates amounted to 714. On the other hand, the enemy’s loss was small. Their force amounted at least to 850 men, of whom 600 were Indians. According to the returns, not more than 40 were killed. They fought in deep ravines, concealed by the bushes, and the balls of the English passed over their heads."

It is related, that when, fifteen years after this battle, Washington went westward a second time on an exploring tour to the Ohio river,—

"A company of Indians came to them with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him, adding, that, during the battle of the Monongahela he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but to his utter astonishment none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded, that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man, who was the particular favourite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle."

This anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, who was intimate with Washington all his lifetime. Other curious details of this sadly celebrated affair of Braddock’s, Mr. Sparks has derived from persons who were engaged in it; and there were at least two such, he tells us, in Pennsylvania 75 years after the battle!

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thing, in which he did not succeed; and he never violated, as the historian justly observes, a single principle of honour, justice, or the highest dignity of man. What can be greatness, if not this? Why institute a comparison between such a man and Napoleon Bonaparte? The latter was a great general, no doubt, and he was more or less great in other things; but he was a *great man* only to his flatterers—a few sincere enthusiasts—and a contemporary coterie. Will his title as such be recognised by posterity? Washington's name has risen on the world like the morning sun, growing more and more brilliant, and giving light and joy to the whole human race. The comet career of Napoleon is already past. The recollection of it is fast fading; and the time will soon come when few will remember him but with associations of the "pestilence and war" which he shook from his "horrid hair."

Washington's character was now so matured, and his reputation so diffused, that the public began almost to regard him with a kind of mysterious respect, as being reserved for some unknown, but signal and beneficent destiny. It was now, it appears, "that the accomplished and eloquent Samuel Davies pronounced the celebrated encomium in a single sentence, which has often been quoted as prophetic. After praising the zeal and courage, which had been shown by the Virginian troops, the preacher added, 'As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.'"

We see Washington, now but twenty-three, at the head of the Virginian forces. We see him overcoming, too, the difficulties of that station, especially the want of proper discipline in the provincial militia, and all by mere force of reason and perseverance. It is curious to notice the chief source of these troubles. It was the same then with the Americans as now; the same on the Virginian as on the Canadian line—in the colonies as in the union. As Washington said, the people were "so tenacious of their liberty, as not to invest power where interest and policy so unanswerably demanded it." Here is the whole history of the late disturbance—of the principal weakness of the American government at all times. The people are too jealous of it: they restrict its agency, its discretion, its executive strength—a better fault, no doubt, than indifference or servility would be; but yet a fault, and one which, we perceive, their wiser men of all parties now begin, with Washington, to acknowledge, and, what is better, reform.

Washington has been, by some writers, accounted a man of little sensibility. They mistake his self-control for coldness, and there could not be a greater

mistake. No man was more alive to the nicest points of feeling. His sense of honour, for example, of military honour, was most keen. There was a Captain Dagworthy who, as a "*regular*," though of inferior rank, claimed precedence of him. Washington would not submit to it. He always insisted both on rigid discipline in the army, and strict justice in all things. He laid the matter before the provincial authorities: they feared some collision with higher powers, and blinked the question. At length, he got it referred to General Shirley, the Commander in Chief; and it shows his earnestness, that, in the depth of winter, he at once undertook a journey to see the General at Boston, the distance being 500 miles, and the whole tour (another curious reminiscence of travel) occupying about *seven weeks*. The affair was settled to his satisfaction. At another time, he resigned his commission on account of some irregular appointment, which he thought affected his honour, and retired into private life. On a later occasion, unjust rumours were circulated, prejudicial to him and his officers. This he took deeply to heart; but such censures only drew forth fresh proofs of the esteem he enjoyed. One of the leading members of the legislature wrote to him—

"From my constant attendance in the House, I can with great truth say, I never heard your conduct questioned. Whenever you are mentioned, it is with the greatest respect. Your orders and instructions appear in a light worthy of the most experienced officer. I can assure you, that a very great majority of the House prefer you to any other person."

"Colonel Fairfax, his early patron, and a member of the governor's Council, wrote in terms still more soothing. 'Your endeavours in the service and defence of your country must redound to your honour; therefore do not let any unavoidable interruptions sicken your mind in the attempts you may pursue. Your good health and fortune are the toast of every table. Among the Romans, such a general acclamation and public regard, shown to any of their chieftains, were always esteemed a high honour and gratefully accepted.'"

The Speaker of the House said that all the hopes of the country were fixed on him! and Washington was at that time but twenty-seven years of age. We need scarcely remark, that his duties continued to be most arduous. At the close of 1757, indeed, he broke down under them, and was confined at home four months with illness. A year afterwards, he distinguished himself in the expedition which ended in the capture of Fort Duquesne. At the close of that campaign—the object of the war being, in degree, accomplished by the possession of Ohio—he retired into private life, after a severe service of five years. Speaking of Washington's share in these struggles, and their result, so far as he was concerned, Mr. Sparks observes:

"While engaged in the last campaign, Colonel Washington had been elected a representative to the House of Burgesses, in Virginia, from Frederic county.

Having determined to quit the military line, and being yet inclined to serve his country in a civil capacity, this choice of the people was peculiarly gratifying to him. As this was the first time he had been proposed for the popular suffrages, his friends urged him to leave the army for a few days, and repair to Winchester, where the election was to be held. But, regarding his duties in the field as outweighing every other consideration, he remained at his post, and the election was carried without his personal solicitation or influence. There were four candidates, and he was chosen by a large majority over all his competitors. The success was beyond his most sanguine anticipations. One of his friends wrote to him immediately after the polls were closed; "The punctual discharge of every trust, your humane and equitable treatment of each individual, and your ardent zeal for the common cause, have gained your point with credit; as your friends could, with the greatest warmth and truth, urge the worth of those noble endowments and principles, as well as your superior interest both here and in the House." Considering the command, which he had been obliged to exercise in Frederic County for near five years, and the restraints, which the exigency of circumstances required him occasionally to put upon the inhabitants, this result was deemed a triumphant proof of his abilities, address, and power to win the affections and confidence of the people."

What a school was this on the Virginian frontiers, and among western wilds. And what was the result of such a training as manifested twenty years after! Let us look forward thus much. Behold him, in the winter of 1777-8, at Valley Forge. Here his wife joined him in February, and writing "to Mrs. Mercy Warren, the historian of the revolution, she said, 'The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first.'"

The next winter was more comfortable; but we probably see, in the following note to the Surgeon-General, inviting him to dinner, a specimen of the General's greatest luxuries. He says—

"I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre-dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-

steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours."

In fact, the mere physical and personal powers of Washington were severely tried in this seven years' war; and his constitution, without the previous discipline, could never have sustained the trial.

Even the life he led on his own plantation was one of preparation, as the following anecdote may explain, —premiseing that he was six feet three inches in height, and stout in proportion:—

"A person of lawless habits and reckless character had frequently entered upon the grounds near Mount Vernon, and shot ducks and other game. More than once he had been warned to desist, and not to return. It was his custom to cross the Potomac in a canoe, and ascend the creeks to some obscure place, where he could be concealed from observation. One day, hearing the discharge of a musket, Washington mounted his horse, and rode in the direction of the sound. The intruder discovered his approach, and had just time to gain the canoe and push it from the shore, when Washington emerged from the bushes at a distance of a few yards. The man raised his gun, cocked it, pointed it at him, and took deliberate aim; but, without a moment's hesitation, he rode into the water, seized the prow of the canoe, drew it to land, disarmed his antagonist, and inflicted on him a chastisement, which he never again chose to run the hazard of encountering."

Besides these irregular and unexpected exercises, he delighted in the manliest sports. His character as a sportsman is not generally known:—

"His chief diversion was the chase. At the proper season, it was not unusual for him to go out two or three times in a week with horses, dogs and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours, or such visitors as happened to be at Mount Vernon. * * Another favourite exercise was fowling. His youthful rambles in the woods, on his surveying expeditions, had made him familiar with the use of his gun. Game of various kinds abounded on his plantations, particularly the species of wild duck, which at certain seasons resorts in great numbers to the waters of the Chesapeake, and is so much esteemed for its superior quality. He was expert in the art of duck-shooting, and often practised it."

The same vigorous spirit was displayed on all occasions. In 1770 we find him making a sort of pleasure trip on horseback to Pittsburg, and thence 300 miles down the Ohio, in a canoe:—

"At that time there were no inhabitants on the Ohio below Pittsburg, except the natives of the forest. A few traders had wandered into those regions, and land speculators had sent out emissaries to explore the country, but no permanent settlements had been formed. He was attended down the river by William Crawford, a person accustomed to the woods, and a part of the way by Colonel Craghan, distinguished for his know-

ledge of Indian affairs. The voyage was fatiguing and somewhat hazardous, as they were exposed without shelter to the inclemencies of the weather, and no one of the party was experienced in the navigation of the stream. At night they landed and encamped. Occasionally they walked through the woods, leaving the canoe in charge of the oarsmen. They were thus enabled to inspect the lands, and form a judgment of the soil. Washington was also gratified to meet several of his former Indian friends, who, hearing of his journey, came to see him at different places. Among others, he recognised a chief, who had gone with him to the fort on French Creek, sixteen years before. They all greeted him with much ceremonious respect, making speeches according to their manner, welcoming him to their country, exhibiting their usual tokens of friendship and hospitality, and expressing a desire to maintain a pacific intercourse with their white neighbours of Virginia.

"After arriving at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, he ascended that river about fourteen miles, and examined the lands in the vicinity. He had an opportunity, likewise, to practice his favourite amusement of hunting. Buffaloes, deer, turkeys, ducks, and other wild game, were found in great abundance. Pleased with the situation, aspect, and resources of the country, he selected various tracts of land, which were ultimately surveyed and appropriated to fulfil the pledges to the army."

Mr. Sparks shows that Washington acquired, on these occasions, a vast deal of useful knowledge, as well as discipline. He early formed a comprehensive and just estimate of the worth of the great western country, which afterwards appeared in his strenuous recommendation of the immense system of improvements which have since been executed, or are now going on. Among these he particularly pointed out the importance of that connexion between the coast and the lakes, effected by the Erie Canal. With the Indian tribes, too, and with all classes of his own countrymen, he was completing a most useful acquaintance. All this was to come into play on a great scale. The *dénouement* was yet mysterious, but the development of events and character continually went on.

So of his practice in the military sphere. It was not merely good soldiership, or even good generalship, he needed, but much more. He was destined to be most severely tried by the difficulty of getting or keeping an army together at all,—a condition of things for which the circumstances, habits, and feelings of the Americans, were, in almost every respect, most unfavourable. Whoever reads Washington's correspondence with Congress, during the war, will understand this—and nobody otherwise can. Take a specimen, at Boston, even in the first heat of 1775:—

"An incident is related as having occurred while he was in the Convention for forming the Constitution, which was probably suggested by his experience during the war. A member proposed to introduce a clause into the constitution, limiting a standing army to *five thousand* men. Washington observed, that he should have no objection to such a clause, if it were so amend-

ed as to provide, that no enemy should presume to invade the United States with more than *three thousand*. * * *

"When General Washington complained to Governor Trumbull of the extraordinary conduct of the Connecticut troops, the latter replied; 'There is great difficulty to support liberty, to exercise government, and maintain subordination, and at the same time to prevent the operation of licentious and levelling principles, which many very easily imbibe. The pulse of a New England man beats high for liberty; his engagement in the service he thinks purely voluntary; therefore, when the time of enlistment is out, he thinks himself not holden without further engagement. This was the case in the last war. I greatly fear its operation amongst the soldiers of the other colonies, as I am sensible this is the genius and spirit of our people.' Another consideration had great weight, perhaps greater than all the rest. The men expected a bounty. A soldier's pay did not satisfy them, as they could obtain better wages in other employments, without the fatigues and privations of a camp. Congress had declared against bounties, and they could not be offered, unless the colonies should choose to do it individually on their own account.

"At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was 9650. More than 1000 of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of reenlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. 'It is easier to conceive than describe,' said General Washington, 'the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together, without powder, and then to have one army disbanded and another to be raised within the same distance of a reinforced enemy.'"

These were the difficulties Washington had to contend against, and here was his real triumph. He accomplished little by *coup-de-main*, experiments, surprises, eccentricities, or brilliant outbursts of exertion or of genius, on particular occasions. He relied on general weight of character and reputation, and was willing to wait the result of it.

Mr. Sparks gives a very just account of his habits as a member of the legislature; but we have a glimpse of him at a parish meeting in his own neighbourhood, which curiously sustains the foregoing theoretical sketch:—

"The old church was falling to ruin, and it was resolved that another should be built. Several meetings were held, and a warm dispute arose respecting its location, the old one being remote from the centre, and inconveniently situated for many of the parishioners. A meeting for settling the question was finally held. George Mason, who led the party that adhered to the ancient site, made an eloquent harangue, in which he appealed with great effect to the sensibilities of the people, conjuring them not to desert the spot consecrated by the bones of their ancestors and the most hallowed associations. Mr. Massey said every one present seemed moved by this discourse, and, for the moment, he thought there would not be a dissenting

voice. Washington then rose, and drew from his pocket a roll of paper, containing an exact survey of Truro Parish, on which was marked the site of the old church, the proposed site of the new one, and the place where each parishioner resided. He spread this map before the audience, explained it in a few words, and then added, that it was for them to determine, whether they would be carried away by an impulse of feeling, or act upon the obvious principles of reason and justice. The argument, thus confirmed by ocular demonstration, was conclusive, and the church was erected on the new site."

Of the delicacy and high honour of Washington we have spoken before, but an illustration appears in his conduct as commander of the army. During the whole contest he received no pay for his services. During his whole public career he made great actual sacrifices of property, yet no authority could prevail on him to accept of the smallest remuneration. The legislature of Virginia, in 1785, tried hard, by every device, to get him to accept of 150 shares in a Canal Company, the existence of which was due to himself, and really worth from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* But the most he would consent to, was, to accept the appropriation on condition of being allowed to devote the profit to *public objects*, at his discretion,—and this he did. Washington College is in this way largely indebted to him. He left a liberal sum, also, towards founding a great National University, in the capital; one of his favourite schemes, which is yet destined, we think, to be realized at no distant day. How little his equanimity was ever distracted by the temptations of office or power, is well known. Mr. Sparks discloses a combination, of some power, which was formed in the army, just after the surrender of Cornwallis, with the view of getting the Commander to assume monarchical power; and the notice he took of it was conclusive. In fact, he always preferred private to public life. The day of retirement was to him one of joy. The late Bishop White used to relate this anecdote:—

"On the day before he [President Washington] retired from office, a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, and other conspicuous persons of both sexes. During the dinner much hilarity prevailed; but, on the removal of the cloth, it was put an end to by the President, certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company with a smile, as nearly as can be recollected in the following words; 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness.' There was an end of all pleasantry. He, who gives this relation, accidentally directed his eye to the lady of the British minister, Mrs. Liston, and tears were running down her cheeks."

Marshall's fine sketch of his farewell to his comrades, at the end of the war, is also quoted in the work before us:—

"This affecting interview took place on the 4th of December. At noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances's tavern, soon after which, their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish, that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.' Having drank, he added, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Washington, incapable of utterance, grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. The tear of manly sensibility was in every eye; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the dignified silence, and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and, waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment; and, after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled."

Who can charge Washington with a want of sensibility, that reads this passage? An attempt has been made to raise a prejudice against him as a slave holder: it is enough to say, in regard to this silly charge, that he lived in a community and at a time when no exception was made to the institution;—that he was otherwise than a most kind master, nobody pretends. So long as he lived, he took care of his dependents according to his best discretion: and the following passage from his Will indicates their subsequent disposal. It will appropriately conclude our notice of this the greatest and the best of men:—

"Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in *my own right* shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all, who come under the first and second description, shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and, in cases where no record can be produced, whereby

their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever."

On Storms. By Mr. William C. Redfield of New York, and Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, Royal Engineers.

Colonel Capper of the East India Company's service, in a work on Winds and Monsoons, published in the year 1801, states it as his opinion, that hurricanes will be found to be great whirlwinds; and says, "It would not, perhaps, be a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the situation of a ship in a whirlwind, by observing the strength or changes of the wind. If the changes are sudden, and the wind violent, in all probability the ship must be near the centre of the vortex of the whirlwind; whereas, if the wind blows a great length of time from the same point, and the changes are gradual, it may reasonably be supposed that the ship is near the extremity of it."

This view of the nature of hurricanes appears to have been lost sight of for a long time, or to have been mentioned only in a very cursory manner, until an American observer, Mr. W. C. Redfield, published in the 20th volume of Silliman's well known American Journal of Science and Arts, a valuable memoir, entitled "*Remarks on the prevailing Storms of the Atlantic coast of North America*," in which he maintains (and we believe without any knowledge of Capper's work) that these storms are great whirlwinds. This memoir, inserted in the 18th vol. of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, from its important details, and the general plausibility of the explanation offered, we esteemed a valuable contribution to the natural history of the winds. In the year 1834 we were again gratified by receiving from Mr. Redfield a copy of another memoir, entitled "*Observations on the Hurricanes and Storms of the West Indies and the coast of the United States, with a chart*," in which his opinion, as to the nature of storms, is farther enforced and supported by numerous additional observations. This memoir and the accompanying chart were also published in the 20th volume of *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. In this way we enabled British meteorologists to become acquainted with Mr. Redfield's observations and views. As our meteorologists generally had taken but little notice of these memoirs, we were rejoiced to find them brought prominently before the British Associa-

tion, at Newcastle, by a very intelligent officer and excellent observer, Lieut.-Col. Reid of the Royal Engineers, in a "*Report explaining the progress made towards developing the Law of Storms, and a statement of what seems desirable should be further done to advance our knowledge of the subject*." Colonel Reid, at the meeting of the Physical Section of the British Association, commenced by stating "that he had long been convinced that the operations of the Deity in the workings of his providential care over his creatures, were governed by fixed laws, designed by incomprehensible wisdom, arranged by supreme power, and tending to the most benevolent ends. That however irregular the tempest or the tornado might appear to the inobservant, yet our own day had seen some of these phenomena reduced to rule; and he doubted not soon to convince the Section that we were on the eve of advancing some steps farther towards this most desirable end. He felt confident, indeed, that the laws of atmospheric changes were dependent on such fixed principles, that nothing was wanting but a more intimate acquaintance with the subject, to render man's knowledge of these laws as perfect as that which he had attained in any of the sciences now called strict. His attention had been first directed to the subject in 1831. He arrived, on military service, at Barbadoes, immediately after the desolating hurricane of that year, which, in the short space of seven hours, destroyed 1477 persons on that island alone. He had been for two years and a half daily employed as an engineer officer amidst the ruined buildings, and was thus naturally led to the consideration of the phenomena of hurricanes. The first explanation which to him seemed reasonable, he found in a pamphlet by W. C. Redfield of New York, extracted from the American Journal of Science, a work much less known in this country than its value and great merits deserved. The north-east storms on the coast of America had attracted the attention of Franklin. He had been prevented by one of these storms from observing an eclipse of the moon at Philadelphia, which he was soon after astonished to find had been felt at Boston, although that town lay to the north-east of Philadelphia. This was a circumstance not to be lost on such an inquiring mind as Franklin's: he ascertained, upon inquiry, that the same north-east storm had not reached Boston for some hours after it had blown at Philadelphia; and that, although the wind blew from the north-east, yet the progress of the entire storm was from the south-west. He died, however, before he had made any further progress in this investigation. Col. Capper of the East India Company's service, after having studied meteorological subjects for twenty years in the Madras territory, published a work, in 1801, upon winds and monsoons, giving brief statements of their fatal effects, from Orme's '*History of Hindostan*.' In this work he

states his belief that hurricanes will be found to be great whirlwinds; and says, 'it would not, perhaps, be a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the situation of a ship in a whirlwind, by observing the strength and changes of the wind. If the changes are sudden, and the wind violent, in all probability the ship must be near the centre of the vortex of the whirlwind; whereas, if the wind blows a great length of time from the same point, and the changes are gradual, it may reasonably be supposed that the ship is near the extremity of it.' In this conjecture respecting the nature of hurricanes, Col. Reid conceived Col. Capper to be decidedly right, and the conclusion he drew from it has stood the test of close examination. Mr. Redfield, following up the observation of Franklin, and though probably unacquainted with the views or opinions of Capper, ascertained that, while the north-east storms were blowing on the shores of America, the wind was with equal violence blowing a south-west storm on the Atlantic. Tracking Franklin's storms from the southward, he found, throughout their course, that the wind on opposite sides of the shore, over which the storm prevailed, blew in opposite directions, and that, in fact, the entire storm was a progressive whirlwind, and that all these whirlwinds revolved constantly in the same direction. In one of the numbers of the American Journal of Science (for 1831), Colonel Reid found collected together by Mr. Redfield many records of the same storms, and a chart, on a very small scale, shewing the progress of one. Strongly impressed with the conviction that Mr. Redfield's views were correct, he determined to verify them by making charts on a large scale, and laying down on them the different reports of the directions of the wind at points given in the American Journal of Science; and the more exactly this was done, the nearer was the approximation to the tracks of a progressive whirlwind. He then exhibited to the Section a volume containing eight charts on a large scale, of which the first and second chart contained the result of this part of the examination; and he explained how the arrows shewing the direction of the wind at the several stations were all on the right hand side of the several circles flying from the south, while at the stations at the left hand, or towards the east of the chart, they were all coming from the north. Colonel Reid went on to explain, that as his object was not to establish or support any theory, but simply to arrange and record facts, he had only at present to give such a sketch of what had been done, as would turn the attention of abler men than himself to this investigation, and to impress upon commercial men the importance of carefully preserving the logs of their merchant ships: the practice was, he found, to return these logs to the brokers so soon as the vessel returned to her port, and after his accounts were balanced, they

were considered as of no further value. He had published at length the details of his examination of this question. He had procured the actual log-books of ships, and had combined their information with what he could obtain on land, thus comparing simultaneous observations over extended tracts. On the eighth chart he pointed out eight ships in several positions in the same storm, the tracks of several crossing the path of the storm, and the wind, as reported by the ships, corroborated by the reports from the land. The observations of ships possess this great advantage for meteorological research, that merchant-ships' log-books report the weather every two hours, and ships of war have hourly observations always kept up. After tracing a variety of storms in north latitudes, and being impressed with the regularity with which they appear to pass toward the North Pole, and always revolved in the same direction,—viz. opposite to the hands of a watch, or from the east round by the north, west, south, and east,—he was led to conclude, that, in accordance with the order of nature, storms in south latitudes would be found to revolve in a contrary direction to that which they take in the northern hemispheres. He earnestly sought for facts, to ascertain if this were really the case, and had obtained much information confirmatory of the truth of the conjecture, before he was aware that Mr. Redfield had formed the same conjecture, without, however, having traced any storms in south latitudes. The general phenomena of these storms will be understood, if the storm, as a great whirlwind, be represented by a circle, whose centre is made to progress along a curve, or part of a curve, which is, in most cases, of a form approaching the parabolic, the circles expanding as they advance from the point at which the storm begins to be felt, the rotatory motion in the northern hemisphere being in the contrary direction to that in which the hands of a watch go round; while, in the southern hemisphere, the rotation is in the same direction as that in which the hands of a watch revolve. He pointed out how his views were illustrated by the disastrous storm of 1809, experienced by the East India fleet, under the convoy of the *Culloden* line-of-battle ship, and the *Terpsichore* frigate, and four British men-of-war, which left the Cape of Good Hope about the same time, intending to cruise about the Mauritius. Some of these vessels scudded and ran in the storm for days; some, by lying to, got almost immediately out of it, while others, by taking a wrong direction, went into the heart of it, foundered, and were never heard of more: others, by sailing right across the calm space, met the same storm in different parts of its progress, and the wind blowing in opposite directions, and considered and spoke of it as two storms, which they encountered; while others, by cruising about within the bend of the curve, but beyond the circle of the great whirl, escaped

strictest of his followers; and Ibn Khaldoon strongly argues that nebeedh thus prepared from dates was the kind of wine used by the Khaleefehs Hároon Er-Rasheed and El-Ma-moon, and several other eminent men, who have been commonly accused of habitually and publicly indulging in debauches of wine properly so called; that is, of inebriating liquors.

"Nebeedh, prepared from raisins, is commonly sold in Arab towns, under the name of 'zebeeb,' which signifies 'raisins.' This I have often drunk in Cairo; but never could perceive that it was in the slightest degree fermented. Other beverages, to which the name of 'nebeedh' has been applied (though, like zebeeb, no longer called by that name), are also sold in Arab towns. The most common of these is an infusion of licorice, and called by the name of the root, 'erk-soos.' The nebeedh of dates is sold in Cairo with the dates themselves in the liquor; and in like manner is that of figs. Under the same appellation of 'nebeedh' have been classed the different kinds of beer now commonly called 'boozeh,' which have been mentioned in former pages. Opium, hemp, &c. are now more frequently used by the Muslims to induce intoxication or exhilaration. The young leaves of the hemp are generally used alone, or mixed with tobacco, for smoking; and the capsules, without the seeds, enter into the composition of several intoxicating conserves. Some remarks upon this subject have been inserted in a former note.

"By my own experience I am but little qualified to pronounce an opinion respecting the prevalence of drinking wine among the Arabs; for, never drinking it myself, I had little opportunity of observing others do so during my residence among Muslims. I judge, therefore, from the conversations and writings of Arabs, which justify me in asserting that the practice of drinking wine in private, and by select parties, is far from being uncommon among modern Muslims, though certainly more so than it was before the introduction of tobacco into the East, in the beginning of the seventeenth century of our era; for this herb, being in a slight degree exhilarating, and at the same time soothing, and unattended by the injurious effects that result from wine, is a sufficient luxury to many who, without it, would have recourse to intoxicating beverages merely to pass away hours of idleness. The use of coffee, too, which became common in Egypt, Syria, and other countries beside Arabia, a century earlier than tobacco, doubtless tended to render the habit of drinking wine less general. That it was adopted as a substitute for wine appears even from its name, 'kahweh,' an old Arabic term for wine; whence the Turkish 'kahveh,' the Italian 'caffè,' and our coffee."

* * *

"One of my friends, who enjoys a high reputation, ranking among the most distinguished of the 'Ulama

of Cairo, is well known to his intimate acquaintances as frequently indulging in the use of forbidden beverages with a few select associates. I disturbed him and his companions by an evening visit on one of these occasions, and was kept waiting within the street-door while the guests quickly removed everything that would give me any indication of the manner in which they had been employed; for the announcement of my (assumed) name, and their knowledge of my abstemious character, completely disconcerted them. I found them, however, in the best humour. They had contrived, it appeared, to fill with wine a china bottle, of the kind used at that season (winter) for water; and when any one of them asked the servant for water, this bottle was brought to him; but when I made the same demand, my host told me that there was a bottle of water on the sill of the window behind that part of the deewan upon which I was seated. The evening passed away very pleasantly, and I should not have known how unwelcome was my intrusion had not one of the guests with whom I was intimately acquainted, in walking part of the way home with me, explained to me the whole occurrence. There was with us a third person, who, thinking that my antipathy to wine was feigned, asked me to stop at his house on my way, and take a cup of 'white coffee,' by which he meant brandy.

"Another of my Muslim acquaintances in Cairo I frequently met at the house of a mutual friend, where, though he was in most respects very bigoted, he was in the habit of indulging in wine. For some time he refrained from this gratification when I was present; but at length my presence became so irksome to him, that he ventured to enter into an argument with me on the subject of the prohibition. The only answer I could give to his question, 'Why is wine forbidden?'—was in the words of the Kur-án, 'Because it is the source of more evil than profit.' This suited his purpose, as I intended it should; and he asked, 'What evil results from it?' I answered, 'Intoxication and quarrels,' &c.—'Then,' said he, 'if a man take not enough to intoxicate him there is no harm;'—and, finding that I acquiesced by silence, he added, 'I am in the habit of taking a little; but never enough to intoxicate. Boy, bring me a glass.'—He was the only Muslim, however, whom I have heard to argue against the absolute interdiction of inebriating liquors."

On Fruits and Flowers.

"The most common and esteemed fruits in the countries inhabited by the Arabs may here be mentioned.

"The date deserves the first place. The Prophet's favourite fruits were fresh dates and water-melons; and he ate them both together. 'Honour,' said he, 'your paternal aunt, the date-palm; for she was created of the earth of which Adam was formed.'

It is said that God hath given this tree as a peculiar favour to the Muslims; that He hath decreed all the date-palms in the world to them, and they have accordingly conquered every country in which these trees are found; and all are said to have derived their origin from the Hejáz. The palm-tree has several well known properties that render it an emblem of a human being; among which are these; that if the head be cut off, the tree dies; and if a branch be cut off, another does not grow in its place. Dates are preserved in a moist state by being merely pressed together in a basket or skin, and thus prepared are called 'ajweh.' There are many varieties of this fruit. The pith or heart of the palm is esteemed for its delicate flavour. The water-melon, from what has been said of it above, ought to be ranked next; and it really merits this distinction. 'Whoso eateth,' said the Prophet, 'a mouthful of water-melon, God writeth for him a thousand good works, and cancelleth a thousand evil works, and raiseth him a thousand degrees; for it came from Paradise;'—and again, 'The water-melon is food and drink, acid and alkali, and a support of life,' &c. The varieties of this fruit are very numerous. The banana is a delicious fruit. The Prophet pronounced the banana-tree to be the only thing on earth that resembles a thing in Paradise; because it bears fruit both in winter and summer. The pomegranate is another celebrated fruit. Every pomegranate, according to the Prophet, contains a fecundating seed from Paradise. The other most common and esteemed fruits are the following:—the apple, pear, quince, apricot, peach, fig, sycamore-fig, grape, lote, jujube, plum, walnut, almond, hazel-nut, pistachio-nut, orange, Seville orange, lime and lemon, citron, mulberry, olive, and sugar-cane.

"Though the Arabs are far from being remarkable for exhibiting taste in the planning of their gardens, they are passionately fond of flowers, and especially of the rose.—The Khaleefeh El-Mutawekkil monopolized roses for his own enjoyment; saying, 'I am the King of Sultans, and the rose is the king of sweet-scented flowers; therefore each of us is most worthy of the other for a companion.' The rose, in his time, was seen nowhere but in his palace; during the season of this flower he wore rose-coloured clothes; and his carpets, &c. were sprinkled with rose water. * *

"An anecdote may be added to show the estimation of the rose in the mind of an Arab. It is said that Rowh Ibn Hátim, the governor of the province of Northern Africa, was sitting one day, with a female slave, in an apartment of his palace, when a eunuch brought him a jar full of red and white roses, which a man had offered him as a present. He ordered the eunuch to fill the jar with silver in return; but his concubine said, 'O, my lord, thou hast not acted equitably towards the man; for his present to thee is of two

colours, red and white.' The Emeer replied, 'Thou hast said truly;' and gave orders to fill the jar for him with silver and gold (dirhems and deenárs) intermixed. Some persons preserve roses during the whole of the year, in the following manner. They take a number of rose-buds, and fill with them a new earthen jar, and, after closing its mouth with mud, so as to render it impervious to the air, bury it in the earth. Whenever they want a few roses, they take out some of these buds, which they find unaltered, sprinkle a little water upon them, and leave them for a short time in the air, when they open, and appear as if just gathered. * * Roses are announced for sale in the streets of Cairo by the cry of 'The rose was a thorn: from the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed!' in allusion to a miracle recorded of Mohammad. 'When I was taken up into heaven,' said the Prophet, 'some of my sweat fell upon the earth, and from it sprang the rose; and whoever would smell my scent, let him smell the rose.' In another tradition it is said; 'The white rose was created from my sweat on the night of the Mearáj; and the red rose, from the sweat of Jabraeel; and the yellow rose, from the sweat of El-Burák.' The Persians take especial delight in roses; sometimes spreading them as carpets or beds on which to sit or recline in their revellings. But there is a flower pronounced more excellent than the rose; that of the Egyptian privet, or *Lawsonia inermis*. Mohammad said, 'The chief of the sweet-scented flowers of this world and of the next is the fághiyeh;' and this was his favourite flower. I approve of his taste; for this flower, which grows in clusters somewhat like those of the *Klac*, has a most delicious fragrance. But, on account of discrepancies in different traditions, a Muslim may, with a clear conscience, prefer either of the two flowers next mentioned. The Prophet said of the violet, 'The excellence of the extract of violets, above all other extracts, is as the excellence of me above all the rest of the creation: it is cold in summer, and hot in winter;' and, in another tradition, 'The excellence of the violet is as the excellence of el-Islám above all other religions.' A delicious sherbet is made of a conserve of sugar and violet-flowers. The myrtle is the rival of the violet. 'Adam,' said the Prophet, 'fell down from Paradise with three things; the myrtle, which is the chief of sweet-scented flowers in this world; an ear of wheat, which is the chief of all kinds of food in this world; and pressed dates, which are the chief of the fruits of this world.' The anemone was monopolized for his own enjoyment by Noamán Ibn El-Mundhir (King of El-Heereh, and contemporary of Mohammad,) as the rose was afterwards by El-Mutawekkil. Another flower much admired and celebrated in the East is the gilliflower. There are three principal kinds; the most esteemed is the yellow, or golden-coloured, which has a delicious scent both by night and day; the next, the purr'

other dark kinds, which have a scent only in the night; the least esteemed, the white, which has no scent. The yellow gilliflower is an emblem of a neglected lover. The narcissus is very highly esteemed. Galen says, 'He who has two cakes of bread, let him dispose of one of them for some flowers of the narcissus; for bread is the food of the body, and the narcissus is the food of the soul.' Hippocrates, too, gave a similar opinion. The following flowers complete the list of those celebrated as most appropriate to add to the delights of wine:—the jasmine, eglantine, Seville-orange-flower, lily, sweet-basil, wild thyme, bupthalmum, chamomile, nenuphar, lotus, pomegranate-flower, poppy, kettmia, crocus or saffron, safflower, flax, the blossoms of different kinds of bean, and the almond. A sprig of Oriental willow adds much to the charms of a bunch of flowers, being the favourite symbol of a graceful female."

MARSHAL SOULT'S RECEPTION.

As the principal équipages passed, and were recognised, the populace gave them huzzas, more or less loud according to their favouritism. The Duchess of Kent, as the Queen's mother, shared largely in the huzzas. The Duke of Sussex, as her uncle, shared still more largely, his relationship and his Radicalism combining. But among this moving panorama of princes, by far the most warmly applauded was Soult. My English friend looked at me with a face of triumph at the success of his prediction. "I told you how it would be," said he. "Yes," was my answer, "your nation knows how to pay the rights of hospitality." "Not an atom of it," said this intractable Cicerone. "Do you think that these fellows below are for anything of the kind. Not they; they are merely indulging in the national curiosity; and they are not the worse for that neither. Every man of them has heard of Soult, and every man is trying to get a sight of his weather-beaten face. They know him to be a brave old soldier, and they don't care a feather whether he fought against them or for them. To do them justice, they never think of the blow after the battle; and whether the affair is a boxing-match or a campaign, no people on earth are more ready to shake hands, when all is over, and say no more about it."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ENGLISH FIRE BY FILES.

On the retreat of the cavalry, the field-batteries advanced, and kept up a perpetual roar, till the retreat ranked.

was effected, and a position, half a mile to the rear, had been taken up. The infantry were thrown into squares, to receive the attack of the supposed enemy's cavalry in pursuit. After firing from their several places, and the supposed repulse of the enemy's horse, the rifles were poured along the whole front, and while they kept up an incessant fire to mask the movement, the squares wheeled into line, and the whole force advanced. Nothing could be finer than the wheeling, the steadiness which the line adopted at the instant, and the solid regularity of the advance. After moving some hundred yards to the front, smooth and even as a wall, they halted, and began file-firing along their whole extent. This, from its nature, was the most effective and brilliant specimen of fire, as it is the most destructive in actual use. It was a continued explosion, without a moment's pause. The blaze was perpetual; I could now perfectly comprehend what I had so often heard of the weight of the British fire in action.—*Ibid*.

THE ENGLISH ARTILLERY AND ENGLISH COMPOSURE VERSUS FOREIGN VEHEMENCE.

The English artillery, taken as a whole, is known to be one of the finest corps in their army. The English themselves speak of it as the finest corps in Europe. I had, accordingly, some curiosity to see its performances; not that I have quite got rid of that salutary idea which makes a Frenchman in every part of the globe think that France can do everything better than any other people, but that the remarkable calmness with which an Englishman generally makes an assertion has some effect in making you believe it to be a fact. The want of this calmness does us prodigious harm in the matter of imposing on mankind. We throw too much passion into our statement to win credulity. I never could fully believe an Italian upon any subject whatever; his visage worked too strongly for the purpose, his arms and legs were in too much muscular convulsion, his voice was too high; in short, he made my conviction so much an affair of his soul and body, that my confidence instinctively hung back; and when he proceeded to tear his hair, scream, and dance about the room, I set it down for a fiction at once. Why should any man put all this machinery to motion when the fact was strong enough of itself? Here the composure of the Englishman has all the advantage. If he acts the knave, he does it with all the look of perfect indifference to the effect; he tells his tale, and leaves you to take it just as you may; he suppresses all the advocate, and you accept him as the historian.—*Ibid*.

